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A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

(*NEW SERIES.*)

VOL. IV.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1873.



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JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY.

1873.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

[No. 1.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER V. (continued.)

At the same time, it must not be supposed that the brain of a ready-witted girl, though cowed and fettered by all these mean, miserable circumstances, was lying fallow. Her long childhood proclaimed itself over at some indefinable moment during her lonely vigil under the hay-rick, from which she had woke to find her heart heavy and swollen with unknown burdens. Before that moment she had followed the whistle of her master like a spaniel, and had anticipated the commands of his eye. After it he began to wonder what had come to her; she waited for his words, and obeyed them not with the swift, unthinking, and matter-of-course willingness of a dog, but with the slow and deliberate docility of a slave. The fatigue of all her wandering days seemed to have been unfelt for so many years only that it might accumulate its arrears, and womanhood came upon her as a sort of uncomfortable weight, rather than as the natural development into a lightly hanging blossom. Having no proper outlet into strength and joy, it forced itself out into fits of mental rebellion and capricious sullenness, in which Aaron's guardianship took the form of a cage against which she failed to beat her wings only because she felt herself so hopelessly bound up within its wires. Those wires had formed the natural boundary wall of her childish universe: it was a strange, delightful and yet intensely miserable moment when her eyes first saw through them a vast and unintelligible universe beyond.

Aaron, of course, noticed nothing of all this; he was blind so long as his plans went on and his will was still all-compelling law. His eyes were keen enough, but it takes something more than keenness of eyesight to feel the hidden indications of the gradual transformation of active into passive and habitual obedience. He had never loved this investment of his even as a foster father may come to love a child: and in such matters, the eyes even of loving fathers are not seldom deceived. If the boy is the father of the man, the woman is not even so much as the

heiress, far less the daughter, of the girl, and has nothing to do with the sympathies of a child who is passed away and gone forever. In any case, however, Aaron merely went on in the old paths, only feeling somehow that the girl had outgrown whipping.

Of course he continued his search for the lost child of his wife's late mistress with as much energy as people usually display when they either do not care to find, or else know how to find whenever it suits them. The child living and found, he could claim a reward; the child living and lost, he was not only Mrs. Goldrick's pensioner, but her heir — and she was both older and, as he believed, a "worse" life than he. If he could only discover what that old woman did with all her money — but meanwhile, he must be content with her backing him in this theatrical speculation to the extent, limited according to the present understanding, of a thousand pounds. This sum he was in daily expectation of receiving, but he had long known the art of living for a time on uncertain expectations, and it was impossible for him at present to spare the time to run down to St. Bavons. That could easily be done if his creditors were disappointed with the results of the first week or so. Meanwhile, he trusted to the officiousness of his friend Carol to add a few ciphers in speaking of the amount of his capital, and raised sufficient for present necessities from one of those professional financiers who enjoy theatrical speculation for its own sake, rather than for the sake of its good security. He had another gambler's merit — he never allowed any one for a moment to suspect that he looked upon failure as possible. With all these matters to engage his brain, it is no wonder that he did not spend his time in a sentimental study of a girl's words and ways. He fed her well, kept her in good condition, and altogether treated her as a prize-lamb, rather than as a pet one.

If Lord Lisburn could have guessed how many complications were necessary in order that he might kill a few stray evening hours, he would probably have entered the door of the Oberon for other than mere lounging purposes. He and Harold Vaughan, as things were, had the irreparable loss of missing the overture, and were not fairly settled in their places until "The Hunter's Life" was half way

through. The doctor, who felt a little excited with his unusual indulgence in wine, with the sudden atmosphere of light and music into which he had fallen, and with his sudden resolution of breaking from all his old life, looked naturally to the stage and fell straight into a brown study, with which the loud music mingled dreamily. Lord Lisburn, who never fell into studies of any color, looked at the play-bill before setting himself to take a good look round. There he read, among other essential matters, —

"*Sylvia's Bracelet, a Lyric Drama by Denis Carol, Esq.: Music by M. Abner, Esq.*"

"*Sylvia . . . Mile. Leczinska.*"

The *dramatis personæ* were brought together at last, both on and off the stage.

Lord Lisburn took his look round "By Jove!" he said, "there's some one I know — Lady Penrose: I haven't seen her for years."

Harold Vaughan mechanically followed the direction of the earl's eye and saw — Claudia Brandt. Was it his fate or his fancy? It even seemed as he raised his eyes that hers looked down and met his own.

"But who's that pale girl with her?" asked Lord Lisburn. "I suppose that's a Miss Penrose. I'll go and look them up presently: I must see something of my own countrywomen when I have the chance, and I don't suppose we shall now for some time to come. I" —

"Hush!" cried one or two voices; for the chorus was over, and Sylvia was about to appear.

CHAPTER VI. A LEAP AND A FALL.

SHE peeped out from among the property bushes, with her round face and dark eyes expressing a timidity that was appropriate to her part, but by no means assumed. Gradually, as the tenor continued his *aria*, opera glasses were turned away from him to watch the tiny figure, bare armed and draped in panther-hide — of course panthers have always belonged to the fauna of Westphalia, and nothing was more probable than that a very small girl should have killed and flayed one with her own hands. So timidly and tremblingly did she advance — that is to say, so closely did she express her part, that no one could possibly have

guessed that she, of all in the house, was the only one who had never seen a theatre lighted up at night before.

Mr. Carol, who had come before the scenes to see her entrance, caught Lord Lisburn's eye, and then, with an ostentatious parade of doing it under the rose, nodded and kissed his hand to the *débutante*, who in reality saw him as clearly as she saw Lord Lisburn, which was just as clearly as she saw the Mountains of the Moon. What she did see was a fog of human faces glaring upon her through a denser mist of lamp-light. But every actor who has ever made a first appearance, every barrister who has ever addressed a British jury for the first time, Roscius and Demosthenes themselves, know very well what she saw. She knew that the tenor was singing and that the violins were accompanying him, but the sounds that came from him and them were lost in the singing in her ears. When she recalled that moment afterwards, the only actual, tangible fact that she seemed to have consciously realized was a warm perfume of innumerable fans. Probably if she had stepped from the green-room into a cloud of tobacco smoke to sing her well-worn ballads to the vile accompaniment of Bob the Scraper, she would have felt mistress of the situation. But this perfume seemed to choke and bewilder her; and yet it somehow seemed like a tangible support of which she could lay hold with her senses, to keep herself from losing them altogether.

But "Zelda!" hissed a sharp whisper from the side scenes, heard only by her, but of magic power. It was the very word, given in the very voice, which had, when she was but six years old, forced her to remember herself when first put forward to dance outside a booth at a country fair. Suddenly she felt the years roll back, and herself grow infinitely small, like a *ballerina* from Lilliput before an audience of Brobdingnag. Suddenly she heard a round of applause—slight, but enough to break the spell. She saw the tenor bow, and turn round with the start which had been written down for him. She had forgotten either to clasp her hands or to cry "Ah!" But somehow she had done better, for she had to perfection acted the part of a wild girl who had never looked on a human face before.

Carol came and took a seat next to Harold Vaughan. "There, what do you think of the little girl? Did you see how she kept her eye on me all the time? We'll go round and see her when the act's over. A good house, isn't it? I told everybody here to come—it's the best thing in London. By Jove, though, there's a girl looking hard at me—you see her up there with those people. It's very odd why all the girls look at me everywhere. But then they all know me, and I've flirted with most of them in their time. I can't keep to any of them, though,

for long—they bore me. I like actresses the best. Ah, she's looking this way again. Hang it, this is getting serious. Ah, Brandon, how do you like the little girl? You know Lord Lisburn, I think—this is my friend Mr.—confound it, what a head I have for names! Never mind!"

"Dr. Vaughan?" said Lord Lisburn. "Brandon Vaughan, I didn't know I'd come across an acquaintance of yours?"

"Oh, I know everybody. Mr. Brandon, let me introduce you to my friend, Dr. Vaughan. You ought to know each other. And now what do you think of the little girl?"

"Well," said the critic, "considering that she has only run on to the stage and off again without opening her mouth, and that she looked frightened to death when she was on—"

"Oh, you don't know anything. I don't know anything about music, but I say she's the best singer in London. I know it. I say, Brandon, who's that girl in the box dressed in gray, with yellow hair, the one looking at me?"

"Looking at you? You mean that fair girl looking hard at the chandelier? I thought you knew everybody."

"So I do—I know her as well as I know you. But I have such a head for names, though I've flirted with her dozens of times."

"You know Miss Brandt?" asked Harold Vaughan.

"Hush! you'll disturb the stage if you speak so loud. Of course I do—Miss Brandt, that's the name."

"That's not a Miss Penrose, then?" asked Lord Lisburn.

"No, Miss Brand of course."

"You know my friends the Penroses then?"

"Has Miss Brandt been long in town?" asked Harold Vaughan, displeased in spite of himself at hearing a stranger boast of flirtation with Claudia, though she was now far less to him than the North Pole.

"No—yes," was the Janus-like response of Mr. Carol, making his answer serve for both or either. "But please don't talk so much now, the music's coming to an end, and they'll hear you."

It so happened, in spite of Mr. Brandon's doubts on the subject, that Claudia's eyes had really travelled straight to him because it gave her a pretext for assuring herself whether that was really Harold Vaughan in the stalls. But after the first look she had merely favored the author's imagination with her notice, and had resolutely absorbed herself in the business of the stage. Miss Perrot was really enjoying herself; she was in the company of a lady of title, and had gone to a theatre without paying.

What was the poor *débutante* to any of all these people or they to her, after all, that she should have been seized with a fit of nerves, because their faces happened to be turned her way? She

had not even an intense desire to succeed before them, and as to criticism, I doubt if she had ever heard of such a thing—I am sure she had never heard of such a word. Though nervous, therefore, she was not the least shy, because she had no estimate of her own powers, and therefore no distrust of them.

The first act over, Lord Lisburn followed his self-constituted Mentor along the narrow passages which led to the inner world. Harold Vaughan, however, remained in his seat—not that he might take the opportunity of studying Lady Penrose's box more at leisure, but that he was glad for a few minutes to be left by himself to realize his altered fortunes, and to assure himself that his sudden resolution to accompany the earl arose simply from prudent scientific ambition. He would have been ashamed to admit even to himself that the pale-looking girl sitting behind him, who could believe lies of him, and amuse herself with frivolous flirtation while he had been eating his heart out—and nothing else—for her sake, had anything to do with any paths in life which he might henceforth deliberately choose. It was inconsistent, however, in him, that his true reason for remaining in front of the scenes was that he might feel himself consistent: that the effect of her presence might not seem to drive him away. So that her presence controlled his action after all, by making him act so as to prove to himself that he was henceforth uncontrolled even in the smallest things.

"Why didn't you come round with us, Vaughan?" asked Lord Lisburn, suddenly rousing him from his apparently entire absorption in the play-bill. "I've been talking to everybody—the *prima donna*, the girl in panther-skins, and all. She is to sing something in the next scene, and that fellow Carol has made me promise to applaud her. Between ourselves, though, I don't think she's Polish any more than you or I. I was once taken to see a gypsy concert near St. Petersburg—a queer affair it was, too—and one of the girls might have been the sister of this one here. I didn't much like the look of things, though—I'll tell you all about it another time. I expect they take me for some young fool who has got enough oats to sow to be worth reaping—but I've seen rather too much of that sort of thing to be caught in that sort of way. We have something else to do than amuse ourselves, you and I. By the way, who the deuce is this fellow Carol, as you know him?"

"I never saw him in my life before." "Well, anyhow he is the coolest hand at setting up intimate friendships. I never set eyes on him till this morning—and somehow I feel as though I couldn't tell him that we are not old school-fellows without insulting him. I have a floating suspicion that I shall find I've invited him to breakfast tomorrow morning without knowing it.

Well, it's not been a lost day — I've seen something of a queer lot of people — studied a little bit of human nature. To-morrow I shall go to the British Museum, and read up all the books on Natural History they've got there. By the way, I've got a patient for you — I just ran up into Lady Penrose's box : heard the interesting news that one of the girls had got the influenza — so I puffed you up, and told them by all means to call in my own physician. My lady was only too delighted — that was assault number two in ten minutes. You see what it is to be 'the accident of an accident,' as somebody once called us hereditary title-trailers in these upstart times. If it had only been an account of Sinbad, now — or if I'd already found the North Pole — but there goes the curtain. I suppose we must see out this act, as I've promised, and then I vote we go. I must have a clear head to-morrow, and this place is enough to stifle one."

So fate had actually forged Lord Lisburn into a link between Claudia Brandt and Harold Vaughan.

Mademoiselle Leczinska was nothing to him : and of course, therefore, it was upon her, as the most prominent, and at the same time most remote object before him, that his eyes and ears rested while his mind was looking behind. She had begun the imitation of the tenor air which gave her the first opportunity for justifying the reputation which for weeks beforehand had gathered about her name. The house was dismally cold : silent with the presage of careless disappointment. Abner was already beginning to slacken his reins over his orchestra with a feeling that his "Sylvia" was doomed : Lucas's bow felt numbed in his hand. Worst of all the prelude was spoiled by a sharp soprano laugh behind the scenes — instantly repressed, but plainly audible. The *débutante* nerved herself to look at the pitiless, expressionless mist of eyes all round her with an imploring look wholly thrown away. "Brava!" cried Carol : and the premature applause, which made the audience start and titter, made her ready to sink into tears of unintelligible shame.

Her first notes were unheard even by herself : on the next she faltered and trembled. The tenor took pity on her, and gave her the key, thinking that her memory had broken down : but she could find no sympathy in his face, rouged and plastered as it was for the sake of admiring eyes farther off than hers. She could only hold on mechanically ; and that, only because she felt the compelling influence of the cunning eyes of her master that she knew were regarding her from somewhere.

Suddenly, as chance would have it, she looked down as far as the orchestra, and encountered a gaze fixed upon her with mute and mournful fellow-feeling. Yes — she was not only making an ignominious failure, but was

betraying the thread-hung hopes of the only man on earth who had ever spoken a kind word to her life — save the one who had just crossed her path and left it long ago. A hiss dropped down from somewhere near the roof like a first flake of frozen snow.

What mad impulse, what frenzy of wild energy seized her, who can tell? That discord between the one touch of silent sympathy and the angry sound seemed at one burst to rive all the chains of burning ice that tortured her, and to open her heart into what was half an ecstasy of gratitude and half of fierce, imperious rebellion. She could bear it no longer : she must assert herself once for all, though, as for aught she knew they might, all the men and women there crushed her afterwards in their outraged propriety. Her bosom heaved with its agony after relief ; she cared no longer for filmy faces or fluttering fans. She faced round, stamped suddenly on the stage, and with one plunge brought up all the natural strength of her full, deep voice from the caverns in which bars and keys had imprisoned it so long.

"If I, so mean, were royal queen
Of England, France, or Spain" —

Abner hurled down his *bâton* in astonished rage. Aaron scarcely restrained himself from rushing upon the stage. But Lucas, all discipline swept away, caught the enthusiasm of the moment with a presence of mind that bewildered himself, laid hold of the accompaniment that he had long ago made up for her most familiar song, and made common cause with her headlong revolt. The heart of the young musician expanded into triumph : he was leading the whirlwind or following it. The strange, improvised duet was the true outbreak of Sylvia.

And the house, that gave the overwhelmed composer of "Sylvia's Bracelet" credit for what dashed into all its ears like a storm against all rule? Words out of place — an air out of keeping — passion incomprehensible and out of bounds ; but an unexpected volume of voice and impassioned energy that was in no sense acting — what had the house to say?

The hymn and the dance, the celestial and the terrestrial, the spiritual and the material, the soul and the feet — these are the two separate and distinct fountains of the music of art and culture ; that is to say, of all we ever hear. For the most complex symphony or the most trivial ballad of Germany or Italy is, at its root, either a dance or a psalm, or else a contrast or deliberate combination of the two. The march to battle or of triumph, the serenade or the dirge must always express itself in one mode or the other : music is as much fettered by rules of language as speech itself. But there are and have been races in which to worship is to move in dance before the altar ; and they, therefore, have de-

veloped a third mode of musical expression, in which the dance does not contrast with, but is, the hymn : the rhythmic voice of every emotion, and the instinctive, uncultured art by which the body translates, after its own fashion, the language of the soul. Such music is not spiritual, but it is *spiritual* : it is not metrical, but rhythmic : not national, but natural. When it is heard, as it often is, in Austrian or Russian *cafés* and concert-rooms, people say at once, "That is gypsy music ;" and if they are at all learned in such matters, add that it has filtered through a sieve of birds' notes from forgotten temples, wherein the nautch girl was priestess. It cannot be composed : it can only be written in gestures and sounds not to be recorded by any pen. It raises the ballet into a function : and there is no grammar or key for the footsteps of Esmeralda.

It was a flood of this subtle aroma which spread itself over the theatre from the whole body, and not from the throat alone, of Mlle. Leczinska, as soon as her soft, deep voice felt itself at home in its natural and habitual mode. Her costume of panther-skin was in itself expressive, not of the words or air, but of the tone in which she half recited and half sang them, giving the effect of an invincible provocation to the dance declaimed by an *improvisatrice*. The words might have been picked up from an English wharf-side : the air was so catching and so unrefined that it might have been composed for the barrel-organ. But good, bad, or indifferent, it was all one. The singer, at one panther-like bound, had leaped into fame.

But had that same fortune brought Harold Vaughan there to insult him? Claudia sitting beside him — a foreign singing-woman triumphantly mocking him with Zelda's Whit Monday song in his presence and hers? They were the very tones of the beggar-girl's voice, her very words, no longer suggesting unreal recollections of impossible things, but recalling that fatal moment which began in passing before the tavern at Lessmouth, and ended in his setting out to discover the North Pole. It need not be said that he did not join in the applause, though the earl and Carol did warmly ; the latter emphasizing his approval by throwing over the heads of the orchestra a large bouquet, obtained by Aaron on credit from Covent Garden.

That, however, was the signal for other less prepared bouquets. When the *débutante* went home that night with a reeling brain she might have rested it upon a whole bed of flowers.

Lord Lisburn said good night to Harold Vaughan at the entrance to the theatre. "The manager has asked me to supper," he said. "It's a bore, of course, considering what we've got to do to-morrow, but one ought to take advantage of seeing this sort of life when one can. I shall take care of

myself, old fellow — you'll breakfast with me, of course — eight o'clock sharp; and then we'll wash off all this nonsense and go back to work like men. At eight sharp — mind!"

Claudia had seen Harold Vaughan, but she had also seen his companions, and admired neither of them, not even Mr. Carol. Nor was she at all impressed by the discovery that one of them was a peer of the realm. What sort of peer must he be who would hang about theatres with Harold Vaughan? She was not an English girl, be it remembered by way of extenuation, so that the word earl did not carry its full significance to her.

"Well, you have heard some music now?" asked Miss Perrot, in her sharp way. "What do you think of it?"

"I liked the soprano, she sang the music beautifully, such as it was, and I liked the tenor."

"But, Leczinska, was she not divine? She made me feel as though a bucket of iced water had been thrown down the small of my back. Lady Penrose was delighted."

"She had a magnificent voice."

"Yes, but the style — the *je ne sais quoi* — the — ah, it's plain she has been magnificently trained; give me foreign singers, after all. Didn't you like that pretty, foreign way of pronouncing English?"

"I can't say I noticed it, but that's perhaps because I'm insignificant myself. For the rest — I dare say I've very bad taste — but it seemed to me that she was coarse and *outrée*; she made me feel so uncomfortable that I don't care if I never hear her again."

"Pray, don't say such things yet; why, she may become the rage. Lady Penrose — but here's a letter for you, Claudia — lying on the table; from your father, I suppose. Ah, and here's the card for the dance — posted before they started, I dare say. Really, they are very kind. Who knows — perhaps that delightful Lord Lisburn will be there."

Claudia, who began to feel one of her headaches, opened her letter and read as follows: —

ST. BAVONS, Nov. —, 18—.

"DEAREST CLAUDIA, — I have to prepare you for some very terrible news. Some complications in my Dutch business, which I cannot explain to you, greatly owing to that miserable business of Luke Goldrick, have ended, as you will see in to-morrow's papers, in my having to stop payment. This means, I more than fear, that I shall have to begin the world again, for unhappily the blow is of a kind to be irremediable. Worst of all, you will probably see things about me which I am too proud to ask you not to believe. Many a man in my position has taken himself straight off to America. This, however, I won't do. I have still, I hope, enough hundreds left that I can call my own,

to try and get employment if there is any open to me at my age. I am quite well, my darling, but can write no more now. Do not blame me too much for our misfortunes. I have always done what I thought for the best; do not think of me too bitterly, though I have ruined you, at least for a time. You must tell Miss Perrot this; add that I shall be at her house to-morrow afternoon. I would not have written, only I do not know what you may read in the morning papers. Pray God we may recover this blow in time. YOUR LOVING FATHER."

CHAPTER VII. SICUT ERAT IN PRINCIPIO.

MRS. GOLDRICK was not reckoning beyond her purse when she promised to provide her very exacting husband with a thousand pounds in aid of his speculations. But without one thing she did reckon, and that was her key.

Such an accident may at first sight seem a trifle in a city like St. Bavons, where locksmiths may be counted by dozens. But a woman who chooses to keep a hoard of gold locked up in a cellar in a town which contains banks, must not, in the matter of conduct, be judged by the rules of common habit, which is called common sense by common people.

Common sense is indeed so far from being universal that many persons, who do not lack a fair share of brains, act systematically as though common sense were synonymous with uncommon nonsense. Mrs. Goldrick was one of these. Having conveyed Squire Maynard's first-born out of the way of interfering with her own plans, it never occurred to her mind that any other pair of hands might just as easily play at the same game. There was a sort of chivalrous if savage devotion about her own piece of kidnapping. Therefore, she had argued unconsciously, similar acts must spring from similar motives, and had thus arrived in a semi-heroic way at that lofty but narrow platform from which crime committed from mean and sordid motives looks incomprehensibly small. The girl had disappeared from sight, it was true, as suddenly and as strangely as the boy: but had it been by the hands of any common strolling child-stealer, Mrs. Goldrick's energies should surely have discovered her long ago, and if by any other hands, *cui bono*? That her husband was rascal, thief, and liar, she had learned to her cost, as soon as marriage had unshod his cloven hoof and put a rough edge to his oily tongue. But she was far too conscious of superior intellect to think it possible that he could dare to make a dupe of her, and she believed that by making it his interest to serve her she had made of her seeming tyrant her actual slave. She knew that it would pay him to find the child, and it therefore never occurred to her that

it might pay him better only to look for it, and to keep the object of his search safe from alien discovery under his own eyes.

Meanwhile she kept Zelda's fortune safely under hers.

To her it represented Zelda's self — the child of a strange race who had inherited all and more than all her mother's claim to love and protection, and whom she, almost with her own hands, had aided to bring into a perilous world. Needs anybody to be told how the possession of gold may become a passion? *Crescit amor nummi* — the truism is trite enough to provoke a smile. But the money which increases not, which is represented by well-handled coins of which every stain and scratch is familiar — that, when the mind of the owner is unable to distinguish between the ideas of intangible wealth and of tangible gold, becomes the object of a half personal passion. No true miser ever invests — he hoards. He must see the glitter, feel the weight, hear the jingle. And Mrs. Goldrick was no less a miser, because she hoarded for one who threw the sentiment of human love over her apparently dog-in-the-manger-like greed. She had made the dragon's vigilant fidelity her religion, but it is impossible to be sure that she would have parted with her dear guineas and notes, each one of which she knew by heart, to Zelda herself without a pang. So she lived, starved, and made herself wretched by now and then skimming the cream from her slowly lessening hoard to pay her husband his taxes: and the locksmith had never been born whom she would have let down her cellar stairs. She would, however, probably have died of starvation had it not been for Luke, who was more generous towards his penniless old mother, as he believed her to be, than might have been expected from so inattentive a son: and it was not quite to the benefit of her bodily health that he had now stayed away so long. The missing cashier had earned in St. Bavons the reputation of being a spendthrift, and it is not spendthrifts who, as a class, wilfully leave their mothers to starve. He was also the son of a professional rogue and of an unprofessional swindler, so it was natural that he should have cunning enough to know that to have a mother on the parish would not aid him to rise in the world.

It was in truth a long time now since she had set eyes on this son of hers. But she never missed him much, and his absence was as nothing compared with the long time during which she had not set eyes upon her guineas. Morning, noon, and night she spent in the flooded cellar of her naked dwelling groping for her key. She saw visions of it by night and dreamed of it by day. She worked bare-footed and bare-kneed among all the mud and slime, feeling over every inch of brick with her fingers and

dredging with a broken fire-shovel both at high and low tide. When wearied out, she renewed her energies by lifting up the green baize cover and feeling round the lid of the chest, that was far too strongly closed for any but the hand of a practiced burglar to force open. Once she had a thought of placing it in the hands of some banker or man of business. That was a gleam of common-sense: and so she dismissed it from her as if it had been a temptation of the evil one. She had, besides, all the superstition of a woman and an Oriental about putting herself in the remotest connection with forms of law, which she, in accordance with her sex, race, and ignorance, regarded as a capricious and tyrannical engine of extortion and inquisition for the benefit of those who make and enforce them. Besides, she felt, with better reason, that she would thus be delivering her trust indirectly into the hands of one who, being craftier than she, would be able, perhaps, to make the law deliver to him what she could defend from his crooked eyes. Lawyers, bankers, and locksmiths, light, common-sense, and air, were all alike agents and instruments of Aaron to her, and she accordingly feared them all.

(To be continued.)

THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.

I AM not less a devil-worshipper than the rest of my species; but I hate muscular depravity as I admire intellectual rascality. Dick Turpin I have always despised. A man who could only escape for a time, and at the cost of a noble "Black Bess," was not worthy the name of thief. Were I Lord Chamberlain, I should be very hard upon the Jack Sheppard drama. To exalt the brainless dare-devil villain above the calculating systematic scoundrel is an insult to our progress and enlightenment. A man who does all and more than a Dick Turpin could do, gets a flattering postscript put beneath his name on his tombstone, and leaves a good round sum to his rejoicing friends, is a rascal that obtains my profound respect. There is all the difference between the objects of my aversion and respect that exists between a great blundering donkey that breaks into my garden, tramples down my geraniums, and escapes by his heels or calmly takes a cudgelling for his misdemeanor, and a subtle fox, whose crime is only known by the scattered feathers of one other martyred goose.

The most admirable devil of my acquaintance is a Picture of Health. When I first knew him, he lived in an alley adjacent to our house, and within pea-shot of our upper window. This window was the coolest and airiest place one could find in the summer time, and the fact relative to distance was impressed upon me with wearying tautology. As soon as I had perched myself on the sill with a book, that interesting boy would appear at his window with a tin tube in his mouth, looking like a monumental cherub with a fractured trump. The Picture of Health was the son of a weazened, care-worn little laundress—a restless, eager, anxious little woman, with a strenuous expression in every line and action of her body. He was as unlike her as a fine, full-blown cabbage-rose is to the brier it grows upon. My mother was the first to call him "the Picture of Health," which she did in an envious tone, as she looked from his ruddy chubbiness to my sallow flabbiness. We were about of an age when we first became acquainted, and that age was six—a period of life when we least regard social distinctions.

"What'er you got in your pocket?" were the first words he spoke to me.

"I've got a fourpenny-bit in my pocket that my gran'ma's given me," I replied with some pride.

"I don't believe you've got a fourpenny-bit in your pocket that your gran'ma's given you," he remarked.

I pulled the silver out and displayed it; he hastily took it from my hand and transferred it to his pocket. Instead of returning it, as I desired, he proceeded to corrupt my innocent mind.

"My mother's got a great copper that she biles close in," he said, "and it's full er bilin' water. Do you know the sweep?" I did know the sweep, and dreaded him with a paralyzing fear. I faltered an assent, and he continued, "That sweep is my friend" (I found afterwards that this was fiction), "and if you don't tell your gran'ma you gave me the fourpenny-bit, I'll make the sweep put you in my mother's bilin' copper." I avoided the Picture of Health after that; but it happened that when I again saw him, it was to be once more a sufferer by his delinquency. By going out of my way down a by-street in returning from school I could refresh myself, after the fatigues of study, by looking at the cakes in a confectioner's window. My eyes were the only organs that indulged in these luxuries; for I was bilious, and my father forbade them me, and I was so ugly a child that my aunts and uncles had for me no bowels of compassion. But I used to spend delightfully sad half-hours in looking at the delicacies, and seeing them disappear down the throats of little boys not bilious nor ugly. Just thus in later days, rejected as a partner, I have stood in happy agony watching my divinity smiling and whirling in another's arms.

This day business was dull at the confectioner's. Nobody was sitting on the tall cane chair, and the confectioner's young lady was not scooping the patties out of their pans. I noticed that fat new buns had replaced the buns of yesterday, and observed that the ginger-cake, with the piece out of the side, had not gone off; and then I became conscious that somebody else was observing the shop's contents. I could not mistake that ruddy, chubby little face. It was the Picture of Health. His little twinkling eyes were working restlessly, and in their pink fat beds appeared to me like the shining earwig that one finds in a ripe apple. He looked all over the shop, up and down the street, at me, across the road, and at a tin of pies on a chair half a yard from the door, all in a moment; and this he continued to do for some minutes, but always his surveys terminated at that tin of pies. At last he put his left hand on the door-post, advanced one foot on the threshold, and bent forward; the fingers of his right hand moved nervously, and his lips began to twitch in an extraordinary manner. Suddenly, with a movement swift and noiseless, his hand slashed at the pies, and he was gone. But the baker's man, who evidently had been on the watch, the next instant had sprung across the shop, and darted round the corner. The delinquent was presently brought back by the collar, howling dismally. Meanwhile the baker's young lady had appeared, seized me by my hair, and conveyed me into the little parlor at the back of the shop. It was very small, very hot, but scented with such a refreshing and exquisite odor of caraway-seeds, that for one ecstatic moment I forgot everything but that. The baker's young lady, whom previously I had conceived to bear a strong resemblance to the figure of Justice set over the shopfront of Mr. Bugall the scale-maker, was for sending home the Picture of Health with a tart on his promising to repent, and taking me to Bridewell for a contaminator of youthful virtue; but the baker's man, whose sense of justice was not so biased by the contemplation of rosy cheeks and infant tears, boxed the Picture's small ears for some minutes before giving him his liberty. His punishment was severe; but shortly after I envied him his speedy expiation. Turning to me, the baker's man ordered me to empty my pockets; I eagerly and hastily obeyed, delighted to prove my innocence to him and the crowd who surrounded the shop-door. "Ah," said he "it's just as I thought, he hasn't got a hap'n'y, and yet he's been prowling outside the window this half-hour. Why, you're always outside; I've watched you over and over again. What do you come mouching outside for, hey?" I answered him truthfully, that I came to look at the tarts—that's all. Every one laughed but me—I began to cry. But I couldn't weep prettily, as the Picture of Health could; I always made my face ten times uglier by the performance. Those two wicked assistants cross-questioned me for an interminable period, and my answers seemed to convince the crowd of my guilt. For I pertinaciously refused to tell my name, fearing that my father's knowledge

of my ignominy would bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. At last they let me go with a punishment similar to that of my youthful acquaintance, but supplemented by some vicious slaps from the confectioner's young lady. In a thoughtful moment that evening I detected a moral as well as physical likeness between her and Mr. Bugall's figure of Justice; I saw the symbol of prejudice in the handkerchief over the eyes of Justice, which prevented her seeing what she was about with her scales.

The Picture of Health I often saw after this. His brazenness astounded me. There was in his face and ways no sign of remorse or contrition for his past wickedness. I wondered whether he was right in his head. He too saw me, but he did not cultivate my acquaintance. Probably I did not look very pleasant or companionable; anyway, he confined himself to shooting peas at me. My mother had occasion to change her laundress, and employed the little woman in the alley to wash the linen. Then I got a further insight of the character of her son. When his name was mentioned, the little woman constantly said that he was a good boy — a very good boy; and from her manner in saying this I began to think that perhaps he had inherited his habit of lying from her — just as my yellowness was a disagreeable exaggeration of my father's pallor. The little woman was a widow, and her dear Billy (the Picture of Health) was the only living soul she had to care for (she said, "who cares for me;" but I make the inversion as being rather more truthful). She dressed so poorly, and lived so frugally, that we once wondered what she could do with all her money, for she worked from early morning until late night. She certainly was indulgent to her Billy, for that youth was seldom seen without a seasonable delicacy in his hand and mouth. And she was careless, frequently having to replace some article she said she had scorched or lost. Billy grew apace, and still remained the picture of health. His cheeks were round and rosy, and his jacket and other garments admirably filled. How he ever learnt to read and write, I don't know; but certainly he did not at school. His mother said she could not spare him. This weakness greatly exasperated my mother, who, I believe, would have had nothing to do with a woman so culpably weak had it not been for the pitiful anxiety that expressed itself in the many lines about the poor little woman's face. One day she came to our house, looking paler than usual, and asked if a little place could be found for her Billy — a little place where he would be treated kindly, and — My mother would listen to no more, and accused the little woman of pursuing a course with reference to her son that must inevitably make him selfish and bad, and relieved herself of certain opinions she had long pent up. At first the little laundress answered only with tears, but there followed a confession that forever altered my mother's opinion of her. She admitted that her Billy was in the habit of taking things, that she was his slave, and that she could no longer endure her thralldom. He procured from her everything he wanted by threatening to steal it publicly. She could hide nothing from him. If there was nothing else, he stole the linen, and in some mysterious way disposed of it. To get a "little place" for an assistant of this kind was no easy matter: to recommend him for a trustworthy servant would be as disastrously kind as supplying gunpowder for a useful fuel. The poor mother herself was too honest to recommend him. However, the difficulty was removed by the Picture of Health finding a little place for himself. Our laundress now appeared radiant, her cheeks began to plump, and the lines in them and her forehead became less definite: she was cheerful, delighted, and happy. Her Billy was quite another boy; he came home at night and started to business in the morning like a man, and he was a dear good fellow, and she felt that Heaven had answered her widow's prayer. The next thing that happened was this — the Picture of Health found for himself another situation. This time it was in the dock of a police court, and he received such a character from his late master, that the worthy magistrate before whom he stood was induced to offer him a tem-

porary "little place" at Pentonville, with constant employment and everything found him. But in consideration of his mother, who stood trembling and red-eyed near her son, and in consideration of his looking the picture of health, his acceptance of the "little place" was not insisted upon. So the next day found him cheerfully shooting peas at me; so did I. The little laundress bent over her wash-tub day after day, and the brief sunshine went forever out of her eyes, and her back seemed as if it only once again would unbend. Yet she never spoke an ill word of her sorrow, never spoke of him but in kindness, with motherly excuses. Sometimes she took his sins upon her own poor head — God knows the sins she had committed she had expiated with bitterest suffering and cruellest self-punishment — always she expressed hope that he would yet become a good man. I believe it was this hope that kept her from madness. To her eye alone was there anything in her Billy's behavior to encourage hopefulness. I used to think that somehow the wrong body must have been given to his soul, and that if he had been a pig his mother's hopes would have been realized, and she would have had her care compensated by seeing a first-class medal awarded to her son at some agricultural show for his fatness, fairness, and general inutility. He ate always, and grew and grew. When both hands were not required in feeding, one warmed itself in his trousers-pocket. At last his mother fell ill. Health is a capricious lover, that attends most those who seek his attendance least; fond of bright looks, straight limbs, and glowing cheeks, he refused to have anything to do with this little woman, so old and withered and shrunk and bent had she become with her thirty years of existence in this flowery world. When she was no more to be seen arching over her work at that back window, I wondered how it would go with her son; but when in the evening I met him, and noted he had both hands in his pockets, I wondered no more. The next day he was placed again before the magistrates; for his very first serious attempt at getting a living at the expense of an actual stranger was attended with ill success. His appearance again saved him from the ignominy of correction; he was humanely sent away for reformation. The parochial authorities removed the little laundress to the hospital, and there she lay stricken and speechless, until kinder death removed her to another, where broken hearts are healed.

I believe that the Picture of Health was really reformed in the institution to which he was sent, and that he turned over a new leaf altogether. He was of an age to learn and to profit by experience; and the thing he learnt was this: his legs could no longer be trusted; that last affair with the preservers of public property had shown them to be his superiors at running. He was too fat for muscular depravity. To get on in the world at all he must pursue a course less impeded by unpleasant obstacles than that which had terminated in a diet of a plain character, and limited in quantity. His mother, too, had played him false; on such reeds he now must no longer lean his heavy weight — his own happiness and comfort forbade it. So he reformed himself. The flowers of repentance he doubtless suffered not to bloom unseen, and the sweet odor thereof very likely he wafted into the nostrils of the appreciative. Otherwise I know not how he could have risen to the eminence at which, when we met again, some three or four years later, I gazed up at him. About this time I was seeking daily bread in return for my valuable services. I succeeded in obtaining a situation in a Manchester house of business as foreign correspondent. I was to share the duties with another clerk; that clerk I discovered was my quondam acquaintance, the Picture of Health. I knew him directly, and he knew me; but we were both wise, and kept our little knowledge to ourselves — the very best thing we could do with the dangerous commodity. He was unaltered except in height (he was taller than I am); but his eyes seemed more than ever restless and like earwigs. I found him still a robber; but he robbed legally. He took nothing that could be found in his pockets. He robbed me. I say it rather in sorrow than in boast; I

am a modest man, and careless about trifles. In a subtle way he contrived to appropriate all the praise attending our joint efforts, and to transfer to my shoulders all the blame. I hadn't the impudence to show that some of the praise was mine, nor the energy to show that at least some of the blame was his: so at the end of a year he went up a step in the firm, and I went out of it altogether and opened a career in London. Now, I thought, and indeed hoped, our connection would cease; but we were linked by Fate, and three years after we again came in contact. My residence was in a small suburban village. Every face was familiar, and few incidents occurred unknown to me or to any other of our little community. We had a village belle and coquette, and not a heart amongst us had escaped her witcheries and cruelty. She jilted us all round one after another; some of us went up and were vanquished again and again. One whom every one knew as Mr. Brookes's Joe was thought to be the belle's favorite; certainly he had been plucked more often than any of us. He took his abasement with the equanimity that accompanies familiarity with misfortune, and a dogged resolution to try again. Such men generally take their degrees at last. Whenever our beauty had no one else to persecute, she lured Mr. Brookes's Joe to her feet; and there complacently he grovelled. His varying fortunes were expressed by his whistle; for though Joe could not be considered a musical genius (he could whistle but one tune, and that "Pop goes the weasel"), he put such expression into his tune that his siffilation was more conclusive than words. He had been whistling so long in a major key that I thought he never again would whistle in the minor, and I presaged happy things for Mr. Brookes's Joe; but one morning, as I was running to the train, I met him with his basket on his arm (Mr. Brookes was a grocer), and he was whistling his only air very flat, in hymn-like time, with melancholy turns. It was the most funereal whistling I ever heard, and doleful to a degree. I knew what had happened, and was only curious to know who occupied the shoes he lately had been whistling in. That evening my curiosity was gratified, but not I. In new ribbons, and with her very sauciest smirk, the belle passed me leaning languishingly on an arm of speckless cloth, and looking bewitchingly into her lover's little eyes. Again I recognized the liquid depths at the bottom of those wells of fat. It was the Picture of Health. Both saw me, and both would have passed me; but I chose that they should not. I stepped in their way and greeted them as old friends, passed a remark upon the weather, and made my old acquaintance promise to call upon me before catching the last train to the city. The train leaves at 10.10; at 10.5 he had not fulfilled his vow; so I put on my hat, ran down to the station, and just as the train was moving on, jumped into the same carriage with the Picture. We had a little talk and arrangement before I left him to walk home, in consequence of which we met the following evening at the house where dwelt the parents of our coquette. There my old friend made a solemn declaration of his intentions, which were of the most honorable character, and begged the hand of our coquette. He was rich—had become partner in the firm I had left. I knew he had robbed his way up to that position; but that was no business of mine. I felt I had done my duty when I left him that evening, with the nearest approach to a scowl on his amiable features that I had ever seen there.

In the course of time there were three disappearances in our village. First the Picture of Health vanished; then, Mr. Brookes's Joe's whistle permanently ceased to make itself heard; and finally, our beauty left our village in shame and grief. The firm to which I have alluded had dissolved, and the partner we wanted was abroad. We were not rich enough to buy justice. So the Picture of Health and his promises were but a memory cursed by all save her who had suffered by them. If I had the knack of writing sentiment, I might make a long article out of her woman's grief and forgiveness and unreasonable love. Of the latter there was a faint counterpart in Mr. Brookes's Joe, who would have made her a wife, and have become a

father to her child. But she was as constant and serious now as she had been fickle and frivolous before. Perhaps she refused to link Joe's fate with hers from a feeling of rectitude, possibly from a lingering hope that the false one would yet come to redeem himself. Anyway Joe carried about his basket of groceries in silence.

Last week, as I was passing St. —'s Church, a bridal company were stepping from their carriages. The bridegroom had come up only a minute before the bride, so I had the felicity of seeing both the happy young people. Once more the Picture of Health was before me. Had I been less lethargic and opposed to "scenes," I should have walked up the aisle in a melo-dramatic style, and there and then have forbidden that marriage, thereby making myself appear a hero to some and a fool to others; as it was, I merely asked a coachman to come and drink at my expense and tell me who these happy young people were, and where they were going this fine spring morning. The coachman was communicative, and told me that the gentleman was awful rich with speculating or something, and that the lady too was awful rich, though a bit plain to look at, and that they were going to have breakfast at No. 1 So-and-so Square. It seemed very hard that so old an acquaintance should not have bidden me to his marriage-feast, in which he must have known I should feel deeply interested. I felt it must be his memory that failed him rather than his affection; therefore, to relieve his mind from the affliction the knowledge of his neglect might afterwards occasion, I determined to attend his breakfast unasked and be an uninvited guest. I thanked the coachman and bade him farewell, and quickly made my way to So-and-so Square. I found no difficulty in getting admittance, and when we all went in to breakfast the confectioner's man (how he reminded me of old times!) slipped me into a seat between two ladies, as if the arrangement had been made beforehand. Being, as I have said, a modest man, I was so overpowered by a sense of my own temerity that for some time I knew nothing—a feeling I imagine an unblooded soldier must experience when for the first time he sees nothing between himself and the enemy; and with just the courage that comes to him in that position was I presently nerved. I opened a brisk conversation with the ladies on either hand, and swallowed whatever food was set before me, perfectly regardless of the fearful consequences. After a time I lifted my eyes from my plate, and looked about me. Very little removed from me on the opposite side of the table sat the happy man. He, too, kept his eyes on his plate. His cheeks were pale-looking, as if those radiant apples had turned up their nether side. Of course he had seen me. I was happy in my jokes, and the ladies beside me, being single and tolerably advanced in years, were appreciative and pleased to laugh consumedly. Laughter is catching—especially on such an occasion, where silence is sometimes broken by a whispered conversation that verges on the melancholy. I became the funny man of the table. I saw all eyes but the earwig ones; they resolutely avoided me.

Said one of the ladies: "Oh, Mr. — er?"

"Nemesis," I said.

"Mr. Nemesis, — what an odd name! — have you known the bridegroom long?"

"From his innocent boyhood; and you?"

"But lately. I have known the bride from her girlhood."

I was delighted; nothing I said would be wasted. What the bridegroom did not hear directly from me, he would indirectly through his wife.

"What a trying occasion this must be!"

"To some; but the happy bridegroom has had more disagreeable trials than this."

He dropped his fork.

"How well he has borne them!"

"Men with strong moral principles do not permit themselves to be agitated by the unavoidable misfortunes that happen to themselves or to other people."

"He has never told us of these trials."

"He is so modest."

"Such modesty is a great virtue."

"Except when it excludes a wife or a wife's friend from that confidence without which marriage cannot be perfect happiness."

"Did you know his family?"

"I knew his mamma extremely well. I used to see her every day, and she visited us regularly once a week. She loved her son with a fervor and depth rare even among mothers; she toiled, though differently, as hard for him as ever he has toiled for — himself."

"She is dead?"

"I was with her when she breathed her last. And her last breath formed these words: 'My son.'"

"Was he present?"

"No; he did not know of her death until after. He had been studying and trying hard for some time previously for an appointment under Government, had passed his examination, and at that time was engaged in the onerous duties of his office."

"How shocking! Tell me of his other trials."

"Not now."

"Will you presently?"

"Yes; when I propose the bridegroom's health."

I looked across the table. The happy man's full nether lip hung bloodless on his chin, displaying his teeth like a dog that is being strangled.

"But you are not the 'best man.'"

"No; but I'm good enough for that."

I looked up again. He was speaking to a waiter.

"You will be doing so quite out of order."

"On the contrary, I shall be doing so in order — to please myself."

(The waiter was working his way round the table.)

"I expect you are very vain of your oratory."

"When I look at the bridegroom ought I not to be proud of my species? Excuse me one moment."

The waiter gave me a hastily-folded piece of paper. It contained a second piece, that crackled as I opened it. It was a note for £50. I looked up once more; what little expression the fat face was capable of was of abject supplication. I knew the significance of the £50; and if, as I before hypothesized, I had been melodramatically constituted, I should have risen and hurled it in its sender's teeth or eyes. Instead, I fumbled it about nervously in my lap until decision tardily came to me.

"You look quite disturbed," said the lady beside me.

"I am very much affected. I have received a note."

"A nice note?"

"The very nicest — a fifty-pound note. It is from the bridegroom."

"How odd!"

"Would you like to know why he sent it?"

"Oh, no; ha, ha!"

"Very well, then — you shall. The note is a desire that I should spare his blushes, and forego my little biographical oration. The money is half of a little annuity he allows a poor friend of mine — a little broken-hearted woman with a child."

"And shall you forego your speech?"

"Well" (a sigh), "I suppose I must. One cannot have one's own way with these dreadfully charitable people."

Hardships and sufferings come to all of us in one way or another. If we have been guilty, we call it retribution; if we have not, we call it by some other sentimental name. The Picture of Health had been guilty, and his retribution came to him mainly in a disarrangement of his feeding apparatus and a swelling of the legs; my doctor tells me this. His wife is a virago and a tyrant; so I hear from my wife. With his offspring mine will hold no converse. I know he is wretchedly miserable; this I see myself when I call on his wedding-day for the never-failing annuity.

A FIRST NIGHT IN A LONDON THEATRE.

THE first night of a new play. There are some people who never miss it. One goes out of curiosity, another pro-

fessionally. The regular playgoer likes to be present because his attendance on these occasions has become a habit with him, just as the Derby is with another man. One goes because he is a friend of the dramatist; another because he is not; a third is there on account of his interest in the management; a fourth simply in the hope that the management has made a mistake. The critics go in fulfilment of their calling. Of course they are bored, whether the play is good or bad. It is the thing to be bored. Sometimes they are indeed to be pitied; but they take out their torture tenfold when they sit down to scarily the piece. The most astonishing thing is, when you think they have been dreadfully bored, and when you are glad that they have gall at home for ink, to find by their papers that they have been delighted. At other times, when you think they have an opportunity of honestly praising a piece, you encounter fierce condemnation. Truly, critics and criticism are inscrutable. I give them up. Thank goodness I am not professionally engaged, except once in a way. Now and then I sit amidst the critics with my bristles up, look bored, feel bored, and go out envying the people who are not called upon to write their opinions of what they have seen and heard.

But we all like a first night; it is so unlike any other night. You see people whom you wish to see. There is a sort of suppressed excitement in the house which gives an outside interest to the play. Then there is always the chance of a row. Pieces have been killed on a first night. It is true the custom of "taking care" of the house has grown of late into such a habit that a sort of check has been established. Something is indeed required to neutralize the coldness of the general *habitués* of theatres on first nights; but a crowd of applauders scattered through the house rather overdoes the business.

Let us look round a first night's house and see who the people are in the stalls and boxes. They are the actors who interest one more than the people on the stage. We will see the play itself when we have read the notices. In the stage-box is Mr. John Oxenford, a white-headed, genial-looking gentleman, and critic of the *Times*. It is not necessary to mention the satellite who always accompanies him. But in the same box we notice Miss Neilson (Mrs. Lee) and her husband. Mr. Lee was the subject of a great practical joke in America, arranged by Mr. Sothorn, and mentioned in the papers a short time ago. The *New York Herald* devoted a couple of columns to the story. Miss Neilson is quite as pretty as her photographs. She wears a low dress, very much after the fashion of the portrait of Nell Gwynne in "Pepys' Diary." Mr. Oxenford will talk during the performance, but when you read his criticism in the *Times*, you find that he knows all about the play.

In an adjacent box are the Levys of the *Telegraph*. Their chief critic is nursing his leg in the stalls. He is a young man, with a brown beard and moustache, and a well-formed, intellectual head. His name was mentioned in the action brought by Charles Reade against the *Morning Advertiser*, and it is likely to crop up in a libel suit pending, I believe, against the defunct *Zig-Zag*. Mr. Clement Scott has made himself known by his well-written and pungent criticisms. He was "Almaviva" in the London *Figaro*, and he writes for the *Observer* and the *Telegraph*. Close by Mr. Scott sits, silent and muffled up to his chin, Mr. Heraud, who used to write for the *Athenæum*, and is the hero of that story of Jerrold, in which Mr. Heraud's poem about "Hell" is mentioned. The cleanly-shaven face, somewhat cynical in its expression, and ornamented for the time with a pair of glasses, looking out of a box on the other side of the house, is the well-known countenance of Charles Dickens, son of the famous author of "Pickwick."

Mr. Dickens writes those excellent dramatic notices which appear in *The Queen*. The bright-eyed young man by his side, intently watching the piece, is Albery, whom Dickens will presently chaff on account of the failure of "Oriana," but the proprietor of *All the Year Round* will get a shot back quite as wounding as his own.

Albery is clever at repartee, but apt to be personal. Not more so, perhaps, than the gentleman who is just entering the box, Mr. Stephen Fiske, the husband of Mrs. John Wood, for whom Albery is engaged upon a new play. Mr. Fiske rubs his eyes, and fires off a quiet sally about the piece, at which Dickens turns round to shrug his shoulders and laugh. Mr. Fiske came over to England, some years ago, with the winning yacht in the famous international race, a graphic description of which he wrote for the *Times* and *All the Year Round*. He was for many years the dramatic critic of the *New York Herald*, and is now credited with the stings of the *Hornet*, of which paper he is the proprietor. It is not generally known that Fiske was the author of "English Photographs, by an American," and the magazine papers which caused a sensation under the *nom de plume* of "An American Fenian."

It is a capital night for celebrities, this first night of our sketch. Shirley Brooks, the editor of *Punch*, is in the stalls, and in the next seat one of his principal contributors, Mr. F. C. Burnand, who gets up something like Mario, though there is no resemblance between the two. Mr. Burnand is a handsome man, for all that, and one of the most industrious of our public writers. Looking over the stalls from the dress-circle, into which they have been forced by their late arrival and a pressure below, are Leopold Lewis, of "Bells" fame, who is industriously stroking his whiskers; and Mr. Tom Purnell, who is evidently expressing his opinion of the piece in tones sufficiently loud to attract general attention. Mr. Lewis was editor of the *Mask*, which had a short, but brilliant career; Mr. Purnell wrote those *Athenæum* criticisms, signed Q., which Charles Reade scarified in an article in which he called Purnell "a cipher, signed with an initial."

Turning again to the stalls, our glass falls upon the puckered, but genial face of E. L. Blanchard, whose knowledge of the drama and its history, past and present, is perhaps unequalled. A round-faced, kindly-looking lady in black (whom few people seem to know, and those few the more elderly men of the time), sitting at the back of the stalls and talking to another lady, evidently her sister, is Mrs. Charles Dickens. Her sister is Mrs. Romer, a widow. They are neighbors in the Regent's Park district, and evidently enjoy first nights. One of Mrs. Dickens's younger sons, a bright, intelligent young fellow, has recently been reading, for charitable institutions, some of his father's works, and has acquitted himself with credit. Mrs. Dickens is a noble woman, never to have obtruded her story upon society. They say she has a box full of "David Copperfield's" love-letters. Dickens, whose correspondence was always studied, must have written charming love-letters, how charming, we may never know.

Mr. Frith, the artist, is sitting near the orchestra with one of his sons, and farther on is Mr. Moy Thomas, of the *Daily News*. Close by sits Mr. Fildes, a young, earnest oiler in the fields of art, who is destined for fame and fortune. The dark gentleman to whom he is talking is Joseph Hatton, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and, what is perhaps more, author of "The Valley of Poppies," an *édition de luxe* of which is to be published by and by, with illustrations by Fildes, who drew the pictures that illustrated Dickens's last thoughts in "Edwin Drood." Mr. Hersee, a well-known musical critic, finds himself yonder in the midst of a bevy of ladies, whom he would not disturb, as he goes out, for the world. Mr. Dunphy, of the *Morning Post*, calm and self-possessed, with the living image of a pretty girl whose portrait hung No. 1 on the Academy walls two years ago by his side; and Mr. E. C. Barnes, the artist, whose "Scarlet Letter" has, strange to say, been crowded out of this year's Academy, make up our rapid sketch of the front of the house.

On the occasion in question the piece was a success. We called the author, and cheered him loudly. It is seldom that a piece is damned nowadays. A notable exception occurred the other night at the Adelphi, when a new piece was hissed off the stage, and the management had to announce that it would not be performed again. "Up a Tree" and something else, however, would take its

place, said the gentleman, who had the happiness of speaking to the house, which burst into fits of laughter at this announcement of "Up a Tree."

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS, AND FOREIGN PREPARATIONS FOR OBSERVING IT.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A.

LAST March, after describing the general principles on which the utilization of the transits of Venus depend, I gave an account of the suggested arrangements for observing the transit of 1874, so far as this country is concerned. I propose now to describe what other countries intend to do. It is manifest that our opinion as to what is proper for England to undertake, must in part depend on the arrangements of other countries. It would be absurd, for instance, to expect England to undertake difficult and dangerous Antarctic expeditions, if the corresponding northern stations with which comparison should be made were not occupied by Russia; in whose territory they mainly lie. Again, it would be less manifestly England's duty to occupy Antarctic or sub-Antarctic stations, if less dangerous regions suitable for observing the transit were to be left unoccupied by other countries. In such a case the proper course for England would be to make a careful estimate of the relative difficulties as well as of the relative advantages, whereas if these regions were to be occupied by America, France, or Germany, we should have no choice but to man the less inviting stations which our great Antarctic explorers have made more particularly ours. It is therefore necessary, in order to the complete recognition of our position with reference to the coming transit, that the arrangements of foreign astronomers should be considered.

But in the first place, it will be desirable to discuss what has happened since my last paper on this subject appeared. It will be seen that while on the one hand the justice of the views which I then indicated has been implicitly admitted, there has not yet been that explicit recognition of the position of affairs which can alone be really effective in inducing those in authority to do what is needful.

It will be remembered that in my former paper I described two methods in which a transit can be utilized. One, called Delisle's method, depends on the determination of the exact epochs when transit begins (or ends) as seen from two distant stations—the interval between these epochs affording the means of determining the sun's distance. The other, called Halley's method, depends on the determination of the duration of the transit as seen from two distant stations—the difference between the observed durations being the circumstance on which is based the determination of the sun's distance by this method.

So that in Delisle's method a certain interval of time has to be measured by two persons at nearly antipodal stations, one observer timing one end of the interval, the other timing the other end; while in Halley's method each of two persons times the duration of a certain event. It is manifest, at the outset, that the latter operation is the simpler of the two. For when an observer has estimated a duration there is an end of the matter; he has that duration recorded, and the comparison can be made with the other duration in the most direct way. Their clocks may have been wrong by many minutes, but the durations remain correct so long as the clocks did not gain or lose appreciably during the hours of transit, which of course would not happen with any respectably rated clock. The observers by the other method have a far more difficult task. They must be certain that they have referred their observations to the same absolute time. For instance, if each knows the exact Greenwich time when he made his observation, the interval between their observations can be properly determined. But if either or both be at all in doubt as to the true Greenwich time, even by a few seconds, the estimate of the interval will be correspondingly in error.

A simple illustration will show the difference in the principles of the two methods, so far as the comparison of results is concerned. Suppose that two observers, one at Edinburgh and the other at London, are watching a display of meteors, and that they agree to compare the apparent motions of remarkable meteors. Then they might arrange beforehand either to take the duration of the more remarkable meteors as the means of identifying particular objects, or else to take the moment of apparition. If duration was their test, the matter would be simple enough. Thus the two observers might find that somewhere about midnight each saw a meteor whose train remained visible twenty-five seconds, and if the majority of the meteors lasted but about ten seconds they could not be mistaken as to the identity of this particular meteor. But suppose the observer at London saw a meteor at 1 min. 40 sec. past 12 by his watch. Then the observer at Edinburgh might have some trouble, if there were many meteors, in identifying this particular meteor. His watch might differ several seconds from the watch of the Londoner. Both watches might have been set by some trustworthy time-signal, the Londoner's perhaps by the Greenwich time-ball, the Scotsman's by the Edinburgh gun-signal. But they might have lost or gained in the interval since this was done; and the probable amount of loss or gain might be difficult to determine, because perhaps varying with the temperature and humidity of the air, the motions to which the watch had been subjected in the interval, and other circumstances of which perhaps no exact account could be obtained.

To show how seriously Halley's and Delisle's methods differ in this important respect—relative simplicity—it will suffice to mention that in speaking of the application of Halley's method the Astronomer Royal has stated that a few days' stay at the selected station to "rate" the clock would be sufficient for all purposes, and that for Antarctic observation fixed ice would serve as well as land; whereas he considers that to apply Delisle's method with advantage each station should be manned three months before the day of the transit, the observers being kept hard at work determining the longitude by "moon and star" work all that time. When to this is added the circumstance that much more perfect instruments must be provided—the clocks especially being required to be first-class specimens of horological art—it will be manifest that provision for a Delisle station is a much more costly affair than provision for a Halleyan station. The country would not grudge the difference, no doubt, if it were really true, as the Astronomer Royal mistakenly supposed, that Halley's method cannot be applied with advantage in 1874. But the matter assumes another aspect, even as a money question, now that it has been demonstrated that Halley's method is the more advantageous of the two.

Now the question has been discussed on this very issue since my last paper appeared; and I cannot but think that the circumstances of the discussion will prove at once interesting and instructive to my readers.

Everything depends in Delisle's method on getting the "interval" right, and in Halley's on getting the "difference of duration" right. And since, *ceteris paribus*, the value of any application of either method depends on the number of minutes in the "interval" or "difference," while admittedly the "difference" is nearly half as long again as the "interval" at the best stations for either method, the whole case of the Delisleans depends on showing that the "interval" can be more exactly determined than the "difference." The Astronomer Royal has given his criterion for comparing the two methods in point of exactness, and the reader shall first judge whether the criterion seems a proper one.

In applying Halley's method, error can come in at four distinct points; namely, at the beginning and end of the transit as observed at the northern station, and at the beginning and end as observed at the southern station. In each case the error arises from the difficulty of determining the exact moment when Venus is just in contact with the sun's edge on the inside. An optical illusion occurs by which Venus and also the sun's edge are distorted at this

critical moment.¹ Hence the difficulty in question. From a very careful investigation of the observations made during the transit of 1769, Mr. Stone, late First Assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, found that the greatest error from this cause did not exceed three seconds on that occasion. But in 1874 Venus will cross the sun's edge more slowly because more aslant; and increasing the probable error of three seconds, in exact proportion to the slowness of crossing, Mr. Stone deduced $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds as the probable error in 1874. This estimate the Astronomer Royal has adopted. It will be seen that the larger this error is assumed likely to be, the greater is the disadvantage of Halley's method; for all the four errors (at the beginning and end of the transit as seen from the two stations) arise from this one cause.

Now in Delisle's method error also comes in at four distinct points. The northern observer must in the first place time the moment when Venus is just fully upon the sun's disc (either on entry or before exit), and will be exposed to the error described above; so also will the southern observer. Here, then, are two errors corresponding exactly to two out of the four which arise in Halley's method. But also both the northern and the southern observer must know what is the *true* time when their clock shows such and such time. Each may know the exact second *by his clock* when Venus was in contact; but he wants to know the exact second by Greenwich time.² He must therefore know his longitude, which in effect means the time-difference between his station and Greenwich; and not only that, but he must know what his local time is. To explain this without introducing complex astronomical considerations—suppose an observer is exactly 15 degrees west of Greenwich, then the sun will be due south exactly one hour later than at Greenwich, and the knowledge of that fact would be the knowledge of the longitude, which is one of the points a transit observer requires. Now clearly an error comes in if the longitude is not exactly determined. An observer at some such place as Woahoo or Kerguelen Island would certainly not know his longitude quite exactly, and by whatever amount he was in error in that respect, by so much would his estimate of time be erroneous. But returning to our illustrative station 15 degrees west of Greenwich, an observer there who set his clock by the sun at noon, and we will say set it exactly right, might nevertheless have his clock wrong on the next forenoon, and if he then timed any particular phenomenon his time-estimate would be *pro tanto* erroneous. Combining the two sources of error, we get what is called the error of absolute time. Our northern and southern observers of Venus are each liable to an error of this sort. These two errors with the two contact errors make up the four above mentioned; and the smaller they are likely to be, the greater is the advantage of Delisle's method, which, be it noticed, only differs from Halley's in having two errors of this kind in place of two errors of the kind before discussed. Now the Astronomer Royal asserts that the absolute time errors will probably not exceed a single second. Here, then, Delisle's method seems to have a great advantage, for we have two errors each likely to be no more than a second, as against two each likely to be about $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Applying this criterion, it follows that Delisle's method employed at the Astronomer Royal's selected stations—Woahoo, Kerguelen Island, Rodriguez, Canterbury (N. Z.), and Alexandria—gives results very little inferior to Halley's method applied at Nerchinsk, Tchefoo, Tientsin, Jeddo, Pekin, etc., in the north, and at Kerguelen Island, Kemp Island, Possession Island, Crozet Island, Enderby

¹ The phenomena can easily be reproduced artificially. A ground glass lamp-globe makes a suitable artificial sun, while a small coin makes an excellent artificial planet. Fix the coin anywhere so that it can readily be brought on the bright disc by the movement of the observer's head. Then move so that the coin appears to transit the bright disc, and note how when just upon the bright disc, this disc's outline seems to bend inwards towards the black disc of the coin, which disc in turn seems to extend outwards as if helping to make the contact.

² I take Greenwich time for convenience of expression; but the time really wanted is what may be called earth-time. When Greenwich time is given, Paris time is known, and Washington time, and so on; in fact, the time at every station of ascertained place on the earth.

Land, Sabrina Land, and elsewhere in the south. Absolute equality cannot be asserted, still less superiority, by Sir G. Airy's own criterion. The greater cost and complexity of Delisle's method cannot be denied. Every circumstance seems to point to the advisability of at least doing something by way of employing Halley's method. Nothing stands in the way but that unfortunate error which led to the verdict that Halley's method "fails totally" in 1874. This only, I conceive, led to the amazing circumstance that Mr. Goschen, speaking on behalf of the Astronomer Royal in the House of Commons, positively asserted that even at a station where there will be an observing party and where Halley's method chances to be applicable as well as Delisle's, "little reliance" will be placed on the former method, although by the Astronomer Royal's own criterion the method, even at this station (selected for the application of Delisle's), has nevertheless the advantage. I have heard this statement of Mr. Goschen's (for which, however, he is in no sense responsible) characterized as "simply astounding" by an astronomical authority of the greatest eminence, and simply astounding it unquestionably is in my judgment.

But before proceeding to inquire into the provision which is actually being made for Halleyan northern stations by Russia, Germany, and America, I shall venture to make the inquiry whether the criterion above described is altogether a proper one; whether, in fact, it is not altogether overweighted in favor of Delisle's method.

It manifestly is natural enough that a criterion of this sort should be made as favorable as possible for the method actually selected by the official representative of British astronomy, when we consider that if the other method, overlooked by an unfortunate mistake, should chance to be the better of the two, a certain degree of regret could scarcely fail to be occasioned by the loss of an important opportunity. One could not blame the Astronomer Royal, for example, if under these circumstances the probable errors of contact observations grew somewhat beyond their true dimensions, while the probable errors of absolute time were correspondingly reduced. Nevertheless, in a matter so importantly affecting the science of astronomy and the reputation of this country, it is necessary to weigh most scrupulously every consideration of this sort.

I note, then, that the probable magnitude of contact errors is inferred directly from the results obtained in 1769, without any allowance for improvement in instruments, observing skill, and so on. In 1769 the optical error was not anticipated; now it is not merely anticipated, but its source is known and understood. In 1769 very imperfect instruments were used.¹ The observers certainly were not so skilful as those of our time. Then there was no special selection of instruments as on the present occasion. Moreover, a variety of ingenious arrangements have been suggested, the best of which will undoubtedly be employed, to make the observation of contact as free as possible from error.

Does it not seem reasonable to infer that these improvements combined should reduce our estimate of the probable error to an appreciable extent? For instance, since when none of these considerations are taken into account the error is assumed to be $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, may we not when all of them are taken into account assume the probable error to be no greater than 3 seconds?² Personally I am satisfied,

after a careful study of the observations made on the transit of Mercury on November 5, 1868, that the mere knowledge of the cause of the phenomena observed at contact, by directing the observer's attention to a certain interpretable feature (the breadth of the "connecting ligament," which by an optical illusion seems to form between Venus and the sun), affords the means of reducing the error to little more than a second. But I am content to take 3 seconds as an estimate certainly more reasonable than that resulting from the complete neglect of all that has been learned since 1769.

And now as to the probable error of absolute time, estimated by the Astronomer Royal at a single second. Have we any means of forming an opinion on this point? Have any observations been made which enable us to test the sanguine views of the Astronomer Royal by the results of actual experience? Fortunately, yes.

In the United States, owing to the great extension of that country in longitude, observations to determine the exact longitude are of great geographical importance. But the electric telegraph affords the means of directly determining the longitude in the most satisfactory of all possible ways, by instantaneous time-signals. Hence, a longitude determined by observatory work can be at once tested by telegraphic communication. Now the following are the results of the experience thus obtained. After three years of observatory work by practised astronomers and by the most approved methods in established observatories, the error of longitude is found to amount to $1\frac{1}{2}$ second. Now this being the case, what opinion are we to form as to the probable error when observations have only been made for three months in temporary observatories, and that not by men whose whole time has been given for years to astronomical work, but by artillery officers trained to the work but for a short time? Surely we must dismiss the Astronomer Royal's estimate of 1 second as altogether inadmissible. Nor can we take $1\frac{1}{2}$ second as a fair estimate when we remember how far superior all the conditions have been which resulted in so small an error. Can it be thought unfair to take $1\frac{1}{2}$ second as the probable error, thus allowing only a quarter of a second for the unfavorable conditions? For my own part I am convinced the error cannot possibly be reduced so low; and I find that very eminent authorities share this opinion. Let us, however, take $1\frac{1}{2}$ second as the absolute time error (noting that clock error is thus assumed as nothing, although we might very fairly add half a second or so on that account).

The result of all this is, that our criterion has become greatly modified. Before, we had an assumed contact error of $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ times the assumed longitude error of 1 second: now we have an assumed contact error of 3 seconds, or only twice the assumed longitude error of $1\frac{1}{2}$ second.

Singularly enough, when the Astronomer Royal first found it desirable to employ a criterion in defence of Delisle's method, he did actually adopt precisely the criterion just deduced. "Now I hope," he wrote early in 1869, "that with reasonable care the probable error of the geographical longitude will not be more than one half of the probable error of ingress or egress." By what process of reasoning he was led to substitute, within less than two months, the proportion "less than a quarter," for that of "not more than one half," I am not to inquire. But I may note, as a mere matter of fact, that in the interval I had announced the actual degree by which the available difference of duration in applying Halley's method in 1874 would exceed the available time-interval in applying Delisle's method. And I may add that the earlier criterion applied to my result (the accuracy of which was not questioned then, and is now established by the "Nautical Almanac" data) would leave Halley's method far in advance of Delisle's, whereas the later criterion very nearly brings Delisle's method to an equality with Halley's in all respects, save simplicity and expense.

But the main question is, after all, whether other nations are preparing to occupy such northern stations as would

¹ Some of those used in the important observations in the South Sea had fallen into the hands of the savages, and were recovered with difficulty.

² To show how our knowledge of the source and nature of the contact difficulty may be applied to reduce the resulting error, I shall mention one fact which seems to me very noteworthy: Great stress was laid by Mr. Stone on the peculiarities observed during the transit of Mercury on November 5, 1835; for observers with large telescopes saw the disc of Mercury apparently connected with the sun's edge by a fine filament several seconds before any connection between the disc and the sun's edge had been recognized by observers with small telescopes. This, of course, was simply the telescopic rendering, so to speak, of the optical illusion I have spoken of above. Now in 1839, while a discussion was in progress between myself and Mr. Stone on the subject of the approaching transits, I showed that the two extreme cases of difference, where no less than 14 seconds intervened between the observed moments of contact, could be brought into agreement within the tenth part of a second by simply applying to the observer's statements Mr. Stone's own interpretation of the phenomenon of the "black drop" or "connecting filament." These statements indicated the "breadth of the filament in each case, and this one fact brought the observations into agreement, when rightly understood.

be useful for applying Halley's method. Because, although there are northern stations which England might very well occupy, as Jeddo, Pekin, the Bonin Islands, and others, yet if England made a proper effort in manning southern stations she would have accomplished a very fair share of the work; and it would, perhaps, be requiring too much from her to expect that she should provide for northern stations as well.

In fact, the Astronomer Royal, in replying, at the request of the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, to my strictures on British preparations, dwelt strongly on the probability that no effort would be made to occupy northern stations for applying Halley's method. So strongly was this urged, that I was for a time under the impression that, owing to the neglect of this country in providing for southern stations, Russia had given up the plans she certainly had once entertained for occupying Nertchinsk in Siberia. Even then it remained certain that northern stations suitable for applying Halley's method would be occupied by Germany; but certainly it seemed as if the very best regions were not to be occupied.

Now, however, news of the most encouraging kind has come from Russia. Our five stations for applying Delisle's method seem scarcely to be sufficient for Great Britain's share in this important astronomical work, when we hear that Russia proposes to occupy no fewer than twenty-seven stations, amongst which eight are specially selected for the application of Halley's method. Nertchinsk and three stations in the same region appear in the list of the Russian Astronomer Imperial. When it is mentioned that these stations lie close to the pole of winter cold, that is, to the region where is experienced the greatest cold to which any part of our earth is subjected at any time of the year, it will be seen that the occupation of these stations by Russia in December is as great a sacrifice in the cause of science as would be the occupation of as many Antarctic or sub-Antarctic stations at a season which is nearly the midsummer of the southern hemisphere. Wintering in Possession Island would, indeed, be a greater feat, and would make this country *facile princeps* in the competition for national distinction in this matter. But wintering in Possession Island is by no means a *sine quâ non*; and the occupation of a few Antarctic and sub-Antarctic stations would quite suffice to place this country in her proper position in this matter.

Russia occupies a series of stations extending from the extreme east of Siberia to the Black Sea in an unbroken range. Speaking generally, it may be said that the eastern wing of the Russian army of observers is intended for the application of Delisle's method by observation of the beginning of the transit, while the western wing is intended for the application of Delisle's method by observation of the end of the transit. The centre of the Russian observing army is the Halleyan corps.

And in passing I may note as one marked advantage of applying Halley's method, even in cases where it is not so well suited for use as it has been shown to be in 1874, that it provides for the occupation of regions (one northern and the other southern) intermediate between the four regions (two northern and two southern) which are most suitable for Delisle's method. When we remember the possibility of cloudy weather at many of the observing stations, we see how important it is that the chances of success should be made as numerous as possible. Especially is this manifest when we note that failure either at all the northern stations or at all the southern stations would be absolute failure in the whole matter, for in all methods comparison has to be made between observations at northern and at southern stations. Now bad weather in December is too common an experience in the northern hemisphere to be overlooked: it must indeed be regarded as the most momentous of all the possibilities of failure. It is not counterbalanced in any way by the fact that December is a summer month in the southern hemisphere, since a hundred perfect observations in the south would be utterly useless if no successful observations had been made in the north.

But it may be argued that the northern observing region

is to be properly manned, and that therefore it is unnecessary to dwell so strongly on the necessity. To this I reply that the manning of northern Halleyan stations will be useless unless corresponding southern stations are occupied. So that by leaving such southern stations unprovided for, we should in fact be nullifying a portion of the efforts made for providing against weather contingencies in the north.

Before passing from the consideration of the Russian preparations I may remark that the Russian central force will occupy a region not very far from that part of North India to which I have pointed as a region which this country ought to occupy. In miles the distance from southern Central Siberia to North India is considerable; but in an astronomical sense, and with special reference to the approaching transit, these regions present circumstances far more nearly alike than would be supposed from a mere study of a geographical chart. For in December both these regions, as seen from the sun, are foreshortened and thus brought into apparent contiguity; in other words, the circumstances under which the sun is seen from these regions are rendered similar. It is to be hoped that the North Indian region will after all be occupied by this country, and in force.

The plans of France for observing the approaching transit have not as yet been definitely announced, beyond a statement (in reply to a question by the Astronomer Royal) that the Marquesas Islands will be occupied for the purpose of applying Delisle's method. Janssen, however, has devised a very ingenious method for taking contact observations by photography, and this is specially intended to improve the qualities of Halley's method.

Germany has in a very decided manner indicated a preference for Halley's method by selecting for a northern station Tchefoo (a coast town on the peninsula which lies between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pe-che-lee), since this station has no value for Delisle's method. Professor Auwers, of Berlin, in a letter addressed to Lord Lindsay, mentions that besides the expedition to Tchefoo, there will be one to the Auckland Islands and one to the Macdonald Islands, "but in the event of the last-named islands presenting too many difficulties, the expedition intended for them would be despatched to the Kerguelen Island." The Macdonald Islands lie to the southeast of Kerguelen Island; and the Auckland Islands to the south of the New Zealand Islands. Both the Macdonalds and the Aucklands are better southern stations for Halley's method than any station to be occupied by Great Britain, and it is not a little creditable to a nation like Germany, not specially maritime, that it should thus show both England and America (as will presently appear) the way towards the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic regions, which one or other ought to occupy in force.

The special aim of the German astronomers, however, is not to apply Halley's method, or to trust to contact observations at all, but to apply what is called the direct method. I believe, but am not sure, that I was the first to point out not only the applicability of this method, but the principles on which the choice of stations for applying it should depend. The method is simplicity itself. Halley's and Delisle's methods are both of them devices substituting time measurements for actual measurements of the apparent position of Venus on the sun's face. If Venus's place could be directly determined as seen at one and the same epoch from different parts of the earth, then the sun's distance would be determinable in the simplest of all ways, since we only use the other methods to enable us to infer Venus's displacement. Hitherto the observation has been regarded as too difficult to be attempted, but observational skill and appliances have increased so greatly of late as to suggest that at least the effort might be worth making. In a paper read before the Astronomical Society in December, 1869,¹ I showed how Venus's place need not be completely determined if stations were properly selected, but only her distance from the sun's centre. The advantage of thus reducing the work to be done at each observation is obvious. Venus is moving all the time that any observation is being

¹ It appears in my *Essays on Astronomy*, recently published.

made, and therefore each observation should last as short a time as possible. Now, if one had to determine both the distance and bearing of Venus from the sun's centre, a considerable interval of time would necessarily elapse between the beginning and end of the operations; the more so that the two elements are determined in different ways; but if at each observation only the distance of Venus from the sun's centre¹ is required, the time is greatly shortened. The Germans propose to observe Venus in this way at the above-named stations and at the Mauritius. They will also send a photographic expedition to Persia.

It only remains that I should describe how America proposes to observe the approaching transit.

The main reliance of the American astronomers will be upon photographs of the sun with Venus on his disc, taken on a plan described by Professor Newcomb in an important paper on the subject of the transit. The choice of stations for applying this method depends on nearly the same conditions as for applying Halley's method. Accordingly we find that the Americans will occupy stations on the coast of China, Japan, and Siberia; "one, probably, at Wladivostok; one at or near Yokohama; one near Pekin, or between Pekin and the coast; and the fourth somewhere in Japan, China, or the adjacent islands." All these may be described as excellent Halleyan stations. Now for southern observations, the selection, as the Americans well remark, is more difficult. "Our choice," says Rear-Admiral Sands, in a letter to Sir G. Airy, "seems to be confined to Kerguelen Island, Tasmania, Southern New Zealand, and Auckland or Chatham Island. The most favorable of these stations is probably Kerguelen Island, which you mention among those you purpose to occupy yourself, and which I believe the Germans also intend to occupy. It is a delicate question whether there are not very grave objections to having so many stations together." "In addition to these photographic stations, it is our wish to comply with your desire that we should occupy a station in the Pacific. Here we prefer one of the Sandwich Islands as distant as possible from the point you may select. The objection to occupying a station so near yours seems to be counterbalanced by the very favorable conditions of that group, both astronomically and meteorologically, and by its accessibility from our western coast." As the whole transit "will be visible from all the photographic stations, it is intended to observe them with five-inch" telescopes.

Now let the following startling facts be noted in conclusion. If there is bad weather either in the Sandwich Isles on one side, or at the Mauritius group and Kerguelen Island on the other, Delisle's method applied to the beginning of the transit will fail totally. If there is bad weather either in the New Zealand Islands, or at the opposite northern stations, Delisle's method applied to the end of the transit will fail totally. There would remain, then, only the chances depending on the three methods which require that the whole transit should be seen. For these methods ample provision has been made in the northern hemisphere, by Russia, Germany, and America; so much so that England's neglect as regards her North Indian stations becomes of relatively small importance. But, in the southern hemisphere, Kerguelen Island is the only really well-placed station to be occupied for applying these methods, and at Kerguelen Island fine weather occurs on about one day in ten. There remain the Macdonald Islands, suggested only for occupation by Germany, but unlikely to be occupied except by a specially nautical nation. Yet the whole space between Kerguelen Island, Enderby Land, Possession Island, and Auckland Islands is suitable for the three methods (and also, be it noted as important, for Delisle's method). There are several islands scattered over this region, and probably many others which have not yet been discovered. It is most unfortunate that nothing has been done, during the four years which have passed since I noted these facts, to make reconnaissances over the whole of this region; but surely it will be even more unfortunate if no station is

occupied in it. Of the duty of Great Britain in this matter I have spoken earnestly, because I feel warmly. Viewing the matter as an Englishman, I may say that I should feel concerned if this duty, neglected thus far by us, should be undertaken by America, the country to which, next after us, the duty belongs. But viewing the matter as a student of science, my great wish is to see due advantage taken of the great opportunity afforded by the approaching transit, without specially caring whether this country or another obtain more honor in accomplishing the task.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

IF I was asked for a striking point of distinction between the musicians of the old and modern schools, I should mention first of all their essentially altered position with regard to literature in general. During the last century a musician was expected to study from his very childhood all the intricacies, both theoretical and practical, of his art, but beyond this, his education as a rule showed the most deplorable defects; and whenever he had to write on ordinary foolscap, instead of the accustomed staff of five lines, his hand seemed to shake and his thought to stammer. With the sole exception of Gluck, no first-rate musician of the eighteenth century can be named, who would not have shrunk from the idea of giving literary evidence about the fundamental principles of his own art; a phenomenon which in most cases finds its explanation in the above-mentioned circumstance of an exclusively special education. Even Beethoven's æsthetical thoughts, although of divinatory truth and depth, were clad in the language of illiterate awkwardness, as far at least as we may judge from Schindler's account. Very different from this, Robert Schumann went through a regular course of university studies, and after that was the editor of a musical journal for several years, before his name as a composer became known beyond the circle of his immediate admirers. Indeed, the whole character of his musical individuality was closely connected with, and modified by, contemporary phases of German literature; and he also was to become the musical expounder *par excellence* of Heine, the blossom and bane of what was then called the "romantic" school of poetry, an expression which Schumann readily adopted for his and his friends' own aspirations. On this close connection of his early efforts with literature, Schumann may also found his claim on the name of (to speak figuratively) the St. John of that important phase of artistic progress, which on a former occasion we have called "poetical music," and as the paraclete of which we recognized the gigantic genius of Richard Wagner. I have spoken on purpose only of the earlier productions of Schumann, for the works of his ripe years disavow to a great extent (as he did himself by word of mouth), what he then called his juvenile eccentricities, and tend to show that his breach with the established form had never been of a very serious kind. Indeed the narrow, almost exclusively technical, objections raised by him against his great contemporary, prove but too clearly that the persistent reform of music on the basis of poetry, lay entirely beyond the power or even perception of Schumann. His cold and unsympathetic utterances about "Tannhäuser," stand in glowing contrast with the general appreciative turn of his mind, and almost suggest the idea of another Cadmus frightened at the unexpected and dreadful growth of his own seed. If, in this one respect, Schumann's career proved a failure, we cannot but acknowledge on the other hand that the results of his creative power more than atone for his defects as a reformer, and that indeed amongst Beethoven's followers in the sphere of absolute music, he undoubtedly takes the foremost position.

We shall have to consider in the following pages, the twofold activity of Schumann's mind, as a literary man and as a composer; his former career beginning with the starting of the celebrated *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. But, first of all, we must enter upon a short survey of our

¹ I write thus for the sake of simplicity of expression. As a matter of fact the distance of Venus from the edge of the sun is what the observer actually determines.

hero's early doings and longings up to that important event.

Robert Schumann was born at Zwickau, a small town in Saxony, in 1810, the youngest of five children. His father was the founder and head of a publishing firm of some importance, still existing; at the same time he was a man of considerable taste in literature and art, and himself the author of various works on commercial and other subjects. Young and Milton were his favorite authors, but he equally appreciated the merits of more modern English poets. To a translation of Byron's works, published by his firm, he himself contributed "Childe Harold" and "Beppo." It is generally supposed that poets and artists inherit their talents and inclinations chiefly from their mother. With our composer the reverse seems to have been the case. While the elder Schumann was decidedly a man of genius in his small way, his wife was of a more practical turn of mind, and eventually showed an almost eccentric aversion against her son's choosing the career of a musician.

About Schumann's early youth there is very little to be said. He was considered a kind-hearted, genial boy, with a good but not astonishing amount of talents; very fond of playing pretty tunes on the piano, but very little inclined to practise in a methodical way, or to trouble his head with harmony and counterpoint. Nevertheless he began composing little melodies at a very early age, and it is also said that he possessed the talent of mimicking certain peculiarities of his friends by particularly striking combinations of sounds; a gift which earned for him great admiration, and indeed opens a prospect to the great achievements of a later period. At the same time he used to try his hand at poetry. Romantic dramas, full of horrors and highwaymen, of his own composition, were performed by Schumann and his friends on an improvised stage, the father looking on all the while and carefully watching the dark and as yet undecided aspirations of his favorite son. If the elder Schumann had lived, the early career of our composer would probably have taken a very different form, and many troubles might have been saved him. It seems that at a very early stage of his son's development, father Schumann realized, or at least suspected, the great genius struggling in Robert, and actually asked C. M. von Weber to undertake the musical education of the young student. Unfortunately this proposal came for unknown reasons to nothing, and our composer continued at Zwickau in a fair way of becoming a local celebrity, but with very little advantage for his artistic progress. Soon afterwards his father died, and when, after Schumann leaving school, the choice of a profession came in question, his widowed mother opposed an obstinate veto against her son entering the career of a *virtuoso*.

We have now to accompany our hero to the old university town of Leipsic, where he was inscribed in the books of the Alma Mater as a worshipper of Themis, while in reality his heart remained unchangeably attached to the muse. We possess a letter of the young law-student *malgré lui*, written soon after his arrival at Leipsic, to a friend with whom he had been travelling in South Germany, previous to his definite settlement of the university. This document is interesting in many respects, as giving a striking view of our hero's wild oats, which, by the way, were sown at that time by most young men of genius, in the same almost typical manner. This was the period of Friedrich Richter's greatest glory, the halo round the poet's features being still intensified by his recent death. The readers of "Sartor Resartus" will understand what in Germany is called "Jean Paulism," and not be surprised at some hypersentimental eccentricities in the following extracts. In Schumann's case, the disease took the form of a strong tendency towards falling in love in a general way, the then following despair being generally flavored with the additional troubles of chronic lack of cash. But now for the letter. It is dated the 5th of June, 1828, and runs thus: "My dearest Rosen, To-day is the 19th of June; unfortunately it has taken all this time to continue my letter. Oh! to be with you at Heidelberg. Leipsic is an infamous hole, where one can't enjoy one's life a bit; my

money makes rapid progress, much more so than I do in the lecture hall, a remark which is both wise and taken from life, nay, which is more, from my own life." (Thus far the freshman has been prevalent, but now Jean Paul appears in the background.) "Here I sit, without money, and comparing in silence the present with the hours just gone, which I passed with you so delightfully. Musing I stand before your image, and before the whimsical fate which leads men to meet each other from the most distant quarters, only to unite and separate them again. You perhaps are now sitting on the ruins of the old castle, smiling and looking with a joyful heart on the blossoms of June, while I stand on the ruins of my airy castles and dreams, weeping and looking up to the dark sky of the present and future. However, this letter seems about to grow dreadfully serious, but that it shall not, by God! Melancholy faces like yours must be cheered up, and my dreary earnest I will keep to myself. My journey from Regensburg was devilish tiresome, and I missed you very much in that arch-catholic country. I am not fond of giving descriptions of journeys, least of all such as remind you of unpleasant feelings. May it suffice to say that I thought of you most affectionately, and that the image of the lovely Clara¹ stood before my eyes in waking and sleeping." In this way the letter goes on, touching spasmodically upon friendship, Clara, money, or rather no-money matters, and other heterogeneous subjects. We quote only one more passage: "At Bayreuth, I paid a visit to the widow of Jean Paul, who presented me with his portrait. I was introduced through the kindness of old Mrs. Rollwenzel.² If the whole world read Jean Paul it would certainly be better, but also more unhappy. He has often brought me to the verge of madness, but the rainbow of peace always flows softly over the tears, and the heart grows wonderfully elevated and transformed. . . . Farewell, and be happy. May the genius of mankind be with thee, and that of joyful tears accompany thee forever."

This short utterance must suffice us as a specimen of the general condition of Schumann's mind during his first sojourn at Leipsic. His way of life seems to have been of an isolated kind, at least as far as his fellow-students were concerned. The uncouth, mock enthusiasm of the so-called old Teutonic patriots then in vogue at most of the German universities, could not but have a marring, inharmonious effect on the tender strings of our composer's heart. As to his professional studies, there was a total absence of even an attempted beginning. A long time after his matriculation at the university, he writes to the above-mentioned friend: "I have not been to a single lecture, but have worked a good deal quietly, i. e., I have played the piano and written some Jean Pauliads." As the most important event, both for his life and artistic career, we have now to mention the acquaintance with Friedrich Wieck and his daughter Clara, which Schumann made about this time. He took at once a great interest in the talented girl, who at the age of nine already grappled successfully with the technical difficulties of her instrument. Clara Wieck was a pupil of her father's, and of him now Schumann also took some piano-forte lessons, the first regular instruction which he had had. In this favorable atmosphere our composer's resolution of giving himself wholly to art grew more and more decided. In the mean time, however, the prejudices of his mother had to be considered, at least outwardly, and in order to satisfy her Schumann left Leipsic for Heidelberg, where at that time the great legal authority Thibaut attracted a great many students. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the same professor took a most lively interest in music (his book about the "Purity of Musical Art" contains a great amount of valuable material), and the reader will easily guess which part of his

¹ Not to be mistaken for that other "Clara," who was to become the faithful and congenial companion of Schumann. The lady here in question was a Miss Kurrer, whose acquaintance our composer made when she was already engaged to somebody else, which, however, did not prevent him from admiring her most fervently. The friendly acquiescence of the real lover shows clearly the innocently romantic character of the whole affair.

² The name of an inn near Bayreuth, which had become celebrated by several of Richter's works being written there.

master's knowledge had the greatest charm for our *soi-disant* law-student. Upon the whole, this year at Heidelberg seems to have been the happiest of Schumann's life, and one would fain dwell on this bright point of a career soon to be overshadowed by sorrow.

Art had now engrossed the whole essence of his being, and the technical study of his particular instrument was taken up by him in an enthusiastic spirit. Whole days were spent in practising, and even on his frequent excursions into the beautiful surroundings of Heidelberg, Schumann was never without a dumb keyboard, on which his fingers performed the most difficult passages, while the carriage of the friends was rolling along the smooth pavement of the Bergstrasse, or by the side of the Neckar.

It was also from Heidelberg that our composer entered for the first and last time the "land of song." From his trip to the north of Italy we possess two or three letters which show the deep impression of southern nature and life on the susceptible heart of our hero. The "Jean Paulism" of former times reappears here in a more individualized, and in consequence less affected form, and at the same time we notice a descriptive power of considerable range and originality. We also hear of a quarrel at a coffee-house, in which Schumann behaved with great tact and spirit. The affair might have been of serious consequences, if his adversary had not ultimately discovered himself as a commercial gentleman of Hebrew descent, who was but too happy to drop his chivalrous grandiloquence as soon as matters began to look serious. A beautiful English lady, to whom Schumann lost his heart at first sight, and who, parting from him at Venice, presented him sentimentally with a branch of cypress, may form the final tableau of this happy time of youthful freedom and enthusiasm.

On returning to Heidelberg, our composer had at once to face again the flood of troublesome realities. First of all a number of importunate creditors had to be quieted, and it was no easy task to make a conscientious guardian dole out a further allowance to his extravagant ward. The usual time for university studies had also nearly elapsed, and a legal examination threatening, which Schumann felt himself wholly incapable of going through. At last he had to rally his spirits, and make a full confession of his doings to his mother. The letter in which this was done is still extant, and deserves a short notice on our part as strongly indicative of our hero's characteristic shyness of utterance, which in this case was still increased by the tender consideration for his mother's well-known feelings, and which could be got over only by the firm persuasion that the gain or loss of all his ideal goods was at stake. At first he does not like to broach the subject: "Good morning, mamma," he slyly begins; "how shall I describe to you the bliss of this moment? The flame of 'spiritus' is flickering and tossing against my coffee-machine, and the sky is pure and golden—one would like to kiss it. The whole spirit of the morning penetrates me fresh and sober. In addition, your letter is lying before me, in which a whole treasury of sentiment, wisdom, and virtue is discovered. My cigar is also excellent—in short, the world is sometimes very beautiful, i. e., man, if he would only rise early every morning." But this matutinal effusion is soon changed for a different tone. He begins to describe, in a most impressive manner, the struggle pervading his whole life between poetry and prose, "or will you call it *jus* and music;" he enters into, and tries to dispel, all his mother's prejudices against music as a profession, while on the other hand he points out the drawbacks of a legal career for a commoner without great property or connections, and without a real interest in lawyers' "miserable penny-squabbles." At last Friedrich Wieck is referred to as the best judge of his (Schumann's) musical talent, and to the decision of this umpire he promises to submit his final choice of a vocation.

The immediate result of this letter was another one from Mrs. Schumann to old Wieck, full of doubtful spelling and words underlined four or five times, in which the frightened mother implores the master to be not biased by his own

love of music to decide in accordance with Robert's wishes. This application, however, proved of no avail. Wieck had distinctly recognized the spark of genius in his pupil, and his decision was given accordingly. Soon afterwards Schumann returned to Leipsic in order to complete his preparatory technical studies before appearing in public as a *virtuoso*.

The second and third decade of the present century were the halcyon days of the executive musician. Glory and riches poured down in an almost inexhaustible stream on the head of the fortunate *virtuoso*. In reading of the enormous sums realized by Paganini, or of the ladies dividing the atomic remains of a cushion on which Franz Liszt had been sitting, one does not quite understand the anxiety of Mrs. Schumann in preventing her son from taking his share of this golden harvest, which his eminent talent seemed to secure him beyond doubt. About the ideal danger threatening our composer's artistic individuality, and with it the progress of modern music, we may safely say she did not trouble herself. Whether her son would have been strong enough to withstand the alluring siren of ephemeral success, and follow the distant call of the true muse, is a difficult question to answer. Luckily an accident, or shall we call it artistic Providence, saved him the trouble, with which a decision in favor of virtuous hardship against easy vice is only to be bought. In his eagerness to gain a perfectly even and independent action of each single finger on the piano, Schumann had invented a complicated machinery, by means of which it seems the third finger of his right hand was suspended, while the four others went through the most difficult evolutions. The consequence was that, after a little while, the sinew of the third finger was by unnatural extension weakened to such a degree that it became all but disabled, and of course entirely unavailable for artistic purposes. This implied practically the loss of the whole right hand, and every thought of a career as a *virtuoso* had to be relinquished at once. The piano-forte had lost one of its ablest representatives, but the gain of music as a whole was incommensurably greater.

The first favorable result of his changed prospects was the serious commencement of theoretical studies against which he had felt till then a strong aversion. The influence which the late attainment of this fundamental part of music had on Schumann's compositions we shall have to consider before long. But first we must now turn to an event which for the following years was to lead the whole power of his mind into a different channel. This is the starting of a new musical journal, which, under the title *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, was soon to become the intellectual centre and mouth-piece of a new phase in the art of sound. The circumstances under which this remarkable birth took place are described by the father, or to speak more accurately, one of the fathers, that is, our composer, in the following manner: "At the end of 1833 there met at Leipsic every evening a number of for the greater part young musicians, principally with a view of friendly intercourse, but not less in order to exchange their thoughts about the art which had become the bread and wine of their life, i. e., music. It cannot be said that the musical conditions of Germany were at that time of a very satisfactory nature. On the stage Rossini wielded the sceptre, while the piano was almost exclusively dominated by Herz and Hüntten. And nevertheless only a few years were passed since Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert lived amongst us. It is true that Mendelssohn's star was rising, and of Chopin the Pole wonderful things were rumored; but the lasting effect of these came later. One day the idea struck the young enthusiasts, 'Let us not be idle lookers on, let us work in order that things may grow different and better, that the *poetry of art* may again receive its due honor!' In this way the first pages of a new *Journal for Music* saw the light." To the description of musical barrenness given by Schumann in the above we must add that the only critical organ of consequence was the celebrated *Musical Gazette* (*Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung*), which, edited by one Fink, still enjoyed to a

great extent the prestige of critical infallibility attached to Rochlitz's name, and true to its old traditions smiled down upon contemporary labor with a sublime ignorance, equalled only by its natural compound, impertinent self-assertion. To break the spell of this monstrous imposition was one of the chief aims of the "young musicians," and foremost of Schumann himself, and the achievement of his noble efforts in counteracting the antiquated prejudices of philistinism would alone secure him a prominent position amongst his fellow-workers in the domain of artistic progress. From this, however, it must not be concluded that Schumann's writings bore any signs of that harsh and combative nature which seems to be the character of all great reformers from Luther and Knox to Wagner. Our composer is on the contrary of a decidedly affirmative nature. We find only few traces of all-denying satire, or of the sublime indignation of genius against mediocrity. It seems as if Schumann proceeded in his writings on the principle, that a single talent of tender nature crushed by adverse criticism would be an absolute loss of greater consequence than the harm that might possibly arise from a temporary success of well-intentioned inability. His accusations are therefore more directed against bad principles, like empty virtuosity, and similar vices, than against individual evil-doers. The only eminent men whom our composer treated with decided, nay, harsh antagonism are, to the best of my knowledge, Meyerbeer and Richard Wagner. The spectacular attempts at clumsiest musical popularity mixed up in the works of the first-mentioned composer with beauties of the highest order, make it easy to account for the sweeping criticism of a sensitive nature like Schumann's, and as to his aversion to the works of by far the greatest creative power of the age, we shall also not be at a loss to find a psychological explanation of a phenomenon so astonishing at first sight. On the other hand, the merits of the new critical organ in encouraging and introducing to the public notice a number of aspiring talents are undeniable. The very first appearance of Schumann in the journalistic career, even before his own paper was started, consisted in a panegyric of Chopin, whose "Opus II." had, after many previous unsuccessful attempts, just then been published. Berlioz, the eccentric apostle of French romanticism in music, was first acknowledged and defended against the attacks of pseudo-German patriotism by Schumann, who did the same service to the limited and imitative but still remarkable talent of Sterndale Bennett. The attitude of our critic towards his more successful rival, Mendelssohn, was that of unconditional admiration, sometimes bordering on the prostrate devotion of a worshipper. For more particular information about the relations of the two men, highly creditable as they are to the noble unselfishness of Schumann's mind, if not to his critical acumen, we refer the reader to our composer's writings, collected and edited by himself in four volumes, and also to the valuable work on his life by Wasielewski.¹ I will only quote a few sentences from a letter hitherto unpublished in Germany, which was addressed to a zealous contributor of the *Neue Zeitschrift*, Herr von Zuccalmaglio. After his death it came, with seventeen others, into the possession of the present writer, and was published by him in the *Academy*. The reader may consider it at the same time as a specimen of Schumann's epistolary style of this period, and compare its mild enthusiasm with the unalloyed "Jean Paulism" of the young student. The date of the letter is Leipsic, January 31, 1837, and as the only commentary required, I will add that "Erste Töne" was an article on Mendelssohn, which had appeared in Schu-

mann's paper, and that Wedel was one of Zuccalmaglio's numerous pseudonyms.

"MY DEAR SIR, — First of all I must tell you how I gave Mendelssohn, with whom I dine every day, your article, 'Erste Töne.' I stood aside and watched his face, to see what impression would be made upon him by your last sentence, which I confess had several times brought the tears into my own eyes. He read the article attentively; his face (what a glorious, divine face it is!) revealed all his impressions as he came to the passage. It was a pity you could not see him. 'Ha!' he cried, 'what's this? That is really too much: I am quite delighted. There are different kinds of praise; but this comes from a pure heart.' You should have seen him and heard him. 'Ten thousand thanks to the man who wrote this.' So he went on until we dived into our champagne. The fact is, as I have long ago made up my mind, there is no man who can write on music like Wedel; and I think I can read the same verdict in the delicate but continued motion of Mendelssohn's countenance, which is a record of all that is passing both within and without him. . . . Do you know his 'St. Paul,' in which one beauty relieves another without interruption? He was the first to grant to the Graces a place in the house of God, where they certainly ought not to be forgotten. Hitherto they have not been able to make their voices heard for the multitude of fugues. Do read 'St. Paul' — the sooner the better. You will find in it nothing of Handel or Bach, whatever people may say, except in so far as all church music must be alike," etc.

Thus much about Schumann's critical power. Upon the whole it must be said that his influence on the progress of contemporary music was of a beneficial kind. Young aspiring talents were sure to find friendly appreciation, and, in many cases, valuable advice, in the columns of the new organ, from which, on the other hand, the currents of vulgar puff were strictly excluded. Schumann had the instinctive horror of a gentleman against the low practices of artistic humbug, and sometimes, as in the case of Meyerbeer, was not able to recognize the good crop growing in the midst of luxuriant weeds. It must also be confessed that chiefly in his latter years he was by no means free from that one-sidedness, inseparable as it seems from creative genius, which looks upon everything outside of its own circle of light as utter darkness. It remains to say a few words about the style in which the results of Schumann's speculative power were delivered, which was a very extraordinary one indeed. Here are a few extracts from a *soi-disant* criticism on Chopin which was published by Schumann in the old *Musical Gazette* two years before the starting of his own journal. One can imagine the astonishment of the faithful reader of this solemn organ when, amongst the utterances of his Dryadust oracle, he suddenly hit upon the following eccentric effusion: "An Opus II. — Eusebius gently opened the door. You know the ironical smile on his pale face; which he puts on to make one curious. I was sitting at the piano with Florestan. Florestan, as you know, is one of those rare music-individuals who divine everything future, new and extraordinary, in advance. Still to-day he was to be taken by surprise. Eusebius called out: 'Hats off, gentlemen, here goes a genius,' and opened a piece of music before us. The title we were not allowed to see. I was glancing through the book half unconsciously; this veiled enjoyment of music without sound has a particular charm for me. Besides, it seems to me as if each single composer had his particular groupings of notes for the eye. Beethoven looks different on paper from Mozart; in the same way as the prose of Jean Paul looks unlike that of Goethe. But now it was to me as if numbers of strange eyes were strangely looking at me, eyes of flowers, of basilisks, of butterflies, of girls. At other places it became lighter; I thought I heard Mozart's 'La ci darem' winding through hundreds of harmonies; Leporello seemed to wink; and Don Juan flew past me in his white cloak." The article goes on, describing in the same exalted strain how the young enthusiasts play the piece with increasing delight, which is brought to a climax of admiring bewilderment when they find, on referring to the title-page that the work is not by Beethoven or Schubert, but an Opus II., a *début* of an unknown composer, Frederick Chopin. They forthwith repair to their adviser and friend, Master Raro,

¹ It has been noticed, that in the collection of Mendelssohn's letters, the name of Schumann occurs, if at all, only in an occasional manner. Considering the friendly intercourse in which both stood at Leipsic, it is almost incredible that Mendelssohn should in his remarks on music have wholly ignored the numerous, and at any rate original works, of his admiring friend. The circumstance is generally explained from a narrow-minded jealousy of the editors of Mendelssohn's Letters, who might not be desirous of adding his testimonial to the rival composer's overpowering fame; but would it not be also possible to conjecture that the admiration of the two masters was not mutual, and that Mendelssohn's utterances had been wisely suppressed, as not redounding to the credit of his liberal-mindedness?

who smiles at their new idol with the cautious wisdom of his riper years, but promises a close scrutiny of the case. The closing scene shows Florestan reclining on his sofa in a half dream, expounding the poetical inspirations found by him in Chopin's "Variations," intermixed with various remarks of a more critical character on the structure of the new piece.

I have on purpose quoted from the first article ever produced by our composer, because, although in a slightly exaggerated form, it fully shows at once the power and weakness of his æsthetic writings. He never attempted to give an objective, or, as it is more grandly but less correctly called, an impartial analysis of a composition. He felt himself that the position of one creative mind to another must have a strong alloy of personal bias in it. This he never even tries to conceal, and for that very reason he personifies the various phases of his own mind, and shows how differently one and the same work may have acted upon him in different moods, or how it might act according to the predisposition of the mind to which it appeals. Florestan and Eusebius, who have been introduced to the reader in the foregoing sketch, are only, to speak with Faust, the "two souls in his breast;" Eusebius the mild, receptive dreamer, Florestan the fiery enthusiast, wild and impulsive in his hatred and love, and armed with a divine recklessness with regard to other people's prejudices. These two are stereotyped figures in Schumann's writings. His articles are alternately signed with either pseudonym according to the tone of their criticism. Sometimes they both give their individual judgments on one and the same work, and in such cases Master Raro (always known to the reader), who was meant to symbolize the calmly speculative side in Schumann's nature, is referred to for final judgment. Sometimes also various other characters, like Julius and Zelia, are introduced and grouped together in a kind of brotherhood or secret society—"more than secret," as Schumann himself afterwards declared, "for it existed only in the head of its founder." The name was the "Davidsbund," probably from King David and his celebrated harp. At one time it does not seem to have been quite as imaginary as might be concluded from the just quoted lines, which, by the way, were written nearly twenty years later, and at a period when Schumann looked back upon the eccentricities of his youth from a distance greater even than that marked by the lapse of time. Raro was generally considered to have been the personification of Friedrich Wieck, and certain features of other David-associates were also traced back to distinct persons of real existence. How seriously the plan of an actual society (perhaps somewhat analogous to the "Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood" in this country) was considered by Schumann, becomes for the first time evident from a passage in the once before cited series of letters. "I have a variety of plans and schemes for which I want your assistance," writes Schumann to Zuccalmaglio on May 18, 1837. "First of all I have been thinking for a long time of giving real life to the Davidsbund, by bringing men of the same opinion (even if not professional musicians) in a closer connection by means of signs and symbols. If academies with dunces at their head designate their members, why should not we, the younger generation, do the same?" Although this scheme of an academy with anti-academicians as members proved abortive, the charm of Florestan and Eusebius as imaginary creations remains unimpaired, and it is with regret that the reader of Schumann's collected works sees them turn up more and more seldom, till at last they quite disappear, together with a good deal of their originator's freshness of style and perception. The fact is that in his later years Schumann's position in musical questions became essentially altered, and he used against himself that sweeping judgment which in the inarticulate longings of his early career could now only see the juvenile and silly. Unfortunately the same remark applies to his views about the ultimate aims of his art, and the breakage which we discern in the development of his æsthetic notions could not but react upon the direction of his creative power. The deeper causes of the vital change in Schumann's whole

artistic existence, which after a gradual growth of many years reached its climax with the beginning of his third or "orchestral" period, we shall have to consider in the following remarks.

In my paper on Wagner, published in the *Fortnightly Review*, I have tried to follow as closely as possible the rise of what I called the "poetic principle in music" from the earliest times till Beethoven. I have shown that in every art there exists a duality of intention, namely, on one side the original passionate impulse previous to its taking any distinct form, and secondly, the innate order of beauty belonging to the particular art in question. I further tried to prove that the intensity of this impulse in Beethoven's later works all but broke through the forms of music proper, and at last, in the ninth symphony, absolutely required the complement of words. The consistent carrying out of Beethoven's grand reformatory act, I at last professed to see in Wagner's Musik drama. Schumann also felt instinctively the necessity of introducing the fresh life of poetical pulsation into the dead formalism of absolute music. We have seen before that he wrote on his banner the war cry of "Poetry in art," and repeatedly shows the close affinity between his art and contemporary phases of literature by calling himself and his friends *romantic* musicians. The works of his first period, all conceived at and written for the piano-forte, show in their small forms all that pointedness of exaggerated, not to say transcendental, sentimentalism which forms the typical character of Richter's prose, and (mixed up already with self-consuming irony) of Heine's lyrics. Schumann's desire for the assistance of poetry becomes also evident in the titles affixed to his lyrical effusions, sometimes full of poetic suggestiveness, but not seldom also without any recognizable relation to the character of the piece. Moreover, our composer always laid particular stress upon the fact that these denominations had been added to the composition after its being finished, with a view only of guiding the player as to the way in which it was to be rendered. The expression, therefore, of a distinct poetic idea, as we discerned it in Beethoven, was at all times absent from his mind. In reality, the music even of his "Sturm und Drang" period was quite as absolute as that of Mozart and Haydn, in which the poetic element never amounted to more than the unconscious mood in which every work of art must be conceived, but never passed through the medium of conscious feeling before its embodiment in sound. To say that in the "Carnival" or the "Papillons" the pure source of Beethoven's mighty tradition is flowing, and to invest the slender form of the most subjective lyrist with the grand folds of the prophet's cloak, seems indeed almost too absurd even for the blindest worshipper. Still, such is the hue and cry of a powerful school in music called after our composer's name, and represented by an imposing number of talented and devoted disciples. The fact, however, is, that to the master himself, as well as to his pupils, something in Beethoven has remained, and, as it seems, will remain forever an indissoluble mystery.

In thinking it my duty to oppose current prejudices, it is far from my wish to deny the indescribable beauty of Schumann's early works, which bear undoubtedly the stamp of a genius of the first order. All the charms of indistinct longing, of youthful enthusiasm, and of the most striking originality in conception and execution, fill us with ever fresh delight in listening to the strains of the Sonata in F sharp minor, the *Études Symphoniques*, or the *Kreisteriana*; and upon the occasional eccentricities or shortcomings in the formal treatment we are inclined to look with a much less critical eye than the composer himself used to do at a later period.

We have recognized a strong desire on our composer's part of embodying his individual feelings and sufferings in his art, a desire for which the piano-forte alone, even with the enlarged scope opened to it by Schumann's own works, could scarcely be considered as the appropriate instrument. Schumann also felt the want of the spoken word as the firm starting-point of his lofty flights, and he was fortunate enough to find a poet full of the deepest pathos, and at the

same time congenial to himself by the strongly individualized mode of his expression. We have already remarked anticipatively that this poet was Heinrich Heine, the "spoiled favorite of the Graces," the hero and victim of modern thought and misery, "the knight with the laughing tear in his scutcheon," who descended into the deepest depths of the heart, and brought back the jewels of his songs clear and flashing like ice, but reflecting in their crystalline surface the brightest rays and the darkest shades of human passion. It would be difficult to convey to the reader unacquainted with the German language the full meaning and artistic importance of the "Lied," a mode of poetic expression taking its origin immediately from the popular song, with which it shares the utmost simplicity of expression and metrical structure, but still used by modern poets for the embodiment of deepest thought and feeling. And here I am sorely tempted to digress upon a subject nearest to my interest, namely, the almost total absence of what might be called "artistic song" in the literature of this island, the causes of which I find partly in the disdain of poets to stoop to the simple utterance of the popular muse, partly in the particular nature of this popular poetry itself, which to a prevailing extent took the narrative form of the ballad, and therefore seemed less adapted for the infusion of lyrical impulse.¹ Or was it perhaps the total absence of music as a national art, which failed to encourage the great English lyrists to proportionate efforts in this direction, and induced, for instance, Byron to assign always his weakest stanzas "to music"? But I feel but too deeply how abrupt and "unproven" my remarks in their necessary conciseness must appear, and therefore gladly return to my immediate subject.

The high position which Schumann takes among the masters of German song, has been sufficiently defined by his being called the musical exponent of Heine. It seems, indeed, not unlikely that the verdict of an impartial posterity will base our composer's chief claims to immortality on such works as the settings of "Ich grolle nicht," and the whole "Dichterliebe" series, not to speak of innumerable other "Lieder," small in form, but disclosing the infinite perspective of lyrical pathos, and unsurpassable in the congenial rendering of the poet's sentiments. It is true that Schumann did not invent or even advance the artistic form of the song. This form indeed occurs with its essential variations in Beethoven himself, and was after him filled with the inexhaustible beauties of Schubert's melodiousness. But Beethoven's broad dramatic conceptions were always to some extent embarrassed by the narrow limits of the song, and in Schubert we miss sometimes that careful entering into the minutest intentions of the poet which might be considered as the prominent feature of the latest phase of music. Besides, both these great composers were extremely limited as to the poetical materials at their disposal. The artistic song in German literature dates only from Goethe, and his acquaintance with Herder's researches in international popular poetry. Goethe remained the only valuable resort of Beethoven's, and for a long time also of Schubert's lyrical muse. The latter master only recognized the rising stars of Heine and Rückert. Schumann's position in this respect was much more favored by fortune. He stood in the midst of the literary movement of his time, and was prepared both by his genius and by education to recast the newly acquired treasures of poetry in the mould of his own art. The progress therefore marked by his songs was achieved by poetical rather than by musical means, another proof of the organic and indivisible connection of the two sister arts.

The duration of our composer's song-time was comparatively short. The greater part of his "Lieder" was writ-

ten in 1840, a year which at the same time was the most eventful in his quiet life. The rest of the working time allotted to him—for he did work to the last incessantly—was given up to the greater forms of vocal and instrumental music, as the oratorio symphony, and the various kinds of chamber music. This third period might be briefly characterized as the *return to form*. We have mentioned the strong aversion which Schumann at first felt for the serious study of the technical basis of his art. The contempt against the established rules as witnessed in his juvenile works, although to a great extent arising from the boldness of aspiring genius, was also partly due to his actual want of fundamental knowledge, and this neglect could not but result in a strong reaction as the composer reached the age of artistic discretion. He now became a fervent advocate of the necessity and venerableness of established rules, and conscientiously removed the traces of his youthful eccentricities from revised editions of his earlier works. It is also from this point of view that we must judge the objections raised by him against the gigantic attempts at revolutionizing and reconstructing musical art from top to bottom, which have made the name of Richard Wagner the symbol of hope for the rising generation. Or was it perhaps the instinctive aversion of the failing against the successful man, which in this one instance overcame the usual generosity of Schumann's nature, and made his own warcry of "Poetry in music" sound harsh and dreadful from his rival's lips?

The works of Schumann's third period are numerous, and comprise almost all the forms of vocal and instrumental music, not always treated with equal success, but always full of beauty, and of that strong touch of individuality which forms a prominent feature of our composer's genius. We count amongst these four symphonies with the fragments of a fifth, two so-called profane oratorios, the "Peri," after Moore's well-known poem from "Lalla Rookh," and the "Pilgrimage of the Rose," both full of lyrical and fantastic beauties of the first order, but lagging occasionally through an evident want of dramatic concentration, combined with a tendency towards painting in detail. The same want of the broad conception of a dramatic poet proved absolutely fatal to our composer's only opera, "Genevieve," which notwithstanding the redeeming charms of numerous beautiful passages, has never been able to move the hearts of the hearers with the irresistible force of dramatic action.

It is also a noticeable fact that the two representative heroes of modern thought and doubt, "Manfred" and "Faust," have been favorite subjects of Schumann's muse. The spark of "Weltschmerz" (as the Germans call the spirit of deepest despondency and fierce defiance, resulting from the wisdom of our latter days) in Byron's poem, was sufficient to kindle the congenial flame in the composer's bosom, and inspire him with conceptions never surpassed in depth of pathos, and bitterness of self-torturing passion. The setting, on the other hand, of the epilogue in heaven of Goethe's "Faust" displays the rest after life's battle of which the longing soul dreams in its purest aspirations, and ranks with its deep *chiaroscuro* of mystical ecstasy amongst the highest efforts which our art has ever been capable of.

It would be exceeding the limits of our space and also of the original plan of this essay, merely to hint at the numerous interesting points of discussion suggested by the latter part of Schumann's career. Our purpose was chiefly to show the true character of the progressive side of our composer's activity, falsely connected with Beethoven's latest works, with which in reality it shows only a slight affinity. This revolutionary spirit was on the contrary, to repeat it again, disavowed by the work of Schumann's riper years. Considering him merely as a reformer of music on a poetical basis, as his *quand même* admirers are but too inclined to do, we should have to call his career a decided failure, if it did not seem altogether ungrateful to mention such a word in connection with a man who has given us the "Carnival," the Songs, "Faust," and the Symphony in C.

¹ I must add here, parenthetically, that the charming snatches of song of disputed origin, transmitted to us in Elizabethan dramas, seem to me to show distinctly the traces of artistic consciousness, and are indeed partly receivable to professional poets, like "Come with me, and be my love," to Ki Ma-tows. They therefore do not quite come under the category of popular song, and show indeed not the slightest affinity with the "Volkslied." Robert Burns, on the other hand, the great singer of songs, purposely limited himself to the simplicity of popular feeling, and therefore, although a great artist, did not write what I have called "artistic songs" *par excellence*.

We have only a little space left to say a few words about our composer's character, and the events which form the scanty materials for his biography.

Even in the buoyancy of youthful enthusiasm, Schumann was distinguished by a particular kind of apparent absent-mindedness, which, without preventing his listening attentively to what was going on, still would not let him take an active part in the conversation. His increasing silence became proverbial among his friends. Once, it is told, he entered a lady's drawing-room, smiled in his placid way at the company present, and opening the piano, played a few chords, after which he made his exit, smiling again, but without having spoken a single syllable. Only on rare occasions, and amongst very intimate friends, an interesting topic would induce him to give full utterance to his opinions. The characteristic feature of his personal existence was an utter want of demonstrativeness, sometimes amounting to actual shyness. Schumann himself was conscious of this fact, and has described his social accomplishments with the almost exaggerated modesty characterizing also his numerous sayings about his own art. "I shall be very glad to see you here," he writes to Zuccalmaglio. "In me, however, you must not expect to find much. I scarcely ever speak except in the evening, and most while playing the piano."

The professional career of our hero may be summed up in the fewest words. After editing his musical journal for nearly ten years, he went to Dresden with no particular position except that of conductor of a singing academy. From there he was called to Düsseldorf, in order to lead the concerts of the celebrated musical institute at that city. His official duties, however, proved soon too much for his declining health, and after a few years he dropped the *bâton* forever, without great loss to art or to himself, nature having refused him the most essential qualities of a conductor. The monotony of his daily life was occasionally interrupted by artistic tours, amongst which those to Russia and Holland were the most successful. On both occasions he was accompanied by his wife, the celebrated *pianiste*, Clara Schumann, so well known as the spirited interpreter of her husband's inspirations, both on the Continent and in England. The union with her was the source of deepest happiness to our composer. Won after many troubles, and against the obstinate resistance of her father, Friedrich Wieck, she remained Schumann's truest friend and helpmate, affianced to him not only by the power of love, but also by the elective bonds of genius. It has seldom been the happy lot of an artist to see his most intimate feelings and aspirations so perfectly understood, nay, even interpreted to the world, by the mother of his children. But even this faithful companion could not ward off from our composer the doom hanging over his head. As early as 1833, Schumann's friends were frightened by a state of morbidness in his feelings, which, increased by the sudden news of a near relation's death, at last led to an attack of what seems to have been very like actual madness. He himself speaks in his diary of "the dreadful night of the 17th October," and a clue to this mysterious expression we may see in the circumstance that he immediately changed the fourth story in which he was living at the time for a lower one, and never afterwards could be induced to take up his quarters in the upper part of a house. From that time the foreshadowed idea of his fate seems never to have been absent from his mind, showing itself in an unaccountable horror of anything connected with madness. So when the position at Düsseldorf is first offered to him, he writes to Hiller for information, as though on a point of vital importance: "I was looking the other day in an old geographical book for information about Düsseldorf, and there I found mentioned, amongst the curiosities, three nunneries and one lunatic asylum. Against the former I have not the slightest objection, but about the latter it was very unpleasant to me to read."

I will not trouble the reader with a detailed account of the gradual progress of the terrible fate which was to extinguish the bright flame of Schumann's genius. The following passage from a letter may suffice to indicate the

circumstances which contributed to hasten the catastrophe. It shows at the same time how, even in the wildest flights of his troubled imagination, the absorbing interest of his mind remained his art. The letter from which we quote is addressed to Hiller, and dated —

"DÜSSELDORF, April 23, 1853.

"Yesterday we have been rapping tables for the first time. It is a wonderful power. Fancy, I asked it about the rhythm of the two first bars of the Symphony in C minor. At first it refused to answer; but at last it began, ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ but very slowly. When I told it, 'But this is much too slow, my dear table,' it began at once beating the right time. I also asked if it could tell me the number I was thinking of, and it answered correctly, 'Three.' We were all of us in utter amazement, and felt surrounded with miracles. Enough, I was to-day too full of what I had seen not to speak of it."

According to a tradition, Beethoven, when asked about the poetic meaning of the mentioned motive of his fifth symphony answered: "So klopft das Schicksal an die Pforte" ("It is thus that destiny knocks at the gate"). For Schumann these words proved to contain a prophetic warning. Not quite a year after the date of this letter he tried to drown the horrors of his approaching madness in the Rhine, and on the 20th of July, 1856, he died in the asylum at Eendenich, near Bonn, in the cemetery of which town he lies buried.

TEA CONSIDERED AS A CAUSE OF NATIONAL DEMORALIZATION.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

A MEDICAL critic in the *Lancet* has recently raised some controversy by attacking the extensive use of tea as a drink — or should I say as a beverage? — among the poor and the comparatively poor. Critics and journalists found this earnest doctor guilty of gross exaggeration; but perhaps few of them know how serious a case may be made out, and has been over and over again made out, on his side of the question. I have long been of opinion that the teetotalers who agitate for what they call the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, have taken up a lesser evil and left the larger one untouched. Many people drink wine, beer, and spirits; but after all, downright drunkards are few. On the other hand, the "cups that cheer but not inebriate" are found in every home from the highest to the lowest, and the simple fact that these cups do not inebriate makes them go unsuspected. Even the clergy drink tea. Innocent girls drink tea. You may drink it any hour of the day if you like, and no legislator thinks of interfering with your freedom of action. Surely the question of the real effects of so general a beverage not only on the health but on the morals of the community is a very serious one. The bad effects of alcohol in excess are patent to the crudest observer. The red nose of the drunkard is a beacon-light to warn others; but there is nothing in the appearance of the habitual tea-drinker to distinguish him from the rest. Tea may be undermining a man's constitution or his morals and yet no sign of it shall appear in his face. If tea have the evil effects which are predicted of its use, all the arguments which the teetotaler advances in favor of interfering with the liberty of the "moderate drinker" of alcohol apply to the moderate use of tea. If the moderate drinker demands to be let alone on the ground that his conduct can injure no one but himself, the friends of Sir Wilfrid Lawson reply: "Yes, it can; you help indirectly to increase the criminal and pauper population, and if you are a father you transmit to posterity the consequences of the diseased brain which we contend even a moderate use of alcohol produces." Now, if it can be shown that tea is as injurious as alcohol, though in a way not quite so obvious, every syllable of this is in point: and the attention of the legislature should immediately be called to so important a question.

Our teetotal friends have many of them relied a good

deal upon an argument which I have repeatedly seen in the writings of their most ardent advocates. "Where," says a writer now before me, "where is the Distillery of God?" There is much force in the argument; indeed, it is a circular, revolving razor, and we may with equal reverence and equal pertinence inquire, "Where is the Tea-pot of God?" The advocates of the use of tea can never answer this question, whether they are moderate drinkers or not. Nor is this the only particular in which the two cases are on all fours. Physiologists have long been wholly at sea as to the precise action of alcohol on the human system. Now they are equally up the country as to that of tea. Some have said, and I believe most men of science still say, that the use of tea arrests waste in the body; but the question is still undecided; and till we know more definitely what is the specific action of theine, caffeine, etc., it may be contended we should at least suspend our use of the infusions in which these essential principles occur.

I have already suggested that the evil effects of tea-drinking may be as great as the evil effects of dram-drinking, though not so obvious. As far as the *physique* is concerned, I shall for the present content myself with quoting the powerful testimony of Dr. Trotter, a celebrated physician of Bath, who was in great repute early in the present century, a man of large practice, acute observation, and high moral and religious feeling. He writes as follows:—

"The use of Tea in this country, as an article of diet, comes under this evil head. The consumption of the Chinese plant is enormous throughout the United Kingdom; it is a beverage well suited to the taste of an indolent and voluptuous age. But however agreeable may be its immediate flavor, the ultimate effects are debility and nervous diseases. There may be conditions of health indeed where tea can do no harm, such as in the strong and athletic; but it is particularly hurtful to the female constitution; to all persons who possess the hereditary predisposition to dyspepsia, and all the diseases with which it is associated; to gout, and to those who are naturally weakened.

"Fine tea, where the narcotic quality seems to be concentrated, when taken in a strong infusion, by persons not accustomed to it, excites nausea and vomiting, tremors, cold sweats, vertigo, dimness of sight, and confusion of thought. But I have known a number of men and women subject to nervous complaints, who could not use tea in any form without feeling a sudden increase of all their unpleasant symptoms, particularly acidity of stomach, vertigo, and weakness of sight.

"Though fond of tea myself, I have sometimes been obliged to leave it off, by suspecting that it added to my natural shortness of vision. As the use of this article in diet extends among the lower orders of the community and the laboring poor, it must do the more harm. A man or woman who has to go through much toil or hardship, has need of substantial nourishment; but that is not to be obtained from an infusion of tea. And if the humble returns of their industry are expended on this leaf, what remains for the purchase of food better adapted to labor? In this case tea comes to be hurtful, not only from its own narcotic quality, but that quality will act with double force in a body weakened from other causes. This certainly is one great reason for the increased and increasing proportion of nervous, bilious, spasmodic, and stomach complaints, appearing among the lower ranks of life. This fact has long been confirmed to me in different countries, and among persons varying much in their employments. I have lately met with many severe and obstinate cases among poor tradesmen and laborers, where it was plain they originated from this cause. I also think that the use of tea often paves the way to habitual dram-drinking among this class of society, more than among the better orders. It is worthy of remark, that the finer the tea it contains more of the pernicious quality.

"The nervous ailments of female constitutions, which are often induced and aggravated by tea-drinking, in advanced age are apt to terminate in palsy. And from a

concomitant torpor of the absorbent system of vessels, they also very frequently terminate in general dropsy. Coffee possesses the narcotic principle, but in a lesser degree than tea; the same diseases follow its use."

To this powerful *pièce justificative*, and on the pathological portion of the subject, I shall at present add nothing; for I must pass on to the far more important question of the influence of tea on morality and religion. Its tendency to produce Scepticism and Infidelity is, however, too large a topic for the present occasion, though I only defer it. Let us turn to the question of Morals.

The vices with which drunkenness connects itself are patent to the dullest. Is there any reason to suspect that Tea and Coffee are at the bottom of the less glaring forms of social depravation?

Mr. Mill in his Inaugural Discourse at St. Andrews disclosed his share of the feeling which has long been creeping over the consciousness of the best men and women in England, that the standard of commercial honor has been rapidly lowering itself of late years. And, still more distinctly and emphatically, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in an article (in the *Fortnightly Review*) upon Progress, admitted, as she could not but admit, that in this respect we had gone back in the most portentous manner. Others have lamented, with bitterness, that "an Englishman's word" is no longer what it was in the olden days. Now, we must remember that those were the days when men drank two, three, four, even five bottles of port at a sitting, and were not content with that. "Did you drink those three bottles of port without assistance?" said a friend to a gentleman who had dined. "No," said the gentleman, "I had the assistance of a bottle of madeira." And the case was typical. But, in those times, tea was an expensive drink, and only just beginning to work its way insidiously downwards among the middle class and the poor.

And let us not fail to notice who it was that first took eagerly to tea. It was the weaker, less conscientious, or at least, less straightforward sex. Women are not, as a class, prone to the faults which make open criminals; they are as correct as teetotallers. But is woman honest? Not so:—

"Her mode of candor is deceit,
And what she thinks from what she'll say—
Although I'll never call her cheat—

(But 'at is only the poet's gallantry) —

Lies far as Scotland from Cathay!"

Under the fostering care of the female sex, tea p into universal use as a beverage, and what have we had in its train? Commercial fraud in a hundred thousand hideous forms. There is not a corner of our life in which we are safe. England, considered as a mart, is one vast gambling hell. From the rotten banks and rotten insurance companies, down to rotten ships, it is all the same story. I forbear here to enlarge further. But to what are we to attribute these changes? Some secret, subtle, unheeded, but most potent relaxing influence has been at work for half a century, weakening the moral fibre of the nation. And what is it? To change the metaphor, let us ask, Where is English honesty? And I answer, Drowned in the Tea-pot. Tea has done it. Not, indeed (to parody our three-bottle ancestors), without assistance—it has had the assistance of coffee, and even of cocoa (ginger-beer I omit for the present). It remains to consider, however, briefly the manner in which tea has exercised this demoralizing influence.

The teetotallers have often insisted upon what the majority of physiologists and physicians have denied, namely, the injurious reaction which follows upon the use of alcohol. But they have apparently not considered what is the first and second action of tea. We know that Shakespeare makes Cæsar express a profound distrust of Cassius on the ground that he did not sleep much; and some of the worst and most treacherous men that ever lived, Napoleon, for example, have slept but little. Now let us apply this: What is the immediate effect of Tea? To cause wakeful-

ness. How do we describe an American? By the word, Wide-awake. And where do wooden nutmegs come from? America. Who "repudiates" debts? America. And where was a prohibitory liquor law first established? In America. These are pregnant facts.

The injudicious use of alcohol often leads to acts of violence, but it does not stimulate the instincts of craft. It makes people sing "Auld lang syne," or "He's a jolly good fellow;" it makes them laugh, or cry, or jump about, or fall down flat, or embrace each other, or swear eternal friendship or eternal enmity, or give each other black eyes; it even makes men beat their wives. It never makes men sly. A man far gone in drink never forges a check. I do not believe there is a drunken detective in the police force. But watch the effect of tea. You never find people sing "Auld lang syne" over their tea, nor do they fight over it. All is calm and peaceful on the surface. But underneath! I never drink tea without feeling as if I should like to over-reach somebody directly. I feel as if it would do me good to go in for a competitive examination on the spot. I invent wooden nutmegs and dummy ship-bolts. I think of abstruse conundrums. I long to start bubble companies and forge trade-marks. In a short time I experience a general relaxation of fibre. I find I have no physical courage, no patriotism, no love of man as man, no motto but *caveat emptor*, or, the devil take the hindmost. I am convinced that there is more short weight given by tea-drinking shopkeepers than by tipsy ones. All this seems to agree with the alleged effect of tea upon the animal economy in arresting waste. As it makes you want to keep all you get, it is natural that it should make you want to get all you can.

I invite the attention of pathologists, psychologists, reformers, and legislators to this great question. While we have been turning our eyes upon the more obvious and vulgar evils attendant upon the free use of alcohol, we have been overlooking the insidious action of a bland and peaceful liquid which has been sapping the foundations of manhood and honesty. Alcohol sends a few to jail or to the madhouse. But Tea acts through the nervous system on the conscience and turns us into a nation of sneaks. Let us, then, take instant action. It would be difficult, at present, to prohibit entirely the sale of tea, but pray do what you can! You do not hesitate to pick my pocket in order to educate somebody else's child. Why should you hesitate to rob me of either money or pleasure in order to prevent the relaxation of other people's moral fibre by the use of tea! I say, let the whole tea trade be placed under instant legislative checks. Set up visitors to go from door to door, as your School Board inquisitors do, and let them inquire into the quantity of tea drunk in every household, whether black or mixed, and the strength of the infusion. Let every tea-dealer keep a register of his customers, and if upon a monthly or quarterly average it is found that his sales go beyond a quarter of a pound a year for each adult, fine him, or nail his ear to the door, or something of that sort. Perhaps the recent reaction in favor of severity would even support you in applying the cat in such cases. All the favor I ask is that as soon as ever any parliamentary rival of Sir Wilfrid Lawson has made up his mind to bring in a bill to carry out these objects, he will oblige me with a private intimation, so that I may take care of myself (I am fond of tea) by laying in a stock that will last out my natural life, or (since tea deteriorates by keeping) that I may have time to import and cultivate the tea-plant itself. If such conduct as this on the part of the introducer of such a bill seem a little at variance with principle, it will at least be admitted that it is in harmony with that spirit of enlightened compromise which distinguishes our age.

EPISTOLARY COURTESIES.

THE courtesies of letter-writing in the various countries of Europe differ almost as much as their languages. Buffon it was who first said that the style is the man.

He might have added that the style proclaimed the nation. Perhaps of all the nations of Europe the English are the stiffest and most formal in their correspondence, more especially with those to whom they are personally unknown, and who are their inferiors in rank or social position. If a gentleman or lady, when absent from home, has occasion to write a letter of instructions to a male or female servant, the style is studiously dry and laconic as a telegram; and contains no word of compliment or courtesy. When Jones writes to Brown, whom he has never seen, he addresses him as "Sir," and subscribes himself "Your obedient humble servant;" though he is neither obedient nor humble, and would be offended if you really considered him to be so. When Brown writes to Robinson, with whom he is on more or less friendly terms, the word "Sir" is too stiff for intimacy, and he addresses him as "Dear sir," or "My dear sir," or "Dear Robinson," or "My dear Robinson;" and subscribes himself "Yours very truly," or "Yours very sincerely," or "Yours faithfully," or "Yours very faithfully." When love-letters are in question the style warms, and the "dears," and the "darlings," and the "devoted-likes," and the "affectionatelies," come into play. With these I shall not presume to meddle. They are of the tender follies of the best period of human life, and not to be turned into ridicule either by the hard head or the hard heart, unless in a law court in a case of breach of promise. It is with the ordinary style of address only that I presume to treat, than which nothing more formal and unmeaning can well be imagined. Take for instance the title of esquire, which means a shield-bearer. There are no shields in our days except in the theatres, consequently, there are no shield-bearers. The title, even when it was a reality, and signified a true thing, meant no more than a neophyte in the profession of arms, and a servant to a superior, who was called a chevalier, a knight, a rider, or a horseman. Everybody with a decent coat upon his back among the Anglo-Saxon, or more properly the Celto-Saxon races in Great Britain and America, considers himself entitled to be called a shield-bearer, and should the highly respectable John Brown (esquire) be addressed as Mr. John Brown, he comes to the conclusion before he opens the peccant epistle that it was either dispatched by somebody who meant to insult him, or by a plaguy attorney dunning him for a debt.

In this respect the French are more sensible. They have no esquires at all, and Monsieur is as high a title as they usually bestow. The eldest son of the old kings of the Bourbon line was Monsieur par excellence — the Monsieur who took precedence over all other Messieurs whatsoever. They have, however, a far greater variety of epistolary phraseology than the English, and subscribe their letters after a fashion which to an Englishman seems remarkably roundabout, cumbrous, and affected. If they begin with the "Dear sir" — "*Cher monsieur*" — they end with the lumbering phrase, "*Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de la haute consideration avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur.*" "Receive, sir, the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, your very obedient humble servant." The term of human life ought to extend to at least a hundred and fifty years, if people who write many letters are to append such perorations as this, or others equally wire-drawn, which the French delight to employ. The Germans are even more punctilious, and it requires long study of their language and long acquaintance with the people to be able to decide whether a man is simply to be called "*Mein Herr*" (sir) or "*Hoch-geboren er Herr*" (high-born sir), or "*Hoch und wohl geboren er Herr*" (high and well-born sir), or "*Edel-geboren er Herr*" (nobly-born sir), or "*Hoch wohl und Edel-geboren er Herr*" (high, well, and nobly-born sir), or, worst or best of all, "*Durch lauchtigste*" (most serene). And as in English parlance the strictly grammatical and poetical "thou," the proper pronoun to be employed when addressing a single individual, has been superseded by the plural "you," which means several individuals, so in German the "thou" and the "you" have both been superseded, and a

single person is designated "they," as in the phrase "Wie befinden sie sich?" "How do they find themselves?" instead of "How do you do?" The courteous Italians designate every equal and superior as "Your grace" or "Your excellency," and speak to every one as "she" or "her." "I will visit you," is rendered "I will visit her," the feminine pronoun doing duty for the feminine nouns, Grace and Excellency, which are always understood, though not always expressed.

In business letters the Italians never use the words *Caro signore*, or Dear sir, as the English do, but address their correspondent as "*Pregiatissimo signore*," or "*Stimatissimo signore*," Most esteemed sir, varying the style of address by such epithets as "Honorable," "Illustrious," "Most gentle," "Most noble." If you addressed your tailor or bootmaker by letter, neither would be surprised, or offended or suspicious of a joke, if you wrote on the envelope "*Illustrissimo signore*," Most illustrious sir, and signed yourself "*Vostro devotissimo*," Your most devoted. These are the usual forms employed by the bulk of the people, by tradesmen, artisans, clerks, milliners, servants, and others, and a servant-girl would not think well of any lover who did not address her as "*Illustrissima signora*." The following letter, translated verbatim, was addressed, after a quarrel at a drinking bout, by one angry disputant to another, whom he challenged to a duel:—

MOST ESTEEMED SIR,—Permit me to inform you that you are a pig. Yes, my beloved one. It is my intention in a short time to spoil your beauty either by sword or pistol. The choice shall be left to you, as both weapons are to me quite indifferent. Hoping soon to have the pleasure of a cherished answer, I declare myself to be, honorable sir,

Yours most devotedly,

CARLAVERO.

The stately Spaniards, in addressing a letter of business to a commercial firm, instead of the "Sir" or "Gentlemen" of the English, or the "Monsieur" or "Messieurs" of the French, write "*Muy señor mio*" or "*Muy señores nuestros*," or "My very sir," or "Our very sirs," and subscribe themselves "Your very attentive," or "Your very obedient servants."

It seems to me that in this busy age the letter-writers of all the world would do well to amend their style of address, and revert to the simple phraseology employed by the ancient Romans. How truly courteous was the Roman method. If Lucius Verus wished to write to Scipio Africanus, he did not begin "My dear Scipio," and end with "Yours very truly," but went straight to the point, and said, "Lucius Verus to Scipio Africanus, greeting;" after which, without further palaver, he would proceed to business. Would it not be a saving of time if we were to imitate this excellent old fashion? And why should not Smith minimize trouble by addressing Brown after the classical method: "Smith to Brown, greeting. Send me ten tons of your best coals—lowest price;" or "Jones to Robinson, greeting. Will you dine with me next Thursday at the Megatherium, at six precisely?" The one word "greeting" includes all that is necessary in the way either of friendship or politeness, and would answer every purpose in the ordinary intercourse of life. But it would never do for love-letters. These always did, and always will, stand apart as a literature by themselves, governed by their own laws, by their own impulses. Had a Roman lover simply sent a "greeting" to his Lesbia or his Aspasia, Lesbia or Aspasia, if able to read, which in all probability she was not, would have had fair cause to complain of his coldness. So I except the love-letters.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

I.

THE first Frenchman to found a printed newspaper was Dr. Théophraste Renaudot, who obtained the King's privi-

lege for the *Gazette de France* in 1631. The idea was not a new one, for the *Weekly News* existed already in England; and so far back as the year 1568, the bankers Fugger of Augsburg had instituted a commercial news-sheet called *Ordinari-Zeitungen* which, though manuscript until the year 1600, enjoyed a very extensive circulation, and differed but little from the mercantile journals established since. The Venetians, however, are said to have preceded the Germans, and the derivation of the word *gazette* is ascribed to the small coin paid by the public for copies of a news-bulletin first issued by the Council of Ten during the wars of Venice against the Turks. Others prefer tracing *gazette* to *gazza*, Italian for the garrulous magpie; and a few, with that taste for riddles which is happily imperishable, deduce the word from the Hebrew *izgard*, or messenger, thereby implying that gazettes were in some shape known to the Children of Israel at a date prior to the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans, the *Ephemeridæ* of the Athenians, and those *Daily Chronicles* of the Babylonians, by the help of which Berosius is said to have written his "History of Chaldaea."

The French have always been fond of news. Cæsar mentions in his "Commentaries" that the Gauls ran after strangers and mobbed them to ask whether they had any intelligence to communicate; and this practice became in time such a nuisance, by reason of the false rumors which obtained credence, that among the well-ordered tribes a law was made enjoining that strangers should first be taken before the authorities, who would decide in their wisdom what items of their information had best be kept secret.

In the Middle Ages, news were disseminated by chroniclers and troubadours; and it would be a mistake, therefore, to attribute the popularity of the latter to their mere vocal or musical proficiency. A troubadour was as welcome in hall or village as the special edition of a modern newspaper. He came from afar, had endless things to tell, and only began his singing when he had spun his yarns in prose. The troubadour's songs bore a likeness to the music-hall minstrelsy of our own time, being jingling rhymes on the current topics of the day, rounded off with witticisms more or less smart, according to the skill of the singer; but the troubadour exercised many of the functions of the nineteenth-century leader-writer, for he incited men to battle, and was responsible for a good many of those rebellions against excessive taxation which could never have spread so rapidly as they did, had there not been men to carry from town to town in glowing language the reports of successful risings. Edward I. of England waged a pitiless war on the Welsh bards, for these men were dangerous on the same way as the national press in Ireland is dangerous now, and as the French Alsatian press is dangerous to Prince Bismarck. So again, when, after the agitations for municipal franchises in Philip Augustus's time, and after the *jacqueries* in the reign of Charles V., many wandering minstrels were hanged, it was not by any means for the same reasons which conduce to the modern prosecutions of organ-grinders. As to the chronicles of the Middle Ages, these assumed towards the fifteenth century more and more the character of periodical intelligencers. They were not records which men compiled during a lifetime for posthumous publication; but summaries of contemporary events, drawn up by indefatigable writers, chiefly monks or clerks in the households of noblemen, and published four or five times a year, sometimes oftener. Such of these chronicles as are extant offer interesting mines of research to the historian. They are very minute in their narratives, and would be well worth the reading of certain enthusiasts who imagine that every age previous to this one was steeped in barbarism up to the ears. We learn from them that there was plenty of homely liberty and of good justice, too, for those who kept clear of conspiracies, irreligion, or theft. Men went to church more than is the present fashion, dressed as the sumptuary laws required—that is, according to their means and station, without all trying to ape their betters—and were deterred by the fear of whipping from that sort of business competition which takes shape in false weights and measures. But in other respects, they

had as great a fancy as their descendants for gathering in the market-places to air their grievances, and if a traveller brought them news of war, court-jousts, distant plagues, or new books, an epitome of the same was quickly engrossed on a sheet of paper, of which copies found a brisk sale for something like a halfpenny of our present money.

Life being very local during the feudal era, almost every town had its chroniclers, and these jumbled big events and little together in a way that was occasionally odd; but the chroniclers of Paris, writing in a city that was the centre of the whole world's news, exercised discrimination in their editing, and as a rule recorded only facts that were worth the mention. Thus in the rhyming chronicles, begun by George Chastelain and continued by Jehan Molinet over a space of seventy years—1428–1498—events of general importance only were inserted; and in the versical summary which concludes these chronicles, and gives the pith of them, we find the invention of printing and the discovery of America thus alluded to:—

J'ai vu grant multitude
De livres imprimés
Pour tirer en estude
Povres mal argentéz;
Par ces nouvelles modes
Aura maint escolier
Decreets, Bibles, et Codes,
Sans grant argent bailier.

J'ai vu deux ou trois isles
Trouvées en mon temps,
De chucades fertiles,
Et dont les habitants
Sont d'étranges manières,
Sauvages et velus.
D'or et d'argent minières
Voit on en ces pallus.¹

Gutenberg's invention did not for a long while suggest the notion of printed newspapers, but the religious wars which raged throughout the sixteenth century effected a great move in that direction by the inauguration of printed manifestoes, accounts of battles and tales of martyrdoms which the Protestants of Germany and England circulated among the Huguenots of France, and vice versa, to fire each other's zeal. Not a Reformer crossed the frontier of a state where the religious strife was in progress without bringing, concealed in his saddle-bags or in the lining of his doublet, some printed scrap to tell how it fared with the good cause in the country he was leaving, and some of these scraps, notably those which were dispatched from France after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, are veritable newspapers. They were written in Latin, the universal tongue then, and contained a graphic and most sensational résumé of all the cruel things that had been done—the murder of Coligny, the butchering of women and children by torchlight, the bloody mass of thanksgiving attended by Henri de Guise and his red-handed accomplices in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois on the morning of the 26th of August, 1572, after the massacre was over, and even that disputed fact (though, by the way, everything is now disputed), of Charles IX. having himself fired on his Protestant subjects from a window at the Louvre. The King, who seems to have learned that reports of his high deeds were being printed, launched a fulminating edict against all and any who should be found with copies of the seditious sheets in their possession; and on the 2d September, on Nicolas Beschelle, a barber, was hanged on the Place de Grève for being discovered in the vain act of trying to decipher one of these luckless Latin prints, which he had just picked up in the roadway. But the religious wars laid the foundations of modern journalism in other manners than by printed handbills. The necessities of warfare led to the improvement of roads everywhere, and to the making of new ones; the communications between the capital and the provinces became more frequent; the post established by Louis IX. acquired such a development, that on the pacification of the kingdom by Henri IV., the mail began to leave Paris once every day, instead of three times a week as in Francis II.'s time, and all these improvements gave birth to a body of individuals who are the fathers of now-aday chroniqueurs, feuilletonistes, and reporters, and who

constituted a very popular corporation under the name of *Nouvellistes* or *Newsmen*.

Newsmen had flourished in ancient Rome, and Livy, Seneca, Tacitus, and most other grave writers speak of them with disfavor. They were of two sorts—the *Subrostrani* and the *Parasites*: the former open-air newsmen who clustered near the *rostrum* in the Forum; the latter babbling toadies, who waited upon great people in the morning with a budget of chit-chat and tattle. Seneca says of the *Subrostrani*, that they were "shameless ferreters of anecdotes of a scandalous sort—echoes of all that is disreputable;" and Livy, that, "Although these chatterboxes have never set foot beyond the Forum, they know better than any general how an army should be commanded and a town besieged. They are great winners of lost or unfought battles." The *Parasite* is handled in a similar style by Martial: "The fellow invents news which he relates as true. He knows what the King of the Parthians has resolved in his privy council; he can tell you to a man how many soldiers there are in the Rhine army and in that of the Sarmatians. He is in a position to communicate the substance of what the King of the Dacians has confided to his generals in secret dispatches; all the hidden things of politics are familiar to him, and he is always primed with special information. Moreover, he is cognizant of everything that takes place in town, and especially things of a scandalous nature, and he will be the first to tell you that a certain widow," etc. Writing 1700 years later, La Bruyère and Montesquieu give exactly the same complimentary account of the Parisian newsmen as we have here of the Roman, though by the time when Montesquieu wrote the newsmen had well-nigh disappeared under the influx of gazetteers and journalists. At the period when the newsmen of Paris were in their full flood-tide, that is, during the first half of the seventeenth century, they had five meeting-places: the Gardens of the Tuileries, those of the Palais Royal, the Great Hall at the Palais de Justice, and the Cloisters of the Augustine and Celestine Convents. By and by a quarrel arose between the frequenters of these rival spots as to which of them furnished the best news, and the matter gave rise to a kind of joint-stock arrangement, by which the Tuileries became, from three to five every afternoon, the headquarters of all news collected at other places during the morning. The newsmen began their rounds at the Palace of Justice, then went to the Place de Grève, where criminals were flogged or executed at mid-day, and afterwards strode off in a body for the Palais Royal, in the gardens of which most stock-exchange operations were effected. Towards three, a veteran newsmen, who acted as master of the ceremonies, came, and made a selection of the most decently dressed among the Palais Royal set (for the sentries at the Tuileries admitted none but well-dressed people), and with these in tow, set off for the terrace skirting the present river-side quay. Here a regular bubble and *canard* mart was held.

Those who wish to form any conception of it can find a pale reflex in the Bourse of our own time on a panic-day, in the Petite Bourse held every evening by Parisian stock-jobbers in the Passage de l'Opéra. But what are these squib exchanges, even at the most excited moments, compared to the Tuileries at the date when there were no public prints to take off the keen edge of the popular craving for news? Imagine several hundreds of Frenchmen, in wigs and knee-breeches, pressing towards a particular spot, as if their lives depended upon it. Women are there, and great ladies, with escorts of perfumed smirkers; King Charles dogs, too, held in leash by silk ribbons, and yelping as their devoted tails and paws are trodden on by the headlong rush. Rings are formed everywhere, and men with their froggish faces aglow, in officious vanity, are declaiming falsehoods as loud and fast as they can remember them—gesticulations, mimicry, and maybe a tear or two now and then, being called in aid to lend a dramatic emphasis where needed. Wonders are heaped on wonders, fables on fables, and the listeners raise their hands aloft, or shout, or stare aghast, or titter in unison with delighted relish if the narrator be wag enough (and

¹ "I have seen a great multitude of printed books, to beguile into study the poor with little money. Thanks to these new fashions many a scholar will obtain Decrees, Bibles, and Codes without having much to pay. I have seen two or three islands discovered in my time, fertile in mysteries, and whose inhabitants are in a singular manner wild and hairy. Mines of gold and silver are to be seen in those swamps."

trust a Frenchman on that score) to interlard his horrors with some neat bit of libel concerning any *grande dame* well known. The news-bawlers are of all sorts, sizes, and degrees. One had come straight from the war with his arm in a sling, another had received a long letter — for all letters were long then — from a correspondent in Spain, Turkey, or Scotland; a third saw Cinq Mars and De Thou beheaded, with his own eyes; a fourth has got a fat Englishman by his side, who arrived in Paris that morning, and whom he has pumped dry ever since for the public behoof; a fifth can tell all about the new Papal nuncio, who entered Versailles; with true Christian humility, drawn by eight horses, and preceded by a hundred menials in livery, and so on. Meanwhile from group to group, with ink-horns at their button-holes, quills behind their ears, and note-books in hand, dart the salaried newsmen of great nobles, jotting entries on flying leaves; and ever and anon, breathless, perspiring, and racing one another, hurry up the red, blue, or yellow varlets of these nobles, who snatch the leaves as they are ready, and pelt back home to their masters — neither more nor less than if they were carrying modern telegrams. Some of the newsmen have larger and more eager audiences than others — old hands these, who can lie with the coolest assurance; they are known like crack bookmakers in the betting-rings, or like the acutest among bulls and bears in the jobbing markets. Philosophers may despise such, but philosophers are not common; and to the average Parisian, who can spare an hour every day — as which of them cannot? — this diurnal orgy of false reports is as dram-drinking in Olympus, something sweeter far and more intoxicating than the sip of absinthe and the perusal of *Charivari* which regale the bourgeois mind in this present century of grace. So the crowds increase, and the *petits-mâtres* strut about in their red-heeled shoes, endeavoring to look as if they knew more than all the newsmen put together; and bullies, with vinous voices, though no longer aggressive since Cardinal Richelieu has beheaded the Marquis of Beuvron and Count de Boutteville-Montmorency for duelling, bray huskily that they have State secrets to sell for two farthings; and here and there a determined housewife elbows her way through the press, on the lookout for her frivolous lord, who is wasting his time here instead of being behind his counter,¹ and presently the lord in question may be seen waddling back to his merchandise, in uxorial custody, looking penitent enough. And as the minutes flit by, the fates of empires and kings are decided for the greater glory of the French nation; Gustavus Adolphus defeats the imperialists, the Protestants of La Rochelle eat one another's boots and capitulate, Louis the Just is going to divorce his wife because of the Duke of Buckingham, the poisoning Marchioness of Brinvilliers swallowed a dozen buckets of water before confessing; and his eminence of Richelieu is a great man — may God promote him to heaven as soon as convenient! All this until the hour of closing arrives, when the Swiss Guard clear the gardens to the rattle of their kettle-drums, and the population of

badaud Frenchmen disperse to their homes, praying there may be things newer still for to-morrow. But when the labors of the Tuileries are over, all is not finished yet for the leading newsmongers. Back in their lodgings, or seated in one of the coffee-houses of the Rue St. Antoine, they dictate to a stuff of tattered scribes the news-letters they are paid to send regularly to courtiers at St. Germain and Versailles, or to provincial nobles. And arduous compositions some of these letters are for the newsmen, who has his reputation to maintain and many hungry and unscrupulous competitors to outdo. So, he takes care not to be dry. He flavors his facts with epigrams, his anecdotes with puns, and his politics with satire, which might cost him those useful ears of his if he bruited it aloud in the highways. On the whole, he produces a diverting letter, which must have been a boon indeed to the recipient; and which even the explorer of to-day, when he discovers it among the dusty piles of the library at the Arsenal, that of St. Geneviève, or the National Library in the Rue de Richelieu, may read with profit and not without admiration.

II.

Things were in this state when the Dr. Théophraste Renaudot above mentioned came to Paris. He was a shrewd man, born at Loudun in 1567, brought up in Paris, but graduate of the Faculty of Montpellier. In 1612, being then twenty-six, he returned to the capital, and somehow got appointed at once doctor to the King. But there was no salary attached to this post, which was in his case purely honorary, and so Renaudot opened a school, though the fact that he, a mere provincial doctor, had obtained a medical appointment at court, was very sore to the Paris Faculty of Medicine, who began to annoy him from that moment. Renaudot, however, was a man far ahead of his contemporaries in sagacity, patience, learning, and humanity. Petty spite did not disturb him, or at least it did not deter him from executing any of the numerous plans he had in mind for the welfare of his contemporaries. He first inaugurated a free dispensary; and, being no friend to the bleeding and drugging processes then in violent vogue, he treated his patients with simple remedies, which were in direct contravention to those usually prescribed, but which oddly enough often cured them. This of course raised a grievous outcry. That a man should venture to invent new physic was bad enough, but that he should have the face to cure any one by its means was not to be stood for a moment. Guy Patin, the most celebrated physician; Duval, who had not his equal for cutting off a leg, especially when amputation was unnecessary, and the entire School of Medicine, fell on him tooth and nail. He had been impudent enough to assert that a roasted mouse was not a sovereign cure for gunshot wounds, that cobwebs boiled in camomile were silly things for an indigestion, and that nobody had yet been cured of the jaundice by swallowing the yolk of an egg with fleas in it. The School solemnly banned these heresies, and Renaudot received notice to close his dispensary under pain of being prosecuted for practising as a doctor in Paris without being duly qualified by a degree from the Parisian University. But Richelieu, who knew a clever man when he saw one, sent for Duval, and told him significantly that he should like to see him make it up with Renaudot. At the same time he appointed the latter Commissioner General for the sick and sound poor of the kingdom; authorized him to open a hospital in the St. Antoine quarter (each patient was to have a bed to himself in this hospital — a novel luxury), and was gracious enough to take an interest in some chemical discoveries which Renaudot had made, and which supplied new curatives to the *Materia Medica*. Emboldened by this patronage, Renaudot now added to the tale of his sins by annexing a pawn-office to his dispensary. A third of their value was to be advanced on pledges, and the interest charged was no more than three per cent. per annum. A clause specified, however, that the pledge was to be forfeited if not redeemed at the proper time; but Renaudot never availed himself of this

¹ The rage of certain shopkeepers for hearing news is frequently alluded to in the comedies of the day, and one of these introducing an indignant wife among the newsmen of the Tuileries makes her exclaim, —

"Messieurs, je vous demande excuse,
Mais je croyais avec vous
Trouver mon fainéant d'époux,
Qui tous les jours ici s'amuse.
Et fait le nouvelliste au milieu de cent fous.
Quand chez un procureur il va pour ses affaires,
Il oublie en causant ce qui l'y fait aller,
Pourvu qu'il nouvellise, il n'y songe plus guère,
Et s'en revient sans en parler.
Dernièrement tout prêt à rendre l'âme,
Il pensa me faire enrager,
Et d'un air tout mourant il me disait, 'Ma femme,
N'as-tu rien de nouveau? Si tu veux m'obliger,
Va t'en chercher, je te conjure,
Quelque nouvelle qui soit sûre.'
A son apothécaire il en disait autant,
A son médecin tout de même:
Ils avaient beau le voir avec un soin extrême
Sans nouvelles jamais il n'en était content;
S'ils n'en, apportaient pas il leur faisait la mine,
Et nous étions obligés quelquefois
D'en inventer entre nous trois
Pour l'engager à prendre médecine."

privilege; and, to the great scandal of all Lombards, Jews and others, who had never lent for less than 25 per cent. and had always forfeited without mercy, this new establishment prospered in such wise as utterly to supplant its rivals. Need it be said that the Lombards and Jews animously protested in the name of the down-trodden poor against such usurious practices as the above, and that Guy Patin made a new and most desperate attempt to get Renaudot struck off the roll of practitioners as a mountebank. But once again Richelieu shielded the man with his strong arm, and Renaudot struck out in a new philanthropic direction, by instituting his famous *Bureaux d'Adresses et de Rencontre*. These were what we should call a *General Estate and Agency Office*; with an "Exchange and Mart" superadded; they met a want which must have been sadly felt before, and if they were Renaudot's only creation, they would still entitle him to rank very high as benefactor of his species.

By paying three halfpence, equivalent to about five pence of our money, anybody could go and register his wants, or be put into communication with other advertisers able to supply him with what he needed. People who sought to sell, let, purchase, or hire estates, houses, or lodgings; masters who were seeking servants; tutors, clerks, mechanics, and domestics desiring situations; tradesmen or private persons in search of loans; inquirers wanting information on matters legal, administrative, medical, historical, or geographical; owners of property who were anxious to effect exchanges or sales—all these found assistance at the *Bureaux d'Adresses*. But this was only the primitive form of the institution. By and by show-rooms were erected, where people could deposit property for exchange or sale, without letting their names be known. Renaudot drew up a code of regulations, which we would gladly quote but for its length; and in this he not only laid down rules most considerate and intelligent, but furnished his reasons for them. Amongst other things he said: "People may well be excused for not desiring everybody to know that they wish to sell or exchange their goods. Let these confide their names in private to us; we will ticket their property with a reference number, and the transaction can be effected without publicity." Again: "Certain persons in search of a lawyer or doctor cannot of themselves know, or at most know only by doubtful rumor, what lawyers or what doctors are best able to plead their special causes or to treat the particular maladies with which they are afflicted. To all such we will make it our business truthfully to say, 'This lawyer is renowned for his knowledge of land laws; this one is better suited for commercial cases; this third can eloquently defend a prisoner unjustly accused of treason.' And as regards doctors, 'This one has been more successful than any other in treating small-pox; that other is much distinguished for his cure of wounds,'" etc. And Renaudot was as good as his word, for in this section of his *Bureaux*, which might so easily have degenerated into a puff advertisement concern, he classed friends and foes alike, according to the position which public opinion assigned them. There is a double entry in Renaudot's professional register, which is eloquent and almost touching, considering how cruelly the two men it names had persecuted him. "Surgical operations.—I know of no better surgeon than M. Duval, who lives in the Rue de la Ferronnerie. His skill is very great; and always bestowed with courtesy." "Diseases of the eye, ulcers, eruptions on the skin.—M. Guy Patin, physician to his Majesty, should be consulted by all persons afflicted as above. He is without a rival in these branches of the art."

Elsewhere in his Code of Rules Renaudot says: "Men intending to travel are often unacquainted as to the shortest and easiest routes they should take; moreover, they know nothing of the towns through which they must pass; and again, many of them would like to make sure of a place where their letters could be sent during their absence and forwarded to them with punctuality. I will accordingly furnish all intending travellers with an itinerary telling them what roads are the safest, and what hostelries in the

provinces offer the best accommodation to man and beast. I will also receive letters and parcels in deposit for all, not travellers only, whose convenience might be suited thereby; and I will forward, on payment of the required sum in my office, an order for an equivalent sum on any correspondent I may have—and my correspondents are numerous—in provincial cities." Elsewhere again Renaudot undertakes to draw up petitions or to write letters for the illiterate, to transmit parcels to any part of Paris, Versailles, or St. Germain, to advertise objects lost or stolen, and to keep a register wherein people could write messages for persons whose addresses they ignored or with whom for some other reason they were unable to correspond directly. So that this extraordinary man not only inaugurated in France an Estate, Professional and Servants' Agency, as well as an office for private sales and exchanges, but further laid the basis of the *Poste Restante*, *Parcels Delivery*, *Post-Office Directory*, *Tourist's Guide* and *Money Order Office*; besides affording an outlet to troubled spirits like those who correspond through the agony column of *The Times*. It is not surprising that his office in the Rue de la Calandre should soon have been all too small for its multifarious duties and that his original staff of six clerks should, in less than three months, have swelled to fifty. Richelieu, in sheer admiration at the man, sent for him and thanked him for the services he was rendering the King's subjects. He also offered him money to extend his offices, and this Renaudot accepted, but only as a loan. It was his custom to levy a commission of six deniers¹ per livre (franc) on the sales he effected, and by means of these and other receipts he soon repaid the Cardinal every penny that had been advanced to him. But he did more than this. Finding that his registers were not always convenient modes of reference, by reason of the excessive crowds which pressed round them, he brought out a printed advertiser, which is almost the exact prototype of a journal at present well known in London. It was called *Feuille du Bureau d'Adresses*, and appeared every Saturday, at the price of one sou.

Opinions differ as to whether this paper preceded the *Gazette de France*, or was issued simultaneously with it. Probably it was first published in manuscript form, but came out in print at least six months before the *Gazette*, for a number bearing the date of June 14th, 1631, shows a periodical in full organization and containing indirect references to advertisements which must have appeared several weeks before. At all events this *Feuille* was purely an advertisement sheet—a forerunner of the *Petites Affiches* which were reinvented in 1746—it was in no sense a newspaper. Here are a few extracts which will mark its character:—

22. Wanted to sell or exchange a new coat of scarlet cloth (royal seal quality), lined with satin of the same color and embroidered with silver lace. Price eight crowns; or the value would be taken in colonial produce.

27. A pair of ear-rings for sale or exchange. Two pearls, pear-shaped, and very white. Price 100 livres; or exchanges in lace for ladies' collarette and sleeves.

37. A fragment of the true holy cross, enashed under a diamond, which forms the centre of a cross lately belonging to the deceased Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen. It will protect its wearer in battle, and save from all dangers by sea. Price 250 crowns; or its owner would pledge it a year for 200 crowns, at 10 per cent. interest. Glory be to God!

40. A soldier who has lost a leg and an eye in the King's service, thanks be to Heaven! will sell or exchange his sword, which is of no more use to him, but which came from his father and his grandsire before that, and is beautified by a silver hilt richly carved and firm to hold. It has never been drawn but in the cause of the true faith, and has spilled the blood of heretics more than could be numbered. It would leap out of the scabbard unbidden at the sight of a Huguenot, nor less obedient to the empire of love, would it ever fail a brave knight who unsheathed it to guard his mistress. It would be the fitting companion of a clear heart and loyal hand; and the price of it is 28 crowns. Or, in exchange, would be taken any article suit-

¹ The currency of that time was as follows: 15 deniers = 1 sol or sou; 20 sols = 1 livre tournois (franc); 3 livres = 1 écu (crown); 20 livres = 1 louis-d'or.

able to an aged warrior with more honor than means, though no blame is intended on our King, who recompenses all his servants with generosity above their deserts.

Then, under the heading of *Affaires Meslées*, we find :—

- 103. A young dromedary for sale at a reasonable price.
- 107. An atlas by Henricus Hondius. Price 48 livres.
- 109. A man will give an invention for stopping game and preventing it from leaving a wood, or once it has gone out, from reëntering therein otherwise than at the spot one desires.
- 115. A companion wanted to travel to Italy with.¹
- 124. Lodgings to let in full view of the spot where evil-doers are most justly executed.

Then we come to advertisements of the *Times* order :—

If the gentleman with the blue feather, who saved two ladies wearing masks in the Rue St. Denis from the insolences of a drunkard, is as tender-hearted as he is brave, he will find one of his obliged servants ready to thank him without her mask at the gate of the Place Royale to-morrow at four in the afternoon.

From L. to H. Once only, but never again.

I thank God, but next Him the man who brained the mad dog at my shop-door last Monday, and went away without listening to my gratitude. Modesty is the diadem of courage, but my wife and children would have been glad to embrace the friend who shielded us from a great peril, which makes us still shudder.

Stolen, with unequalled effrontery, from an honest man who was returning home at night near the Church of St. Paul, a new cloak of gray cloth, a hat with a silver buckle, and a belt with a purse attached to it. The cloak and the hat were marked inside with the letters P. Y., and obedient subjects of the King are cautioned against buying them.

The advertisements numbered many hundreds, and were very neatly classed, the size of the paper being ordinary folio, with three columns to a page. It is clear that from the moment he started his *Feuille du Bureau d'Adresses*, Renaudot must have conceived the possibility of founding a news-sheet; but, even if he had never published his advertisements, this idea must still have occurred to him. In the first place, his agency business brought an immense amount of varied intelligence to his knowledge; in the next place, he was the intimate friend of the genealogist, D'Hozier, who wrote him from abroad most long and chatty letters, which he would read to his patients lying sick in bed, much to their improvement; and, in the third place, the manuscript *News Letters* had attained, by the year 1630, to such a pitch of perfection, and found such a ready sale, that the notion of further popularizing them by printing must have suggested itself to more than one man before it was actually put into practice. But the great bar was this, that nothing could be printed without the King's privilege, and this privilege was not lightly granted. Edicts of a most sanguinary nature had been launched against clandestinely printed pamphlets in 1553, 1560, 1561, 1563, and 1570. From the year 1600 to 1610, these edicts had been renewed twice and three times every year, though, whilst Henri IV. reigned, delinquents were not hanged but only fined for their first offence, and whipped for the second and following. But Louis XIII. set to whipping, imprisoning, and banishing erring printers as soon as he came of age; and in 1620 he even tried to interfere with the written *News Letters*; "which," says the royal edict, "have become a grievous nuisance by reason of the falsehoods and scandals they contain, and must henceforth be written with truth and propriety or not at all; failing which, their authors must dread our displeasure." This of course did not suit the newsmen; and they easily foresaw that, if obliged to submit their amusing productions to a printed shap to official censorship, these elucidations would be shorn of half their attractions. Accordingly,

they avoided printing; and manuscript letters continued in vogue for several years after Renaudot launched his *Gazette*. This, by the bye, was the case in England as well as in France. Here the laws about printing were as severe as there, and the *Evening Post*, published during the early years of Charles I.'s reign, expresses its astonishment that country gentlemen should pay £3 and £4 a year to have a *News Letter* sent them, when they could subscribe to the printed journal for 2*d.* a copy. In time, however, the *Post* found that it was no use trying to outvie the *News Letters* in interest, and so hit upon the sagacious expedient of leaving two of its pages blank, in order that those newsmen might fill them up by hand, and so afford country subscribers the double advantage of licensed news in print, and unlicensed tittle-tattle in writing.

Renaudot, who had no wish to publish tattle, had no reason to fear censorship. He addressed himself to Richelieu, and craved leave to start a printed newspaper under royal patronage. The politic Cardinal was quite shrewd enough to see how useful might be to him an organ which would set information before the public in the manner he desired, and in that manner alone; so he granted all Renaudot wished, in the form of "letters patent," securing him an entire monopoly of printing newspapers, and moreover he conferred on his *prolégé* the pompous title of Historiographer of France. The first number of the *Gazette de France* appeared on Friday, May 30, 1631.

III.

Its size was four quarto pages, and its price one sol paris, i. e., $\frac{1}{3}$ *d.* worth about $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* modern money. The publication of the paper had been heralded by a prospectus, very long, minute, and shrewd as usual, but of which no copy remains. All we know for certain is, that curiosity was much excited, and that 500 impressions of the first number were struck and sold in one day—no mean achievement considering the tediousness of printing by the old wooden hand-presses. The first number contained no preface or address, nothing in the way of a leading article, but plunged at once in *medias res*, and gave news from nineteen foreign towns or countries, but, oddly enough, not a line of French intelligence. This is the order in which the items were classed, and their dates. From Constantinople, April 2*d.*, 1631; Rome, April 26*th* (and under this heading came the news from Spain and Portugal); North Germany, April 30*th*; Freistadt in Silesia, May 1*st*; Venice, May 2*d*; Vienna, May 3*d*; Stettin and Lubeck, May 4*th*; Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Prague, Hamburg, and Leipzig, May 5*th*; Mayence, May 6*th*; Lower Saxony, May 9*th*; Frankfort-on-the-Main, May 14*th*; Amsterdam, May 17*th*; and Antwerp, May 24*th*. The indications of place and date stood in the margin.

Here is the first paragraph, and a portion of the last :—

Constantinople, 2*d* April, 1631. — The King of Persia, with 15,000 horses and 50,000 foot soldiers, besieges Dille, at two days' march from Babylon, where the Grand Signior has ordered all his janissaries to muster under pain of death; and continues, notwithstanding this occupation, to wage a merciless war against those who use tobacco, condemning them to be suffocated by smoke.¹

Antwerp, 24*th* May. — The drum beats all over North Germany. It is hoped that the Dutch will make no greater show this year than they did last, for we shall attack them first. . . . We have good chiefs; amongst others, the Marquises of St. Croix and Ayron, the Duke of Lerma, Don Carle Colonne, Counts John of Nassau and Henri de Bergue, who has the command-in-chief on land, and Count de Vaquens, who is vice-admiral, and to whom has been granted 350,000 crowns a year to defray the expenses of his fleet.

The bulk of the matter inserted was furnished direct by Richelieu from the Foreign Office, and several of the paragraphs were written in his own hand. This accounts for the accuracy of the information, and also for the serious

¹ Advertisements of this order were very numerous, for persons seldom set out for a long journey singly; but waited until they could hear of a number more with whom they could make up a party strong enough to defend itself against highwaymen. It was not the least of Renaudot's services that he inquired into the respectability of companions who offered themselves, in order that an honest man might no more be exposed to travel with a rogue, who, once clear of Paris, would relieve him of his purse and luggage.

¹ This anti-tobaccoist Sultan was Amurath IV. The Shah Abbas, his contemporary, ordered that all snuff takers should have their noses cut off. Pope Innocent VIII excommunicated smokers, and doomed them to hell-fire; and our own dull James I. wrote a silly book against them.

tone the paper assumed from the first. No French notes appear till the sixth number, bearing date July 4th, 1631, and then we light upon this:—

Paris, 3d July. — Here is being continued the beautiful impression of the great Bible in nine volumes and eight languages, which will be completed in a year. We invite all nations to take part in it, with better reason than the Sybarites who convoked the guests to their feasts a year beforehand.

In the seventh number, July 11th, 1631, appears this piece of court intelligence:—

St. Germain-en-Laye, 10th July. — The Marquis of La Fuente del Soro, sent by the Catholic King to congratulate his Majesty on recovering his health at Lyons, and who arrived a month ago, is about to return to Spain, which country shows France by this act that she is really in no hurry to pay her compliment, seeing that everybody had forgotten the King's illness. His Majesty gracefully conveyed this by remarking that he had been in good health these ten months. Thus Tiberius, condoled with tardily by the Thebans on the death of his nephew Germanicus, replied that he was unable to console himself for the loss of their great captain Achilles, so unhappily slain before Troy. In truth, and grace be to God, his Majesty was never better in his life.

The publication of the *Gazette* was continued uninterruptedly from week to week, but the press of matter was so great that Renaudot took to issuing a Supplement with the last number of every month. In this he condensed the reports of the preceding numbers, corrected errors, added fresh news, and answered his detractors, who, as may be surmised, had gathered in squads, large and vindictive enough to form a fine host at every new step he made in public usefulness. One is really bound to think well of human nature on seeing that this unfortunate man, who had never done any one an ill turn in his life, who was invariably gentle, humane, and public-spirited, and who made use of the great influence he possessed both with the King and the Cardinal for no other ends than those of charity and mercy, was nevertheless harried, reviled, and plagued in a hundred petty ways, as if he were the lowest of charlatans. It is difficult to convey an idea of the tortures of abuse in rich medico-dog-Latin which Guy Patin and the rest of the Doctors' school poured down on him. Guy Patin calls him *Cacophraste* Renaudot, "*nebulo hebdomadarius, omnium bipedum nequissimus et mendacissimus et maledicentissimus, qui indiget helioboro aut acriori medicina, flamma et ferro.*" Then when Renaudot, instead of flying into a passion, replies with seraphic mildness, Patin shrieks, "*Habet frontem meretricis, nescit erubescere!*" One may remark that it argues a large degree of independence that a man like Patin should have dared thus to speak of an enterprise which was known to be as much Richelieu's as Renaudot's own. But Richelieu was too great a man to care for the crowing of small birds. There is something very grand and statesmanlike in the patronage which this king among ministers bestowed upon the gazetteer. He did not meddle with him, left him to manage his own affairs and fight his own battles; but whatever assistance Renaudot required, that he gave at once freely and generously; and if Renaudot had been viciously inclined, and had asked for the extermination of any of his persecutors, the Cardinal would unquestionably have made short work of these gentlemen.¹ As it was, Renaudot naively disputed with his enemies once a month, and soon he had the sense to give up even that. At the end of the year 1631 he suppressed his monthly Supplement, in-

creased the *Gazette* to eight pages, and announced that for the future he would issue Supplements as they were needed. It seems they were needed pretty often, for towards the beginning of the year 1633 Renaudot published Supplements, under the title of *Ordinaires* and *Extraordinaires*, as often as twice, and even three times in one week. In fact, whenever a budget of news arrived which would nowadays justify a special edition, the indefatigable editor set his criers afoot with a fresh printed sheet, shouting, "Buy the *Extraordinaire*, containing the account of the superb burial of the King of Denmark!" or, "Buy and read of the capture of the beautiful island of Curaçoa in the Indies by the Dutch from the Spaniards!" Renaudot understood the noble art of puffing. He dressed his criers in red, and gave them a trumpet apiece to go and bray the praises of the *Gazette* on the off days, when the paper did not appear.

All the *Gazettes* for the year 1631, thirty-two in number, were bound up in a volume at the end of the twelvemonth, along with a portrait of Renaudot and two prefaces, one to the King, the other to the public. Poor, dreary Louis XIII. was very fond of Renaudot, and took a childish pleasure in the *Gazette* as in a new toy. As Richelieu wisely left his Majesty few of the cares of state, the King was reduced to looking out of the window and dismally gazing when there was no battle or hunting going on; accordingly it was a rare treat to him when he could slip out in disguise of an evening to the Rue de la Calandre, accompanied by a couple of his gentlemen, and stand watching prose of his own being put in type. He was a frequent contributor. The quarrels he had with his wife, Anne of Austria, cost him much misery; but he revenged himself by writing spiteful bits about her Majesty and her pet Spanish courtiers; and laughed in his royal sleeve when all these people cackled about in their amazement with copies of the impudent sheet in their hands. One of the kingly notes which Renaudot inserted,² at a time when a royal divorce was in serious contemplation, was remembered by Anne of Austria, and nearly brought Renaudot into trouble after the King died; but so long as Louis XIII. lived he would hear no evil of his gazetteer: and when some flushed Spaniard came to ask for redress, his Majesty played moodily with the tips of his gloves, and looked far away out of the window, as if he were deaf. Renaudot may well be excused for writing of his King, under these circumstances, in a strain somewhat hyperbolic. In his preface he vows that Louis XIII. has earned more glory by himself alone than all his predecessors put together, and he adds, "For the rest, Sire, my journal is the *gazette* of kings and rulers of the earth. All that is in it is for them and by them, and is intended to serve their glory." In his preface to the public, Renaudot breaks into a more humorous vein, and sketches the tribulations from which many an editor since his time has suffered. "Soldiers would like to see the paper teem with battles and feats of arms; litigants would have it full of law reports; the devout care for nothing but lists of preachers and précis of sermons" (in his fourteenth number, first year, Renaudot began to publish regularly, "A list of preachers in all the churches next Sunday;") "those who have not been to court, would never tire of seeing us describe court pageants, and those who have carried so much as a parcel in safety from Paris to St. Germain are offended if they do not see the exploit recorded with full honors in our pages." Renaudot explains the impossibility of satisfying everybody, and concludes with the assurance that he shall always be delighted to publish news of general interest, and to accept any corrections or suggestions for the improvement of his paper, which may be offered him.

It appears that Renaudot for awhile conducted the *Ga-*

¹ A fact to the eternal honor of Renaudot, and in a less measure, to that of Richelieu, deserves notice here. When the Cardinal, for state reasons, cruelly put to death Urbain Grandier, Renaudot, though bound to Richelieu by so many obligations, had the courage to publish an eloquent pamphlet in vindication of the murdered man, who was his fellow-townsmen. Richelieu was well aware that Renaudot had done this, but he took no notice of it, and never abated his kindness. The fact is, Richelieu was the man to commit a crime when the interests of his policy seemed to need it, but he had too much magnanimity to resent the judgment which might be passed on his action by an honest mind, considering the matter superficially, without a knowledge of the motives which had prompted it. Well might Peter the Great, when he visited Paris, go straight to the tomb of Richelieu, and, kneeling by it, exclaim: "Great man! were you alive, I would give you half my empire, if you would teach me to govern the other half!"

² It is in the number dated 4th June, 1633, or rather in some of them, for the note was sent down by Richelieu when half the edition had been struck off. Renaudot was obliged to stop the presses and find place for the note, which contained twenty-eight lines. It was inserted at the end of the paper, but some copies of the original edition had already been sold, so that there are two different *Gazettes* extant bearing date June 4, 1633. The first edition, however, is very rare; and we believe no collection of the *Gazette* contains both numbers.

zette entirely by himself; but as he kept up his agencies, his loan-office and his dispensary, the tax on his time was too great, and he was obliged, with Richelieu's assistance, to organize a regular staff. Mézeray, Bautru, Voiture, and La Calprenède became the foremost among his fellow-contributors, and they were all remarkable men, whose equals in scholarship and professional dignity it would be difficult to find on the French press of the year 1873. Their functions were rather to edit or translate the correspondence from abroad into good French, than to furnish matter or opinions of their own; and in this they succeeded so well that the *Gazette* was reputed from its foundation until 1792, as the most correctly written of all newspapers. Voltaire, who was not an indulgent critic, says in the *Encyclopædia* that the *Gazette de France* has always been "revised with great care and composed in excellent French;" and Grimm, writing in 1769, calls the *Gazette* "the most insipid, impolite, and correctly edited of all newspapers." The impoliteness refers to a habit which the *Gazette* had contracted of never qualifying any one, save members of the Royal Family, as "Monsieur." In mentioning noblemen, their titles alone were given as "Le Duc de" instead of "M. le Duc de;" all untitled persons were designated as "le Sieur." Voltaire could not stomach this formula either, and Grimm exclaims in his disgust, "It is supremely impertinent and ridiculous to write twice a week 'Le Sieur Pitt' when the Sieur Pitt is the arbiter of the old continent and the new."¹ But the *Gazette* clung to this old tradition, on the ground that, being an official journal, it was bound to give the King's subject those titles only which of right belonged to them.

The staff of the *Gazette* were not paid out of the profits of that paper, but by pensions from the Civil List, averaging in the case of the four gentlemen above alluded to, 1,500 crowns a year (£180, equivalent to £500 of our money). The *Gazette* can never have been worked at a profit, nor, indeed, have paid its expenses. The Supplements were too numerous, and the price, considering the size of the paper, much too small. In addition to this, Renaudot was, from the first, trammelled by shameless piracies. Provincial publishers reprinted the *Gazette* as soon as it reached them, adding some local items to give it an extra zest, and sold the whole under titles of their own. Renaudot was obliged to appeal to the law courts, and eventually it was arranged that certain publishers at Avignon, Lyons, Rouen, Aix, and Bordeaux should have the privilege of reprinting, subject to a yearly payment.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. BUCKSTONE, of the Haymarket Theatre, London, thus announces the close of his season: "The end of the 'Wicked World' is approaching."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "the great want of the French character is want of devil." It seems to us the Commune turned out some very good devils—good as devils, we mean.

BETWEEN Mr. Warner's letter and the letter of Messrs. Sampson, Low, & Co., Ward, Lock, & Tyler are in a bad way. They begin to wish, we fancy, that they had not burnt their fingers with Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies."

QUITE a novel feature, intended to obviate danger from fire, is mentioned in connection with the Royal Alexandra. By a curious arrangement, patented by the architect, the gas-piping throughout the house can be used for water in case of fire.

WOMEN are distinguishing themselves as biographers. Miss Taylor recently published *Buckle's Life*; Mrs. Grote has just published an admirable sketch of the *Life of the Historian of Greece*, and the best account we have of Montalembert is from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant, the author of *Irving's Life*.

¹The term Sieur (Sir) means really the same thing as Monsieur (My Sir), but there is the conventional difference between the two which exists between Mr. and Esquire in England. The French law writes, summonses, and judgments denominate all untitled persons to this day as "Sieur," much to the humiliation of these professed lovers of equality.

IN the June number of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, the editor offers some explanation as to the origin of the title of the "Christian Year," on the authority of Mr. Parker, of Oxford, a son of the eminent publisher of the first edition of the work. According to this gentleman the late Mr. Keble, on entering the shop in Broad Street one morning, saw, at the top of a small staircase which led to a little gallery filled with bookshelves, a work entitled "L'Année Chrétienne," in twelve volumes, and at once asked Mr. Parker to allow him to examine it. A short time after, the "Christian Year" appeared, and there can be little doubt that the author took his title from the old French devotional work. At any rate, if this should not have been the case, the coincidence is remarkable.

AN uncomfortable story is told by the *Warsaw Israelit*, and one calculated to cast a gloom over many a dinner-table. It seems that a cook in the employ of a Jew lately rushed to her master's room in a state of extreme nervous agitation, and not without reason. She had, she said, suddenly heard heart-rending and piercing shrieks proceed from a piece of meat she was about to convert into steaks. The Jew, on investigating the matter, came to the conclusion that the soul of a Jewish sinner was in the meat, and that its shrieks were caused by a desire for honorable burial according to the rites of the Jewish religion. He therefore, without loss of time, proceeded to the rabbi, and with much earnestness requested that he would bury the beefsteak, dressed in a shroud, in the Jewish cemetery, with all the ceremonies appertaining to the interment of members of the Jewish persuasion. The rabbi, however, having doubts as to whether the beefsteak really contained the soul of a sinner, declined to accede to the request, and the mysterious beef, according to the latest intelligence, remains undigested and unburied. It is to be hoped that the rabbi was correct in his view, for if the spirits of sinners get into provisions, tradesmen who throw their hearts and souls into their business will be able to carry on adulteration after their decease, and it will be even impossible to distinguish between a leg of mutton and the spiritual part of an extortionate butcher.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON has said and done many things in his time in furtherance of what might be described, as "jocular religion and comic salvation." But at the late anniversary of the London Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, he outdid himself. Speaking of prayer, he said, "Oh for more prayer! I had an odd illustration of its power the other day, in Italy. In the hotels there, there are little ivory buttons in the wall upon which you put your finger. They communicate with electric wires which ring the bells down-stairs. A friend came in to take tea with us, and I put my finger on the button, but nobody came. I did it again; still nobody came. 'Now,' said my friend, 'I will put you up to a wrinkle—keep your finger on the button. If you only just put it on, it rings the bell; but if you keep your finger on, the bell will keep ringing down-stairs.' Well, I did so; but even then the waiter did not come. At length my friend said, 'We have a couple of bedrooms here; I will go into one, and your friend can go into the other; let us ring all three bells, and then we shall fetch up all the waiters in the hotel.' So we put our fingers on the three buttons, and kept them there, and, I warrant you, the passage was soon full of waiters tumbling over one another. They thought the whole house must be on fire. We simply explained that as the ringing of one bell did not do, we thought we would ring all three, and found it a capital plan; but if they would only come more quickly another time, we would do it no more. Every time a man prays he rings the great bell in heaven! If two of you agree as touching anything concerning the kingdom, it shall be done unto you. There is no resisting it. If every man and woman here would begin to put their fingers upon the bell, the electric communication between earth and heaven, it would awake the very angels, and bring them down with untold blessings upon the church and upon the world." We cannot help hoping that the laughter and applause which greeted the comparison of the holy angels roused and wakened up by prayer to the idle waiters tumbling over each other at an Italian inn, does not express either the piety or wisdom of the general body of subscribers to the London Missionary Society.

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

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[No. 2.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

I wish it were possible to do entirely without that miserable apology for picture-making, called word-painting. It would be an infinite gain could the narrator of a story return to the fairy-tale practice of simply telling what people did, without being called upon, by a conventionally assumed dulness on the part of grown-up readers, to answer such provoking questions as *How* or *Why*. A writer has no business to trespass beyond his miserable limits upon the glorious realm of the painter, who deals with visible things, instead of arbitrary symbols, and to boast about words as though they could take the place of the direct, universal language of color and form. Printers' ink was made for reporting and reasoning: not to make splashes upon paper, that are no more like pictures than are the coals in the fireplace, which may express anything or nothing, not as the hand that laid them designed, but as the eye that looks into them may chance to find. But were I a painter, and were the grotesque—by which I mean the common equation of the hideous and the pathetic—my *métier*, one of my *chef-d'œuvres* should be as follows:—

Upon a dark background, as dark as cold heavy gray can be, and suggestive of a prison made rather by the atmosphere itself than by masonry, should stand out in the fullest and boldest relief, illuminated by a flaring, smoky lantern, hung high up upon a large rusty nail, the form of a woman, marked out by such gross violence of light and shade, that the expression of her features and attitude should be as legible as if she were in the broad light of day. On her alone is concentrated, as by a focus, every ray of the flame, which gradually loses itself beyond her, except where reflected by the fall or splash of a green water-drop or two, in front or behind. Her clothes hang from her gaunt shoulders and meagre waist in tatters, and are soaked with cold moisture. She stoops down, or rather half crouches, with her knee upon a log of rough wood, her feet naked, and one hand

grasping a broken step in front of her, while with the other, bony and knotted, but wasted with hungry eagerness, she fingers a long crack, into which a stream of mud is oozing: a rat and a toad are regarding her calmly and serenely with black and curious eyes, as though interested, but too familiar with her presence to be afraid. Her face is haggard, almost corpse-like, from unconscious bodily hunger, which allows the fancy fuller play to dream: the features are harsh and strong; the thin lips fixed and tightened by habitual secretive-ness and greed; the brows drawn close together by constant devotion to a single purpose. The ears are slightly pricked backward, or at least drawn closely to the head, as if to them alone was entrusted the task of keeping watch from intrusion while their owner's mind is away. A bat flutters blindly against the lantern: it is either he or the drip of water that gives her this one sign of outer life. But her eyes are occupied neither with the business of her ears, nor of her fingers: and here enters the difficulty of the picture. It is her eyes, not the glimmer of the lantern, that pierce through a transparent green mist hanging over a chest like a phantom altar-cloth over a phantom altar, or rather like the glass through which is so often seen, in Catholic churches, the waxen image of a saint sleeping and crowned with flowers. And now, after penetrating the principal figure of the picture, we are brought into sympathy with what she sees: we see the latter not immediately, but, as it were, through her, for it is painted in subtle and dream-like colors, wholly at variance with her harsh and hideous realism. In place of the waxen image lies a sleeping girl, of dark but ideal beauty, like the princess in the enchanted forest, waiting for the kiss that is to break the spell. Her strange loveliness mocks the ghoulish ghastliness of the woman, who seems to hunger after her with the appetite of her soul, even more than after food with the hunger and thirst of her body. No wonder, for she is lapped and laved in gold: the green mist covers the shrine of St. Danae. Having once caught this heart of the picture, we pass over the woman herself, groping in foul darkness after a mystery of love wrapped in a mystery of

gold, and, wondering whether she is pilgrim or vampire, set ourselves to seek the key. We notice now that the darkness of the background and the mist of the green veil is formed by innumerable spiral coils of scales that, as they rise round the vision, become more and more defined—that, if the kneeling woman looked up, she would see over her head, like the Syracusan sword, the outline of an actual key held in the outline of a serpent's jaws: those two dull spots, which at first sight we took for falling water-drops are a pair of evil eyes, set in a snake's flat skull.

Dreams, visions, fancies, presages, whatever they might be, such-like pictures were vividly real to this underground ghost-seer. She had noon-tide nightmares, to which these were child's play. Child, gold, and serpent were as real to her as the rat and the toad; more real, indeed; and she was haunted by keys as visible as the Macbeth's dagger of air.

Students of the human body have never yet found out in what unsubstantial fashion the blood is nourished by the mind, as if fancies were food. As Mrs. Goldrick's small stock of available change out of her last allowance from her son grew less, she, without thought of meat and drink, endured vigils that would have killed a professed anchorite. But even her inner fuel had its limit of supply, and she was fain to fall back upon her stock of wine. Not having eaten, however, the fumes of it flew to her head, and she woke one afternoon after having made, as it seemed to her, a few years' journey farther back even than the memories of Marshmead.

In the city of Vienna there is a large demand for flowers. The people who have cultivated the contradictory art of pursuing pleasure with the systematic dreg-draining energy of men, yet without losing the fresh and hearty abandon of children—the Germans, who, more joy-loving than Frenchmen, neither translate nor import *ennui*—sympathize acutely with the most fresh and childlike symbols of joy.

Among the purveyors of these floral draughts to a hearty and unfailing appetite was to be found every evening, at the same post, a very young girl. Precisely at five o'clock in the afternoon, fine or wet, she brought to

the door of the Theater an der Wien a basket filled to the brim with bouquets and solitary blossoms; at nine o'clock she carried the basket away, or sooner if she had found an exceptionally good market. She was not well dressed enough to pass beyond the brilliant-looking doorway of what to her was Paradise; she was but an unregarded Peri, waiting with such poor gifts as might purchase, not Eden, but a zwanziger. Nor did she often wait wholly in vain. It must, indeed, go hard with girlhood if it cannot contrive to sell a few flowers.

It was even in her favor that she was poorly dressed, and that she allowed her lilies and moss-roses to speak for themselves and for her. She had rivals, some bold-faced, some cunningly modest, who, for the most part, deprived her of chance customers. But our dark-eyed maiden had secured a *clientèle* who were faithful to her—who, if they wanted one of her leaves or blossoms, and sometimes if they did not, preferred to give their stray small change to one who never troubled them. Buying of her had an air of gathering flowers for themselves. All these girls had picked up names; the dark-eyed and quiet one was known to the loungers of the entrance as *die Kornblume*, the Blue Cornflower—she was so dark, so ragged, so hidden among the standing crowd, and had, alas, so little to do with the harvest of the field. And yet, at the same time, it was the weed that drew many eyes through the waving ranks of corn.

But it was a hard life, all the same: for the Cornflower was a modest and timid weed. Nothing was known of her, not even among her acquaintances of the curbstone, except that she came and went as punctually as the violet, and waited as patiently for kreutzers, and as silently, as the hyacinth waits for golden sunbeams. The other flower-girls, who laughed and joked together, looked upon her as an intruder, but that mattered but little; in spite of her few regular customers she was scarcely in their way, and the customers she had they could well afford to lose. It was not every evening that any of them came to the theatre; and then she was lucky if she was allowed to go home with a basket less full by a single leaflet than when she came.

I think, however, that even the boldest of the poor Cornflower's successful rivals would have thrown her a chance or two sometimes had they known that she lived hopelessly alone; that she was such a very weed among weeds. I am the more sure of it, because kind hearts lie so deep that the deeper down in the world they are sought for, the more surely they are to be found. But the Cornflower's companions were a thoughtless generation—and so she had, like the weakest of a flock of thoughtless sparrows, to put up with the smallest

crumbs that the wind, or some compassionate hand, cast beyond the devouring circle. Happily there were a few such hands—but it is not hands that think or feel. They gave, and that was enough for charity and for them.

Was it enough for the Cornflower? She thought so. With enough silver to renew her stock and to buy a roll, she was richer than Diogenes, who was, as all the world knows, richer than Alexander. She knew nothing of the delights of sausage or beer; a good honest slice of sour black bread, washed down with a hearty draught of water, gave health to her fast growing limbs, and the sweetest sleep in the world to her lively brain. She breathed the scent of flowers all day long—they gave flavor to her black bread and to her dreams. And then the sky—what a bed-curtain she found it when she was tired! it was spotted and hung all over, not with kreutzers, but with real *Friedrichs d'or*; she was, for the night, a millionaire, and the moon was none the worse for looking like a rich round cheese. She had enough to do in the day with making up her nosegays, which was quite as good, while she was quite little, as playing with a doll, and very much better, as she grew up, than watching the blossoms fade and throwing them away.

But this was summer life. If she had only been a squirrel or a dormouse and could have slept out the cold, it would not have been hard to be content with stars for wealth, and flowers for sisters and bread-winners. When it rained or froze she had to creep into some church porch, or into the church itself whenever it was open, or into any other corner that might temper the wind to her. Once or twice she had found her way into a beggar's lodging; but she was frightened, and had given away her day's earnings to others who were far richer than she, so it was bad economy in every way. So even in winter time, she had to practise the art of saving house-rent—a measure of economy to which she was the more prone, because she had one wildly extravagant taste—a passion for bright rags; it would be absurd to say bright clothes. Her festival was to starve as long as possible, and then to buy from some Hebrew dealer the remnants of some scarlet handkerchief, petticoat, or shawl. One old fellow, to whom she went with eager timidity to make her first purchase of this kind, cheated her outrageously to the extent of two whole kreutzers, but the second time he sold her an old shawl, that had cost nothing, at scarcely more than cost price, and threw in half a yard of ribbon that he saw her stare at with hungry eyes. The third time he introduced a system of barter: he gave her unmarketable rags in exchange for useless flowers. The old Jew and the young flower-girl seldom

exchanged a word; he probably was too much ashamed of his one piece of very limited kindness to add to his shame by committing farther follies. He had his reward, however; when he most righteously fell into the hands of the police, it was not without leaving behind him one pair of wet eyes.

Unhappily, this mishap occurred just at the beginning of an exceptionally sharp winter, and when the last thread of the Cornflower's last shawl was giving way. She had brought with her to the old Jew's door a whole basket-load of I know not what poor unseasonable verdure to buy something a little more seasonable; and she found only a couple of police agents engaged in the Angean labor of making an inventory of litter, and they, not being made good-tempered by having to finish such a task in the cold, or by her interruption, thrust her out by her almost bare shoulders into the snow. The wind was keen, and she felt it pierce her with a new sharpness; for she now, for the first time, realized what it meant to be alone in a bleak and biting world. It was, however, close upon the hour at which the theatre opened, so, cold or sorry, she must lose no time. Carriages filled with fine ladies, scarcely more delicate than she, strong men thickly clad, and scores of her own age, warm with fire and food, passed her at every step, and she felt how little the world was to her—to the Cornflower among the corn.

There was more than a usual amount of bustle about the theatre door that evening when she took her stand in her accustomed corner. The Emperor himself was to be there to see with his own august eyes the *pirouettes* and zephyr-poses of the spoiled darling of all Vienna, the fascinating dancer, Marietta Romani. To the Cornflower, who was versed in all the gossip of the pavement, the name of the great *ballerina* rang with a more awful sound than that of the Kaiser's own. She had once seen her pass from the stage door to her carriage, wrapped from head to foot in furs that made her look like a ball of swan's-down, with her little dark head, not higher than the slim Cornflower's shoulder, peeping out and smiling all over with serene triumph. She had wondered who the tall, strong man could be, with blond hair, round face, gray eyes, and shoulders like Hercules, who dared almost to carry the wonderful Marietta from the door: he was probably the manager, she thought, who was to her ever-active imagination a sort of Grand Lama, bearing the authority above even that of an agent of police, if such a thing could be.

How cold she felt, as one carriage after another drew up and sent its cloaked and shawled freight inside those bright and warm-looking doors! On common occasions, winter weather favored her earnings, for the boldest and therefore the most successful of

her rivals were summer swallows. But the Emperor spoiled her market. No one whispered in his imperial ear that a poor flower-girl would have to lose a winter shawl because he happened to be going to the play, or he might perhaps have been as generous as the old Jew. But she was not to remain quite penniless.

"*Der Teufel!*" she heard a full, strong voice exclaim close behind her—that is to say, near the stage door. "I've forgotten the bouquet—I wouldn't have left it behind for a thousand pounds." He said pounds in English: and his German was strange to the girl's quick ears.

For once, accident had placed her in the front rank, for the others were crowding about the grand entrance. With the ready instinct of a tradeswoman, she held up her basket, and looked up without saying a word. Lo and behold, it was the very broad-shouldered gentleman on whose arm she had caught her solitary glimpse of the Marietta, accompanied by a companion in hussar uniform.

"Never mind," said the latter. "I dare say she won't miss number one thousand and one—unless, indeed, the paper came from the bank, or was fastened with something better than wire. Come in; my hands are numbed. I go empty-handed, you see—when flowers are made of gold, emptiness is the distinction of a poor subaltern."

He went in, while the tall man lingered an instant on the pavement. He had seen the Cornflower's basket—perhaps, also, her large black eyes, which were to-night even brighter than usual.

"Well, what sort of rubbish have you got there, my good girl?" he asked.

She held up a bunch of violets and camellias—they might buy the shawl after all.

"Bah! Everybody will have violets and camellias: one might as well have nothing as that thing. Here, hold up your basket and let me see. No, nothing here. Yes; the lieutenant was right," he muttered: "one must make presents like a Russian Grand Duke to-night if one wants to be marked out of his crowd. That infernal nosegay of mine *would* have done—but—ah! I'll take a hint from the lieutenant after all. She'll know that a man means something who gives her nothing but a flower. Snowdrops, no; violets again, no; winter roses: here, I'll take this rose."

The poor girl's hopes fell. All this grand prospect to end in a half zwanziger!

The big Englishman took the poor little winter rose, felt in his pocket, and threw a coin. "Good night, my girl," he said in his full voice. "Any way that rose shall cost more than any other rose—it's for the Romani!"

She looked for the coin among her flowers, into which it had fallen. It was bright new gold, with a milled

edge and a bas-relief of a cavalier on horseback piercing a dragon with a spear. Her heart gave a bound; if it had not been for the last words of her customer she would have thought it a blunder. Had she thought so, would she have tried to give it back again? Only do not let the Cornflower be blamed, though the likeliest answer be, No. It seemed to her that one of the ducats in the sky had tumbled off its peg just as her basket was in the way to break its fall. But this was plainly something better than a ducat—perhaps one of the broken pieces that every now and then leave the moon in want of repair.

Evidently the name of that far-off star of stars, Marietta Romani, was a name of good luck to her. She sat down, and thought what she would do with her treasure—it was her first taste of gold. Of course she would buy a shawl, scarlet and new. The draper would tell her the value of her fortune and give her the change. Then she would buy a bright ribbon and net for her hair, like Gretchen or Trudchen, whom she envied for their finery and their pushing ways. Then she would have a feast somewhere—perhaps Gretchen or Trudchen might help her eat it, and then they would all be friends. And then a wild vision came into her head of going back to some black tents that she remembered among far-off plains and marshes, where she might chatter once more in a strange old jargon and hear again certain wild old tunes. And then she thought of the old Jew who had sold her rags for flowers. What a proud pleasure it would have been to have gone to him and paid him for her grand purchase, not in snow-drops, but in real money! She would have felt like a princess patronizing a merchant prince. Even now, perhaps, he might afford a safety-valve for this Fortunatus' coin of hers: some of it must find its way between the prison bars.

Hark! A shout—the *Kaiser*!

She rushed forward with the rest to catch a ray from royalty—she could not help it, indeed, for she was pushed by a jerk from behind into the wave of the crowd—and her good English gold was shaken from her momentarily-relaxing fingers and swept into the limbo of Alnaschar's dreams.

The Cornflower was longer looking for her sovereign than Mrs. Goldrick was in looking for her key; for though the search lasted but a single night, she was of an age when hours are very long. She was still young enough to find in a day the experiences of a year. No one disturbed her at her task, even before the silent hours began: she was only taken for a *chiffonnière*.

But when the silent hours were over, and the morning came in all the chill brightness of daybreak, she felt herself cold no longer. No; I do not mean that she was starved to death,

though she had undergone what would have killed some fairly strong men. Nor do I mean that she was warmed with success: the sovereign was either at the bottom of a drain, or of sharp-eyed Gretchen's pocket—it was all the same to the Cornflower. The glow she felt was like an inner fire that made her feel light and buoyant; broad awake and not hungry, but as though she had been drinking something strange. She was also seized with a fit of coughing, that made her, for the first time, know what headache means.

She wandered about less than usual that day, and sat a great deal on steps and in church porches, carrying her flowers—she washed and revived these with water, for they had to last through that evening at least, and they looked fevered and faded. At the same time she drank a long, deep draught herself from the same fountain, and it made her feel stronger. She bathed her forehead, and the headache went away.

Two gentlemen passed her about an hour afterwards.

"There, Herr Doctor," said one of them, "did you ever see such eyes as those? They're bright enough for an arch-duchess."

"For an empress—or for a beggar, if"—

The second speaker looked hard at her as he spoke; but was out of ear-shot before his sentence was at an end.

Gretchen, with her arm round Trudchen's neck, passed her as she was on her way to her post.

"Ah, only look at the Cornflower!" she called out mockingly in a loud aside. "She has been dipping her fingers in somebody's rouge pot!" And so they also passed by on the other side.

The Marietta was to perform again: and court patronage had enhanced her prestige. But, in spite of her difficulties, the girl contrived to dispose of more of her stock than usual. She felt strangely excited, and, to her own astonishment, flitted about and banded words; she laughed almost noisily.

"You are wrong," she heard Trudchen say to Gretchen; "it's not the rouge-pot, it's"—And she put a bouquet to her lips, as if she were tossing off a bumper.

"Is he handsome?" asked Gretchen loudly in her ear. "He can't be much else, or he'd have given you a shawl."

"We don't get gold-pieces, not we, for a rosebud," laughed out Trudchen, whose eyes were everywhere round her, while bold-faced Gretchen's were everywhere before her.

The Cornflower started. "You know where my money is?" she cried out. "Give it me—it is mine."

The two girls looked at one another hard, stared, and laughed again.

"I declare! The idiot takes us for pickpockets."

"Light come, light go, my lady Cornblossom. The next money you get, I wouldn't spend more than half of it in drink, if I were you."

All this was bitter enough, but it was nothing to the dull aching that seemed gradually to be rising through her limbs. She did not reply, not for want of words, but because of a coughing fit that drowned them as they rose. She was obliged once more to retire to her old corner, near the stage door. Once more she saw the ethereal Marietta pass to her carriage, escorted as before by the large Englishman. They were in earnest talk, and the Englishman's foot kicked against her basket.

"Take care," said Marietta, in a soft, musical contralto. "I shall believe that all Englishmen are awkward—for your sake, Herr Maynard."

"Duce take the basket!—if you would only believe anything for my sake!"—

"Do you always talk so loud? Good night, Herr Engländer—pleasant dreams to you."

The carriage drove off, and the Englishman, after a few moments, lighted a cigar. The girl thought she would speak to him: but he did not see her, and something about his eyes made her afraid. When the carriage wheels were no longer heard, he was joined by the hussar officer.

"*Bonne Fortune?*" asked the latter. "Then come to Von Geierstein's—they have lansquenets: I want to win of somebody, and you ought to be the very man to win from, if there's anything in the proverb about love and play."

"Don't be too sure of that, lieutenant—I'm in a winning mood."

"So much the better—I'll back your hand."

So off they went, and no one had looked at the poor Cornblossom—why, indeed, should they? Everybody has his own affairs.

She shut her eyes somewhere, and dreamed of the wonderful Marietta and the Englishman. It was a vivid but pleasant dream. When she woke, however, her limbs were racked with aches, her brain was throbbing, and her throat was swollen.

She crept about like a ghost all day: and she went to the theatre door rather by force of habit than of will. She made no attempts to sell, nor, when the carriages had finally rolled away, did she make any attempt to move. Her brain was burning with dim excitement, and every breath, and every endeavor to swallow with her swollen throat, was agony to her.

With only half her faculties about her, she still heard a carriage draw up, and the contralto voice laughing musically at the stage door. She was sitting just in the path from one to the other, and rose to avoid the white satin shoes of the ballerina. At least she tried to rise, for suddenly a singing,

hissing mist rushed over her eyes and ears, wherewith the contralto voice mixed as with a dream—and then she neither heard nor knew anything more.

"She is quite safe, *Mein Fräulein*—the crisis, so far as I can judge, was over an hour ago. She ought to be conscious now—indeed I am not sure that she is not. Speak gently, however—not that I need ask you to do that, *Mein Fräulein*—nature will open her eyes in her own time."

The Cornflower, without making an effort of memory, recognized the voice of the man who had compared her eyes to those of an empress or "a beggar—if"—something that had passed away.

There was a moment's pause. Then the same voice resumed:—

"I may tell you now, *Mein Fräulein*, that I feared the worst. That endless raving in unknown tongues was no common kind of delirium. It was against all rule—if I were a priest instead of a physician, I should have used the office of exorcism."

"Unknown tongues?" murmured a woman's voice that she remembered, but did not recognize. "Suppose I could interpret them?"

"You?"

"Yes—she talked of places—never mind where—that I know better than the Prater. She was repeating songs and sayings, and calling upon all sorts of demons (keep them from us!) to do something that concerned an old Jew, red petticoats, stars, flowers, and gold pieces all mixed up in a way that I could not make out, though I understood all the words. I spoke to her myself sometimes, and she always answered, though wide of the mark. She was always hunting for a piece of gold. I put a piece into her hands, at last, to see if it would quiet her; but she dropped it as if it had stung her, and went on again. Don't you see she is a gypsy—a *Zigeunerinn?*"

"Of course she is! And"—

"Oh, I am not ashamed of my people, if that's what you mean, *Herr Doctor*. There were Pharaohs before Hapsburgs. But look—she opens her eyes."

The Cornflower woke as from a trance. She might or might not have heard of such a place as heaven; but, in any case, she found herself there.

She lay on a bed as soft to the touch as Marietta's swan's-down had been to the eye. The room was warm, pure, fresh, and clean, and full of softened sunshine filtered through green blinds. The sheets were as white as snow. And at the foot of the bed there sat the angel of this Paradise—Marietta herself, the great, wonderful, supreme Marietta Romani, with her beautiful smile.

Her head still felt light, and she tried to raise her hands in order to assure herself in some tangible way of the reality of such a vision. But they

lay like lead from weakness, and the poor girl dissolved into a rain of helpless tears. She tried to murmur something, and Marietta was at her side.

The girl was just able to touch with her lips the fragrant hand that lay temptingly on the pillow. The physician came to the other side of the bed, nodded his head across it to the lady, and left the room. He had professed to believe in the restoring force of nature, and had a strong impression that nature was as fully represented in the Ballerina's person as art in his own.

"Drink this, my poor child," said Marietta gently, and putting to the patient's lips some cunningly devised *tisane*. "You are not to talk now: to-morrow, perhaps, you shall tell me your name and all about yourself."

"Tell me"—whispered the Cornflower.

"Well?"

"Am I dead?"

"You are as alive as I am, and that's being very much alive."

"Have I been here all night? How did I come here? Where are my flowers? What makes me so weak? Why are you so good?"

"Hush! Didn't I say you were not to talk to-day? Yes; you have been here all night, and a good many nights besides. Your flowers? I am afraid they have been dead a long while; but you shall have plenty more when you are well. And you are weak because you have been very ill; but you will get stronger every day. Good-by. I have to go to the theatre now: so go to sleep, and I will come and see you as soon as I am back again."

"And you—are you really Marietta?"

"Really Marietta. Good-by."

The Cornflower, however, did not go to sleep; she lay awake in convalescent luxury. By and by an elderly German woman brought some broth; and she let loose her questions upon her, with better success than upon Marietta.

From this informant she learned that she had lain there, fluttering between life and death, six long weeks. That the Ballerina, on coming alone from the stage door, had nearly fallen prone over the senseless beggar-girl, who lay in a dead faint among her dying nose-gays. That a quickly-gathering group insisted upon it that the flower-girl was asleep or drunk, but that Marietta had waved them back, even the manager himself, and said (like a queen, save in stature) half to herself and half aloud,—

"There, but for luck, might be Marietta Romani. Look at her face; look at her clothes. Don't you see the girl is ill and starved? Take her indoors at once, and send for a doctor. Good Heaven, to think of what goes on outside, while we are playing the fool within!"

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH PRESS.

III. (continued.)

BUT it was not without trouble that Renaudot secured this settlement, and meanwhile sundry Parisian printers had begun to emulate their country brethren, and pirated Renaudot under his very nose. The principles of copyright were but imperfectly understood then, and it seemed a gross thing to the printers of Paris that Renaudot should enjoy the exclusive prerogative of printing news, "the which," as they contended, "being things of public interest, were no man's private property, but belonged to everybody." Renaudot himself was a little hazy in his views, and instead of arguing that the works of a man's brain were as much his as the works of his hands, based his case entirely on the royal monopoly he had obtained, and pleaded energetically that nobody had the right to publish an opposition print of any sort whatever. The advantages of a spirited business competition had evidently not penetrated his mind, nor had they that of Louis XIII., who, in a series of choleric decrees signed at Fontainebleau and Paris, threatened with his severest wrath any who should continue their piracies, "to the great grief, hurt, and scandal of our truly well-beloved liege the Sieur Renaudot." The Parliament of Paris judged to the same effect. The *Gazette* was ruled to be a monopoly in the hand of Renaudot and his heirs forever; and on the death of Renaudot, he was succeeded by his sons Eusèbe and Isaac, who in their turn bequeathed the *Gazette* to Eusèbe junior, son of the elder brother, who took orders and consequently left no progeny. After this the *Gazette* became government property, like the *London Gazette*, and Louvois appointed M. de Guilleragues, gentleman of the bed-chamber and private secretary to the King, to be editor at a salary of 10,000 livres. The size of the paper was then increased from eight pages to twelve. After M. de Guilleragues, came M. de Bellizani, a renowned wit; and his two next successors were courtiers skilled in writing, but not otherwise remarkable. In 1762 the *Gazette* was annexed to the Foreign Office Department, and appeared for the first time with the royal arms, and twice a week instead of once. The publishing days were Monday and Friday; the paper was reduced to four pages and the subscription lowered from eighteen to twelve livres a year, M. Raymond de St. Albine, a scholar and gentleman of excellent family, being appointed editor at a salary of 15,000 livres (£600). M. de St. Albine did not keep this editorship long, and it was conferred jointly on two men renowned for their friendship, Suard and the Abbé Arnaud. These, thanks to the Duchess of Grammont, sister to the Duke of Choiseul, the Prime Minister, obtained that they should manage the financial as well as the literary department, and divide the profits with the Foreign Office. The *Gazette* had become a paying concern by that time, and the editors shared 20,000 livres a year between them. On the fall of Choiseul, however, Suard and Arnaud were dismissed in favor of a police censor called Marin, whose peculiar style of composition — sensational as it would be termed now — put in vogue the word *marinade* as applied to all writing that was high-flown and affected. Marin was turned out with some ignominy on the accession of Louis XVI. in 1774, and the editorship fell to a clever priest, who had already conducted several other journals — l'Abbé Aubert. But the Abbé soon showed that he was more at home in financial duties, and was relegated to the managership, while the titular editor became one M. Bret, an honest, but dull man, "whose only sin," says La Harpe, "is, that he has persisted in writing forty years without talent." Bret was only titular editor, because at this time Louis XVI. took to revising all the proofs of the *Gazette de France* himself. He was very expert in that business, and had a peculiar editorial tact for excising redundancies and toning down the whole journal to a uniform style, clear, classic, and sober. In this respect he resembled the late King Otho of Greece, who paid much more attention to the grammar

and punctuation of the memoirs addressed to him than to the substance of them. In 1787 the publisher, Pancoucke, who was striving to get a newspaper monopoly by buying up all the journals in Paris, offered to take the management of the *Gazette* and to pay 50,000 livres a year for the privilege, the Government, of course, retaining its supervision over the matter inserted. This was agreed to; M. Fontanelle became editor, and the *Gazette de France* continued to appear under royal patronage until May 1st, 1792, when its official ties were snapped, and it came out as a private and republican journal with the date *Fourth Year of Freedom*. The *Gazette* has flourished with more or less brilliancy ever since, and has been for the last fifty years a legitimist organ, read chiefly in the provinces.

So Théophraste Renaudot founded a paper which has survived to this day; but he made no fortune out of it, nor out of his many other inventions for the public good. He died poor, and his last years were embittered by all sorts of troubles, professional and domestic. In the first place, his old enemy, Guy Patin, fell upon him as soon as Richelieu was gone, and in the second place he was ill-advised enough to take for his second wife, at the age of seventy-two, a pretty girl, who might have been his grandchild. Cardinal Mazarin shielded him to some extent from the persecutions of Patin, as Richelieu had done; but nothing short of a divorce could save him from his wife. He obtained the divorce, after his flighty spouse had squandered the little substance he had amassed, and dishonored his gray hairs in more ways than one. But he never recovered from the blow, pined away, and died broken-hearted. Guy Patin unwillingly composed the finest of epitaphs for the man whom he had always traduced as a money-grasping charlatan, by writing (12th November, 1653), "Last month old Renaudot died here, poor as a painter."

IV.

For several years previous to Renaudot's death newspapers had begun to crop up to right and left without its being possible to check them. Louis XIII. and Richelieu both died in 1642, and the Regency which followed being a weak thing, printers laughed at monopoly and brought out sheets, which led a hole and corner existence for a few weeks, were suppressed, reappeared again under new titles, and scattered false intelligence, slanders, and scandals more and more disgusting, broadcast among the willing Parisians. Old Renaudot had exclaimed once, in warning foreign sovereigns of the uselessness of trying to prohibit the importation of his *Gazette* into their dominions, "Newspapers are a merchandise of which it is in vain to impede the trade. They are like torrents which swell by resistance." He now found this out on his own account. Nevertheless, the purity and high patronage of the *Gazette* kept it afloat; but in 1649, when the Fronde¹ broke out, the flood of periodicals and pamphlets was such that nothing but the extreme cleverness of Renaudot enabled him and his monopoly to weather the few stormy years that followed. The Fronde began by a tax question, in which the Parliament of Paris took the popular side against Mazarin, who was accused of seeking to grind down the French nation. The English Parliament had set the example of making war on its King, and the Parisian Parliament — which, be it remembered, was a judicial and not a political institution — waxed so very valiant that if there had been a man of brains among them capable of guiding a revolution there and then. But the French have always been defter at making revolutions than at profiting by them, and nothing came of this prolonged riot but a few thousand broken heads and torrents of ink. The affair began by the expulsion of Mazarin with the Queen Regent from Paris, and the capital remained in possession of the Parliament and of that Right Reverend Cardinal de Retz, who chanted

¹ Loustalot put the thing in another way. He wrote: "Les grands ne nous paraissent grands que parceque nous sommes à genoux. . . . Levons-nous!" ("The great only seem so to us because we are on our knees. . . . Let us stand up.") And he printed this as a permanent motto at the head of his paper, "*Les Révolutions de Paris*."

mass with the hilt of a dagger peeping out of his pocket. Mazarin went to St. Germain, but, wishing to fight his antagonists with their own weapons, that is, lampoons, he took with him a printing-press, and Renaudot along with his staff to work the same. Renaudot was pleased, for he foresaw the opportunity of making his peace with Anne of Austria, who had never liked him; but he felt some concern as to what might become of his monopoly of the *Gazette* if the party in Paris prevailed; and so he ingeniously left his two sons behind him to found a paper of their own, which should be the official organ of the Fronde, whilst the *Gazette* established in the Orangery of St. Germain remained the mouth-piece of the court party. This happy thought worked immensely well. Renaudot's sons started the *Courrier Français*, which had a furious sale, and was at once adopted by the Parliament. Mazarin rubbed his hands to think that the trusted organ of his enemies was conducted by men devoted to himself; and the Parliament felt equally convinced that the two sons of Renaudot would obtain for them through their father some useful notes as to court doings. A gentleman named St. Julien helped to popularize the *Courrier Français* by publishing a burlesque edition of it in verse as soon as it appeared. The *Courrier* came out on Fridays; the burlesque was on sale every Sunday morning.

The first year of the Fronde was marked chiefly by publications of a fantastic character — Visions, Apparitions, Prognostications. The writing was weak and wild. None of the writers knew what they wanted. Gazettes, pamphlets, rhyming squibs, were all levelled at Mazarin's personal peculiarities, his Italian pronunciation, his well-known relations towards the Queen, his greed and his supposed avarice. The counter lampoons edited by Mazarin's paid friends splashed the Cardinal de Retz with ridicule, overhauled the private lives of the Parliamentary bigwigs, related very queer, and let us hope improbable, stories about their wives; and saw "Visions" of gibbet trees with parliamentarians swinging therefrom when his Eminence should reënter the city. Altogether it was a lively period to live in, and we cannot imagine a Parisian bourgeois of the year 1649 finding time hang dully on his hands. In the second year the writing was more ambitious; political questions were tackled; Mazarin had returned to Paris for a short time, then vanished; so his foreign policy was reviewed, and whilst some bitterly upbraided the Treaty of Westphalia (which gave Alsace to France) as contrary to the interests of the Church, which was likely to suffer by the influx of Protestants, others violently taunted the man with having none of the diplomatic statesmanship of his glorious predecessor, Richelieu. The year 1651 was signalized by a union between all the rival subdivisions of the Fronde, the Retz, Beaufort, Parliament, and Condé factions; then by the rupture of these, and by a complete chaos in the way of opinions. The pamphlets and news-sheets redoubled in number and virulence. Mazarin had been mauled and mangled till there was nothing more to say of him; so the lampooners turned their shafts on the Queen Regent, and by and by on the institution of Royalty itself. Thomas Aniello (better known as Masaniello) had stirred up a rebellion at Naples, and the English had beheaded their King. What was the use of a Crown — why should not the people set up a Republic? Declamations about liberty, the rights of the poor, and the oppressions of the rich, began to find their way into print. Two publications, the "Franco-Gallia" and the "Junius Brutus," preached levelling by fire and sword, and the cry was no longer "Are you for this party or for that?" but, "Are you for the People and the People's Parliament?" This is the time when the writing ceased to be frivolous, and when authors of true merit plunged into the fray. Menage, Gondy, Joly, Sarrazin, Patru, Caumartin, Portail, and Dubosc-Montandré were all thinkers and polemicists of nerve, and if there had been a Rizzio or a Cromwell among this populace of caper-cutters, whose brains they ignited, it might have fared badly with that little kingling who blossomed out so grandly in the sequel as Louis XIV. But all was talk and froth, and by the year 1652 the peo-

ple had got disheartened, and yearning for peace. They no longer believed in the Parliament, whose members had shown themselves pitifully timid and incapable; they had spent their rage against Mazarin; and in their feverish dejection they inclined towards the Prince of Condé, not because they liked that haughty patrician, but because they fancied the victor of Rocroy was the only man likely to restore quiet. The pamphleteer, Dubosc-Montandré, who was in the Prince's pay, battled in the front all through this year with essays which offer a curious medley of aristocratical and republican sentiments. The man had in him all the stuff of an agitator, and with another year or two's practice, and a more intelligent public to work on, might have proved as dangerous as Mirabeau. He advocated a union between the nobility and the people as against the Crown and the bourgeoisie. Richelieu, following in this the policy of Louis XI., had leaned wholly on the middle classes in his struggle against the last strongholds of feudalism. The bourgeoisie had been suffered to rear their heads whilst the nobles had been forced to bend their necks to the yoke; and Dubosc-Montandré appealed to all the grievances cherished by working-men against those whom he called "their natural enemies, the bourgeois," to put an end to this state of things. As far as can be gathered from his rather confused schemes, Montandré would have had the country governed by a show king, a powerful senate of nobles, and a lower house of working-men. But the first half of this plan was evidently made to order; and at heart Montandré was a demagogue with little love of the nobility, for occasionally he forgets that he is salaried by a Condé, and breaks out into that stirring cry which was borrowed from him a hundred and fifty years later by Loustalot, and formed one of the war-shouts of the Revolution: "The great are only great because we carry them on our shoulders. Let us shake them off, and they will strew the ground."¹

On the whole, the revolution, which might have effected so much, had fallen into hash. The Duke of Orleans, rousing himself at length, remonstrated with the Parliament at the insults which were being hawked about against the Queen; and the Parliament, relieved to be bullied again by somebody, seized hold of one Morlot, a sarcastic fellow and a journalist, and sentenced him to be hanged. But the printers of Paris, who had driven a brisk trade during the four years' turmoil, were loth to see their profits vanish, and so, as Morlot was being led to his doom along with a lesser journalist, who was to have a whipping at the cart's tail, an army of compositors charged to the rescue of the pair, beat back the archers, put the hangman and his aids to flight, and made a bonfire of the cart, gibbet, and other paraphernalia. However, this was the last gasp of the Fronde. Not long after, the much-hated Mazarin returned coolly to Paris, for the second time, and by way of finally crushing a pamphleteering and journalistic committee which had worked for a long while under Cardinal de Retz's orders, and was now being managed by Retz's henchman Gondy, and by the satirical Menage, he caused a mighty volume of 700 quarto pages in his defence to be distributed about Paris, as we nowadays spread tracts. It had been written in 1649, by a certain Gabriel Naudé, and is now known as the "Mascarat," though its real title was "Jugement de tout ce qui a été écrit contre le Cardinal Mazarin," etc. In it a printer called Mascarat holds a dialogue with a vendor of Mazarinades (anti-Mazarin pamphlets) St. Ange, and the two pass in review every book published against the Cardinal, touching as they do on all the topics and people of the day. The whole thing is in the style of the famous "Satire Menippée," which enlivened the wars of the League, and is uncommonly brilliant and clever. Indeed, the late novelist, Charles Nodier, had so high an opinion of the book, that he treated it as Lord Lytton did "Gil Blas," and made a

¹ *Fronde* means 'sling'; and this four years' civil war derived its name from the slings with which the small boys of Paris used to break the windows of the court party at the outset of the proceedings. In the popular conversations of the day the war was dignified by another name, which Voltaire records in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, but which is too funny and French to be translated.

point of re-reading it once at least every year, alleging that no work gives a better insight into the manners, institutions, politics, and language of the times. The fact is, "Mascarat" is very exhaustive; it leaves no question untouched, and the anti-Mazarinists must well have found it a heavy shot to bear up against. In truth, however, they made no effort to bear up, but collapsed. The laugh was against them; the wily Italian had conquered by pen as well as by state craft, and the flood of ink and paper which had raged over Paris during nigh fifty months receded, as every flood must do which bursts through natural bounds. From the beginning of 1649 to the end of 1652, 4,000 polemical books, pamphlets, and newspapers had been published, and from such a mound of printing the liberty of the press ought surely to have arisen strong and unassailable to all time. But the Parisians had little care for liberty, having been drugged to surfeiting with license; they sickened at the mention of politics; they wanted to be amused, and they turned with a laugh of welcome towards the new star then dawning in journalism, *The Muse Historique*, or *Rhyming Gazette* of Jacques Loret.

V.

Loret was born of poor parents in the first years of the seventeenth century, and had no better education than that which the ragged-school of an obscure village could afford. He came to Paris when he was twenty, and being possessed of no capital but his wits, turned newsman. He had all the qualities needful for success in that trade: a good pair of legs, indefatigable lungs, and imagination enough to invent alarming or mirthful occurrences when facts were at a discount. By and by he took to writing fugitive poems; but as the publishers' price for such productions was three livres the printed ream, he based his hopes of fortune rather on the dedications he inscribed at the head of his lyrics than on these works themselves. It was very soothing to a big personage of that time, duke, financier, or what not, to find a fellow of Loret's stamp waiting in his ante-rooms on reception days with a copy of verses neatly tuned in his honor. If the verses were really good, the big personage would smile and request the poet to read them aloud; a gratuity of a few livres naturally followed, and in course of months the poet was made free of the big personage's household, which means that he was entitled to come every day at noon and dine in the servants' hall, with the upper domestics. This was no mean privilege; and soon Loret secured himself a footing in half a dozen noble houses, so that supper as well as dinner might be available for the asking. A few grandees lodged their poets as well as fed them, and paid them a fixed salary, that they might write verses or news—for the two things still went pretty much together, as in the troubadour days—for no one else. But Loret was too free a lance to let himself be chained and kennelled. He had a lodging of his own, perched high in a garret of the Rue de la Huchette, and he loved to disport himself therein after his own fashion when his day's rhyming was over, and his patrons had supplied him with pocket-money. However, in his fortieth year, he was presented to the beautiful Mlle. de Longueville, afterwards Duchesse de Nemours, who forthwith took him under her protection with a pension of 250 livres a year, and a dinner once a week, not in the servants' hall, but at her own table; and from this date Loret was an enslaved man.

One need not be a down-at-heel Frenchman, with a romantic soul, to feel desperately enamoured of a lovely princess, who bestows praise, money, and good cheer with equal grace. Mlle. de Longueville was the loveliest woman of her day. The saturnine Duke of La Rochefoucauld, who had a flint-stone in lieu of heart, and who afterwards wrote the "Maxims," had lost his head to her completely, and was driven by her influence to side with the Condé party in the Fronde, to make war on his King, and at an early date to forfeit the temporary use of his eyesight in consequence of a gunshot wound. When his grace discovered that the siren had been only flirting to

win his sword and his influence, but not his worship, he revenged himself by some epigrams, cold as steel, and professed to hold himself cheap for ever having loved a "Précieuse," that is a Blue-stocking. Mlle. de Longueville was certainly "blue," but that may have been one of the reasons for the adoration she inspired in Loret as well as in the late philosopher, Victor Cousin, who sighed that he had not been born in the seventeenth century, for her sake. Certainly, it must have been delightful to hear this charming woman prattle gravely about things abstruse, and affect to speak only in well-rounded periods of faultless grammar. She was one of the early foundresses of those literary gatherings which attained such renown in the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and lavished her bounties freely among a crew of poetasters, whom she naively thought sublime. Poor Loret compared her to Venus and Minerva, and began to dream about her waking and sleeping. He never, of course, had the impudence to confess in plain words that he loved a princess of royal blood; but he shows it in his dithyrambic outbursts, and from the day when his goddess requested him to bring her every week a string of news in rhyme, he considered that his pen and his brains were at her exclusive service. Regularly every Saturday morning, for a space of fifteen years, through sunshine or rain, snow or bullet-hail, war or peace, Loret trudged through the streets to the Hôtel de Longueville with his rhyming gazette of 250 verses in his pocket. At first the gazette was manuscript; by and by twelve copies were printed for circulation among the princess's friends; but the success became so great, and the piracies so numerous, that Mlle. de Longueville begged that Loret would publish his gazette for general sale. He did so, and cleared large profits. There never was a paper so much admired, so largely sought after, nor so uniformly good. Loret computed in 1663, in the thirteenth year of his enterprise, that he had written over 300,000 verses, and found more than 700 different exordiums. It is a fact that he never twice began his gazettes with the same *entrée en matière*. The paper was in epistolary form, inscribed to the princess, and terminated with the date in rhyme, as:—

J'ai fait ces vers tout d'une haleine
Le jour d'après la Madeleine.
Fait, appuyé contre un lambris
Dies quindecim Octobris.

These dates were never alike; and, as though to flirt with difficulties, Loret coined a new epithet every week to qualify his letters, calling them, *Épître, sérieuse, gaie, folâtre*, and so on; till in the end, having pumped the dictionary dry, as it were, he florished such adjectives as *ambulateur, assaisonnée, et jubilée*. Another point to be mentioned is, that Loret never had anybody to help him. He ran about for his own news, and, however hurried might be his composition, never once wrote a line that would not scan.

His prolonged and always equal performance is something unique in the history of journalism. The fortnightly review of current politics which M. Eugène Forcade wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, killed him after driving him mad at the end of ten years. Henri Rochefort suppressed his *Lanterne* after two years from sheer exhaustion; and even the veteran Alphonse Karr has never been able to keep up his weekly *Guêpes* for five consecutive years. And yet the writings of Forcade, Rochefort, and Karr are in prose. These journalists never had to hunt for a line of their news; telegrams and newspapers brought them matter as much as they wanted, and they had no reason to torture their heads for rhymes and metre. It is true that Loret broke down, too, and gave up the ghost under his self-imposed task, but to have continued it during fifteen years, to have written up to the week that preceded his death, and to have left a name so unimpaired that many of the best writers of the time aspired to the honor of carrying on his work after him, is a feat that must command the admiration of those who have ever undertaken to make the public laugh regularly once a week, and who know the difficulties of the labor.

Previously to his introduction to Mlle. de Longueville, Loret had been a poor devil, glad enough for a few crowns and a cut off menial joints; and he never at any time quite ceased to be a poor devil, for he was devoured by the passion for gambling, and was the unluckiest gamester in existence. But he had money enough, friends and flattery enough, became an honored guest at great houses, and took to dressing in black velvet and silk hose. Mlle. de Longueville looked after him in a half sisterly way, and chided him on the vanity of bowls and tennis, to which he was over-addicted. But these lectures always ended by a recourse to the lady's purse, and Loret retired from the presence the richer by a rouleau of louis. Other powerful people gave him sops and pensions. Mazarin, whom Loret respected and defended, put him down for a pension of 200 crowns, and Fouquet, the prodigal Superintendent of Finances, did likewise. When Fouquet was thrown into prison, rather owing to the King's personal envy than because of his huge embezzlements of public moneys, Loret was one of the few writers who had the courage to stand up for his fallen patron; and Fouquet, much affected by this generous constancy, the news of which was brought to him in his prison by Mlle. de Scudéry, charged that lady to give Loret 1,500 livres. The act was the more liberal as Fouquet had become almost destitute; and he had the delicacy to request that the gift might be made anonymously, so that Mlle. de Scudéry called on Loret, and deposited this sum on his mantel-shelf when his back was turned. Mazarin continued to pension Loret all his life, and bequeathed him 200 crowns a year in his will, to the poet's no little emotion; on the other hand, Louis XIV. bore him a grudge for his gratitude towards Fouquet, and Loret might have lived without any court recognition, had not Colbert smoothed matters by representing that this journalist was a loyal subject and a useful ally, though he might become a troublesome foe. Marie de Mancini, niece to Mazarin, and a woman of rare beauty, whom the King had worshipped in his boyhood, stood in some dread of Loret's satirical pen, and with her own fair hands stuffed his purse full of gold pieces, laughing to him the while to "open his mouth and shut his eyes," one evening after he had been bidden to sup with her. In addition to all this, Loret received considerable bounties from divers insignificant people, who wanted to be puffed in his columns. He did puff them, nor was it the least proof of his versatile genius that he should have wrought witty rhymes in praise of vulgar passions and wrinkled but immodest old women. In this respect of venality Loret was by no means such a pattern of incorruptible manhood as old Renaudot. The father of French journalism resolutely set his face against venal puffing, and once threatened to publish the names of persons who came to him with bribes. Tallemant des Reaux says that Loret wrote for any one who paid him; and adds that all the ladies of the day were mad to get this brilliant chronicler to attend their feasts, in order that he might give public reports of them. But Tallemant goes rather too far. Loret only puffed unimportant people, whose praise or blame would be of no public consequence. He was independent, honest, and very fearless in his strictures on public characters, and nothing could have induced him to take a political line other than that which his conscience dictated, for mere money's sake. This is one of the features that lend such a genial ring to his writings. During the Fronde (Loret began his manuscript gazettes in 1650), he took care to steer very adroitly between extremes, and pointed his irony at injustice or foolery wherever he detected it. He was never a servile party-man, though he worked for a princess who, according to the wont of her sex, threw into her politics a greater amount of combativeness than was always required. But, to do Mlle. de Longueville justice, she never tried to tamper with Loret's convictions. She was grateful for the pretty things he wrote every week about her, pleased when her views and his were similar, and on all occasions thanked him smilingly, like a kind-hearted and noble lady as she was.

It is a puzzle how Loret came to acquire such a command of language, and to write French so elegant and per-

fect in its orthography. When he arrived at Paris he must have been well-nigh illiterate, and the duties of a newsman were not calculated to leave him either time or opportunity for study. Possibly he picked up Latin by attending mass, for he was a regular church-goer; but he confesses to knowing nothing of the classics:—

Ma chambre encore qu'un peu basse,
Me tient lieu de Mont de Parnasse;
De l'eau fraîche plein un flacon
Est ma fontaine d'Hélicon;
Plusieurs voisines que je prise
Sont les Muses que je courtise;
Bref, le bon ange protecteur
Que m'a donné le Créateur
Est l'Apollon que je consulte.

This allusion to the "voisines" in the same breath with his guardian angel, Marie de Longueville, shows that Loret was not a Frenchman for nothing. He had a merry face like a sarcastic weasel's, bright laughing eyes, and a sanguine temperament, that made him love wine, women, and all the other embellishments of life. He probably regarded his passion for Mlle. de Longueville as something ethereal and supermundane, which could not be diminished or even desecrated by his affectionate relations with one or more affable "voisines;" and doubtless he had already drawn for his own behoof that subtle distinction which so many of his eloquent countrymen have since expounded to us, between spiritual and cardial affinities. For all this, Loret was a thorough gentleman, and never once in his gazettes forgot that he was writing to a lady. On a single occasion, only, in the course of fifteen years, does he venture on a Rabelaisian anecdote; but even this, which has a rather salt taste to us now, must have been deemed harmless enough two centuries ago. Loret's gazettes were generally made up of all the pleasantest talk of the day, collected from sources which show acquaintance with the best society. He leaves no matter of interest unnoticed. He chronicles the death of Marion de Lorme; the decrees and wranglings of the Parliament; the misadventure that befel M. Bense-rade, the poet, who had his pocket picked of a quire of sonnets, and the disgust of the thief, who returned the same to his lodgings with profuse marginal criticisms; the introduction of pewter into common use; the best books and sermons of the day; the changes in fashions; an attempt to inaugurate street letter-boxes,¹ after the pattern of our modern pillar-boxes, which we have been flattering ourselves was a novelty; the plays of Molière, who was only then budding into fame, and whom Loret was the first to praise and encourage; the arrivals of distinguished strangers; and the demise of all notable individuals, amongst whom Renaudot, of whom Loret writes feelingly:—

Maintenant il est en repos,
Car on peut pieusement croire
Qu'il fit ici son purgatoire.

Loret, as we have said, became a great favorite in society; but the crowning of his honors was when he received regular invitations to attend the theatricals at court, and was served with refreshments between the acts, neither more nor less than if he were a nobleman of first degree. The poet exhibits a very pardonable pride at this favor, for to eat in the King's presence was a privilege only conferred on the highest in the land. Louis XIV., however, went further, for, stopping to accost the gazetteer one evening when the theatricals were over, he said, with that gracious affability which was the more prized for being so rarely lavished: "Monsieur Loret, your gazettes have afforded us great satisfaction, and we beg you will count us among your well-wishers." Loret strikes up a hymn of jubilation in his next impression; but he is too generous to take all the honor to himself, and ascribes the King's condescension to the fact that gazetteers "are no longer a

¹ In 1653 letter-boxes were set up in all the streets of Paris, and letters were to be collected in them three times a day for distribution within the capital. The postage rate was to be $\frac{1}{2}$ d payable by the receiver. The "wittiest people in the world" poked fun at this invention, and filled the boxes with oyster-shells and mice, so that the scheme had to be abandoned.

despised body, but a corporation who have their status and dignity in the kingdom amongst all others who serve his Majesty by arts or arms." Thus, some hundred and seventy years before Mr. Canning was pleased to recognize the press as the fourth estate in the realm, that discovery had been made by the monarch who, of all others, was the greatest stickler for etiquette. It is true that this monarch, who never returned the salute of the proudest noble otherwise than by a slight bend of the head, waited by and by on Molière at table, in order to teach his courtiers how to respect genius.

Loret died in harness, poor and indebted, because of his miserable taste for gambling. In his last number (March 28th, 1665), he is confined to his room, and entreats rather piteously that those who owe him money shall bring it him to his lodgings, and not be angry with him for dunning them. Feeling his end approaching, he wrote to the Princess of Longueville, who had now become Duchess of Nemours, and in thanking her for what she had done for him, said he would continue his gazettes in heaven, in order that the angels might learn to know and love her as he did, and give her a fitting welcome when she came among them. This was probably the only letter which Loret ever wrote to his benefactress in prose; but such prose was worth poetry.

The death of Loret was mourned in Paris as a public calamity. The "dames de la Halle" (market-women) attended his funeral in a body; twelve noblemen acted as his pall-bearers; the Rue de la Huchette, where he had lived, was hung with black; and three hundred printers threw nosegays over his coffin as it was being lowered into its grave in the Cemetery of the Innocents. Great curiosity was expressed as to whether the *Rhyming Gazette* would be continued by anybody; and this question was solved the very next week by a poet called Charles Robinet, who began his *Lettres en Vers à Madame*, as if nothing had happened. However, other imitators sprang up at the same time. Whilst Loret lived, publishers had made repeated endeavors to start gazettes in rivalry to his, and among these was one written by no less a person than Scarron; but they had been distanced by simple force of talent. Besides this, Loret had ended by obtaining from the King a monopoly for his rhyming news, similar to that which the Renaudot family held for their prose gazette. But now that Loret was dead, competition seemed free; and, in addition to Robinet, there arose at least a score of rhymesters, the most famous of whom are Lagravète de Mayolas and Subligny. Robinet's *Lettres à Madame* were not addressed to the Duchess of Nemours, but to Madame Henriette, sister of Charles I. of England, and wife of Monsieur, the King's brother, the ill-fated and beautiful princess who died poisoned in 1670, and over whom Bossuet pronounced the noblest of his funeral orations. Lagravète de Mayolas followed exactly in Loret's footsteps, and made Mme. de Nemours his divinity. His verses are good, though wanting in the variety and sparkle of Loret's; but Mayolas introduced a novelty in the shape of a serial novel, in letters published from week to week, and called "Clante et Celidie." This is the first instance on record of serial fiction; and Mayolas has therefore a title to rank as the inventor of the *roman-feuilleton*. However, he was unequal to the continuous labor which had distinguished Loret. His letters appeared pretty regularly at first, then gaps of a month at a time occurred, and the letters ceased altogether after three years. As to Subligny, he was a clever barrister, who had already in Loret's time tried to launch a rhyming *Muse de la Cour*, in opposition to the *Muse Historique*, which was the collective title of Loret's gazette. At Loret's death, he tried again, being pushed thereto by the publisher Tesselin, the man who had hoped successfully to pit Scarron against Loret. Scarron was an excellent writer, and perhaps in satire more than Loret's match; but he was useless to a publisher by reason of his unpunctuality. He wrote in 1665-66 fifteen comic epistles, since reprinted under the title of *Muse Heroï-Comique*, but he could not be prevailed upon to finish his copy in good time; besides which, he praised Loret, whom he had been set up

to supplant, which was contrary to all traditions of literary competition, and put Tesselin in deep disgust. It does not seem that Tesselin made much by Subligny's verses, though he engaged this barrister after quarrelling with Scarron, and started him again after Loret's death. The fact is, Loret's mantle had descended on no one. His style, his facility, his unparalleled industry were peculiar to himself, and were buried with him. Mayolas had opened the new groove into which journalism must run by his essays at fiction. The journalism of the future was to be based on romance as well as news, on literature in its artistic sense as well as fact; and so this led to the creation of the *Mercurie Galant* and the *Journal des Savants*.

But here we close the first era in the History of the French Press. In 1665, Louis XIV. was beginning to feel his own power, and to make it felt by the world. He was no longer the boy who had bowed under the tutelage of Mazarin; he was the king who said, "L'État c'est moi;" and the "Grand Règne" was dawning! For the next century politics were to vanish before the will of absolute monarchy; and journalism was to act as the satellite gravitating with more or less brilliancy round the literary planets which shone out with unrivalled lustre during that period from 1670 to 1770, which is the Golden Age of French Literature.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN VERMONT.

VERMONT is the home of the agricultural Yankee. It is the Green Mountain (Verd-mont) State, where the Yankee is more like the Englishman than in any other State. The bluntness, cunning, energy, hardfistedness, wonderment, caution, self-love, self-value, and pertinacity of a Yorkshire or North Lincolnshire farmer can be matched and brought to sample more readily in Vermont than in any territory in America colonized by English settlers.

Yet schools and churches abound, as they always will do where female authority has a voice, — and there is no doubt that in Vermont the wife and the mother have a very penetrating, positive, shrill, and clamorous organ of speech. There is little or no exclamation about "Woman's Rights" in this State. The women have their own rights, and their husband's too, by all appearances.

This paper is written from a country town at the foot of the "Green Mountains," a pastoral continuation of the Alleghany chain, limestone, clothed with trees, turf, and moss; soothing, protective, peaceful, and of constant beauty in summer and winter.

The towns, townlets, villages, and hamlets all bear familiar English names: Lincoln, Newhaven, Shrewsbury, Wallingford, Leicester, Bristol, Rutland, Burlington, Castleton, Brandon, Manchester, Arlington, Whitehall, etc.; and in most of them the old English fashion of laying out a public park or village green prevails. The main walks and avenues are lined with rows of maples, limes, and beeches, whose shade in the heats of summer is a grateful boon and repose, and adds to the quiet, sleepy, homely look of a country town.

None can give themselves better characters than these Vermonters. Their men were the "best and bravest soldiers" in the war. They were the "backbone of the whole army" of the North. The Speaker of the State Assembly is to this day hammering away, on the lecture platform, about the deathless doings of the Vermont Brigade. No such business-men, clerks, runners, storekeepers, traffickers, and pedlars are to be found out of Vermont. The late notorious James Fisk, who, in impudence and dishonesty, towered above the gamblers of Wall Street, and the thieves in the municipality of New York, came from a town hard by where I am writing.

To be a "Green Mountain girl" is another name for a rustic beauty. The Morgan and "Ethan Allen" breeds of trotting horses are "known" to be unrivalled. The granites, marbles, slates, serpentines, minerals, and ores are declared to be "inexhaustible." "Vermont," says a

State professor of geology, "is a giant whose full proportions are undeveloped." "Vermont," writes one of the editors of the State Survey, "excels all the other New England States in the agricultural capabilities of its soil." "Give us Old Vermont and New England," exclaims the Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, "to produce a dollar out of the earth over any other land." "It is easier to make a dollar out of a farm in Vermont than in the West," cries a leading farmer, Colonel D. Needham. "There is no place like Vermont," according to the Reverend President of the University of the State, "to live in, and no place nearer heaven to die in." And so on with everything raised, grown, or manufactured amid the Green Mountains, and their dales and plains. Children, farm produce, cattle, cheese, lawyers, cider, locomotives, varnish, paint, flowers, sheep, doctors, corn, apples, trout, pears, pickerel, grapes, nuts, quack medicines, lumber, glass, preachers, pill-boxes, soapstone or steatite, newspapers, slop-pails, drugs, mosses, ferns, and wild fruits, maple-sugar, dogs, and carpenters, all challenge competition, and defy a possible peer elsewhere in New England.

And the wonder is that a vast deal of all that is so boasted and insisted upon is true. So persistently was this undeniable superiority dinned into my ear that for the first weeks of my stay I began to think that I must believe it, for very peace' sake, and abandon all private judgment. But happily, or unhappily, the natural self-esteem of the Englishman is not so easily subdued. Then came the thought that perhaps a fair amount of this braggadocio, as with us all, is put on and adopted to cover manifest deficiencies: and people who like to impose on others frequently finish by imposing on themselves. So I resolved on keeping my own independent record, small, personal, superficial, but reliable.

Our hotel is as good a house of entertainment—I am insensibly practising the optimist tone—as any in the State. Outside is a marble-flagged piazza, a hundred feet long, and on the roof of it a balcony with the same extent of promenade. In front of the house is a small enclosure planted with maples of a dozen years' growth, furnished also with a self-acting swing, which struck me on my arrival as a sure evidence of the philoprogenitiveness of the landlord, and I was right, for he has no children of his own. His customers have. As the custom is, on entering the hotel, you subscribe your name and residence in the hotel-book, or register of guests, which is always an object of close study to the household and the other visitors; and in the office, or general receiving hall, are the means of ablution, with the hairbrush and comb (in common for the whole world), and the newspaper table. Here, too, the idlers, gossips, and customers of the house congregate, sit and smoke, and talk, and have business interviews, in which those around join if they have the opportunity; and they are mostly safe to find the opportunity. The huge stove which warms this apartment is irresistible to the loafers in the winter time; and they troop in, and loll and lounge in the chairs, as if they were the best and choicest patrons that the landlord could select. As the spring comes on they throng the piazza, and will sun themselves and rock in their chairs, for all the time they can snatch from their several avocations. The meals in the hotel daily brought me new experience. Breakfast at half-past seven A. M., dinner at twelve or half-past twelve, and tea at six, confused one seriously. All are taken at the public table with the other guests. Tea was the only solace at dinner, till it was understood that beer or wine was regarded by me as a positive necessity. The profusion of vegetables at the dinner table is somewhat bewildering; potatoes, tomatoes, beet-root, succotash, Indian corn, onions, squash, rice, turnips, helped up by all the growths of the season, as well as three different sorts of bread, garnish the table. Beef, pork, and poultry—the turkey attended by cranberry or blackberry preserve—and sometimes fish, are the viands that commonly await your call. Soups are not much in vogue; the native delight is in oyster stew of milk and oysters in profusion, and baked

pork and beans. The huge Saddlerock oyster from New York—four of them will cover a large-sized plate—is highly esteemed. The waiters are girls of Irish extraction, tidy, civil, intelligent, far before their countrymen as servants, and, to my taste, superior in every way to the negro waiter, who mixes a supreme audacity with his familiar obsequiousness. The female servants at the hotel where I am residing are first-class domestics, clean, quick, and patient.

A lively writer, "Grace Greenwood," a lady for some time employed on the *New York Tribune*, writes from the Rocky Mountain country that the home of "vegetables" of real grandeur is down in Colorado, the Switzerland of America: "Think of early potatoes, sound and sweet to the core, weighing six pounds apiece! Consider a turnip weighing twenty-two pounds! Shudder before an awful blood beet of sixteen pounds, and make obeisance before a pumpkin actually weighing one hundred and thirty pounds!" "I really," continues Miss G., with "tall" commentary, "reverence that pumpkin, that mountain avalanche of summer sunshine. I would make a pulpit of it for the platform of a woman's rights convention, or put it to some other sacred or dignified use. Think of Spanish cucumbers by the yard, and wheat, oats, and barley more than six feet tall. You need not be surprised to have a Colorado friend write to you from his rancho, 'sitting in the cool shade of a stalk of barley growing by my door.' May it not be said without the smallest impropriety that the sap has risen in that Greenwood? Yet probably there is not a grain of fiction in any one of her facts, for Colorado has been the land of Goshen to agricultural emigrants.

Pickles and relishes are very popular here. Ladies eat pickles with bread and butter, and there is a large green gherkin that is a universal favorite. Driving with "the Major" from a farm house, where we had stopped to purchase a vast jar of these pickles for home consumption, he gravely pulled up about a couple of miles from his own house, opened the jar, and ate two monstrous slices half the size of one's fist. He proffered me a taste, but I was satisfied to see him relish his abstractions with all the heartiness of a farmer's boy. Pastry, cakes, and confectionery are household necessities. All the housewives or servants are skilled in making cakes. Puddings with a flour crust are seldom seen, but creams and pies, fruit, custard, and mince, are present at every hotel dinner meal. Plum pudding, or fruit pudding, as they term it, is a much more digestible compound than at the English table, but it tastes strongly of molasses. It would exhaust half a page of this paper to enumerate the cakes and preserves that are sent up at tea-time. Stewed prunes, fruit compotes, pears, peaches, cherries, apples, raspberries, cranberries are the most frequent. Maple-sugar syrup is a delicate relish. Meats, or hash, are served with every meal; and the grid-dle cake, or cake consisting of four pancakes, one atop of the other, soaked in butter and sugar, is in frequent acceptance. Only in the town hotels is a list of the edibles visible. In the country the waitress enumerates the dishes from which you have to make your choice, though, as has been told above, the vegetables, sauces, and preserves lie before you on the table. To board at a country hotel seldom costs more than ten dollars (£2) per week.

The temperance laws of the State of Vermont are very stringent, and are therefore universally evaded. The public sale of liquor is a crime, and the crime is committed everywhere. There is a bar, but the public is only in appearance barred out. The liquor is frequently sold in a private room, in which he who drinks is locked in; or you follow the landlord into his own sanctum, and take your hasty gulp in a half-guilty fashion, without word or question. There is a loud complaint about the increase of drunkenness all over the State. The first breach of the law by the landlord is punishable by a fine of ten dollars (nearly £2) in each case preferred; at the third repetition of the offence his license is taken away. My unfortunate host has just been fined forty dollars. But somehow the lawyers contrive that the summons shall always be for a "first offence." Certainly the present law does not work at

all well, though the temperance societies and the clergy, as a body, would not like to have it repealed, or even modified. The tone of feeling about the use of wine, spirits, or beer amongst unprejudiced people is much as it is in England. Let him that likes use these refreshments, and trust to his own sense of decency not to drink to excess. The State of Ohio has passed a law under which any one, who is injured in "person," property, or means of support by any intoxicated "person," or in consequence of the intoxication of any "person," may recover damages from the "person" who provided the liquor causing the intoxication, or from the landlord owning the premises on which the liquor was procured. This is the verbatim report by "President H. L. Wayland," one of the foremost temperance advocates, who seems to believe that the provisions of this edict can be "easily" executed, and who proposes himself not only to mulct the vendor where a sale of liquor is distinctly provable, but to "assess the damages upon all the liquor-sellers of the town or county." The druggists sell spirits and wines as part of the medical pharmacopoeia; and a very large proportion of spirits used in respectable households is surreptitiously procured from the chemists' stores. The bottles in which the spirits are vended are medicine bottles, and the vendor wraps them up thoroughly in paper, so that whether the article sold is an embrocation, or black draught, or Bourbon whiskey, is not apparent to the neighbor's eye, rarely closed.

The "transients," or chance-customers of a country hotel are of all occupations—minstrels, tumblers, equestrian performers, strolling lecturers, musicians, jugglers and rope dancers, travelling dwarfs, fortune-tellers, spiritualists, clairvoyants, doctors with specifics against every ill endured by the human body, chiropodists, dentists, mesmerists to ensure "sleep at will," like our famous doctor in Bloomsbury, and runners or "drummers" for commercial houses, trading in everything from razor-strops up to locomotives, who display their wares, or prints of them, in a sample room set apart for their exclusive use. Few travel for pleasure, save in the excursion season. General Klemfingler did us the honor to pay us a visit, and present, under proper consideration, his portrait to those who cared to preserve the memory of a great man, hardly twenty-four inches high. He was only just more endurable than General Tom Thumb, in a tall hat, dress coat, pants or trousers strapped, and boots, carried a gold-tipped cane half as tall as himself for "style," and smoked cigars, strong or mild, whenever any were presented to him. As he sat in the lap of his attendant, the conductors of the railway cars passed him without taking a fare. Of course fabulous estimates about his gains were guessed; and he was declared to have been sold by his father, leased out again by his purchaser, and yet to be putting by a handsome weekly fortune on his own behalf.

Major Bumper, a horse-tamer, with a patent bit and bridle, who drove his team of black geldings without any reins, using his whip and his voice alone, obtained a fair sale for his harness. Madame Le Blond, with "Iroquois remedies digested from the traditions of the aborigines, and unvisited by the experimental uncertainties of modern chirurgy," a very respectable, well-dressed old lady, having an observant eye, and quiet, attentive demeanor, did not attract much patronage. But Doctor Maxim caught my attention, with his tall frame, cadaverous pointed face, high cheek-bones, restless eyes, square head; wearing long black hair, and having a prominent large mouth, with a rapid fashion of speech. The doctor, in his circular, modestly affirmed that, "having been endowed from birth—being the seventh son of the seventh son of the second son of the seventh daughter, and with the wonderful and glorious gift of healing the sick and afflicted by his truly wonderful phreno-magnetism, he stands confessed by the most scientific men on either hemisphere, to be the most perfect interpreter of the sympathetic influences of the human race: the phreno-magnetic influence that pervades all human nature, and which is so little understood, and seems so very mysterious to all mankind, is perfectly plain to him." You see the doctor's orthography and grammar

are a little disturbed, probably owing to the excess of the phreno-magnetic influence. He had a long list of visitors, though he insisted on working "only on an equitable and humanitarian principle, taxing those who are able to pay in proportion to property, income, or according to the nature of the disease, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE." Specifics and nostrums, even where the community is well provided with qualified practitioners, have an illimitable market—the placards, almanacs, and illustrated tracts advertising bitters, balsams, ointments, liniments, syrups, tonics, aperients, sedatives, etc., furnish a literature such as the English language owns nowhere else. Dyspepsia, catarrh, scrofula, chill and fever, lung disease, and blue devils, are the mortal ills provided for by the empirical remedies which are reported to have the largest circulation. My rooms are within pistol-shot of half a dozen doctors, including a homœopath and a "sleep-doctor," who divines, during a brief nap, the treatment of disease. Yet the two chemists' shops do a thriving business in quack medicines.

To drive a fast trotting horse is the highest satisfaction, and the primest holiday pastime to all the people, gentle and simple. A "sulky," or racing vehicle of the lightest possible construction, where the driver sits on a strip of carpet or canvas, and planting his feet on the shafts, the wheels being up to his head, weighs about 60 lbs. A buggy, or gig on four wheels, for two sitters, weighs, without its top, from 110 to 200 lbs. A "top-buggy" averages from 250 to 300 lbs. The name "wagon" is usually given to vehicles of a "heavier kind of make," mostly having double seats. Any covered vehicle for the use of passengers is called a carriage, or a coach. The sleighs, which come out in the winter time, are so light that a man might run one. A "trotting-sleigh" will not exceed 35 to 40 lbs. in weight; the ordinary sleigh averages 100. The public and the carriage builder study weight in the draft, and are always thinking of the speed of the horse, and how to help the driver in his progress. Landaus, barouches, and close carriages, are among the equipages of the towns. Sometimes a hooded carriage, something resembling our cabriolet, is to be met with in the country; but the wagon and the buggy with heads, and leathern curtains which can be buttoned so as to thoroughly enclose the occupants, are the vehicles most in use. Owners and liverymen are very slovenly in the care of their carriages and harness; neither the one nor the other may be cleaned from one week's end to the other. Nor is much time spent in grooming the horse unless his master happens to have had the care of horses in town, or in racing stables, or indeed has had something of an equine education. A horse and buggy may be hired for a whole afternoon for two dollars, eight shillings. You may take a short drive for half that sum. The hire of a wagon and two horses does not exceed four dollars the entire day. All along the various roads are public drinking troughs; usually the driver lets the horse drink at discretion. The roads are very rudely mended; the plank bridges often insecure; and in the clay country the mud is up to the hub of the wheel, and the highways are nearly useless. As a rule, the Yankee and the Yankee-Irish treat their horses with kindness, and rarely flog them. Much is trusted to the intelligence and sagacity of the animal; and I have seen vehicles dragged up and down breakneck openings in the woods, and among the rocks where no roadway had ever been marked out, or was likely to be established, such as scared me to contemplate. The voice of the driver served instead of the whip. As is already well-known, the speed of the trotting horse in the United States, with a light "sulky" and an able driver, is marvellous. In my presence, Lady Thorn, a famous trotting mare, trotted with ease three miles in a little more than seven minutes. The first mile was accomplished in two minutes, twenty-two seconds; the second mile was performed in two minutes, twenty-one seconds; and she sped the third, without effort, in two minutes, twenty seconds. The pace of a mile in two minutes and fifty seconds by a pair of horses in harness, is thought very ordinary. There was a famous pair—Jessie Wales and Prince of Darkness, jet black, over sixteen hands high—that once

trotted the mile in two minutes, twenty-eight seconds. Their owner, Mr. Balch, of Boston, was urged to send them over to England as illustrative of the American education of the horse. Prices range from 2000 dollars up to 12,000 dollars for a trotting horse. Here, in the distant country, 600 dollars to 1,000 dollars is frequently obtained for a promising trotter. All around the State lie the trotting courses, where purses ranging from 100 to 1,000 dollars are carried off. The trotting matches bring out an enthusiasm from all classes of the people that nothing else will. "Give me the nigger minstrel, and a circus, and a trotting match," says the farmer, "and I'm full." Bets always go with a race, and the Yankee loves to enforce any assertion with the offer of a wager. In the winter, trotting matches are held on the ice. The ponds, lakelets, and rivers, are thronged with teams. Lake Dunmore, near the town of Salisbury, is a favorite rendezvous, having an unbroken sheet of ice four miles in extent, and a mile in width. The sleighs, and sledges, and flights of boys on skates, make an exhilarating tableau at such an event. The children, from their earliest years, practice skating; and, on their little carts, or sleds, mounted on shafts that turn up at the extremities like a skate, race down the snow hills and frozen roads eight or ten at a time, as a winter pastime. The young beggars relish a tumble and roll in the snow with uncommon good-humor. There is much excitement, noise, and outcry at a trot on the ice, especially among the Irish section of the community, but little or no visible drunkenness. The meet is for business, for the stakes, and for settlement of the bets; and festivity only comes, if it ever comes, afterwards. The advent of snow is looked for anxiously. "Good sleighing time" is relished by everybody, with or without a team. Occasionally a sleigh, to accommodate twenty, or even thirty passengers, may be seen with six or eight horses drawing it. And the school children come in for a treat in riding excursions over the snow, to which the hotel-keeper or livery-man, who has his customers amongst their parents, has invited them. The bells attached to the horses and to the sides of the sleighs sound cheerfully in the crisp air, and occasionally the horses' heads will be garnished with a plume of cock's feathers. The robes and leg-wrappers of the skins of buffalo, bear, wolf, fox, skunk even, are very handsome, and are tastefully lined with colored cloths—scarlet, blue, and green. The children are omnipotent. In the costumes of both boys and girls, the French and German cut and use of color have been added to the soberer English style. Fancy costume, *à la militaire* and *à la marine*, has travelled up here, especially since the war. The small, rising population with which I am acquainted, and which I see around, is blessed with good looks, and seems to be robust and strong, in spite of the overwhelming appetite for candy, and sugar, and sweets of every description. Their manners have to be improved, especially indoors, where the fashion of having the head covered has been taught them by their elders. The tone of voice in ordinary speaking, by the lads, is very brusque and indifferent, as if the child disliked having to utter any pleasant salutation, and preferred, as it does by instinct, to be left alone. With all of them the spirit of self-assertion is marked, strong, and decided, and they aim to be little men and women as soon as they can walk and speak. In my opinion, the custom of associating them together in the general school, irrespective of sexes, is not a wholesome one. Up to the age of six years, no harm can come of it, but after, this precious freedom should be restrained. It is beginning to be felt in everything in this whole country, that people, young and old, can be too free.

You will smile when I recapitulate the independent divisions of the little township in which I am recording these impressions. We have the parties, decided Montagues and Capulets, antagonists and rivals, on two sides of the river, which runs through the town. We have the Republican, and its shades and divisions of like and dislike, the Democratic, and the Old Whig party in politics. There are the Catholic section, the Congregational following, the Baptist congregation, the Methodist community,

the Episcopal believers, all with very certain ideas about the errors, deficiencies, and bigotry of their rivals in faith and works. They are not to be combined, though the Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist have a monthly meeting, at which the three respective ministers assist. There is an assured distrust of each other with all this fair seeming. Then there are two banks, each with its clients; and the three wealthiest men have independent supporters, who care not to come together, save upon compulsion or at a public meeting, which is half a riot. The immediate population of the town, apart from the outlying community, which is scattered over a circuit—say three miles distant from the main street—does not exceed 1,500 souls, men, women, and children. All the narrow, odd self-sufficiency of a country village ingrained, is not ameliorated by this separate action and opinion. As the Congregationalist minister, too, phrased the condition of the people to me, "Everybody here thinks himself as good as his neighbor, and a little better."

Brick houses are uncommon; stone, of course, more so. Occasionally you will meet with a marble-fronted house, if there is a quarry hard by. The apartments in most of them are roomy and cheerful; the furniture a curious medley of old and new, made of the walnut and chestnut and pine woods, sometimes ornamented with hickory, and butternut, a bright, hard, yellow wood. There is a pleasant fashion of adding a piazza outside, rather than a porch merely, to the houses hereabouts. The generality of these homely erections are of wood, with shingle roofs long drawn, with gables and corners, set up as it were to the liking of the owner. The aspect of most of them is quaint and striking, and, hardly one being of the same pattern as its neighbor, is by no means common or uninviting. Hereabouts the residents are fond of gardens, and cultivate flowers out of doors considerably. Patches of grass land—it would be a mockery to call them lawns—are used for croquet; and, in spite of the rugged, shabby ground, the game is popular. Dwarf evergreens are not much in vogue, but the Norway spruce and Austrian pine are rather preferred for planting. Indoors there is a graceful fashion of training English ivy in pots around the room; rustic baskets, fern cases, and plants on a movable stand may also be frequently seen. But in most country houses there is one general apartment that serves for all uses, whilst the other rooms, furnished as costly as the host or hostess can afford, are rarely visited. In a noble-looking house fronting my hotel, standing on half an acre of ground, the occupants live entirely in the kitchen, see no company, and yet their principal room is flanked with a conservatory.

Talking of houses, lo! here is one being dragged down the hard, slippery snow on the road in front of my window by a score of oxen. It is a timber mansion, twenty feet high or more, with two stories, and four windows in front and behind, and having a door with a porch. The boys of the town are in ecstasy, and aid the drivers of the oxen with shouts and gesticulations. In a dull, heavy, reckless fashion the poor beasts drag their burden on some one hundred yards at a time and then stop to take breath. It is certainly a droll sight to watch this moving fabric, inhabited but yesterday. Now it occupies the road, and scares all the teams of horses in the sleighs that approach it. It is nearing the lane where it is to rest, it has safely turned the corner of the street, owing to the invincible order of the drivers, and the usual tranquillity reigns. When I visited it subsequently, its change of site had not visibly discomposed a plank or a timber. And being perched alongside another tenement of the same description, on rising ground, it had a well-to-do, fresh, cheerful look, such as it had never enjoyed previously in one of the main streets, enclosed with more striking and newer edifices. The contractor for the moving of this residence told me he frequently had similar jobs, and would move any house in the town if he "were well paid enough." "And I don't own a horse, neither, and perhaps I'm as well off as men that look down on me; I shall be as good as the best when my mother's dowry is settled." Heaven bless the hopefulness of the man; his mother was eighty-nine; he had her,

and a sister, and the widow and two children of a deceased brother, to maintain, and his energy was quite reviving to encounter.

There is evidently no rule of manners or habits or tastes. Art is utterly unknown, and they are indifferent to it. Hospitality is exercised, as it were, like an impulse. You dine at the house of a friend, and an hour or so after your meal, it is right that you should retire, even if you repeat your visit in the evening. Perhaps they readily get tired of each other. The host rarely knows, or considers, or intends to consider, how to amuse his guest. Accomplishments are not much practised even by the wife and daughters. And the husband is thinking of his business or his speculations. And if you are outside of these, you will have to entertain him as well as yourself. The inquisitiveness saves them a little. Questions are infinitely asked about English manners and customs; and they are also often asked in a half disdainful fashion, as though the smartness, and practical character, and superiority of the New Englander must be always evident in comparison with the characteristics of the Old Englander. Yet their generosity, which so pleases them, is very striking. A fallen man is readily helped, unless he is a notorious idler and ne'er-do-well. There is a town farm, on which the destitute are employed, and by which they are supported. The mendicant class is extinct as a class. But the laboring folk will take money if it is offered them, though with a hesitation that is more becoming than greediness. They practise borrowing food, fruit, and implements, vehicles and horses, etc., in the primitive fashion of early settlers. And they give, especially the women portion of the household, to their poorer neighbors whatever they may be possessed of, and do so as an instinct.

Payment of money by the male agriculturist, all over the world, is assuredly a suffering, and in the plainest language, a blood-letter to him. But here his tenacity is a very proverb. He hates to part with his greenbacks, as this greasy paper currency is always termed. He will inquire, and go away, and return, and inquire, and hang about, and inquire again — touching any article he has to purchase, again and again. Then he will take credit — a long credit, and if by mere accident he can settle the bill with goods, hay, corn, butter, cheese, eggs, stock, or the like, he has achieved the summit of earthly felicity. Generally better educated than his compeer in the old country, he also seems to have advanced in stinginess and a love of hoarding that is almost indescribable. Perhaps, after all, it is a love of power which dictates avarice. A sloven in his homestead and its yards, and barns, and fields; a sloven in personal appearance — wearing clothes patched, soiled, torn, and stained with weather and toil of half a century; one of these country farmers, reputed to be of good means, solid, sufficient, has to me frequently been a sore puzzle. Thoroughly ready to swap or drive a bargain, it is amazing to see what life possesses the inert, slouching, silent heap of old clothes, when he is engaged in a "trade." What is his delight, solace, amusement, recreation, "recuper abiat" recompense, amidst all his hard labor, exposure to heat and cold, and increasing self-denial? The greenback — the well-thumbed, half-legible, crumpled, smirched, and ragged greenback — which he can stow away more easily than gold. More than once I have heard of one of these secretive old hoarders carrying five thousand dollars and more about his person, in a pocket-book that a French chiffonier would pass by on a dust-heap.

There is not much appreciation of "art" in the family; though there is a pretty fair sale for chromos and lithographs of familiar subjects, poultry, cattle, flowers, and fruit. Not one in a thousand knows the difference between a lithograph and an engraving; prints are termed engravings indiscriminately. Two or three portfolios carried by the pedlars of prints from Boston, Albany, and New York, contained very ordinary lithographs of modern pictures, with here and there portraits of Napoleon, Bismarck, and the Emperor of Germany, and female heads as studies: the impressions were very coarse and blurred, but the pedlars assured me they should get them all off their hands with

a little patience and flattery. Native talent in sketching and coloring flounders about in so dense a fog that it arrives usually at the point at which it set out. Nor does the study of music fare very much better: vocalists are employed in the church choirs, but the less that is said of these the better. Occasionally a sweet voice is to be met with, but its owner is quite satisfied with what little training has been achieved, and makes but little further progress. Of course the possession of a piano-forte is a step in life, though it may not be opened in the family from one month's end to another. As for the esteem in which the artist is held, when he strays this way, that may be gathered from a little honest narrative, just told me by a credible authority. One of the most distinguished of the German professors of music from Boston had been induced to give, during his summer sojourn, a public concert here, which was according to rule highly commended in the newspaper. A few days after, as he was hurrying to the railway depot, a house-holder, raking in his garden in his shirt sleeves, stopped his labors and cried, "Hi! Mister, here. Come and give us a tune. The pianny's indoors." There are several musical associations in Vermont, but the value of their exercises is not perceptible in this district. At the concerts at which I have been present, the singers of any credit were from Boston, which has, as is well known, high rank in its patronage and encouragement of music. The "Boston Music School" has been mentioned as an illustration of the honest resolve to promote music in its educational, rather than in its sensational, regard. It furnishes a complete musical education, as it announces, practical and theoretical, to all its students. The Vermont associations make a parade and frequent proclamation of what they intend to do, but their members at the "conventions" cut a very sorry figure as artists or amateurs, though of course the press — the local press — never ceases to utter laudation as liberally as possible. It is impossible for criticism to be lower than it is in these local newspapers. Their writers fulsomely praise any performance; and are so approachable that the humblest aspirant may secure a favorable notice if due attention is paid by interviewing the editor and his associates. Mostly a commentary will be prepared by some one interested in the entertainment, be it what it may, and inserted without alteration. Nothing is too familiar for Scriblerus. Here is a column of "minor items" to look over, condensed from a daily paper of large circulation, casually taken up, established some seventy years. "An Odd Fellows' festival" is announced to come off at "one of the best hotels in New England, where the landlady never fails to present the best, richest, and latest viands of the season on the tables for the guests. A good time and a good supper are sure" for all who go there. "The latest and richest variety of costumes" will be at the service of a *Bal Masqué* of the Bizarre Club. George F. Train is advertised to lecture, and the editor writes, "His extensive travels and political enthusiasm have made him a wide reputation throughout the world." "The maple cream" at a confectionery store, "though a little in advance of the season, is splendid." The post-office under the charge "of a gallant and able defender of his country," is one of "the handsomest and best kept in the State." The entertainments presented by some travelling minstrels, "abounding in the choicest music, and brimful of the keenest wit and wry humor, are always looked forward to by our community with the most pleasurable anticipations." In fact, criticism is but advertising with these Rhadamanthuses. The *New York Tribune* told the exact truth in the assertion that "Nothing is more common than for persons, otherwise sensible and upright, to enter a newspaper office with requests which are dishonorable to those who make them and insulting to those to whom they are made."

Here we pause. Of the social life of this section of Vermont there yet remains the local government and the common school to be treated of, both characteristic of a people who, if anything, have too much liberty.

The school and the territory of the United States, to my mind, are its most unexampled blessings — the land to be

worked, and the school where he who lists may be taught to work. Region and soil under every variety of climate is owned by this great republic; but its proudest distinction is, that wherever its citizens plant themselves, they rear the public school, free to all, and recognizing no distinctions save those won by skill and industry, and the ardor of self-improvement.

THE SUPERVISOR'S STORY.

It was at —, in Yorkshire, that I first met with my friend the supervisor. I had the pleasure of an evening's conversation with him, an evening and a morning, as I may say, for we didn't go to bed all that night, and the tots of toddy reached a total that caused Reason to totter on her throne. We were conversing, amongst other topics, upon Fenianism; and I remarked to my friend the supervisor, that I felt a little tender in touching on the theme, for that I didn't exactly know, although I was certain, he was a Scotchman, whether he mightn't be an Irishman as well. You'll bear in mind that we'd reached the stage of our "toddy tournament" which might be termed the *mêlée* (or the mellow, in the vernacular); anyhow, we were getting mixed in our ideas.

And I am not surprised at that same, — said Sandy, — for I lived many years in Ireland, when I was just a gauger, and I grew so intimate with the Irish, that my tongue got a twist that it's never recovered from to this day. And to tell you the truth, it was the pleasantest country to live in of all the islands of Great Britain. Why, a man who was a Crown officer, and had ready money once a quarter, was aquil to a lord; and there was something in the air of the country that was wholesome to that degree, that ye might be drinking whiskey all the day, and be never a penny the worse for it at night. I was in a wildish part of the country, up among the bogs of Tipperary. I was just a raw laddie then, upon my approbation as it were, and I was gay, active, ye may be sure, routing about the country hunting for stills and shebeens, "searching auld wives' barrels," trying to speer out something that might be a feather in my cap, and bring me speedy promotion. But never a drop of potheen or the whiff of a still I could come across, though they were swarming about me the whiles.

But one day, as I sat on the top of a bit hillock, looking over the wild country, and thinking of the braes o' Kirkcubright, I spied a man coming along a wee bit track over the moor, and he was as fou as the laird o' Craigdarroch.

He was a stranger to the parts, too, and didn't know the face of me, and he came rolling and slithering along to where I was sitting.

"God save you, friend!" said I.

"The s-saints purtect you!" said my friend.

"It's the decent drop o' liquor you get up there beyant."

"Be me soul, it is."

"And it's a decent gosssoon that sells it," I went on.

"Indeed, he is."

"Will there be a drop left in the jug up beyant?"

"There's lashings of it."

"Maybe ye'd like a drop more of that same?"

"Indeed, I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend;" and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we came to a lone hut in a bit hag or dingle, where there was a reek of peat smoke, and a bit of a bunnling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sot down on a heap of turfs by the door, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs somewhere, and I was hoping they'd let drop something that'd give me a line to where it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the shine from the door as it opened upon me lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out, —

"Lads, ye've got the gauger among ye."

There was a great kish of turf just behind me, and before I could stir a hand, somebody had clapped it over me like an extinguisher, and what with the dust of the turf, and a wheen few trifles that was among it, and the reek and the stink, I didn't come to my senses for a minute or two; and when I popped my head out of the basket, never a soul was there but the old grandmother snoring away in her old chair by the fire.

But though they saved their still, they couldn't get over the selling of the drink: that was plain enough against them; against Terence Macarthy, that is, who lived in the cabin. He was just the cat's-paw of the men that worked the still; but he got all the punishment, more's the pity! Well, I summoned Terence, and got him fined a hundred pounds; and as there was nothing in the world in his hut but the old turf kish as I'd kicked the bottom out of, and his grandmother's chair that had been thatched with a bit oat straw, I took out a body-warrant, as we call it, and made up my mind I'd have to take my friend to Dublin Castle.

Now, Ireland's a different country altogether from this; and after we'd had our sessions, and the magistrates had signed the warrant against poor Terence, we went into the public-house close by — the whole lot of us, magistrates and all — and began to drink whiskey like fish.

"Sandy, me boy," said Mike Hackett — ye remember Mike? — "Sandy, isn't it trembling ye are with apprehension?" He was very particular in his conversation, was Mike. "Isn't it shaking ye are, from the crown of your occiput to the very phalanxes of your pedals at the job you've got in hand to incarcerate Terence Macarthy?"

"They say 'twas he shot the bailiff," shouted one.

"Devil a one than he murdered the sheriff's officer," cried another.

"Oh, he'll take a detachment of dragoons from Killoo," cried a third.

"Come," I said at last, getting rather cross the way they was chaffing me; "come, I'll bet a gallon of potheen with any sportsman in the room, that I'll take the boy to Dublin Castle all by myself."

"Done with you!" cried a dozen voices.

And I was booked for about a hogshead of whiskey before I knew where I was. But I wouldn't go back; only when the excitement of the drink was out of me, I felt as if I'd a deal rather have left it undone, for they were a wild lot were the Macarthys, and it was a wild country they lived in.

The weather came on wet, I remember; and it was nearly a week before I could get across from Shillaloo to Terence Macarthy's cabin, which was in the barony of Tullabardine; though where the barony went to, and who was the baron of it, was a matter I never could get to know the bottom of.

It was just the dusk of the evening I got to the top of the hill that looked over Terence's cabin; and a dismal hole it seemed, that same little hag or dingle. There was a bit pool of black bog-water at one end of it, and at the other was Tim's cabin — just a heap of turf, with a hole for the smoke to come out.

"Sandy, my boy," I said to myself, "you'll never come out of that hole alive." And I looked round to see if there wasn't some living creature near me; if it had been only a sheep or a pig, it would have been a comfort, just for companionship. There was a red streak of light in the sky, and just across it, I remember, there was a line of wild geese flying, their long necks stretched out and their wings beating a slow time in the air, and I could just hear the whang of them; and the sea-birds screamed and whistled over my head, though it was too dusky to see them. Eh, mon, my heart was like to sink into my feet with the loneliness and the desolation and the danger I judged I was in.

If it wasn't for being laughed at, I'd have gone back. Well, I dropped down into the hollow, and walked up to the cabin. The door was open; and the thought came to me for the moment that they'd all gone off: and pleased I'd have been for that. But, no; there was a bit fire in

the corner, and in the darkness I could just see some people crouching down, and the old grandmother sitting in her chair by the peat fire.

"God save all here!" I said, as I walked in.

"Save ye kindly!" replied a gruff voice from the corner.

And with that I sat down on the old kish that had been filled with turf, and pulled out my pipe and began to smoke. I could distinguish objects now in the gloom. There was just a heap of children in the corner, with an old rag covering them, sleeping just as sweetly, too, as if they'd been wrapped in down; and there was the mother of them with the babe at her breast, and Terence lying doubled up with his head in his bosom; but never another soul in the hut.

"Take a draw of a pipe, mon," said I; "and don't be down-hearted."

I gave him my bag of tobacco, and he found a pipe in the corner, and began to smoke.

"Ye'll no have a wee drap whiskey in the house?" I said.

"Divil a drap your hanner's left us," said the man dryly.

"Take a pull at my flask, then," said I.

And Terence took it and drank. Somehow I felt more comfortable then. I was safe as long as I was inside the cabin.

"I suppose you know what I've come here for, Terence?" I said after awhile.

As though this had been a preconcerted signal, the wife here burst out with loud lamentations; the old grandmother raised a feeble "Wirru, wirru!" rocking herself backward and forward in her chair; the children in the corner, aroused by the noise, began to wail and cry; and the little babe at the breast howled dismally in concert.

"Whisht, whisht!" shouted Terence angrily; "would ye take all the heart out of me, and bring me to shame before his hanner?"

"Oh, what will we do, what will we do! Oh, Terry, Terry, will ye leave the children to starve and the babe that hangs to me breast? Oh, hone! Oh, hone!"

"Whisht, woman, d'ye hear? Mayhap it isn't so bad as we think. Mayhap his hanner will give us a week or two, while the praties come out of the ground and"—

I shook my head.

"I can't do it, Terence; it's a Queen's job, you know."

"And if the Queen were spoken to, yer hanner," said the woman—"she's had babes of her own,—she wouldn't take the hasband away from me, that wasn't to blame at all, except with being too good-natured with those two black villains"—

"Hold your tongue, Bridget!" shouted Terence, interrupting her.

"There is a way," I said. "If Terence will show me the road to the still up among the bogs, he'll be let off his imprisonment, and happen get twenty pounds into the bargain."

"Oh, Terence darling, do you hear that? Do you hear what his hanner tells you? Go on to your knees, Terence, and thank his hanner!"

But I saw Terence was not to be shaken; he thrust away from him the clinging arms of his wife.

"Do you know that it's an informer he wants me to be? I'm ready to go," he said, getting up and coming towards me. "Come along, yer hanner, afore my heart breaks entirely."

"All right, Terence; we must walk across to where the Dublin road crosses the tail of the bog. We shall have plenty of time to catch the coach."

"Is it the coach I'll have to go by? Won't it cost a power of money?"

"Seventeen shillings the fare, two shillings the coachman, a shilling for refreshment; you'll cost the country a pound altogether, Terence."

"A pound, your hanner! a whole pound! a goolden sovereign to take the likes of me to prison? Oh, your hanner," said Terence, his face lighting up all of a sudden,

"if ye'd only give the pound to the mistress, to keep the childer and the babes while I lie in the jail, I'd run by the side, yer hanner; ye should never take your eyes off me. Ah, I'd bless your hanner all the days of my life, and the childer should learn to pray for you, and the old mother that's almost in the grave shall entreat the Queen of Heaven for your soul."

I was young and soft-hearted then; I couldn't withstand the sight of so much distress. I gave him the sovereign, which he handed over to his wife. "Now, Terence," I said, "I shall trust to your honor. By ten o'clock to-morrow morning you must be at Dublin Castle gate; if you fail me, I am ruined by my kindness to you."

"I'll be there, your hanner, by the holy cross," said Terence, crossing himself devoutly, to give effect to his words.

I didn't feel comfortable either, but I wouldn't go back from my word; so I made my way across the heath. Terence showed me my route till we came in sight of the Dublin road, a white streak in the darkness, and then he went loping on his way by some inscrutable tracks across the hills.

After I'd waited some time, the coach came up; the front seats were full, and I took my place behind, where there was nobody but an old woman, who was fast asleep, propped up by some boxes. I seated myself beside the old woman, and went to sleep too. The coach stopped at Montmellick to change, and that roused me, and then I heard my own name called.

"McAlister! Saunders McAlister! are you there?"

"Sure enough I am," I said, jumping up and rubbing my eyes; "who wants me?"

A man clambered up to the roof of the coach with a dark lantern in his hand, which he flashed full upon me and the old woman—still asleep.

"You've got your prisoner all right then?" said the man.

"What do you know about prisoners?" said I sulkily; "and what do you mean by routing a fellow about just as he's comfortably settled?"

"Oh!" says he loftily; "no *hairs* with me; I'm your new supervisor."

Now I'd written just a note to our supervisor, old Blathery, a decent old fellow as ever lived: "Dear Bladder,—I'm going to take a prisoner to Dublin to-night, and as I come back I'll come and see you, and we'll have a gey willie waught for auld lang syne."

"Yes," said the man, a tallow-candle-looking kind of chap, with big teeth, that made quite a shine, as you may say, "yes, I'm your new supervisor, and I'm astonished that you should make so free with your superior officer as to write such a letter to him as that I got to-night. But I'm glad to see you've got your prisoner all right. I'm going up to Dublin too. I've got a prisoner, and there's nobody else to take him, so I'm going myself."

"Why, where's Blathery?" said I.

"Suspended; sure to be dismissed."

"And Tomkins and Jones, the officers?"

"Suspended too."

"Gude save us!" said I; "and what's that for?"

"I can't tell ye all, but I can tell you this much: they were constantly taking prisoners to Dublin Castle, and getting paid for their coach-fare and expenses, and all the while they'd be driving them up in carts they'd borrow from their friends for nothing; and there was one impudent fellow made his prisoner walk, and claimed his fare just the same."

"And was it for that they suspended 'em?"

"Wasn't it enough—to be defrauding the Revenue? I'm glad to see ye've got your man safe alongside you, for by Jingo, if I'd caught you at those tricks, I'd have been the dismission of you."

Well, I felt my heart go down into my boots. What on earth was I to do? Sure enough the next time the old woman woke, I'd be discovered, and then what would be the end of it! I'd be dismissed in disgrace, and ruin my prospects for life; and then poor Katie Stewart, who was

waiting for me up in Kirkcaldy, waiting till I'd get my next rise in my salary — Oh, whatever would I do? Just catch me doing a work of mercy and charity again! "O Lord!" I said, breathing a mental prayer, "let me off this once; I'll never offend any more."

The supervisor — Chandler his name was, queer enough, seeing he was for all the world, as I've said before, just like a tallow candle — he clambered up with his prisoner to where I was sitting, and took his place just opposite me, at the very back of the coach, you know, with his face to the horses. Just the jerk of starting the coach woke up the old woman, and she, looking about in wonder for a moment, threw her arms up and began to cry, —

"Oh, sure I'm past the place entirely! Oh, sure I'm left behind! Oh, I'll never find my way back!" and she tried to jump off the coach.

I threw my arms round her and held her down; but the more I held her the more she struggled, till in the end I managed to pinion her arms, and, fairly overpowered, she became quiet at last.

Mr. Chandler was all of a shake.

"W-what's the meaning of that extraordinary scene?" he cried.

"Prisoner trying to escape," I said.

"Bless me, that was a very courageous resistance on your part. I'll make a note of that," and Chandler pulled out a big note-book; but between the jerking of the coach and the shaking of his hands he couldn't write a word. However, it wasn't long before we were at Portarlinton, which I was thankful to see. I was tired of hugging my old woman. What I'd do after that, I didn't know. But as luck would have it, the moment the coach stopped, Chandler leaped down.

"I'll get a drop of something hot," he cried, "to stop this shivering. Look after the prisoners, McAllister."

"Mother, ain't you thankful to me I saved your life?" I said to the old woman, unclasping my embrace. She gave me a look and a curse, and stepped off the coach. And then a bright thought came into my brain. "Come over here," I said to the prisoner opposite, who had been stolidly looking on; "you'll be warmer and more comfortable in this corner, and you'll get a bit of sleep, perhaps."

The man came over, and sat down in the corner the old woman vacated.

"What's your name?"

"Andrew Macarthy."

"How much have they given you?" I asked of him.

"Six months."

"Now, my lad," I said quickly, "would you rather take two months' imprisonment as a Crown debtor, living on the best of everything, or your six months on prison fare?"

"Why, I'd take the two, av coorse."

"Then you've only got to change your name from Andrew to Terence. Will you do it?"

"That I will, your hanner," said the man with a grin. I think he divined my purpose.

"Hi! hi! hi! Hallo! hallo! Stop! stop!" I began halloing and shouting with all my might, and all the passengers and the coachman, and Chandler among the lot, came tumbling out of the inn.

"He's gone!" I cried; "your prisoner's gone!"

"Why the — didn't you stop him?"

"How could I hold the two of them?" I roared.

Andrew, entering into the spirit of the scene, began to struggle violently, and I threw my arms about him, and held him down.

"Which way did he go?" roared Chandler.

"Down Montmellick way!"

Away went Chandler, his long legs flying out behind him, his skirts fluttering in the breeze, till he disappeared in the outer darkness. I need hardly say that the sympathy of the public was with the escaping prisoner.

"What should we wait for him for?" said the coachman, clambering up into his seat, and looking over the back of the coach; "we can't stop the coach for him."

"Go on!" shouted all the passengers.

My heart began to beat once more as the coach moved slowly on. Not till we had cleared the lights of Portarlinton, not till the shouts of the mob which the news of the escape had collected had died away, did I feel perfectly secure.

It was gray dawn as we reached Dublin, and clattered along its streets to the Castle gate. Just by the gate there stood a solitary figure, a masculine figure, dressed in a long, tattered frieze coat and battered caubeen; he had a cudgel under his arm, and was leaning in melancholy guise against the weather-worn walls. He brightened up when he saw the coach, came forward, and recognizing me, offered to help me in my descent. It was Terence Macarthy.

"I'm ready for you, captain," he said, with a bright smile.

I was no little embarrassed by my two captives. I had only a warrant for one, for Terence, and the Governor of the Castle would not take the custody of two prisoners upon that warrant; and how could I get rid of Andrew? or if I took in Andrew, how dispose of Terence? Oh, if Andrew would only run away!

"Rin, man, rin!" I whispered in Andrew's ear, as he descended from the coach.

"Would I abuse your hanner's kindness?" whispered the man in reply.

"Go! get out!" I said, nudging Terence with my elbow.

"Sure, your hanner's got me faster than wid chains of iron wid your hanner's tratement of me."

There was a little public-house hard by the Castle gate, and to that I led my embarrassing charge.

"Now look here, Terence and Andrew," I said, after we'd each had a cheekful of whiskey. "Her royal Majesty has taken your case into her gracious consideration, and she's come to the conclusion that the interest of justice will be sufficiently subserved if one of ye goes to prison. Now just choose between yourselves."

"I'll go," said Terence.

"I will," said Andrew.

"The devil save you!" said Terence.

And so they went on with their aggravating language, that I'm not Irishman enough to describe to you, and from words they came to blows; Terence had his cudgel with him, Andrew broke the leg off a stool; I crept under the table to be out of the way, but the table was upset among 'em, a heavy oak table, the edge of which hit me on the nose and tapped my claret, as the saying is. The fight lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which Andrew was on the floor bleeding profusely.

"I've bated the soul out of him," said Terence, breathless. "A dirty little omadhaun like that to be taking the paw of me, and to be going to be staling the very prison away from me. Come along quick, yer hanner."

When we once more reached the Castle gate, there was a post-chaise standing there; and in the Governor's office was my friend Mr. Chandler, the wreck of the smart supervisor I had last seen. There were great gaps in his row of shining teeth, his tall hat was knocked into the shape of a pancake; his neat frock-coat was hanging in tatters at his back.

"Oh, man!" he groaned, as I came in; "how could you leave me in the hands of those barbarians? See how I've been treated! Why, I was mobbed in that horrible place! Why did you suffer that man to drive away and leave me?"

"How could I help it?" said I. "Haven't I had desperate work to keep my own prisoner? Look at my face;" it was blood-stained certainly. "Look at my prisoner;" his head was a mass of bruises. "If I hadn't fought to the death, I'd have lost him."

"And is this the way they generally go on about here?" said Chandler.

"Pretty much about," I said.

"Then I'll never return to that horrible place, never. I'll go straight back to Somerset House and tell 'em they must send a prize-fighter to take charge of the district. I shall report very favorably of you, McAllister, and your desperate courage."

So he did, I'm glad to say, and I got my district soon after, and a rise in salary, and married Katie Stewart. Terence and I were fast friends from that time, and when the old grandmother died I helped him to emigrate to America, where I hear he's doing very well in the public line; but I never met with such another adventure.

A WEEK OF CAMP LIFE IN INDIA.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.

THERE is a very general complaint among Anglo-Indians of the want of interest felt and expressed in England not only about public affairs, but also as to the details and events of private life in India. You spend years of your life among "dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left;" and when you return to civilized life you are welcomed with the undemonstrative, comprehensive "How are you, old fellow?" after which, you are expected to drop into your old place as though you had never left it, and at once put yourself *au courant* with all the newspaper talk of the day. As for taking any interest in the country where so many years of your life have been passed, or in the questions which have filled your mind while there, that is out of the question; and the uninitiated would be almost tempted to suppose that your Indian career was a sort of Botany Bay experience, of which it would be painful, not to say discreditable to speak, and that the kindest thing for your friends to do is to ignore all that time spent outside the pale of society.

After the first feeling of surprise, the Anglo-Indian acquiesces in this state of things. After all, is it not natural? He is engaged in spreading the "blessings of civilization," and he works, like the old Reformers, with zeal and deep-rooted faith that he is doing a real and lasting good to the unwilling people upon whom he is grafting the new order of things. When he returns to rest from his labors, he finds himself thrown among men whose minds are tossed with doubts as to whether indeed this boasted "civilization" is anything but a curse, and whether the evils it carries in its train are not far more poisonous, far more deadly to a nation's life, than those it has striven to supplant. The air is full of "social questions;" everywhere he is surrounded by symptoms of revolution in the world of thought, and his experiences can throw light neither on the one nor on the other. For he has been occupied in building up, and now suddenly finds himself in a world where the men around him are only striving to pull down.

And yet it is difficult to believe but that there must be many English homes where there is one vacant chair always waiting for "our son or daughter in India," in which an account of an unfamiliar aspect of life there would not be wholly unacceptable. I speak of the camp life which forms so large a portion in the yearly routine of almost every Civil Servant's life, and is shared by his wife and children.

This little account will be domestic, superficial, and cursory, as the views which a woman takes of everything, from politics to cookery, are naturally supposed to be, and it will concern itself mainly with the Europeans, and with the natives only as far as those latter come in contact with their rulers.

I had, to start with, a vague impression that "camp life" meant going out into the country for change of air, combined with a little sport, and without any ulterior object; and when, in answer to the question as to whether I should like a week of camp life, I answered eagerly in the affirmative, my answer was given with that reckless disregard of the dangers of the "unknown" which is begotten of ignorance. I then strove, however, to recall all I had ever heard of the camp form of life. The "all" was limited to accounts of Wimbledon during the rifle competition days — "such fun" as I was assured, but part of

the "fun," I remembered with dread, consisted in sleeping seven or eight in a tiny tent with one's feet towards the tent pole like the spokes of a wheel. I tried to glean some information from my host, and was relieved to learn that his wife had survived two months of camp life, and "rather liked it."

We were now requested to reduce our luggage within reasonable limits and to prepare for a thirty miles' drive to the happy camping ground. The month was December. Our journey was accomplished in a dog-cart, with a fresh horse for every five miles, as was needful in view of the terrible state of the roads. They were so bad as to render the statement, "No, I can't ride, but I can sit tight in a shay," no such very contemptible boast; but the first three miles lay along the great Calcutta road, which is, I believe, the finest in the world, and runs all the way from Peshawar to Calcutta. The moment we left this we were bumped and battered and jolted; now toiling through deep sand, now wading through a portion of the road which lay under water, and then straining the springs of the dog-cart by a sudden jolt over a miniature mud canal which carried the water across from one field to another. Whenever the instinct of self-preservation left me free to look anywhere but on the road, I took in all the unfamiliar objects with keen delight. Carts made like the old Roman chariots, with small, thick, clumsy wheels, drawn by oxen, and surmounted by little howdahs made of scarlet cloth, with one or more natives inside in gayly colored turbans and dresses, sitting cross-legged in a cramped position impossible to Europeans; great, heavy-footed camels, with stupid, ill-tempered looking faces, one of them with a tiny little one lying in a basket on its mother's back, and followed by another young one, the most ungainly creature imaginable, like a badly made ostrich on four legs; patriarchal-looking groups of men, women, and children, driving flocks of bullocks and goats, and looking as Abraham and Isaac might have done. What is this these two long-legged natives are carrying between them suspended from a pole? It looks like a scarlet bonbonnière, a sort of bag the bottom of which is flat, and about the size of a five o'clock tea-table. And it contains? — a Hindoo lady, probably on her way to pay a visit, though how that bag can contain her is a mystery to me, unless indeed she is lying coiled round and round, as only these lithe, dark-skinned daughters can coil themselves, and in this position they sometimes perform long journeys without fatigue.

One is disposed at times to suppose that their bones must be gristle, and their joints india-rubber. They never sit in any position except on their heels, which seems to afford them perfect rest, and it is marvellous to see the rapidity with which they move up and down, their feet touching each other, without putting their hands to the ground — all the strain and spring being in their back and knees.

The women attracted me most, by their graceful carriage, their picturesque drapery, consisting of a full skirt and a sort of bournous, which passes over the head, almost completely veiling the face. These vary in color, being sometimes bright blue and pink and yellow, the skirt often bordered with a hem of some other color, often very gaudy, but the dark skin harmonizes it all. The most artistic to my mind is the deep indigo blue, but it is more rare in the Northwest than in Southern India, where almost all the lower class of women wear it. It is pleasant to watch the easy grace with which they walk, bearing round red earthenware or bright copper water-jars on their heads, steadying their burden with one well-shaped, small-wristed dusky arm stretched up to its full length, and covered almost to the elbow and sometimes above it with numbers of bracelets. These are sometimes silver, but oftener plated metal or red and green lac. I once heard of a school, the pupils in which were trained to walk about with tumblers of cold water on their heads; and when I saw the firm-footed, easy grace of these burden-bearing women, I regretted that the practice was not universal. The pale-faced race may perhaps pride itself on its superiority in the use of the contents of its head, but these dusky

daughters of the sun certainly outdo their more favored sisters in the use they make of the outside of theirs. They carry everything on their heads, jars of water, pieces of cloth, baskets of vegetables, huge bundles of sugar cane, fuel, anything and everything, leaving their hands free for any additional burden.

They do not even carry their little black babies in their arms, but either balance them astride on their shoulders with their little hands on their mother's head, or else astride on one hip, encircled with a strong arm.

I have seen a woman with four water-jars towering on her head and her little baby on her hip, walking along with springy grace, jingling her silver anklets and toe bells as she went.

They sometimes wear large nose-rings through the left nostril, or else a small star-like nail passed through the nose.

Miss Eden says that little black babies are the prettiest in the world, but I cannot agree with her, for although there is something very attractive in the bright dark eyes, and the full, round black limbs, devoid of any covering, still they always looked to me misshapen. Whether it is natural conformation, or the result of their food, I do not know, but seen *en profil* they display the proportions of the typical alderman, with paunches which would do credit to the stoutest of Punch's caricatures.

We passed through dreary mud villages literally swarming with these little creatures, and over miles and miles of flat fields, each with its creaking well worked by a pair of slow-footed bullocks, and green with the young crops, though it is near Christmas.

Near the canals and marshes we saw bright-colored kingfishers darting after their prey, and the meditative-looking, tender-hearted *sarus* birds, that live in pairs, of which if one dies the other pines away until grief ends its solitary life.

At last towards dusk we caught sight of the longed-for white canvas gleaming between the trees of a not distant grove, and a few moments more landed us with a final jolt on the borders of a scene bewildering in its strangeness and its picturesque detail.

In the first place, the sight of four large tents, larger than any I had ever seen except at a flower show, pitched close together, and flanked by some smaller ones, relieved my mind of an overwhelming dread, and left me to take in all the surrounding details with a lightened heart.

How can I describe all I saw? In the distance two huge elephants flapping their ragged ears, and leisurely disposing of haycocks of sugar canes as though they had been straws. Near these, six horses with their blankets on, tied to some trees, and the trusty steed who had borne us over our final troubles reaping the reward of his labors in a vigorous rubbing down and a hearty meal, while the dog-cart was apparently resting its much-abused springs. Then there were the great bullock-carts cleverly balanced on two heavy wheels, and the large, white, lazy-looking bullocks lying beside them, peacefully chewing the cud. Roosting on these same carts were the fowls and guinea fowls whose food is daily disputed by sparrows, green parrots, and numberless little squirrels, not like ours at home, but having a fluffy resemblance to small ferrets, scudding hither and thither with a marvellous rapidity of motion, which they seem to derive in some unaccountable manner from the electricity of their up-turned tails. The crows, which abound—and are more impudent even than English crows—have a sort of gray collar and gray breast, and exactly resemble the pictures of the crow in bands who married Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, in the children's story book. There is no lack of animal life, for three dogs bark us a welcome, a little kitten scampers about with a tail which emulates those of the squirrels, two cows are being milked, and there is a patriarchal-looking flock of goats and kids.

A bright fire sends its tall flames licking up hungrily towards the tree it cannot reach, but only lights up from beneath, and round it are various little holes in the ground filled with charcoal, over which enigmatical little copper vessels are boiling, watched and stirred by the black cook

sitting on his heels, and engaged in preparing, with means which would have filled a French *chef* with despair, a dinner of which, when served, that same French *chef* would not have felt ashamed.

Glancing round, my eye then fell on the pantry department, where the crockery for dinner was laid out in regular piles, the glasses all cleaned and ranged, and the "butler" busy trimming the reading lamps. The next department in order was the laundry, and here the washerman, comfortably squatted in front of his ironing sheet and blanket, surrounded by piles of damp clothes, was leisurely passing a huge iron filled with charcoal over the limp-looking linen.

The white-robed ayah flits in and out of the tents, finding a home for our various possessions, and thither we soon retire.

A delightful picture of comfort which greeted our eyes as, drawing aside the screen of the doorway, we entered the "parlor." Imagine a large room twenty feet square, of double-lined canvas, with a closed-in verandah running all round; the floor carpeted with a pretty, striped cotton drugget; two large tables, the one laid for dinner, the other covered with books and writing materials; chairs of all kinds, cane, bamboo, wood, and finally a bright fire crackling and blazing in the open stove. As I looked in upon this warm, bright scene, so different from my anticipations, my last fears as to "roughing it" melted away, and it was borne in upon my European spirit that comfort of every kind is thoroughly understood in India, and practised as it is only practised by the wealthiest of the wealthy in England. Comfort is a word of England's coining, and in the remote land of their exile her children do not believe their origin.

Our "bedrooms" were equally spacious, and contained large, comfortable beds, a dressing-table, two chairs, a large wooden tub, and, I may even add, a bath-room, for the enclosed verandah which runs round the tent serves as such, and when a march is completed, the water-carrier toils from tent to tent bending under the weight of his heavy sheep-skin filled with water from a neighboring well.

A shooting expedition had been arranged in the neighborhood of our next encampment, and thither we repaired on the following morning—a party of six on horseback, the spare tents, the cooking apparatus, the elephants, and the flocks and herds having been sent on during the night.

We had a refreshing scamper across country for about twelve miles, and then, having duly equipped themselves for wading and shooting, three of our party started off on foot. Our hostess, mine host,—who preferred dry feet and a smaller bag,—and I, scaled one of the elephants by means of a ladder, seated ourselves in the howdah, and started in search of our day's sport. I had a recollection of a former ride on an elephant in the Zoological Gardens, performed in the days of early youth, a source of infinite pride, pleasure, and delight, combined with a secret terror of the huge monster who so meekly obeyed the words and blows of the driver seated below us on his head. I confess to having experienced little of the delight, but also little of the terror, of those happy hours of childhood, but every now and again, when the huge monster gave vent to an unearthly trumpeting sound, which vibrated through its great carcass, I wondered what our position would be, should this remnant of the antediluvian world suddenly take it into his head to resent the blows and prodings dealt out so liberally with a sickle by his driver, and assert his power.

We waded through fields of sugar canes, the elephant uprooting great sheaves of his favorite food with his trunk, and dusting his great cushiony feet with the portions he considered as unfit for food. Then we went slushing through the marsh, and the little snipe started up all round us. They were very shy, but at length we got into a "hot" corner, and did great slaughter, filling our bag very respectably, and adding quail, black partridge, and duck on our way back.

Two or three days succeeded each other much in the same fashion, and then, for the first time, I discovered that

sport and change of air were by no means the aim and object of camp life, and that, the Christmas week holidays having come to an end, it was absolutely necessary that our host should be at a certain town thirty-six miles off on the day but one following. There was to be a great meeting of landowners — zemindars — to receive their new rates of Government assessment from him. Camp life, in fact, forms a part of the round of duties of the greater portion of the Covenanted Civil Service, who go about trying cases in their district, making acquaintance with the people, and acquiring an intimate knowledge of the condition of the country.

We looked forward with a certain amount of pleasure to being spectators of a meeting of several hundred natives, and the event did not disappoint our expectations, for a more picturesque scene I have seldom witnessed.

For miles before we arrived at the scene of action, we kept passing what looked like native outposts on guard, save that there was no uniformity in their appearance. As we passed they saluted us, touching their foreheads with their hands and bowing low over their saddles; and I learned that these were landowners, who would sometimes ride thirty or forty miles, and stand waiting for hours, merely to salute the "Sahib" as he passed. They hope by this mute appeal to soften the heart of the settlement officer, and to get their assessment lowered.

The neighborhood of our camp looked like a large fair. Vehicles of every sort — common bullock-carts, some of them with a second story on the top covered by a thatched roof, others with gayly covered howdahs, dilapidated buggies and dog-carts, were crowded together, and certainly no English or Flemish horse-fair ever displayed such varieties of horse-flesh, both in color and in shape. Piebald horses with pink noses, skewbald horses, white horses covered with large regular round spots and with black legs, like the rocking-horses of our early youth, white horses with bright pink or blue legs, dun, roan, cream-colored, of which you need have known the special idiosyncrasies of each owner in order to foretell what odd contrasts in color their legs and tails would present. They were covered with the most extraordinary saddle-cloths, saddles, and colored cords, and set up a loud whinnying at our approach, which the natives regard as a display of fine spirit.

Wherever our eyes fell they beheld picturesque figures in coats like Joseph's, others in tight-fitting trousers and skirted coats, some of quilted cotton, pink, blue, green, yellow, black, others of cloth, delicate fawn color, deep red, indigo blue, with many-hued turbans to contrast with the other parts of their dress. I here noticed that the natives are not at all susceptible of cold as to their legs, which are almost always among the lower classes fully exposed in all their meagre blackness, almost to the hip; for though it was bitterly cold, and many of the men had thick quilts, they swathed them round their head and shoulders, leaving their nether limbs quite unprotected. Probably, since their legs are so thin, there is nothing to feel the cold, mere bone not being susceptible to variations of temperature.

Having breakfasted, we adjourned to a large tent, where the settlement officer was seated, surrounded by some native clerks and one or two large landowners belonging to another district, and here the natives came up one by one to learn their fate. We had expected some amusing scenes, as the natives are very demonstrative, and their payments were in some cases doubled and even trebled. But the full extent of their misfortunes was evidently not realized until the day following, as we found out later, and so they merely bowed and retired one by one, leaving us barely time to take in the details of the quaint dresses, the eager black faces and bright, restless eyes, as they advanced, the palms of their hands pressed together as if in supplication, which is the attitude in which they always address Europeans. Some of them had on pretty blue and red shawls, not of course the richest kind, but still fine and beautifully worked, but for the greater part they were dressed as I have described above.

One of the landowners of the district, who holds a posi-

tion somewhat similar to that of an English squire, and who is very loyal to the English, begged as a special favor that the ladies of our party would go on the following morning and see his wives, to which request we gladly acceded.

There were some zemindars present, who hate the pale-faced conquerors with an undying hatred. They sent their children to us with presents of fruit and sweetmeats, and they teach these same children to speak of the English with every filthy word of abuse in which their language is rich. They themselves, though apparently regarding an Englishman's shake of the hand as the greatest sign of honor, carefully wash off the defilement the moment they reach home. I will do nature the justice to say that the two I saw had most evil countenances, a warning which all who had eyes to see might profit by.

The following morning we started off on our visit to H. K.'s wives. On our way there, at the spot where we changed horses, we came upon and were pursued by two men whom I took to be violent and dangerous maniacs. They yelled and shouted and wept, shrieked out what to my untutored ears sounded like gibberish, but what was in fact a highly colored lamentation of the evils and miseries which would surely overtake them if the Sahib refused to listen to their prayers and repeal their additional assessment. The noise and clamor were deafening, and their gestures so eminently grotesque that each burst of hysterical grief on their part was greeted with a burst of laughter from us.

At last, when the horses were ready, we drove off, and then, with fresh cries of "Alas! we are dead, we are dead!" they cast themselves down before the carriage, grovelling in the dust, making us into a sort of improvised Juggernaut, taking, however, great care to leave room for the dog-cart to pass between. After this, seeing that our hearts were hardened, they rose up and pursued their way, calmly laughing and talking to each other, and leaving us unmolested.

Shortly after this incident we arrived at the house of H. K., a great, dreary, brick building, a heterogeneous mass of courts and square towers, with a flat roof. We drove into a desolate-looking court-yard, where our host in his "Sunday best," with his two sons, fat black boys, and many attendants, received us.

We were escorted up a narrow, dark, stone staircase, into the principal room, a large, half-furnished, unfinished looking place, with windows all round looking into the court-yard. Here we left the gentlemen of our party, and were escorted by our host towards the apartments of his wives. To our great relief, Mr. S.'s little boy was allowed to accompany us. He speaks Hindostanee like a native, and as his mother's command of the language was limited and mine confined to three words, we regarded him as the interpreter of our sentiments. I may as well state at once that this young gentleman proved utterly unworthy of the post to which he was appointed, for, from the moment when we entered the presence of the ladies to the moment when we left it, cajoleries, rebukes, sarcasms, proved alike unavailing, and he preserved a stolid and impenetrable silence.

We followed our host up and down narrow stone staircases, into what seemed to be the holiest of holies, so carefully was it screened from view; but a more dreary-looking prison I never saw.

In a little bare room open to the sky we suddenly came upon a hideous, fat, dishevelled woman, half dressed in a dirty white garment, whom I for a moment suspected of being her to whom our visit was due. But we passed her by with a mutual stare, and entered a sort of battlemented space looking over a dreary, grass-grown court-yard, where several women stood huddled against the wall, eagerly looking toward us with outstretched necks. We were led past them into a small, dark room, with no windows and only the one door by which we entered, and which was filled by a large round table covered with an English table-cover, and seven great arm-chairs, also English, in solemn order. Three of the women, taking off their shoes, entered after us; we all took our seats, and then followed a silent

pause, in which we all surveyed each other with shy curiosity.

At length Mrs. S. bravely summoned up courage to break the silence, and with a supreme effort started a conversation with our host during which I surveyed his belongings.

Next to me sat a fat, ugly woman, H. K.'s cousin, holding on her knee his youngest child, an ugly little creature, fat and black. It was dressed in green and gold, with long petticoats to its feet, and a sort of loose dressing-gown lined with pink silk over that, and a tight little green silk "pork-pie," embroidered with gold, on its head.

Next in order came the favorite wife, young and pretty, with a sweet face, Egyptian in type, beautiful dark eyes, an aquiline nose, and a full, well-cut mouth, disfigured by daubs of red from the betel nut which they constantly chew, and which is the color of vermilion. She was splendidly dressed in a thick, mauve-colored silk, the skirt being bordered at the bottom with green and gold, and a sort of half jacket of the same on the body. Her head and the upper part of her figure were veiled in a delicate gauzy material, also mauve-colored, with a hem of gold embroidery round it. She was literally smothered in jewelry, rough in workmanship, but very effective. A sort of necklace of gold, pearls, and uncut stones hung over her forehead, surmounted by her veil (the prettiest possible head-dress), from her ears depended long ear-rings which touched her shoulders, and round her neck were numberless strings of pearls and precious stones, which fell in one mass to her waist.

Her arms also were covered nearly up to the elbow; and on asking to examine her bracelets, I was allowed to do so. As I took the warm, soft, little hand in mine, I wondered whether after all a black skin is not preferable to a white one, the color is so rich and deep.

Next to this attractive little creature sat the other wife, the mother of the two boys, an old woman, so fat and so ugly that a glance at her was enough. She was very plainly dressed, and wore no jewels, and I wondered how she liked her deposition, and also whether the jewels had been hers, and how she bore the transfer of them from her portly person to that of her younger rival.

The movement of withdrawal which we now made was the signal for a ceremony with which I could have dispensed. The young wife produced a bottle of attar of roses, out of which she poured a yellow, oily-looking substance like marrow fat. As the pure perfume is so expensive, they pound up sandal wood and mix with it; though how that mixture can produce anything so greasy, I do not understand. She held out her hand and anointed our palms with the greasy compound, after which she also put some on our handkerchiefs. The scent was overpowering and sickening, and for days afterwards we could not get rid of it; it seemed to cling to everything we touched, or even looked at.

A large white handkerchief was next brought forth, and out of a knot tied in one corner Mrs. H. K. the younger took some silver rupees and a gold mohur and handed them to Harry, who salaamed, but was desired by his mother to return them, which he did — reluctantly. I was sorry too, for I coveted the gold mohur, it is such a handsome coin.

We then rose, relieved that our visit was at an end, and with many bows and salaams and hand-shakings we turned away and left our less fortunate sisters to their dreary life. They pass their days squatted on pieces of cloth in the dreary rooms or out on the roof, with no interest or occupation save the occasional visit from or to a relation. I hear that they are some of them beginning to feel the want of a different life, and have asked to be allowed to learn to sing and draw; and the wife of one Rajah, who is cleverer than her sisters, and whose husband is devoted to her, transacted some of his business for him during a recent illness, and even received the visits of men. But they say that the social revolution will be a very slow one, and that our dusky sisters will have to wait a long time for

their "rights." I felt very sad for them when we walked out free and happy into the bright sunshine.

H. K. mounted his horse and accompanied us to the boundary of his property, expressing great pleasure in our visit. He said it would raise him in the estimation of all the country round, and that we had conferred a great honor, etc., etc. Mr. S. interpreted my admiration of the young wife's jewels, and he said that had he known of our proposed visit sooner, she should have worn many more, as she possessed a great quantity; and I inwardly wondered where she would have worn them; as there did not appear to be room for another ornament on her little person.

After many highly-colored speeches he galloped away and left us, and we wondered what impression we had made on our hostesses. Mrs. S. was in her riding-habit, in which dress they generally take Englishwomen for men; and I had on warm serge and fur clothes, which I dare say they thought looked dull and unfestive.

This was the last noteworthy event in our week of camp life, our last pleasant day. For there is — shall I confess it? — a "darker side," and that we soon experienced.

The weather suddenly became bitterly cold; cold, clear, frosty nights were followed by days in which a keen wind searched out every chink and opening in our tents, and whistled in, drying up our skins, covering everything with dust, and making our lives a burden to us. It is true we had a stove, but as we marched every day, it followed us slowly on a bullock-cart, and only came up with us late in the afternoon, and till then we sat shivering, wrapped in shawls and blankets, vainly striving to keep warm. I had not time to experience it, but I can quite imagine that after a few weeks the constant moving becomes monotonously wearisome.

However, on the third day of this disagreeable change of weather our expedition came to an end, and we entered the town which was our destination in such a cloud of dust as I hope never to see again. The town was obscured by what seemed to us like a dense November fog, and which proved in fact to be a dust cloud, from which we emerged nearly stifled, with our mouths, noses, ears and eyes full, and powdered over from head to foot like millers.

The drawback to camp life is the being so completely dependent on the weather; but the four winter months are usually cool and sunshiny, and the days of great cold and of biting wind are rare, and it only rains for a few days at Christmas. For the rest of the time one may count on fine weather; and so it must be acknowledged that two or three months of this fresh, cool, open-air life forms a pleasing variety to the other months in the stations down on the plains, where the heat is so great that even the birds pant with their beaks open.

I am painfully aware that there is a paucity of events and stirring incidents in this little account of a week of camp life; but then Indian life is for the most part made up, like English life, of minor details, which are trifling in themselves, but which in the aggregate make a wonderful difference — the difference between "exile" and "home."

PAULINE LUCCA.

THERE is not much extravagance after all in the dear old fairy tales of the nursery. In the operatic world alone we have had record in our day of transformations quite as surprising as those accomplished by the wonder-working godmother of Cinderella. If pumpkins have not actually changed into gilded carriages, and lizards into running footmen in gorgeous liveries, more than once within our knowledge and recognition, now a peasant girl, as in the instance of Christine Nilsson, now a delicate child born into the world from the humblest and poorest parentage, as in the case of the charming *cantatrice*, whose name is inscribed at the head of this paper, has been lifted by acclamation from her lowly condition to a very throne of lyric sovereignty. Penury has been exchanged for opu-

lence. Obscurity has given place to sudden renown—and this not simply for a season, or among a clique, but for years together, and in obedience to the mandate of the most refined circles of the most highly civilized capitals of Christendom.

Mademoiselle Pauline Lucca, as the opera-going public of London still love best to call her, though for upwards of seven years past she has been Madame La Baronesse Von Rohden, is in point of fact, as we have but just now intimated, the daughter of parents, worthy it is true, but who were of the lowest grade in the social scale, and from her birth upwards, steeped to the lips in poverty. Such in effect was their impoverishment that they were unable even to provide education for their children. Their obscure dwelling was in one of the humblest quarters of the capital of Austria—a city which by a terrible *not* that has long passed current in both hemispheres has, in one and the same breath, been flattered and (we will hope) libelled as the wealthiest and wickedest on the European continent. There Pauline was born in 1840; and there, at Vienna, she passed the whole period of her girlhood until she was nineteen. Her family name, afterwards Italianized in her instance, in obedience to a professional instinct, into Lucca, was originally Lucas. The race from which she came both on the father's and the mother's side was Jewish. The religion of her parents and their progenitors, however, she has long since abandoned. Her acceptance of Revelation has advanced from the Old to the New Testament. Already we have said that so narrow were the circumstances of her home that the offspring of her parents' marriage were denied the advantage of education. Happily, however, for the fortunes of the future Prima Donna, early note was taken—by one who nobly proved himself to be capable of seeing to its development—of the fact that by nature she was gifted with a voice of the rarest compass and sweetness, and, what was yet worthier of consideration in its regard, of a really heart-thrilling and soul-stirring resonance. The discoverer who luckily mined-out quite by accident this uncut Kohinoor was a professional singer—evidently one of great sagacity, and who in the very manner of his yielding to the dictates of his own unaided judgment showed for years together that he had the courage of his conviction. Under his watchful care—his name, by the way, was Erl—the child's voice, with her own growth and strength, grew and strengthened. With all an artist's enthusiasm he devoted himself to the cultivation of the organ, of the skill, and of the general knowledge of the young vocalist. He himself was her instructor. And his care was not thrown away; in every instance she responded to his instructions.

At fifteen years of age, that is, in 1855, she obtained her first engagement. This was in that favorite haunt of the Viennese, the Karinth Thor Theatre. It was, of course, in a subordinate position. Simultaneously at this period, the young Fräulein used to assist in the choir at the religious services in the Karl Kirche, the very church in which twelve years previously the then choristers had first performed young Charles Gounod's solemn mass for voices only, without a note of orchestral or even of organ accompaniment. Pauline Lucca toiled on most assiduously, singing nightly in the choruses at the Karinth Thor Theatre, taking part weekly in the Karl Kirche in the choral chime of the Motettes and Masses.

At length, in 1856, when she was barely sixteen, there came to her—her opportunity. It came to her quite unexpectedly, but she saw it and seized it so effectively that from that moment her fortunes were assured. It presented itself to her, this golden opportunity, not in the theatre, but in the sacred edifice, in the Karl Kirche, where, through the unavoidable absence one forenoon of the leading soprano, the young Fräulein, hitherto hid in the background, was called to the front as the solo-singer upon this sudden emergency. Those who were fortunately present were electrified. The youthful *débutante* covered herself with distinction. Her improvised performance created a profound sensation. Those most competent to judge as to her vocal capabilities, meaning the principal

musical professors of the Austrian capital, clubbed together the means that might enable her to perfect her training to the utmost possible advantage. Here, again, this born Queen of Song profited to the full of her unlooked-for opportunity. The improvement evidenced by her under tuition was swift and signal. It surpassed even the most sanguine expectation.

Three years had scarcely elapsed when she had fully qualified herself at once as a linguist and as a vocalist for any professional engagement that might be offered. Her reputation among the *cognoscenti* was such that she had not long to wait. A proposition came to her that she should appear upon the lyrical stage in Italian character. With this offer, which reached her from the chief city of Moravia, she at once closed. And, according to agreement, she appeared for the first time, in the September of 1859, upon the operatic boards of the Theatre at Olmütz. Her *début* was made as Elvira in Verdi's "Ernani," which had originally been produced at the Scala fifteen years previously. So triumphant was the success achieved by the new Prima Donna, that terms of the most flattering kind rapidly poured in upon her from all parts of Germany. Alluring though many of them were, she was proof against all temptation. Inspired probably by a sense of gratitude towards the city which had first enabled her to give evidence of her surpassing powers as a songstress, she renewed her engagement with the director of the Olmütz Opera House. If so, as the event soon proved, her feeling towards the public generally, there, was fully justified, though her confidence in the manager can hardly be said to have been reciprocated.

Allusion is here made, in effect, to an eminently characteristic incident by the circumstances of which her popularity was at once and very signally heightened. The occurrence was simply this—a personal insult having been directed against her by one of her sister-artists on the establishment, Pauline Lucca forthwith gave the operatic manager clearly to understand that unless an apology of the fullest kind were at once made by the delinquent, she herself, the Prima Donna, would never again appear before the Olmütz play-goers. Outraged apparently by what seemed to him to be a threat, and abiding sternly by the written terms of their agreement, the Director of the Theatre, as if in retaliation, gave her due notice, just as explicitly, that if she persevered in the determination she had announced, he, as authorized by the contract, would immediately subject her to the penalty of imprisonment. Recognizing her taskmaster's right, but firm in her own resolution, Pauline Lucca coolly walked to the Citadel of Olmütz and, giving herself up to its officials, there underwent four-and-twenty hours of voluntary incarceration. Directly this adventure became known, with its curious blending of haughtiness and submission, of pride and indignation, on the part of the young heroine who was already so much of a popular favorite by reason of her many rare gifts and accomplishments, an extraordinary commotion was excited, one that assumed to itself upon the instant a very threatening character. Alarmed at this, the manager at length saw fit—though too late, of course, to mitigate Mademoiselle Lucca's very natural wrath with himself—to persuade the lady who had insulted the Prima Donna to give in, at the eleventh hour, the required apology. Immediately upon the release from the citadel, the *cantatrice*, in spite of this apology, at once resolutely and peremptorily closed her Olmütz engagement. From Moravia she went to Bohemia, where, at Prague, in the March of 1860, she made her appearance with astounding success as Valentine in the "Huguenots" of Meyerbeer. Shortly afterwards she won an equally startling triumph as the Queenly Druidess in the "Norma" of Bellini. The grand opera, in its most pretentious form, she was not only equal to, in the way of fulfilling all its loftier and stately requirements, but it was obviously her *forte*, her specialty, her very mission in life as an artist to undertake in it, and triumph over, the difficulties involved in the adequate embodiment of its noblest impersonations.

Pauline Lucca assumed her place by right on the same

lofty place with Malibran de Beriot, with Giudetta Pasta, with Viardot Garcia, with Giulietta Grisi. It was not simply that she possessed an exquisite voice, or that she had perfected her mastery over all its artistic capabilities, but she revealed quite as unmistakably by her acting, by her very presence, as well as by her impassioned vocalization that she was endowed with a soul and genius capable of rousing her hearers to the utmost pitch of emotional enthusiasm. Those who had ever seen the Valentine of Viardot, could — not simply tolerate, but — exult in the nearly equally marvellous rendering of that grandest character in, we are almost tempted to say, that grandest of all grand operas, the "Huguenots!" In her lamenting cry "E come io mai potei mertar cotanto oltraggio!" in the closing scene of the first act, one seemed to have a dim and pathetic foreshadowing at once of what was to come! And worthy of the august climax of that most impressive of all our lyrical tragedies was — nay, happily still is to this very day — her affecting and now unapproachable performance. For that climax her hearers have been in a manner prepared by the tender last appeal addressed with tearful eyes and trembling lips to her nearly distraught and recalcitrant lover immediately before the close of the third act: "Raoul, il mio dolore dunque spregia il tuo cuore?" Yet, prepared though we may be, thus we are none the less surprised by the genius of the songstress when that crowning scene of all is reached in the incomparable fourth act — that marvellous scene in the cemetery, with the Church of Saint Germain on one side, and the gate opening into the Piazza on the other — that wondrous scene which we regard (through our tears) with eyes yet fresh from watching the blithe dance of the courtiers in the Hotel de Nesle in celebration of the marriage of Margaret with Henry King of Navarre! Throughout it, through all its most tragic and pathetic horrors, as previously through the rhythmic beat on the ball-room floor of the footfall of the dancers, the clang of the great bell of Saint Germain falls ever and anon, in the red-hot passion of that tumult of emotion, as though it were the very sledge of doom descending "with measured beat and slow" upon the anvil where the fates of the hero and heroine are being welded together. Nothing surely can ever surpass that astonishing scene as, happily for us, again and again, it has been presented to our sight and hearing. Wielding his *bâton* in the centre of the orchestra, that Prince of Conductors, Sir Michael Costa! As the Raoul di Nangis of the night, the now lost, but once peerless Mario! As the Valentina, one while, it might be, Viardot Garcia, another while, later on, as happily may even yet be nowadays, Pauline Lucca! To and fro, hither and thither, in the ebb and flow, in the whirl and passion of the scene — first of all with a stealthy mingling of anguish and trepidation that became merged at last in tumultuous horror — Raoul and Valentine, as it might be, Mario and Lucca, would lay bare to us all the very soul of love in their looks and voices, *she* especially in her impassioned address to her imperilled lover, "E così dunque io ti vedro perire?" Alternately audible through the pauses of their agonized songs of love in despair and desolation — now the prayerful and choral voices of the Huguenots heard, without, appealing to Heaven for strength under their massacre — now the solemn organ tones pealing from the church, mingled with the sombre chant of the conspirators offering the doomed the alternative of death or abjuration — the bourdon of St. Germain booming at measured intervals — the whole closing, with a blood red flash and a stench of gunpowder, with the ripping crash of a fusillade! It is especially in the midst of a scene like this, in the crisis of a situation making the largest demand upon her histrionic and vocal capabilities for its adequate rendering, that Pauline Lucca has always the most readily and absolutely indicated her artistic supremacy. It was the same, though, of course, in a haughtier, a serener, and an austerer spirit with her Norma. Then her rapturous apostrophe to the moon, "Casta Diva, che inargenti," there could hardly be a more lofty or a more august specimen of sonorous vocalization. Tenderer or more

pathetic accents again could hardly be conceived than those with which, in the tremulous and tearful "Deh! con te, con te li prendi," she commends her children (and Pollio's) to the care of Adelgisa. As the culmination of the whole passion of the plot and character, her "Qual cor tradisti, qual cor perdisti," clings like a poignantly barbed and poisoned arrow to the remembrance. In such representations at the present moment she has, in truth, no one to compete with her, any more than she has in another yet more exceptional character which has, later on, to be particularized, meaning Selika in "L'Africaine," of which indeed she was the original impersonator, and in the portrayal of which she has remained, from first to last, wholly unrivalled.

Consequent upon her rapidly successive and triumphantly successful appearance at Prague in "Norma" and the "Huguenots," the young *cantatrice* secured at once a large share in the vice-regal or proconsular court patronage. Conspicuous among those who regarded her with the liveliest interest were the Princess Colloredo, the sister of the Governor of Bohemia, the Count Clam Gallas, and other notable personages unnecessary here to be particularized.

It so happened, at this time, when Lucca, fresh from her first triumph at Olmütz, was thus newly become the talk of all Prague, that Meyerbeer was still eagerly awaiting, as he had been, for several years previously, the discovery of some entirely fresh soprano capable of undertaking the part of the heroine of his last completed grand opera of "Vasco di Gama," or, as it was originally called, "L'Africaine." That illustrious composer was then at the head of the Berlin Hof-Opera Theatre as Director. Through long waiting and unnumbered disappointments he had begun at last to despair of ever finding any one qualified to sing the daring and audacious music set down by him for the slave Selika. At last — at last — almost (it must have seemed to him) too good to be true — there came to him from Prague tidings of the new operatic star said to be there so rapidly and radiantly in the ascendant. She had the enviable advantage of youth combined with great personal attractions. She had the incommunicable gift of genius. She had a voice of unwonted compass, which, through skilled tuition, was placed entirely at the command of her judgment. Her qualifications were precisely the very ones he was in search of. He opened negotiations at once with the songstress, through her accredited representative, and eagerly secured her services for three seasons at the Berlin Opera House. The arrangement for her was doubly advantageous. It brought her more prominently than ever before a conspicuous gathering of her music-loving contemporaries. And it ensured for her during the three years of her sojourn in the Prussian capital the priceless boon of having the willing advice and instruction of the Director of the Hof-Opera Theatre himself, world-famous as the composer of three of the grandest operas in the modern *répertoire*, the "Roberto," the "Prophète," and the "Huguenots." In his selection of Pauline Lucca as the interpreter at last of the most difficult part of all in his long-delayed grand opera of "L'Africaine," he was by the radiant result more than simply justified.

Her success at Berlin, especially as Selika, was enormous and resplendent. In delaying the production of his piece until her arrival, Meyerbeer found that he had indeed acted wisely. Warily as the time, for him, at intervals, must have dragged on, it was in no way time lost. Such a Selika as could not otherwise have been procured was in her eventually discovered. In 1862 — as it happened, only two years before his lamented death — Meyerbeer had the immense satisfaction, the consolation it might even be said, of seeing his last grand opera, in five acts, produced. From her earliest utterance in the fourth scene of the first act, where she begins recounting the terrible ocean storm, in the midst of which she and her fellow-sufferers had been captured, "Fatti fummo prigionieri sopra l'immenso mar," she proved herself worthy of the difficult task entrusted to her, and capable of satisfying even the

composer's own ultra-fastidious taste and exorbitant aspirations. Her tender lullaby to the sleeping Vasco as he lies stretched upon the bench in the prison of the Inquisition, at the opening of the second act, "In grembo a me del sol figliuol," till her song breaks off into the soft, yet impassioned, "Tranquillo e già" comes as an exquisite prelude to the impetuous scene that follows immediately thereupon with the other slave, Nelusko. When her performance on repetition came to be more attentively examined, it was remarked that in the septett she so carefully economized her powers that her voice was only raised at those moments when in reason it might be expected to predominate. From a superficial observation of this, it was at first imagined, and the belief was eagerly bruited about by the more cynically disposed that, in spite of the obvious evidence to the contrary of her youth and freshness, the *artiste's* organ was already worn and exhausted. The truth being, on the contrary, as just now implied by what we have said in regard to her economizing her powers, that the newly-discovered prima donna was only taking excessive precautions to avoid the risk of its becoming prematurely deteriorated. The *bizarre* costume in which she was arrayed as Selika, exactly copied as it was from the barbaric dress first made familiar to the public eye by Mlle. Saxe, some of the more fastidious regarded as tending rather to mar than to enhance the charm of her youthful appearance. Her gesticulation, it was objected, moreover, was occasionally odd and irregular. Otherwise, there could not be two opinions as to her graces of person, any more than there could be as to the lustrous beauty of her glance and the range of her high soprano voice, which readily reached C in alt, even dwelling upon it with a silvery resonance. Her acting, here and there, in "L'Africaine" was, no doubt, of almost feverish impulsiveness. But, towards the close, it was subdued to a pathos that was simply irresistible. Her warbling tones under the fatal tree, the tropical upas of the Mancanilla, "Addio mio Vasco caro, io ti perdono," with her musing song as she contemplates the insidious bloom of the death-breathing crimson blossoms—"O ridente color, O fior vermiglio e bello," sank upon the ear with a wild and haunting tenderness. Remembering that her stature is of the smallest—she is, in point of fact, nearly as *petite* as Madame Gaetani Piccolomini—one might be disposed to wonder at the command she has obtained over some of the loftiest types of character in the Grand Opera, only that the same seeming anomaly has been witnessed not infrequently before now, on the histrionic stage. When Edmund Kean, for example, a mighty actor but a little man, entering upon the scene as Lear to the cry of "It is the King," touched himself with a rapid motion of both hands upon the breast, and then raising his outstretched arms high above his head, exclaimed, "Aye, every inch a King!" his bearing we are told was so majestic that the tallest person beside him on the stage seemed dwarfed, while he himself appeared to be almost colossal. So, in some kindred degree, is it with Pauline Lucca. Her diminutive stature is forgotten in the queenly Norma, in the more impassioned part of Valentina, and in those statelier scenes of barbarian pomp in which Selika drops the slave and appears as the sovereign.

Such was the reputation the Austrian *débutante* at once acquired on her triumphant reception in the Berlin Hof-Opera Theatre that she received from the Imperial Academy of Music at Paris, the most pressing offer of an engagement. Tempting though the proposition was, she declined it—even though its acceptance was strongly urged upon her, magnanimously enough, by her arch-adviser, the Director Meyerbeer. When, later on, the composer recommended her yet more strongly to close with the next proposal coming to her, this time not from France but England, Pauline Lucca wisely yielded her assent. The agreement then entered into was with Mr. Frederick Gye, the Manager of the Royal Italian Opera Company at Covent Garden. There, on Saturday the 18th July, 1863 (not yet quite ten years ago!), in accordance with the arrangement which had been negotiated, the much talked of Prima

Donna, whose chief glory as yet (simply as a name) was that she had been selected by Meyerbeer to take the chief soprano part in his grand opera of "Vasco di Gama," duly made her appearance. The character chosen for her *début* was one of the most dangerous and difficult she could well have assumed—for it was one that inevitably brought her into direct comparison with one of the most consummate *artistes* of the modern lyrical stage. Nevertheless, she held her ground resplendently as Valentia in "Gli Ugonotti," even in our vivid and grateful remembrance of Viardot Garcia's superb impersonation of the heroic-souled and gentle-hearted daughter of the Conde di San Bris. Pauline Lucca was accepted and applauded as one worthy of the high position to which she had been advanced. The opera-goers of London endorsed or confirmed the opinion already so strongly expressed by the music lovers of Berlin, of Vienna, of Prague, and of Olmütz. Notwithstanding the brilliant welcome thus accorded to her in the English capital, it is curious to remember now that, with the ball then lying at her feet, in what seemed at the moment like a mere freak of petulant disdain, the young songstress, by an abrupt decision, tossed it from her again capriciously. In the height of her success she suddenly quitted London, with the intimation simply that her health was injured by the Thames! To all appearance it was a question about "the terms," and not the Thames, on second thoughts, not being entirely to her satisfaction. What had so unexpectedly led to this falling out between herself and the management happily proved in the end, however, to be a tiff that readily admitted of adjustment. When the next season but one came round, that of 1865, Mademoiselle Lucca was cordially welcomed back again at Covent Garden, where her presence was all the more acceptable because, there and then, with her powerful coöperation, Meyerbeer's long looked for "L'Africaine" was at length produced. Other parts were added to her repertory, and her position was thenceforth recognized as securely established. From that date, season by season, she has shared with the little *Diva*, Madame Adelina Patti, in the honors attendant upon every *prima donna assoluta*. Between Berlin and London her time since then has for the most part been alternated. In each capital she is an equal favorite. Before the year of her second engagement here in England had run out, Pauline Lucca was united in marriage, in the November of 1865, to the Baron von Rohden. Her wedded life, however, lasted no more than a single lustre, her husband, slain in battle in 1870, falling one of the hardly numerable victims of the great war between France and Germany. It was during the first year of her married life, namely, in 1866, that Mme. Pauline Lucca, now Baroness von Rohden, first appeared at Covent Garden as Leonora in "La Favorita," that questionable but most charming of all the serious operas of Donizetti. In the Ferdinando of Mario she had as her support, of course, a very tower of strength, that being, in truth, one of the great tenore's most exquisite impersonations. If her Italian pronunciation could hardly be regarded as so perfect as that so marvellously acquired by the German Piccolomini, the music of Leonora, it could not but be allowed, suited the voice to absolute perfection. During the autumn of the year in which she achieved this new success, she essayed, with but indifferent effect, at Baden-Baden to enact the heroine in Gounod's *chef d'œuvre* of "Faust e Margherita." The Badenese themselves, to all appearance, considered the performance little less than a fiasco. While they could not but recognize the charm and grace of her youthful appearance they regarded her less as the Gretchen of Goethe than as a girlish grisette. Some even insisted that in her rendering of the part a certain coarseness, instead of delicacy, was perceptible. Exception was still taken, moreover, in some quarters, to the young *artiste's* voice, or, at least, to the upper notes of it, as hard and metallic—to her gestures (occasionally) as angular and eccentric—to her manner, as having about it a flavor or suspicion of the picaroon—to her execution, even, as lacking refinement. By the time the very next season had arrived, however, there was a hush at last to all such carping hypercriticisms. The new prima donna asso-

luta had made her mark so effectually, that her depreciators were silenced. She was none the less a grand *artiste*, it was now recognized, because of the smallness of her dimensions. Critically regarded, even by the cynics, her performances during 1867 were allowed to have lost to her nothing of that popularity which had all along been hers among those portions of her audience to whom she was naturally acceptable. Season by season since then the whole mass (of her audience) has become so leavened. For an interval, at least, Madame Pauline Lucca's more than simply amicable relations with the operatic world of London and Berlin have had to be interrupted, the fair songstress having taken her departure across the Atlantic on a professional tour through the United States — a tour to which allusion was first formally made at the commencement of the season of 1873 through Mr. Gye's annual programme. Her success in America, we doubt not, will vie with that she has already achieved in Europe. By the *habitués* of the Royal Italian her return to the boards of Covent Garden is anticipated with eagerness even now, before she has actually taken her departure homewards. In the roll-call of the great *artistes* attached to that noble home of the lyrical drama in this country her name is missed, even for an interval, with regret. Second on that list to Adelina Patti, but second only to her, Pauline Lucca can be spared only for a while and even then but grudgingly.

THE HAUNTED CASK.

AFTERNOON on a bright, warm, voluptuous day, such as only the tropics can produce; in the foreground, the great panorama of Bombay outspread in the dazzling sunshine; behind, the broad blue sweep of the encircling sea, now in one of its holiday humors, dancing and sparkling as if nothing so wicked as a storm had ever entered its mind; and in the centre of the picture, the good ship Australian, bound from Bombay to Southampton, with freight and passengers as per advertisement.

The packet's time and steam are both very nearly up, and most of the "homeward bound" are already on board. Several bronzed and bearded shekaries, laden with skins, not of wine, but of bears and tigers, and nervously anxious about the comfortable stowage of their favorite rifles; a good many very yellow-looking disciples of the H. E. I. C. S. overwhelmed by an avalanche of pugree; swarms of picturesque native servants, looking woefully chop-fallen at the prospect of a voyage across the "black water" to that dismal island where there is no sun, and a great deal too much fog; a statistical M. P. who has been out here to gather materials for a book upon the cost of the Indian Army, extracts from which he insists upon reading to every one he meets, a practice which has already earned him the name of the "Ancient Mariner;" a diplomatic young engineer, who, having brought on board a huge and ferocious cockatoo, as a present for his rich aunt at home, has just had his thumb nearly bitten off by the savage animal, and is trying to look as if it didn't hurt him; two or three clergymen of various denominations, sedulously avoiding each other; sundry officers going home on leave; and, better than all, an abundance of ladies. Sprightly ladies who have lost their husbands, comforting forlorn ladies who have not yet found them; enterprising ladies who have been all over the world, patronizing timid ladies who "daren't go anywhere by themselves;" strong-minded ladies who have come out with the intention of extirpating heathenism altogether (and are coming home without having done it), declaiming against the wicked obstinacy of the "benighted idolaters;" and others besides, too numerous to mention.

But, although the packet might seem to be pretty well filled, the captain evidently does not think the tale complete, to judge by the way in which he is leaning over the side and looking shoreward. Plainly, there is "something more coming," as children say towards the end of a Christmas dinner; and here, sure enough, comes the

"something more" at last, in the form of a slight, girlish-looking, very pretty young lady, in deep mourning, attended by two maids and a whole boatful of luggage, conspicuous amid which, to the visible amazement of the lookers-on, is a huge, punchy, substantial-looking cask, capable of containing enough liquor to elevate the entire ship's company.

"Glad to see you again, Mrs. Errington; hope you'll be comfortable with us," says the captain heartily, as his new passenger comes timidly up the side. "I've got all ready for you down below, and if there's anything else you'd like, you've only to name it."

"Thank you very much, Captain Prescott," answers the lady, in a timid little voice like the chirp of a shy canary. "Will you be so very kind as to have these things taken down to my state-cabin — and — and that cask, please, along with them?"

"This moment, ma'am," answers the gallant skipper, manfully keeping down the shade of surprise that struggles into his face at this unexpected postscript. "George, just pass that cask down along with the lady's luggage, and see that it don't get hurt on the road."

Fortunately, most of the passengers were too fully engrossed with their own concerns to notice the astounding "lady's companion" which Mrs. Errington thus commended to the captain's good offices; but the sailors were more observant. They exchanged looks big with solemn meaning; and a few hours later, when the shores of India had already begun to fade into the purple shadows of the evening sky, the "cask-question" was brought forward for serious consideration by the Conscript Fathers of the fore-castle.

"Did yer ever?"

"Ain't that a pretty start, just!"

"Who'd ever ha' thought it?"

"Well, I am blowed! To think o' a niminy-piminy little creetur like that 'ere, what yer might blow away wi' a puff out o' a baccy-pipe, layin' in as much grog as 'ud serve a foremast-man for a twelvemonth!"

"Well, what o' that?" remarks sententially old Jack Davitt, the Solomon of the fore-castle. "Mark my words, my bo's: it's just them as yer wouldn't expect to do things, what allus *does* do 'em!"

"It's a burnin' shame, anyhow — that's what it is!" strikes in Bill Sawyer, whose fiery complexion shows that his interest in the liquor question is not purely theoretical. "To think o' one little bit of a 'ooman a-keepin' all that 'ere good stuff to herself, while there's hundreds o' God's creeturs a-pinin' (as one may say) for want on't!"

"Aye, Bill, yer may well be grumpy! sitch a lot o' lush aboard, and you not a-goin' to get none!"

"And then they talks o' *our* drinkin'!" pursues Bill, too indignant to notice this innuendo. "Who ever seed one o' us drink a whole cask to once? And yet, I'll bet ye a week's grog, as that 'ere young 'ooman, when she gets ashore at Sou'ampton, 'ull be a-goin' on to everybody 'bout 'the habitooal 'tostication o' English sailors!' Now what, I axes yer, *what* kind o' fair play d'ye call that 'ere?"

And the orator, overwhelmed by the thought of such monstrous injustice, relapsed into gloomy silence.

But this theory speedily proves to be as unfounded as popular theories usually are. The way in which the obnoxious cask, when once fairly ensconced in a corner of Mrs. Errington's state cabin, is walled in, or rather buried, by a mountain of trunks, boxes, and bags, amply vindicates the sobriety of its charming owner; for the most confirmed toper would hardly have taken the trouble to pull down and rebuild such a barricade every time that he might feel the need of "a drop of comfort." But the failure of this solution only enhanced the interest of the puzzle, not merely with the sailors, but among the passengers likewise. And, moreover, the mystery seemed to concentrate itself exclusively upon the cask; for with regard to herself, Mrs. Errington (whose winning ways and delicate beauty speedily made her a universal favorite) had no reserve whatever. It was soon known that she had come out from England about three years before with her husband,

a wealthy civilian, considerably older than herself; that Mr. Errington had died in one of the up-country stations, bequeathing her the whole of his property; and that she was now returning to England, with the intention of remaining there. This union of wealth, beauty, and friendlessness, combined with the charmingly helpless timidity of her manner, at once laid the whole masculine section of the community at her feet—from pompous old Mr. Chutney, of the great Calcutta house of Chutney and Currie, down to mischievous little Ensign O'Naughtie, who was three years younger than herself—but the old adage of "Love me, love my dog," was in this case anything but verified. Three fourths of the bachelor passengers loved Mrs. Errington, or said they did; but they were very far from loving her cask likewise. Their only feeling towards it was one of direct personal hostility. An article so closely guarded by its mistress, and involving a secret which she refused to impart to them, was clearly a dangerous rival; and but for the manner in which this unpopular talisman was entombed beneath unnumbered packages, some of these audacious spirits would very probably have attempted its destruction, or, at any rate, the probing of the mystery of its contents.

"Too bad, sir—altogether too bad!" said Mr. Chutney to his friend and confidant Noliver, of the H. E. I. C. S. "We ought to memorialize the captain about it; 'pon my word; we ought. It's intolerable that a community of respectable Englishmen should be hag-ridden in this way by a confounded cask, that nobody knows anything about."

During the first part of the voyage—namely, from Bombay to the Cape—this novel kind of Pandora's box had a clear field; for after the first bustle of settling down had subsided, the monotony of the passage was unbroken. No shark was obliging enough to catch himself for the general amusement. The albicores and flying-fish obstinately declined to "break the glittering surface with their elfin gambols," according to the form prescribed for them by would-be nautical novelists. Not a single water-spout could be induced to show its face; and considerable excitement was created one morning by the M. P. announcing that "the steward had just mentioned to him having heard the second engineer say that one of the men thought he had seen a sail." In this universal dearth of events, it was not surprising that Mrs. Errington's mysterious possession should assume as prominent an interest as if it had been the casque of Mambrino himself, or that which crushed Master Conrad so unexpectedly in the Castle of Otranto. The Letters of Junius, the Man with the Iron Mask even, were not more absorbingly interesting, or more hopelessly unfathomable. It became the subject of more wagers than the Derby or Mr. Wilkie Collins' "Dead Secret." The captain and first-mate discussed it nightly over their eight o'clock grog; the blue-jacketed parliament in the cook's galley resolved itself into a perpetual Committee of Inquiry on the subject, and always ended by moving that "there must be summut wrong 'bout it"—John Bull's invariable verdict upon anything which he cannot understand. The pretty Miss Fisher, from Poonah, being "surprised by a wholly unexpected proposal" from Captain Veriphast of the —th Native Infantry, accepted him conditionally upon his "finding out all about that horrid cask." The literary M. P. gave it a place in his book upon the Indian Army. Judge Uppinlaw of the High Court, who was as fond of technical definitions as he was of brandy-pawnee, "summed up" Mrs. Errington as "a positive angel modified by a latent cask." Young Mellough-dey, the poet of the Mullagatawny Club (going home on leave), actually worked it into a song, which he wrote off the Mauritius, commencing:—

My soul is like a spacious cask,
With Love hooped up within;

and Mr. Chutney, after supping upon cold pork and Welsh rabbit, washed down with two bottles of stout, awoke yelling from a hideous dream of being crushed to death by the National Debt, in the shape of a cask. The young engineer suggested that the mystic puncheon must contain

some new fashion of crinoline, packed in that way to preserve its rounded proportions. One of Mrs. Errington's chosen female intimates—a lady of proverbial courage—hit upon the brilliant idea of asking her, point-blank, what the cask contained; but the charming widow only cast down her eyes, and answered, with her most bewitchingly childish air, that it was a special keepsake, which no one must know about yet.

As the voyage wore on, a new subject of interest began to dispute the supremacy of the famous cask—namely, the competition of suitors for the good graces of its charming owner. This rivalry had now grown more defined and palpable, owing to the fact that (as Colonel Rasper of the —th Plungers elegantly put it) "the pace was getting severe, and the weedy ones were beginning to tail off." Captain Veriphast had been "withdrawn" by his attachment to Miss Fisher, whose name the young engineer, his cabin-fellow, ungallantly paraphrased into "the judicious Hooker." Ensign O'Naughtie, after a day or two's philandering, had likewise "dropped out of the running"—remarking, with the air of a connoisseur, that these very young women were not his style; which, she being only twenty-two, and he fully nineteen, was natural enough. Old Mr. Chutney, who at first seemed to be further gone than any one, found a salutary check to his passion in "the unwarrantable way in which he had been bullied by that abominable cask," which appeared to have assumed in his eyes the haunting individuality of an evil spirit.

But, notwithstanding these defections, a large number of worshippers still remained true to their allegiance, and of these the most conspicuous was unquestionably Major Leyd E. Kyller, of the —th Light Infantry. Rich enough to have no thought of marriage as a speculation, blasé enough to care little for flirtation as an amusement, he had at first devoted himself to the charming widow with that quiet, confident, half-condescending ease with which the experienced *militaire* of our time is wont to monopolize the prettiest woman in a company. But he was playing with edged tools. Mrs. Errington was just one of those dangerous little creatures whom men pet and protect as children till they suddenly find themselves falling in love with them as women; and it soon became abundantly evident that the novice was more than a match for the veteran. It was curious to see how this man—the admired wit of Bombay dinner-tables, the chosen leader of Simla picnics and up-country gatherings—lost all his wonted fluency and self-reliance as soon as he entered the enchanted circle; and to notice the deep, earnest, tender look which softened and almost glorified his disciplined face, while he talked with the one woman whom he cared for. The finer nature of the man was aroused, as it always must be, at the first touch of a pure and manly affection; and as it awoke, all his apt compliments and well-turned phrases, all the conversational sleights-of-hand which had served him with ordinary women, forsook him one by one. At times he was so absolutely silent in her presence as to make an Irish brother-officer remark that "the meejor niver spoke a word when he was talking to Mrs. Errington." Perhaps the young lady herself was not wholly unconscious of this; but only once did she hazard any allusion to it. They happened to be left together on deck for a few minutes, and the major instantly became so flagrantly tongue-tied, that she ventured to rally him upon the loss of his proverbial fluency.

"How very thoughtful you are to-day, Major Kyller; you must be inventing some wonderful compliment for one of your ladies yonder. I suppose they take up so many of your pretty speeches, that you have none to spare for poor little me!"

The words themselves were not much; but the tone in which they were spoken, and the look that shot them home, might have shaken any man's nerve. The strong soldier shivered from head to foot, as he had never done in marching up to the muzzles of the big guns at Sobraon.

"So you think I'm nothing but a flatterer!" said he bitterly. "Well, perhaps I am to the others; but with you it's different. I can't look in your face, and insult you by

stringing together pretty speeches such as I'd repeat to any woman I met by chance in a drawing-room. In your presence, I must speak the truth, come what may."

She had the tact to change the conversation, and to break off their *tête-à-tête* as soon as possible; but there was a shade more of kindness in her manner towards him from that time. Let small wits sneer as they will at "the power of flattery over women," simple manly earnestness has its weight, nevertheless.

All this time our friend Bill Sawyer (whom we've neglected far too much of late) was anything but easy in his mind. He had indeed, in common with every one else on board, abandoned the theory of Mrs. Errington's taste for liquor; but this only whetted his curiosity with respect to the mysterious cask. It haunted him like the recollection of an unfulfilled duty. He felt himself humbled, both as a man and a sailor, by the existence of a secret which he could not penetrate, and a supply of liquor which he had not shared. He became silent and meditative, as if absorbed in the elaboration of some great project; and, one evening, after a silence so prolonged as to make Jem Blackett, the wit of the fore-castle, hint that "Bill must ha' run his tongue aground atwixt two o' his back teeth," he suddenly began as follows: "Tell ye what it is, my bo—I can't get that 'ere cask out o' my head!"

"Which on 'em, Bill? There's a many casks got into your head since you fust cum aboard!"

"Stop your chaff, and listen to me. Fust goin' off, I was fool enough to think as how that 'ere blessed little hangel meant to drink it all herself, but now I knows better."

"In cource yer does, Bill, now that you wants some on't yourself."

"Just hold your jaw, and listen to me, will yer? If there ain't no liquor in that 'ere cask, why, then, there ain't; but if there be, why, then, ye know, liquor's liquor. Now, that's just what I means to find out, afore I'm a day older."

"And how are you a-goin' for to do that, Bill?"

"I knows what I knows," answered Bill oracularly. "I warn't born at six o'clock yesterday mornin' I warn't. Just you wait a bit."

On the following evening, Bill appeared before his congregated messmates with an air of conscious merit.

"Well, my hearties, I told yer as I'd find out, and I done it!"

"Long life to yer, Bill! you're the boy. How did yer do the trick?"

"Well, I goes aft, so as to come close past where Madam Herrinton was a-sittin', and says I to Sam Jones: 'Sam,' says I, 'If this 'ere heat holds on much longer, some of them spirit-casks 'ull be a-bustin', for sure!' My eyes! you should just ha' seed the face as madam put on, for all the world like a land-lubber when he begins for to feel the up-and-down o' blue water. That 'ere cask's chock-full o' liquor, I'll take my davy; and if I don't have a taste on't afore ever we sights Old England ag'in, I'm a Dutchman!"

"But, hark ye, Bill," struck in Jem Blackett, who was beginning to be jealous of Bill's sudden rise to distinction, "if yer goes and takes some un else's grog, ain't that rayther like thievin' somehow?"

"Jem," answered Bill in the tone of Socrates "shutting up" Protagoras, "you talks like a fool. Answer me this, will yer? Ain't liquor made for to be drunk?"

Unanimous agreement on the part of the assembly.

"Secondly," pursued Bill with a logical air, "if you grants me as how liquor's made to be drunk, don't it stand to reason as it can't be drunk if there ain't nobody to drink it?"

Fresh signs of assent to this incontestable proposition.

"Well, then," concluded Bill with the calm triumph of a great reasoner who has succeeded in descending to the level of his audience, "it's as plain as the compass that if somebody's got a lot o' liquor, and don't drink it, somebody else must. If folk will misuse the gifts o' Providence that 'ere way, I feels it my dooty to prevent 'em. Now, hark ye, mates, I promises, and vows solemnly, here, afore

yer all, as I'll have a swig out o' that 'ere cask afore the end o' the v'yge, if I dies for it!"

In this wise did Bill Sawyer, bravely as any Knight of the Round Table, undertake this new Quest of the Sangreal.

The day which followed that of Bill Sawyer's memorable vow was marked by something which the methodical Judge Uppinlaw chronicled in his diary as follows: "Wednesday, the 14th, at 10.30 A. M. precisely, an event occurred." The "event" in question was the appearance of a dark floating object, standing apparently right across the bows of the steamer. The passengers clustered along the side to watch it, and conjectures flew from mouth to mouth: "A porpoise!" "A shark!" "A whale!" "A piece of wreck!" But none of these guesses proved to be correct—it was only an empty cask.

"Where can that have come from?" asked Mr. Chutney, staring at it as if he expected it to enter into a verbal explanation.

"Don't you know?" answered Ensign O'Naughtie, in an awe-stricken whisper. "It's followed us all the way from Bombay, to demand the release of its twin-brother, unlawfully detained by Mrs. Errington."

This explanation so tickled the fancy of the sailors (several of whom were standing within ear-shot), that it speedily flew through the whole ship's company; and, for some time after, whenever anything was seen floating towards them, the tars would call to each other: "Look out, Jack—here's another o' them *brothers* a-comin'!"

But this marvel was eclipsed two days later, by one far more considerable. About noon on the ensuing Friday, one of the "lookouts" gave notice of something on the starboard bow, which looked like the hull of a small vessel. A nearer approach showed the stranger to be a complete wreck; and the captain, more to clear his conscience than with any hope of doing good, sent a boat off to her, in case any living thing should still be on board. The literary M. P., fired with the brilliant idea of drawing an historical parallel between this wreck and the Indian Army, obtained permission to accompany the exploring party, and took his place in the stern-sheets with an air of austere dignity, turning a deaf ear to Ensign O'Naughtie's offer of a piece of brown paper to wrap up the wreck and bring it back with him.

All eyes eagerly watched the course of the boat; and when she was at length seen to run alongside the wreck, the spectators let their imagination riot in speculations as to the contents of the stranger, and the history of her mishap. One enthusiast, just in "The Count of Monte Cristo," hinted at cases of priceless jewels and plethoric bags of doubloons; another, of a gloomier turn, pictured a deck heaped with corpses, and crimson with blood. The young engineer suggested that the crew must have eaten one another, and that the last man had probably died of indigestion. The ladies brushed up their recollections of the Flying Dutchman, and comforted themselves by recalling the testimony of the best authorities, that he is only to be met with off the Cape.¹ At length the boat returned, and the adventurous M. P. made his appearance visibly chop-fallen.

"It's a flagrant swindle, sir!" he exclaimed, in his favorite "denunciation of the Army Estimates" tone and manner. "There is nothing on board worth seeing—nothing at all, in fact, except a number of empty casks."

"What! more casks?" cried Judge Uppinlaw, startled out of his dignity by this fresh recurrence of the universal bugbear.

"Just as I feared," said Ensign O'Naughtie, in a tone of calm despair. "All is over with us. That one we saw floating the other day must have gone and told all the rest, and now they're all coming at once."

"Sir, this is no laughing matter!" broke in Mr. Chutney indignantly. "It is a palpable infringement of the liberty of the subject; it is persecution, sir—persecution

¹ Considering that we call the Dutch a prosaic people, it is rather odd that the finest supernatural legend extant should be fathered upon them. The Norse traditions, however, contain a somewhat similar story.

in the worst sense of the term! Good Heavens, gentlemen! are we, a body of respectable men and British subjects, to be actually *haunted* by a swarm of casks, as if one of us had murdered a wine-merchant, or (what would be even more reprehensible) omitted to pay his bill? I cannot stand it. It's positively wearing my life out. If I were to die at this moment, I should solemnly aver that I died of —

"A determination of casks to the head," put in the young engineer slyly; and the company, who were well acquainted with Mr. Chutney's convivial habits, laughed with such hearty good-will that the insulted potentate was fain to retire in high dudgeon. But it was fated — though he knew it not — that he should be speedily and surely avenged.

At the Cape they picked up two or three roistering sportsmen, whose coming gave fresh life to the flagging diversions of the "cabin society." Various amusements had by this time come into fashion; and the new arrivals, actively assisted by Ensign O'Naughtie and the young engineer, set themselves manfully to the promotion of these, and the devising of fresh ones. Quoits were popular with the young subs, many of whom had not yet worn off the skill acquired at Eton or Rugby. The Indian sportsmen and their African confrères held daily target-practice at floating bottles; while the ladies, with their usual thorough-going partisanship, lost and won countless pairs of gloves upon the competition. Whist, *écarté*, and chess found favor among the civilians; but all alike bore part in the waltzing, which took place on the after-deck every night, with decorations contrived by the hundred-handed steward, and a profusion of colored lamps, "to assist the moon," as Ensign O'Naughtie patronizingly remarked. There was even some talk of private theatricals (there always is on these long voyages, and it never comes to anything), but the scheme broke down at the first rehearsal, nobody appearing to do much except the prompter, whose duty seemed to consist in reciting the whole play at the top of his voice.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Errington's flirtation with the major appeared to most observers to have died a natural death; just as, when the guns cease firing to let the assaulting column rush on, men unversed in war might think the siege abandoned. For several days she had sedulously avoided him; and he, singularly enough appeared not a whit cast down thereby. Love is not always blind; and what he saw might well give him courage. Mrs. Errington's short-lived confidence in her power over this strong will and daring nature had vanished as suddenly as it came. She could not forget the stern emphasis of the words which rang in her ears night and day: "In *your* presence I must tell the truth, come what will!" His tone and manner had told it only too clearly already; and she felt that, when he came to utter that truth in actual words, she must perforce answer him plainly, without artifice or evasion. And what answer was she to give? The time had been when she could have laughed him into silence, or abashed him with a look; but *now*, she dared not even attempt it. For it must always be, that, sooner or later, however caprice or passion may for a time reverse their positions, the stronger nature *will* assert itself, and the weaker give way. Every woman feels instinctively, that, in making a man bow down to her, she is not in her right place; that her nature is to worship, rather than to be worshipped; and that this temporary ascendancy must one day be atoned by utter surrender. Well may she entreat for time to consider such an alternative; but time is precisely what her antagonist will seldom if ever allow her.

In this fashion things proceed for about a week, during which time the indefatigable ensign (who, though considerably the youngest of the community, appeared to have fairly carried his election as Master of the Ceremonies) conceived the brilliant idea of adding to the evening amusements what he was pleased to call "an orchestra between the acts" — or, in other words, a few songs in the intervals of the dances, serving the double purpose of varying the entertainment, and giving a breathing-time to the less prac-

tised dancers. The new plan had an immense success. A vast amount of hitherto unsuspected talent was suddenly brought to light; and Colonel Footyn Grave, a wiry old *sabreur* who had lost a leg in some forgotten skirmish of the Sikh war, astonished the whole community by his performance of the brave old German song of "The Crippled Soldier," which, as he naively remarked, had always struck him as particularly appropriate to him: —

A cannon-ball comes flying,
And knocks my leg off clear;
Well, where's the use of crying?
Wood's cheap enough down here.
One shoe and stocking less — and so
So much more money saved, you know,
To buy good German beer!

At last there came a day when the major spoke out. On a quiet evening, when all was still except the sounds of merry-making on the after-deck, he espied her a little apart from the dancers, leaning over the side in the shadowy splendor of the moonlight, and gazing dreamily into the glittering foam. Now or never! He went straight to her as he would have marched up to a battery, and asked bravely enough, but with a tightening round his heart, which he had never felt when he threw himself bareheaded among the Sikh tulwars, the question upon which hung the whole of his future life.

She must have been less than woman had she not been prepared for such an occurrence; but, nevertheless, it tasked her sorely when it came. To give no answer was impossible: to answer decisively, in the flutter of her unstrung nerves, was almost equally so. Like a true woman, she essayed to temporize.

"Give me time," she pleaded, "only a little time, to think it over."

"Time to think it over!" echoed the major's deep voice, with the faintest tinge of scorn in its tone: "have you been unconscious of it, then, till now?"

A Dutch fortress, when hard pressed, opens its sluices and inundates the whole scene of action; a woman, when driven to extremity, invariably resorts to the same expedient: Mrs. Errington burst into tears.

"You're too hard upon me," she sobbed, in the tone of a distressed child: "how can you talk to me like this, when my poor husband has been only three months in his — grave!" (She brought out the last word with an effort, as if it required some thought to recollect whether he *had* a grave or not.) "How can you expect me to think of a new love already? If I were to forget him so soon, I could not expect him to lie quiet in his grave!"

The words had barely passed her lips, when the air shook with a tremendous explosion from the cabin, followed by a yell like that of a scalded hyena — and then the sound of a heavy fall.

"Murder!"

"Suicide!"

"Boiler burst!"

"Powder-flask!"

"Sprung a leak!"

Shouting these and other conjectures, the whole throng rushed pell-mell into the cabin, where a strange sight awaited them. — But in order to explain all this, we must go back a little.

Bill Sawyer, like a true Englishman, had never once wavered in his resolution, or ceased to watch for a chance of carrying it out: but for some time Fate seemed persistently adverse. The covered cask remained securely entombed in its sarcophagus of baggage; and the few flying visits which Bill contrived to pay to the first-class cabin served only to assure him of this unwelcome fact. Could he but have got the cabin to himself for a single quarter of an hour, his brawny arms would have made light of the intervening barricade; but this was precisely what he could never succeed in doing. Seldom enough could he coin any plausible pretext for intruding upon the sacred ground; and even when he did, the coast never seemed to be perfectly clear.

"Too bad, by jingo!" growled the disappointed explorer, as he returned one evening from a fruitless reconnaissance. "I'm blest if there ain't always *somebody* a-hangin' about that 'ere cabin, without bein' axed."

Mr. Sawyer's righteous indignation probably hindered him from seeing how completely this remark applied to himself; but his shipmates were quicker of apprehension, and greeted it with a roar of laughter that made his ears tingle. In fact, the poor fellow's life had now become a burden to him, from the unsparing banter of his comrades upon the long-delayed fulfilment of his rash promise. From old Jack Davitt down to little Joe the cabin-boy, every one had his fling at Bill.

"Bill, my hearty, ain't yer gettin' awful thirsty, a-waitin' for your liquor so long?"

"You'd best look sharp, Bill; if yer don't do the trick afore we sights Old England, we'll have yer up for par-jerry — blest if we don't!"

"Tell yer what, Bill — you go and drown yerself, and then they'll give yer a swig o' the lush to bring yer round!"

"Come, boys, you leave Bill alone; don't yer see he's a-goin' to wait till the last day of the v'yge, and then drink the whole cask at one swig!"

And so on by the hour, till poor Bill began to have serious thoughts of murder or suicide.

But, as the good old Russian proverb has it, "To every man his hour, if he will but wait for it;" and deliverance came at last to the much-enduring Bill in a very unexpected way. On the very day of the major's proposal, Mrs. Errington had suddenly recollected some ravishing article of mourning toilet which she had not yet introduced to the notice of the community, and which (according to the immemorial custom of articles when particularly wanted) turned out to be in the most un-get-at-able of her many boxes, the very foundation-stone of the great pyramid. As a natural consequence, the whole edifice had to be pulled down; and Mrs. Errington's servants, who received strict orders to put the things in their places again forthwith, postponed the execution of the order (as usual) till such time as they should have nothing better to do, and left everything *in statu quo*. Bill — who, having satisfied himself that all the passengers were on deck as usual, had stolen in, hopelessly enough, to go through the form of reconnoitring — was not slow to appreciate this astounding gift of fortune.

"Talk o' miracles!" muttered the devout adventurer; "if *this* ain't one, I'm a Dutchman! Here's a lot o' good liquor a-runnin' to waste, raal unchrist'n like; and here am I, an honest sailor, wantin' to make a good use on't; and here's the way opened for me all to once, just like as it was done o' purpose! Folks may well say as how there's a providence in everything!"

With this pious acknowledgment, Bill stepped briskly forward, and had just laid his hand upon the long-coveted prize, when suddenly, with a crash like the report of a mitrailleuse, the top of the cask flew in shivers, and up from the frothing liquid sprang a human head, gaunt, livid, ghastly, with lack-lustre eyes and grinning teeth, which, in the dim light, seemed to gnash as if thirsting for blood.

What Bill said or did he could never recollect. According to the subsequent testimony of the steward (who was the first to arrive on the scene of action), he "sung out as if he was a-hailin' a ferry-boat across the Channel, and then flopped down as flat as a flounder!" At all events, he lay senseless in the doorway of Mrs. Errington's state-cabin, half in and half out, just as the tide of passengers came pouring in *en masse*.

"Well, I declare," cried Mrs. Errington, sobbing with indignation, "that horrid man has actually been trying to steal the spirits out of my cask! I promised my poor, dear husband that I'd carry his body home to England; but I said nothing about it, for fear of those dreadful sailors making a work about having a dead body on board; and now the cask's burst with the heat, and that wicked wretch has got a fine fright — and serve him quite right too!"

So saying, she fainted away in the outstretched arms of

Major Kyller, who, anticipating some such catastrophe, had skilfully taken up his position beside her. To this day, the old soldier has not forgotten the incident. "My wife may look delicate, sir," he will say, "but she's not one of your hysterical sort, I can promise you! She never fainted but once in her whole life, and that was on board of a Bombay steamer, when" — etc., etc.

But however bad Mrs. Errington might be, poor Bill Sawyer was infinitely worse. He had indeed "got a fine fright," — so fine, in fact, as to keep him under the doctor's hands for the remainder of the voyage. The first act of his convalescence was to take the pledge; and he is now (to use his own phrase) "drawn up high and dry on shore," as the landlord of a temperance hotel, in the club-room of which he occasionally figures as a teetotal lecturer, with brilliant success. But he has never forgotten his terrible adventure; and to this very day (as you can hardly talk with him for half an hour without discovering) he remains firmly convinced that the Enemy of Mankind, for some inscrutable purpose of his own, introduced himself into the fatal cask with the view of entrapping him, Bill Sawyer, into "drinkin' some o' him," and thereby, of course, forfeiting all hope of well-being both here and hereafter. The story of his rash vow, and its supernatural defeat, entertains a wondering circle every night in the parlor of the Teetotalers' Arms; and the narrator (who, toward the close of his tale, never fails to call attention to the neat little clock on the chimney-piece, presented to him, in token of forgiveness, by Mrs. Major Kyller) invariably winds up his recital with the same emphatic sentence: —

"So, then, d'ye see, my lads, when I cum out o' dock, and was in cruisin' horder ag'in, I made a solemn vow as I'd never touch a drop o' liquor no more, to the very end o' my born days, for no consideration whatsomever; and I think I may say as *I've kep' that 'ere vow a trifle better nor I did t'other one!*"

FOREIGN NOTES.

LOWELL is a D. C. L. by the grace of Oxford.

STORY, Vedder, Coleman, Inness, and Constant Mayer were in Rome at the last accounts.

LE CLEAR's head of Edwin Booth is attracting attention in the Academy exhibition in London.

THE last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* prints the President's name "N. S. Grant."

AN English paper says it is only fair on murderers to admit that as a rule they behave remarkably well after detection.

THE late James Hannay is perhaps not fortunate in having Mrs. Pender Cudlip (Annie Thomas) the novelist for his biographer.

THE Vendome column is to be set up again just as it stood when the Communists pulled it down, though some persons not opposed to the reërection of the monument think that a simple grenadier, or, at all events, Napoleon in his gray riding coat, high boots, and Brieune hat, should figure at the top, instead of the Emperor robed like Cæsar.

ASTHMA! — *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!* — Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

THE "BEST PLAN" for travelers to pursue before starting on a summer tour is to get a General Accident Policy from the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford. See their advertisement on last page.

THE GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER performs marvellous cures in Kidney and other kindred diseases. Read the advertisement in another column.

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[No. 3.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

"IMPOSSIBLE, *Fräulein*," said the manager, deferentially but firmly. "We cannot turn the theatre into a hospital for beggar-girls at this hour."

"I insist upon it," said Marietta.

"Impossible," repeated the manager. It could not be expected that he should conform to all her whims; he must draw the line somewhere. "Won't you get into your carriage, *Fräulein*? You will catch your death of cold out here; and to-morrow evening, you know — another court patronage!"

For all answer she took off her famous swan's-down cloak and threw it over the bare shoulders of the flower-girl.

"The police-bureau," somebody suggested.

"The hospital," suggested another.

The actress stamped her foot. "Johann," she called out to her coachman, "put this girl into the carriage. Instantly — do you hear? Or I will walk home, and you shall quit my service to-morrow. There — gallop home. Which of you there has got some brandy? Nobody? Never mind — Martha, my eau de Cologne. Now — quick! Gallop, and call up Doctor Marcus on the road."

The manager offered his arm to help in Marietta after her patient, but she turned her whole back upon him and was off at full speed without another word.

Dr. Marcus naturally suggested her removal from Marietta's luxurious villa to the hospital, but admitted at the same time that the case was highly critical.

"Pray, doctor," asked the Ballerina, "if I were your patient, would you advise my nurse to remove me?"

"Not unless I wanted to kill you, *Fräulein*."

"Then you shall not remove her. You must let me be kind to the people, doctor — the people have been very kind to me."

So the Cornflower was transplanted into a conservatory, and was nursed with the bright zeal that her protectress threw into all things. We always love the creatures that we have helped

in their need, and when our help is given as a free gift and not as a loan. Marietta escaped from many a feast, and from not a few dissipations, in order to go home and wait upon her helpless foundling. If the Cornflower had been a dog or a bird, it would not have been the same. When the fever was at its height, the unwearied Marietta had sat up in the sick-room for nights together after coming home tired and sleepy from the stage. It was no recognized duty on her part — so let those who please suggest that there was neither sense nor merit in indulging her whim of not passing by on the other side.

The manager was afraid that her own health might break down; but it did not, and he could not interfere. Her English friend, however, was bolder.

"What is that street-girl to you?" he asked one morning, while killing his time, or rather devouring it wholesale, in the dancer's boudoir.

She lifted her shoulders, a gesture of hers that always charmed the Englishman. "Rather, what is she to you?" she asked in her turn, throwing her little head round sideways towards the largest mirror in the room.

"Only — that I am jealous of her. That's all."

"Jealous? Of a girl?"

"Yes — of a girl: just as I should be of a kitten."

"Why, I believe you are jealous of my own shadow."

"So I am."

"That is pleasant — to be offered an engagement for the part of *Desdemona*."

"Marietta! You are the most!"

"Don't be angry! Do all Englishmen pretend to make love by looking as sullen as a bear? I think I shall take my chance of marrying some grand-duke or ex-king after all."

"Marietta — I have come to speak to you seriously. I am an Englishman."

"Thank you for telling me that: though it is not exactly news."

"I am not a grand-duke nor an ex-king. But I am better off than a sackful of them. I am my own master, and not a boy — I mean what I say. You know how much I love you. Will you give up this wearing life of yours — will you be my wife — once for all? Only I warn you — if you say 'No,' you will — I shall —"

"You are a rich English milord — and you would really marry a dancing girl off the stage?"

"Yes, a million times, if I were King of England."

"Thank you," she said frankly. "I don't think I ever had a real offer of marriage before. I don't exactly know how to behave. But — let me see — have I not heard something about a certain disconsolate widower?"

He frowned angrily. "Can't you understand?" he asked. "People often marry when they're young, and don't love till they're old, sometimes. My time has come now."

Marietta held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me?" she said. "I know you can. No; I can't marry you. There are reasons you can't understand. I couldn't marry you if I wished it — and" —

"You do wish it, Marietta? What then?"

"No; I don't wish it. I wish to be free. You call this life of mine wearing — it is not wearing: it is life, and it is joyful. I will be neither wife nor mother. You say you would ask me to marry you if you were a king. I don't say I would not marry a king, but my heart's in my heels, and there it will stay. I won't ask anybody to take me as I am."

"But if I don't ask for all your heart, Marietta — if I will gladly take you as you are — if — Marietta, it's not my way to make fine speeches, or go down on my knees. But, heart or no heart, all I want in this world is you."

"Without my heart no one shall have me."

"You cannot love me?"

"I have a thousand friends — but you shall be the first of them — if you please."

"I must be more than friend, or — enemy." He lowered his eyes, and the word fell from him as though not meant to fall.

"Herr Maynard!" she exclaimed, with a living flash from her bright eyes, like lightning; or, to take a less stale comparison, like Mlle. Leczinska when she brought the music-book down upon the head of Mr. Abner, "My enemy! Are you laughing at me, or mad?"

"Yes, I am mad. You make me so. I don't know what I say. I am not used to be treated in this manner. I am used to have my own way, always:

I have never put my will under anybody's feet but yours. You have known it for months, and now you trample on it. You are right; you have no heart, and I am mad. But it is too late; I cannot unlove you, nor will I."

"You talk, as if you had any right to complain, of a woman whose trade it is to be good friends with all the world, and who is yours because she liked you, and thought you manlier and better than the rest, and thought her friendship with you was above either romance or trade. My race, my art, put me outside the world of good women, if there is such a thing—not that I care—but that makes me the more dependent upon brave and true-hearted men. If I married it would be for the sake of rank or wealth—you know that as well as I. And then I should lose a true friend whom I can't afford to lose."

The Englishman turned from her and left the room. But two days afterwards he came again.

Now, the Cornflower, delirious as she was, had, by one of those incomprehensible freaks common in morbid conditions of the brain, heard every word of a conversation which had taken place only on the other side of an imperfectly closed door. A few days after her crisis it came back to her, together with many other things of which she had been unconscious at the time. She had plenty of time for self-recollection as she lay for days and nights with nothing to do but to recover her strength and let her thoughts come. Both processes went on with equal rapidity; the thoughts came in crowds, for she had to realize new ideas as well as gather up the old. There is no need to dwell, however, on more than one or two. Marietta was, of course, an archangel of glory; it would have been degrading in her to stoop to the Englishman, though she pitied him from the bottom of her heart. How could he—how could any one, fail to love so divine a creature as her guardian spirit? how could any one fail to be driven to despair by so hopeless a yearning of the sunflower for the sun? She herself was more than satisfied; Marietta had not owed her or been asked for even a crumb of love, and yet had bestowed whole loaves. But—when was this elysium of luxurious convalescence to come to an end? The thought made her shudder that in a week or two, perhaps, she would have to be cast back again into the companionship of Gretchen, Trudchen, and the paving-stones, with less moral strength to encounter them than of old. She cried bitterly over her strengthening muscles and growing appetite, and longed that she might be ill forever. Health wore for her the guise, not of the rosy sister of Aurora, but of the two hundred and fifty legions of demons who, according to authorities in the black art, obey the behests of the King of the East Wind.

At last came the time when Marietta allowed her to put questions; and, a little later, when she was allowed to answer questions put to her. The girl, and the woman scarcely older than the girl, compared their early years, and talked together of matters high and low, as if they had been two shepherdesses of the plains of Shinar. Subtly, the vivid imagination and the stronger mind obtained its due influence over the narrower brain and the weaker will. Marietta had a heart of molten gold, only waiting to be minted into wealth for some fortunate or unfortunate man; but, as she had said, it was for the present crowded into her heels, and her brains had run into the narrow grooves of the stage. Strongly wilful she was, but that is not quite the same as being strong-willed. The younger girl, on the other hand, had already received the impress of the hammer of self-reliance and of war with the world—and that both extends the limit of the beaten metal and hardens the coin.

Moreover, they had now for long been in a strongly-marked relation of mistress and servant—the patient as the unconscious tyrant, the nurse as the eager slave. Such relations are not to be reversed in a day.

Marietta knew how to read. Perhaps that was not so very wonderful, but the street-girl thought so, who had found the names of tradesmen over their shops as mystical as most of us find the signs in a *Juden Gasse* or *Ghetto*. Her literature was not of a very high kind; it consisted mainly of German translations of French novels. But she used to devour these with great appetite, and it was a real pleasure to her to play the part of Scheherazade to her patient's Haroun, sometimes reading aloud, sometimes telling a story in her own words. The girl had a dim idea that the wonderful Marietta was somehow the authoress of all these fine romances, for, to her, reading and writing were much the same thing. At least this notion succeeded her original, but not long enduring, belief that the stories of the Boulevards and of the Trianon were all true. This also deepened the false relation between them. The stronger nature formed a still more exaggerated estimate of the power of the weaker; and, while fitted to protect and patronize, was content humbly to worship and admire.

By and by, as her illness floated farther and farther away, Marietta began to miss her occupation of sick-bed attendance, more especially—for she was terribly inconsistent—as the visits of her Englishman had become less frequent than formerly. She had no new parts to learn for the theatre, and began to feel *ennui*. One day, while posing herself before the cheval glass in one of her own pet attitudes, she suddenly faced round and said,—

"A bright thought! I will teach you to read. Would you like to?"

The girl looked all eager gratitude. "Oh, madame!" she began.

"You would? Then we will begin now. Let me see—what is the best way to begin? With the letters, I suppose; there, that's A; that's B"—

"Please, madame—I should like first to learn to read Marietta."

"Well—that wouldn't be a bad way either. But no—you ought first to be able to read your own name, and write it too. By the way, what is your name? I have been going to ask it every minute; only something always put it out of my head. What is it—Lisa—Maria—Carolina?"—

"No; nothing of that sort. It's *Kornblume*."

"Nonsense. That's not a name. I mean something that belongs to you, like Marietta does to me."

Kornblume shook her head. "That's all that belongs to me," she said. And indeed it was all, except gratitude.

"You must have a name, then," said Marietta. "I'd give you mine, only I'm tired of it. Louisa—Rosamunda—Beatrice—Euphemia—there are hundreds of pretty names. But I want to give you one as a present from me. I have it! You shall have my own old name that they told me was too heavy to dance with. I should like to have it about me again—you shall be Margaret—what I used to be. I will call you Margaret, and you shall call me Marietta: and then my old self can talk to my new self whenever we have a mind."

A wild hope rushed through Margaret's quick brain: or rather hovered over it like the sculptured dove that she had so often seen above the fonts in her casual church lodgings. The bird of the ark was not to be absent even from such baptism as hers, received by a beggar and bestowed by a ballet-girl.

"Ah, madame!"—

"Marietta—Marietta! Did I not tell you to call me Marietta?" She stamped her foot in mock impatience. "The idea of my old name calling my new name madame!"

"Ah—how long will that be?"

"Will what be?"

"That—that I shall be able to talk to you? I am afraid that I am getting strong."

"How long? Why, what are you dreaming of? You don't want to go back to the streets, do you? You shall be my own maid. You shall go with me to the theatre, and see me dance, if you like—you shall put my bouquets in water, and buy my gloves, and mend my fans. I've got hundreds that I can't use for want of mending. And then you shall read to me when you've learnt how, and talk to me as if we were among the tents, *miri Pen!* Oh, I shall have a thousand things for you to do. Will you do them, Margaret?"

"Gracious lady! I will die for you."

"Mari—"

"Then, I will live and die for you, Marietta!"

And so the reading lesson ended for that day. The next, the Cornweed, whom we must know as such no more, was able to rise from her bed — three inches taller and a life-time older than when she had been laid down. She towered over the tiny Marietta by a full head, and, with her marked features and darker hues dwarfed her mistress into insignificance.

She was in all the pride of newborn happiness and returning health, refined by the last lingering touch of long illness, when Herr Maynard, after a long absence, entered the room. He had once seen the Cornflower, but he had never seen Margaret, and the two girls together looked to him like Celia and Rosalind — he had read a little Shakespeare, even though he was an Englishman.

How long ago the days of hunger and cold seemed to be! Margaret even could bear to be called Gretchen after a time, though it was the name she detested most in all the world. She forgot what it meant to be hungry, and what it meant to be cold. Among other things she forgot the natural connection between flowers and stars, and learned the civilized connection between flowers and lamps instead. She did not live the life of a lady, but she was something more to her mistress, she felt, than lady's maid, and she was proud in the duty of guarding, like the youngest of the dragon's brood, a shawl, a pair of gloves, or a fan. Marietta found a new delight in having things done for her out of faithful gratitude and not only out of faithful service: and the more active Margaret grew, the more her mistress sank into easy dependence upon her.

It was a strange moment when the girl first descended from a carriage upon the pavement in front of that dark old stage entrance where she had taken up her nightly post for years. She turned her face sideways, so as not to be recognized, not trusting to her matured features, increased stature, and good clothes. But even that was in vain.

A girl presented a bouquet, with a profound and exaggerated courtesy: "Will your most gracious ladyship condescend?" —

Margaret had learned a good many things from her course of French literature, and she blushed crimson, and hurried on to escape the scornful laugh that followed her.

And yet what cause had she for shame?

Well, about as little, and as much, as any wild weed that suddenly finds itself transplanted into a hot-house of exotic flowers; the shame of one who, through no merit of her own, has been exalted above her old fellow-weeds, and of one who guiltily drinks in the stove-warmth and the artificial rain which are not intended for her. She

was not the only escort of Marietta: the Englishman had apparently recovered his passing lunacy and had gradually returned as regularly as of old, and more contentedly, to his functions of cavalier-in-ordinary to the queen of *Coryphæe*.

He did not know — how should he? — that this Viennese Rosalind was the girl from whom he had bought the winter-rose: when he bought it, he had been thinking of the rose, not of her, even though he had noticed for a moment the blackness and depth of her large eyes. But he was not a man whom it was easy for a girl to look upon and not observe. It was not long before Margaret, as well as Marietta, found out something more about him than that his name was Maynard and that he was an Englishman. The character attached to the name was to some extent indicated in his appearance. He was of the full, ruddy, and largely muscular type from which a certain air of *gaucherie* is inseparable, when it is imprisoned within the four walls of a room, or when its strength is brought to bear upon little things, and which, therefore, in past time earned for Englishmen a reputation for *gaucherie* in general. His company was eagerly sought by men, especially by those whose pockets were as chronically empty as those of his friend, the lieutenant: women on the whole disliked him, not for any disagreeable qualities, but because his devotion to one was apparently supreme. At least they generally professed to dislike him; for, in the easy-going circle of the most easy-going of capitals in which he chose to move he seldom found dislike stand in the way of special favor. Marietta was proud of him as a follower; it pleased her to feel that she was leading a lion with a thread of silk, and never suspected that she had forgotten to draw the lion's teeth and claws.

These existed, however — so, at least, Margaret found, or thought she found. It seemed marvellously strange to her that her mistress should remain so calmly cold to such romantic devotion. She accepted the Herculean Herr Maynard for Marietta, and thought it high treason to sentiment to refuse true love — the one flaw in her goddess's ideal perfections. She, who knew now what to be alone means, looked upon love of any kind as an inestimable treasure of which every drop was to be valued at its weight in diamonds. For her dear mistress she listened to the heavy foot of Herr Maynard on the stairs, remembered his words, followed the depth of his bass voice, and watched with interest the coming and going of half-smiles and whole clouds upon his heavy lips and eyes. He loved her whom she loved, and that was enough to place her in sympathy with him. The Englishman did not make her his confidante, but he never seemed to be weary of being with her or talking to

her. Any mere outward observer would have found it hard to say whether Herr Maynard was following mistress or maid, Margaret or Marietta. Marietta herself once remarked, laughingly —

"I ought to be jealous, Gretchen — that Englishman of mine was never so much at my heels till he saw you. Before you left your bed he hadn't been near me for days — since he saw you, he has never been away for hours."

And then Gretchen once more turned crimson. Gretchen was still less the Cornflower than even Margaret had been.

Shortly afterwards, the wind that bloweth where it listeth, caught hold of another straw or two that might serve for weathercocks to the weather-wise, who know the effect of feminine sympathy as an antidote for feminine coldness.

"Are you very fond of Marietta?" asked Maynard, as he and Gretchen were in attendance upon a rehearsal of the *corps de ballet*.

She opened her large eyes to their full.

"I should have thought a warm heart like yours would have been repelled by such an icicle. For me, I am getting sick of being led about like a tame bear. If I were ever able to change my mind, I should hate her. I wonder you don't; she is just as full of her whims to you as she is to me."

"She is the best and dearest of all the world. If you meant what you say, I should hate you."

So said Gretchen, sternly fierce and with her most tragic air. But she felt a stolen, guilty pleasure all the same. She moreover became doubly attentive to Marietta's slightest caprices, who was, in truth, becoming a mere spoiled child in her hands. Marietta could have done as well without Gretchen as a hop-vine without its pole.

Another straw was that one evening, during a performance, Marietta's dress caught fire. She had so completely learned to be helpless that she did nothing but scream — it was a fearful instant. Gretchen was at the wings, and rushed forward. Maynard was also at the wings, but did not rush forward until he had lost three whole seconds by thrusting Gretchen back. Marietta was saved by those on the stage, by the time he had said —

"Don't stir — you will only catch fire too."

Then he pulled off his coat, and ran to the help of Marietta. But Gretchen could not but notice that, even in that hurried moment, his first thought had been for the one who was not in peril, but only might be.

Marietta, to the relief of Vienna, was not seriously injured; but the fright obliged her to keep her room for some days, during which Gretchen never left her side. At the end of the third day, however, she went into the

boudoir to tell Maynard with her own lips how her mistress was going on.

"Ah, here you are at last," he said. "It seems like three years. And how is Marietta? Better? That's all right, then. But you are not looking quite so well, though. It was a mercy that I kept you back. I know what you would have done: there would have been an end of both of you. I know her: she would have thought nothing of throwing herself upon you, flames and all."

"I would have taken her, flames and all."

"I know you are a little heroine, Gretchen. So I am going to take you into my confidence. Will you listen to me?"

He lowered his voice as he spoke, not tenderly, but as if he was afraid of being overheard. But his voice, though naturally loud, had much tenderness in it when he spoke low—at least Gretchen thought so, with whom a very little tenderness went a very long way. She waited.

"Is it about Marietta?" she asked, as he did not proceed.

"It is about Marietta, and it is not," he answered. "It is quite as much about yourself. I can tell you what I cannot tell her: you are a woman with a heart in you: she must have been made by a sculptor. The idea of a girl like her setting up for the character of a prude—it is too absurd. If I were to go back to Paris, or London, and say that I had found a ballet-girl in Vienna beyond scandal, I should be laughed at."

"I don't understand you, Herr Maynard. Marietta is a queen."

"Yes, a queen of pierrots and columbines. It is girls like you, Gretchen, who are made to love and to be loved; and I almost believe that mock-queen of yours has infected you with some of her own frost. But you know, at least, what the word love means? You could love if you tried! Dearest Gretchen!"

Her eyes kindled, and the whole universe began to swim round her in almost as blinding and deafening a whirl as when she had fallen fainting in the street. A wild and guilty hope seized her that the straws had in truth been showing the drift of the wind. Rather of the hurricane, for as such it rose before her and made her spread out both hands, as if to ward off a danger rather than as if to embrace a welcome dream. She knew well enough that she could love: there was no need for her to try.

"Dearest Gretchen" was all she heard and all she saw in this moment of her suddenly revealed womanhood. And yet she was terrified by an as yet unconscious shame to feel that the contemptuous dispraise of her benefactress tasted sweet to her ears. This deep-voiced *roué* was to her the deep voice of Adam to Eve: was it not all an inevitable part of her Paradise?

She had entered, and must prove all its joys.

"Dearest Gretchen," echoed her heart again: and then "Gretchen!" her ears heard from an inner room.

"Hark—I must go back to Marietta," she exclaimed, longing to remain, yet still more eager to fly.

"Confound Marietta!" grumbled Maynard. "Gretchen, I must speak to you. When can you leave her—when can I see you again?"

"To-morrow," she tossed to him over her shoulder, as she darted off like a frightened dryad.

Marietta opened her eyes at her. "What has happened, Gretchen?" she asked. "I am getting half afraid of you—you are growing so grand and beautiful. If I did not know it to be impossible, I should begin to think you no longer mine. I only wanted my scent-bottle. What is it? Who has been here?"

"Nothing—nobody—that is—oh, madame, I am so glad you are getting well!"

"Madame?"

"I mean—"

"I don't think you know what you mean. Only don't leave me, Gretchen!"

"Never! Did you forsake me in my sorrow, that I should leave you in my joy?"

Her heart was bursting for want of sympathy: and yet she could not find it in her to set it free, though she beat about the bush and opened her lips to speak a hundred times an hour. But what she could not express grew therefore all the deeper. A new love had come to her, worth a hundred of the old: she recalled once more the conversation she had heard between Maynard and Marietta, and could not repress the triumph that placed her on a pinnacle above even that of her goddess. "You can love and be loved,"—on these words she fed all day and all night, flavoring her soul's food with "Dearest Gretchen," and the fifty other small syllables that formed fifty million volumes for her. The wandering peri had not crept into Paradise without a fitting fee after all—"she could love and be loved"—she had all the right of Marietta to be there, and more. How she decked the broad shoulders of the Englishman with the May-roses of her fancy, crowned his brows with myrtles, filled his voice with the intoxication of the hyacinth, and dreamed of the delights of the queen bee, for whom roses, myrtles, and hyacinths are made! In her sweet though broken sleep she was the flower-girl once more, binding and blinding unimaginable flowers. Maynard had thought of her as Rosalind: she was in truth Titania.

At last, after a few moments, or hours, or years,—she took no heed of them,—to-morrow came. She sprang from her bed with a bound, and trusted that she might find her mistress inclined to keep her room for another

day. As ill luck would have it, however, Marietta professed herself quite recovered, so that when Herr Maynard called, there was no chance of seeing him alone. That night she dreamed that she hated Marietta, and, when she woke, had no room in her mind for the grace of being ashamed.

The next day, however, her will made a way. She managed to escape attending an unexpected rehearsal on the plea of a bad headache: Marietta's caprices, if exigent, were never cruel. Her heart told her that Herr Maynard would come, and he came.

"She is out?" he asked. "Then I can tell you what I want without interruption. You remember our talk of last time? Gretchen, the devil knows why, but you are the only living creature who can influence that statue of snow. Make use of your magic for me: I will have her, though it costs me marriage—on the honor of a gentleman. You must help me: you are brave, dearest Gretchen, and as true and clever as you are brave. It is no bad offer I make her; I am rich, and you wish her well. I should deserve to be hanged outright, if I asked you to do anything that would hurt a hair of her head. You may judge how my heart is set by my giving her love instead of hate for her coldness, and by my degrading myself by confessing my contemptible defeat to a living soul. But succeed I will, and my last hope lies in you. I will give you better than thanks, Gretchen. On the day of my marriage to Marietta you shall have a thousand pounds,—ten thousand florins,—a dowry one of your countesses might envy. You will? Think over it; I have waited too long not to wait a few hours more."

If silence gives consent, the bargain was made. But did Niobe consent to her doom though she uttered not a word? It was with the silence of a tearless Niobe that Gretchen saw him go, and a figure take his place, in whom she recognized the gigantic sentinel of Paradise, who had left his post to make the rounds and expel intruders. No disappointment ever came upon a woman's heart with a more cruelly sudden frost. Maynard may not have been worth a woman's thought; but hearts are not much in the habit of thinking, nor, perhaps, would they be worth very much if they were. The pen has not been made wherewith to fill up the outlines of a numb despair, blank by its very nature. Only may we behold the first coil of the serpent of the dream picture of St. Danae, unwinding itself from the overturned flower-basket of Cornblossom. She was the hopelessly-defeated rival of her to whom she now owed misery far more than happiness—so hopeless, that the man whom she in her first tumult of jealousy mentally accused of having betrayed her, had coolly bribed her to bring her rival to his arms. What is there left to say?

(To be continued.)

FUNERAL RITES IN CHINA.

THE funeral ceremonies of the Flowery Land differ so materially from our own, and are so little understood in this country, that the following description of the manner in which they are conducted may prove acceptable to the reader.

It may be well to mention that white, not black, is the mourning color in China, and that mourners wear white clothes, white girdles, white shoes, and even braid white cotton into their queues or pigtails.

The Chinese coffin is generally very solid in its construction, and is broader and deeper at the head than at the foot, sloping straight from one end to the other; the lid is not flat, but raised all down the centre; the seams are always well caulked, and the whole is carefully oiled several times, and finally covered with a black varnish. Well-to-do people repeat these processes once a week for a long period. A common price to pay for a good, ordinarily strong coffin is from two to three pounds, but the price varies according to the nature of the material employed and its ornamentation, and we have heard of fifty and even a hundred times as much as this sum having been paid for a single coffin. Of course, among the very poor classes a much cheaper and slighter one is used, though even they do their utmost to bury their dead in such coffins as we have described. The charitable societies for rescuing life, which exist at nearly all towns on the seacoast and on the large rivers, provide coffins gratis, when their boats bring in dead bodies; but they are made very slightly, and of the commonest wood.

On the death of a father, slips of mourning (that is, white) paper are affixed to each side of the door of the house, and in the higher ranks a board is exhibited there, giving the name, age, dignities, etc., of the departed one. Notice of the death is at once sent to the descendants of the deceased, who all forthwith assemble at the house, and range themselves on the floor round the body, weeping and wailing, and attired in funeral garb; the immediate relatives, too, come and condole with the afflicted family. In some parts it is customary for the friends and intimate acquaintances of the deceased, who have been notified of his death, to bring pieces of white cloth or silk to place over the dead body. We ourselves once received a notification of this nature, from the general in command of the Tartar troops at the port where we were residing in Central China, but as his mother died at Moukden, in Manchuria, we were unable to take any part in her funeral obsequies.

If the family be settled in any part away from the neighborhood of their ancestral burying place, it becomes necessary for them to seek out a lucky spot for the burial of their deceased relative. In many cases the coffin is kept for years in the room where the ancestral tablets are, and sometimes it is temporarily laid in a sort of dead-house, hired or constructed for the occasion, until it can be transported to the original sepulchre of the family, or until a lucky spot can be discovered. The Chinese are very superstitious on this point, and even in times of epidemic will often insist on retaining coffins in their houses, and, as far as we are aware, there is no sanitary or other authority to interfere and protect the health of the community. Many will, doubtless, say that all danger on this score is sufficiently obviated by the care with which most coffins are prepared; but the evidence of our senses, in a cholera season at Peking, has taught us that the contrary is frequently the case. Families at the very bottom of the social scale, for economy's sake, often inter their deceased relations within a few days of their death, but this practice is much looked down upon, and is considered a proof of the parties being sunk in the lowest depths of penury, as well as wanting in due respect to the departed. Professors of the art of Feng-shui (literally wind and water), or geomancy, are consulted on the subject of a lucky place for sepulture. In Central and Southern China the summits and sloping sides of uncultivated hills are the most favorite spots, especially

if near water, and with a south aspect. Coffins are also buried in fields, more particularly in the north, and, if our memory serves us, we have seen more than one large cemetery filled with low graves, and surrounded by dwarf mud fences, in the flat country outside the walls of Peking. Again to the west of Chinkiang — once a flourishing city on the bank of the river Yang-tze, at the entrance to the southern portion of the Grand Canal — we have rambled over hills, where the graves are as thick as they well can be; many of these, in shape very much like a horse-shoe, are even now still well kept, and carefully tended by pious relatives of the departed, although the town itself is sadly fallen from the position it enjoyed before the rebels held it, and levelled its prosperous suburbs with the ground. Rich families often spend large sums of money over their burial-places, adorning them with life-size figures of various animals in marble, but the remains of friendless and poor strangers are deposited in any waste and vacant piece of ground with merely a slip of wood to mark the spot. All classes in the country, however, do their very best to have as showy a place of sepulture for their dead as they possibly can, and to obtain this end they are willing to make great sacrifices.

Soon after the death, the eldest son of the deceased, supported by friends, proceeds with two copper "cash,"¹ and an earthenware bowl or vessel to the city moat or a neighboring stream or well to "buy water" (*mai shui*) to wash the corpse with. In "buying the water" the coins are simply thrown into the well or stream, and this ceremony can only be properly performed by the eldest son, or, in default of his presence at the obsequies, by his son, rather than by a younger son of the deceased; if there be no children or grandchildren, then the duty devolves on cousins, who succeed to all property. When the face and body have been washed, the corpse is dressed in the best clothes the family can procure, often in four or five suits, and put into its coffin, which is commonly placed on trestles. It now lives in state for a time, and a wooden tablet is set up bearing the name of the deceased, and his descendants prostrate themselves before it every day during the first seven days of mourning. A similar inscription to that on this tablet is afterwards erected at the grave, and is generally carved on stone, though the poor use wood.

In the case of poor families the sons frequently go round to their relatives and friends to collect money to defray the expenses attending a funeral, and they are generally successful, as the superstitious Chinese are much afraid of incurring the ill-will of the spirit of the departed.

On the day of interment, usually three weeks after the death, a meal is set out near the coffin, for the deceased's spirit to partake of. Then the mourners, first the men, and afterwards the women, holding sticks of incense in their hands, kneel down before the corpse, and bow their heads to the ground. They are all clothed in mourning attire, and wear white bandages round their heads. After this the funeral procession takes place, and the order is somewhat as follows. First come lanterns and musicians, occasionally playing a funeral dirge; then the ancestral tablet of the deceased, carried in a sedan-chair; next a man scattering "paper or mock money" to propitiate the spirits of the invisible world; behind him are relations and friends; then the coffin, followed by the sons and grandsons, weeping and attired in mourning; and in their rear come the women of the family in sedan-chairs, wailing and crying piteously. Last of all are persons bearing the oblations that have to be made at the grave. If the deceased has held any official position, other tablets, besides the one above mentioned, are to be seen carried in the procession, setting forth his titles and dignities.

When all have arrived at the grave, which is deep, if the nature of the ground will admit of it, the coffin is consigned to its last resting-place, crackers are let off, and prayers offered up; next pieces of paper, supposed to represent clothes, money, and other things which the de-

¹ "Cash" is the name given by foreigners to the only native coin in use in China.

ceased's spirit may require in the world of shadows, are solemnly burned. At the time of burial, when the coffin is lowered into the grave, the sons, or whoever may be the chief mourners, at once sprinkle some earth over it, and the grave is filled up. The coffin of a father is deposited on the left side of the grave, being the place of honor, and the space on the right side is left for the mother. The ancestral tablet is brought home from the funeral in the sedan-chair, and various articles of food are placed before it; those present again make prostrations, and by strict custom the same ceremonies ought to be repeated for seven weeks. At the conclusion of the funeral rites, it is usual for the mourners to partake of an entertainment, from which it is reasonable for us to suppose that their grief is commonly of such a nature as to be easily comforted, and that the donning of the "garb of woe" is as much (if not more) a matter of form and usage with the children of the Flowery Land, as it frequently is with us "outside barbarians."

The full term of mourning for parents is nominally three years, but practically twenty-seven months, and for the first month after their decease the mourners are not allowed to shave their heads; they consequently soon assume a wild and unkempt appearance. The very strict place offerings of food, etc., twice a year at their parents' graves, but our own experience goes to show that the customs of the Chinese in this respect are, occasionally at any rate, more exact in theory than in practice. Some five or six years ago we knew an educated Chinaman who would discourse at great length on filial piety and such-like virtues, but who nevertheless confessed to us that he had not been to visit his mother's grave for ten years, although she was buried at a place only fifteen miles distant from where he had been living for a long period.

Etiquette requires that a widow should mourn the death of her husband for three whole years, and even after that period she is somewhat restricted in her choice of colors, red being forbidden her. Should a widow marry again, which is not very frequently the case, for the practice is looked down upon, she, of course, divests herself of all marks and symbols of woe and mourning. Men, however, are not expected to be quite so self-denying and particular in mourning the death of their wives, for they sometimes marry again before they have been widowers for a full year. Should a man's wife be unlucky enough to present him with a "pledge of affection" during the term of mourning for his parent, it is looked upon as highly improper and disrespectful to the deceased.

When an emperor dies all officials go into mourning, and remove the buttons and tassels from their hats; they are also required to perform certain ceremonies in the temples; and they cease, for the time being, to use vermilion paste for their seals of office, employing blue instead. Proclamations are issued by the local authorities all over the empire, by which the common people are called upon to let their hair grow for a hundred days; marriages are not allowed to take place, but practically they are winked at, if shorn of all the usual pomp and ceremony. The theatres, too, are closed for a long period, at any rate in Peking and its vicinity, though after a time this order is not insisted on, at a distance from the capital.

ABOUT DOGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has first and last been said about dogs, still more can be said — so broad, genial, and interesting is the subject. All dogs, more or less, are susceptible of being taught, and teachability infers culture of the brain, the possibility of an enlarged intelligence.

Without training, a pointer would point at any kind of vermin as readily as at the game of which the sportsman is in quest, but a well-trained pointer will make no such mistake. Without training, he would only stand pointing for a few seconds, and then run in upon the game, and put it up; but a well-trained pointer waits till he receives

the word of command, when his master has come near enough to use his gun. It may be in part through instinct that a shepherd's dog performs many of the important services which he renders to his master in the driving and tending of sheep; but it cannot be altogether through instinct, for the best shepherds' dogs are always those which have been carefully trained. Even that which the shepherd's dog does without training, and which seems natural to him from his puppyhood, is probably very much to be ascribed to what is called hereditary instinct, the fruit of the training of many successive generations. But all cannot be ascribed to instinct, whether natural to the race, or acquired and become hereditary. How can any one think so, who has observed a shepherd's dog at his work, and marked his prompt obedience to the command of his master — how readily he understands each word or sign, and at once hastens to do what he is bidden? Perhaps to bring in a number of sheep from a distance, which he accomplishes very quickly, and yet without hurrying them too much, for he is very careful not to do them any harm; and his barking, although sharp, is not angry, nor do the sheep seem to think so, or to be in the least degree alarmed, for they also have profited by experience, and they know him and his ways. Let the object of the shepherd be to get sheep through a gate; the dog evidently perceives it at once, and knows what to do, to bark behind the sheep, to run before them and bark, to drive them to the gate, and to prevent their passing it. More remarkable still, and most decidedly an evidence of the possession of reason, is the fact that a good shepherd's dog will assist a sheep to rise when it has fallen, rolled over on its back, and cannot get up again, because, in consequence of its thick fleece, it cannot get a foot to the ground. This often happens, especially on hill-pastures, in the latter part of spring and beginning of summer, before the sheep-shearing time, and the shepherd must visit his flock several times a day, lest the sheep that have rolled over on their backs should die. But his dog saves him much walking and fatigue, scouring over the hill for him, and as soon as he finds a sheep on its back, proceeding to turn it over with his muzzle, till it gets its feet to the ground, so that it is able to rise.

No wonder that the sheep-dog is a favorite of his master, and is treated as a kind of humble friend. He is not turned into a kennel nor into an outhouse, when he comes home from his work; his place is at the fireside, where he often wags his tail and puts on a very intelligent look, as if he understood some part of the conversation that takes place. Certainly "Collie" knows well enough when he is spoken of, and dogs of some other kinds evidently do so too. They know when they are alluded to in terms of praise, and when with blame; in the former case, giving unmistakable signs of delight; in the latter, hanging their heads and looking ashamed. Sir Walter Scott mentions this concerning a favorite dog that he had, a noble hound, of a very different race from the shepherd's dog. But it is very observable in the shepherd's dog. The shepherd's dog, or, at all events, the *collie* of the south of Scotland, which I take to be the most refined and cultivated breed of shepherd's dog, shows himself also very sensible of affront, and vexed by it. He has a ready appetite for oat-cakes; oatmeal in one form or other, but mostly in that of porridge, being a chief part of his food, as it is of his master's; and he will at any time gladly receive a little bit of oat-cake; but let any one hold out to him a very large piece, and he evidently thinks it a cruel jest, feels himself insulted, turns away his head, and will not look at the cake, far less accept it. We know of no other kind of dog that so generally shows his fastidiousness. We have tried the experiment with collies, and always with one result; they would have nothing to do with a very large piece of bread. We have tried it also with other dogs of various kinds, but almost always with the opposite result. No piece that was offered seemed too large for any one that we ever tried — Newfoundland, pointer, terrier — except in one case, that of a Skye terrier, which turned away, as if aware of being mocked, if a whole slice of bread was

held out to it, and would not approach the sugar-bowl even if it was set upon the floor, although very fond of sugar, and ready to beg long for a little bit of it.

It is worthy to be observed concerning the shepherd's dog, that no severity is ever used in his training. The shepherd has no dog-whip. A single punishment, such as a gamekeeper often finds or thinks it necessary to inflict on a pointer, would spoil a collie altogether, and make him worthless for life. He would not resent it by turning savagely on his master, but he would at once become broken-spirited and inert. Words of commendation or of censure are all that he needs, all that suits his nature. The same thing may be observed in animals of some other kinds—as in the elephant and in the finest breeds of horses. The fine feelings of the Scottish shepherd's dog, and his capability of having his feelings deeply wounded, are sometimes very strikingly illustrated. The grandfather of the present writer had an excellent collie, by name Wattie, which was a great favorite, and greatly attached to him and to all the family. When the dog grew old and feeble, it was thought necessary to get another one; but on the new dog's arrival, poor old Wattie left his place at the fireside and went out to a green bank beside a pond, where he lay down, and no persuasions could induce him to return to the house. He wagged his tail a little when kindly spoken to, but he continued to lie in the same spot, and would not rise. He refused food, and in two days he was dead. He seems to have felt that his day was over, that his services were no longer valued, and his old place no longer his, and took it all to signify that his time was come to die. His death, however, seems not to have been the result of mere old age, but to have been hastened by his wounded feelings.

We have heard, on equally good authority, of another dog which seemed to have a sense of the approach of death. It was not a shepherd's dog, but a bright little cocker, which belonged to a worthy parish minister in Kincardineshire, and was his attendant in many a walk. It lived to old age, and its merry gambols had for some time become infrequent, or altogether ceased, when one day it went away from the house, contrary to its usual habits, to a plantation at a little distance, in which it was found, after the lapse of a few hours, lying dead. The creature seemed to have sought a retired place in which to die. Various anecdotes somewhat resembling this might be told of various kinds of the lower animals; and perhaps they may be explained by the supposition of an instinct implanted in them suitable to their natural wild state, so that when sensible of weakness and incapacity for flight or resistance, they might hide themselves from beasts of prey.

Everybody knows how the Ettrick Shepherd pleasantly tells of the dogs that used to accompany their masters to church, in the pastoral district in which he lived—how they lay quiet and patient during the whole service, till the last psalm was sung, and the minister and congregation stood up for the blessing, when their delight at the prospect of immediate emancipation could no longer be restrained, but expressed itself by joyous barking. Often have we witnessed such a scene, although we never heard a minister advise the people, as Hogg relates, to "sit still, and cheat the dogs." Nor do we think they could easily be deceived in such a matter. In the pastoral districts of Scotland, the number of dogs present during divine service always very much attracts the notice of strangers. Many shepherds come to church attended by more than one. It is often almost unavoidable for them to do so, because at certain seasons of the year they must go to the hill and visit their flocks in the morning; and, if possible, they arrange so as to make part of this inspection on the way to church, leaving to the last that part of the morning's work which may thus be accomplished. It is not always, however, on this account that the dogs are brought. The shepherd likes to be always accompanied by his dog, and the dog likes to be with his master. By frequently attending his master to church, he acquires a habit not to be willingly relinquished. He seems to regard going to

church as a privilege. We heard from the minister of one of the most strictly pastoral parishes in Tweeddale the following curious anecdote. When he entered on his charge, being a stranger to the district, he was both surprised and annoyed at the presence of the numerous dogs in church, regarding it pretty much as the husband of Jeanie Deans regarded the tobacco-pipe with which the Highland gentleman solaced himself during the service, and condemned it from the pulpit as unseemly, requesting the shepherds thenceforth to leave their dogs at home. The shepherds, perhaps, wondered a little, but the request was generally complied with for a time. However, there was one splendid collie that soon made his appearance again and took up his place on the pulpit stairs, which he had long specially appropriated to himself, lying very quietly, unless some other dog ventured to set foot upon the stairs, an intrusion which he would not permit. One day the minister met the shepherd, the owner of the dog, accompanied, of course, by his faithful attendant. The shepherd immediately referred apologetically to the subject. "Ye see, sir," he said, "after what ye said to us, we tried to keep the dogs at home; but this ane was ower gleg [too sharp] for us. We steekit [shut] him in for twa Sabbath-days, but ever sin' that, we ne'er see him on the Sabbath mornin'; he just slips awa some way on the Saturday nicht, and the next we see o' him is on the pulpit stairs, when we come to the kirk." It is very common, as many of our readers must have observed, for dogs to show that they perceive a difference between Sunday and other days, owing probably to the different family arrangements of that day. Many a dog that is accustomed to go out with his master when he goes to walk, will jump, frisk about, and bark very joyously on seeing him proceeding to put on his greatcoat or hat; but on Sunday morning there is no such demonstration of delight; the dog evidently knows that he is not to go. But the intelligence displayed by the shepherd's dog in the anecdote just related, is far beyond all this, and implies a power of thinking such as we hardly expect to find in the lower animals, besides a remarkable strength of will, for the dog certainly lost a breakfast, and probably also a supper, to gratify his desire of occupying his place of honor on the pulpit stairs.

We once witnessed an extraordinary scene in which shepherd's dogs were the actors. An Edinburgh minister was to preach a sermon, on a summer evening, in an empty wool-barn in one of the most lonely dales in the southern highlands of Scotland, and the inhabitants of the dale, mostly shepherds and their families, were assembled to hear him. The wool-barn was in the upper story of a two-storied building, and the approach to it was by an outside stair without a railing. The congregation consisted of some forty or fifty people, but the barn would have held a much greater number, and there was a wide open space between the table at which the preacher stood and the nearest seat placed for his hearers. This the dogs which the shepherds had brought with them at once appropriated to themselves as a fit place for amusement. They evidently did not suppose themselves to be at church, and felt under no obligation to quiet and orderly behavior. They were in a very frolicsome humor; and at first it seemed doubtful if divine service could be proceeded with, as there were from a dozen to a score of dogs playing after dog-fashion in the open space, now worrying each other in sport, now chasing each other round and round, as if they were dancing a reel, with wonderful activity. Occasionally, they all rushed out by the open door and down-stairs, but soon returned again to resume their gyrations on the barn-floor. Fortunately, however, it happened, ere long, that one of them, in rushing out, touched an earthenware plate which was set upon the landing-place at the top of the stair for the collection, usually made in Scotland on every occasion of public worship, and knocked it over the edge. The plate was broken, and the coppers scattered on the ground, but the service went on without further interruption from the dogs. Immediately on the smash and jingle being heard, every dog disappeared from the barn, and not one of them showed face again till the congregation

was dismissed. They evidently knew that they had committed a fault; one of them had done the mischief; they were all art and part; and taking blame to themselves accordingly, they fled ashamed. What communications they had among themselves out of doors, and whether or not any chastisement was inflicted on the careless dog that overturned the plate, we cannot tell.

The instinct by which the shepherd's dog assists his master in driving sheep and collecting them together, is generally supposed to be peculiar to that kind of dog. But a circumstance which once came under our observation leads us to doubt this. A drover was endeavoring to get a number of sheep to go in at the gate of a railway station, but they were averse to it, and he found much difficulty, having only one dog to help him. To general surprise, a little terrier, that had probably never had any part in such work before, ran up and rendered effective assistance, doing almost as well as if he had been employed in duties connected with sheep all his life. He seemed perfectly to comprehend what was wanted, placed himself in front of the sheep that were hurrying past the gate, barked to good purpose, and followed behind them, still barking, when he had succeeded in turning them.

One of the dogs whose ways we have watched with the greatest interest, was a fine Newfoundland. His name was Calder, from the name of a neighboring stream. He was a noble animal, very large, very gentle and playful, with an expressive face, large hanging ears, a great quantity of rich curling hair, and a bushy tail that sometimes, when it was whisked incautiously, brushed things off the table. He was a very intelligent dog, and evidently understood many things that were said to him. We are very sure that he knew the names of many things, for he went to seek them when he was told, and brought the thing named. He seemed to feel much pride in carrying anything with which he was intrusted, and nothing gratified him more than to be permitted to carry in his mouth his master's snuff-box; although, if it was presented to him open, he drew back from it with signs of great dislike, making grimaces, and uttering little short barks. When his master happened to leave home without his snuff-box, he sometimes sent Calder back for it, and, as the omission had probably already been discovered, the purpose of the dog's return was speedily understood, and the snuff-box intrusted to him, with which he made all haste to his master, never failing to carry it safely. He was sometimes permitted to carry a walking-stick or an umbrella, which evidently afforded him great delight. To carry an umbrella, especially, was an honor which he seemed to appreciate as highly as any mace-bearer or Usher of the Black or White Rod can appreciate the duty of his office. To gratify him in this particular, as it was found that a good umbrella was not improved by being carried in his mouth, an old one was given him for his own especial benefit. On one occasion, he made the mistake of taking the umbrella with him when he went for a swim in a lake, along the side of which the road led. He happened to let it go whilst he was in the water, and it sank to the bottom, and that part of the lake being shallow, his swimming and diving stirred up so much mud that he could not find it again, and had to be called off. It was interesting to see how shame-faced he was when he came home, and the story of the loss of the umbrella was told. He bore all reproaches meekly, but hung his head, and let his tail droop. A week or ten days afterwards, however, he was ordered to seek for and bring the umbrella, which mission he faithfully executed, returning triumphant with the lost article in his mouth.

There was nothing in which he more delighted than to carry an egg. He never broke one that we knew of, and never seemed to think of an egg as a thing to be eaten; but apparently had a notion that it was something valuable, and much to be preferred to a stone, which he would sometimes pick up in his gambolling, and fling out of his mouth again very carelessly. Of an egg he always took great care. He knew where the hens' nests were, and as some of them were easily accessible to him, he occasionally

visited them, and then might be seen walking slowly and proudly, with head aloft, and an egg in his mouth. The servant soon learned to know from his demeanor when he had an egg. If called upon by them, he was not always willing to give it up at once, but drew back, facing them, wagging his tail, and looking all fun and delight. However, if they let him alone, he was satisfied with taking a short promenade, and then came in and deposited the egg upon the kitchen floor. He was evidently quite aware of the danger of breaking it, laid it down on the stone floor with great caution, and then seemed to take no further interest in it, but was quite willing that any one should take it away. We could give many instances of his powers of reflection.

In a little volume, entitled "Little Fan, or the Story of a Pet Dog," we are told of this gentle and interesting animal that it is susceptible of feeling regret for misconduct, and of improving its behavior. Fan, as is related, became acquainted with a rough, but, on the whole, good-natured dog in the neighborhood, named Bill. One day, in their rambles, Bill very heedlessly led Fan into a drain, in which she got herself terribly dirtied, and received a scolding in consequence. So distressed was she at the reproof, which she knew was well merited, that she relinquished all acquaintanceship with Bill. When he tried to walk by her side, as formerly, she would instantly cross over to the other side of the road; and every time he attempted it, she repulsed him in the same way as much as to say, "No, Bill; you led me into that scrape; you it was made me so naughty to my dear, kind mistresses, and I don't like you for it."

Most of the facts and anecdotes related in this paper seem to us to be perfectly irreconcilable with the notion that dogs and all the lower animals are guided by instinct alone; they plainly imply intelligence, and some degree of the power of thinking or reasoning. Every one who has observed the lower animals with any degree of attention, must have perceived a great difference in respect of intelligence between one individual and another of the same kind, as well as in temper and general character. This is particularly the case in dogs. Mr. Darwin is certainly right in ascribing also to them and to others of the lower animals various modes of expressing their emotions. We cannot, however, from our own observation, confirm his statement, that "a pleasurable and excited state of mind is exhibited by some dogs by grinning." The nearest approach to it we have ever seen was in the Newfoundland dog just mentioned, and it was chiefly notable when an open snuff-box was presented to him. There were then certainly "the slight eversion of the lips, the grin, and the sniff," which Sir Charles Bell remarked long ago; but, although the dog was in a playful mood, it was difficult to make sure that they were to be ascribed to a sense of amusement, or partook at all of the nature of laughter; it was more easy, we think, to ascribe them to an apprehension of the possible pungent effect of the snuff. With all our high opinion of dogs, we cannot just say that they are entitled to be called laughing animals!

THE FABLE OF THE BEES.

BY LESLIE STEPHENS.

IN speaking of Shaftesbury, in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, I remarked that his most complete antithesis was Bernard de Mandeville, author of the "Fable of the Bees." Between them the two writers give a very fair summary of the ethical tendencies of the eighteenth century freethinkers in England. They are treated as joint opponents of orthodoxy in several controversial writings of the times, as, for example, in Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," in a very able essay on the "Characteristics" by John Brown, better known as the author of the "Estimate," and in that amorphous mass of dissertation which Warburton called a "Demonstration of the

Divine Legation of Moses." Their theories are the Scylla and Charybdis between which it was a delicate matter to steer a straight course. Agreeing in refuting the teaching of divines, they are at the opposite poles of speculation in all else; and it was some consolation to the orthodox that two such enemies of the faith might be, more or less, trusted to neutralize each other. Their relations to each other and to their common enemies illustrate some of the problems which were then agitating men's minds. The agitation has not quite subsided.

Mandeville published the "Fable of the Bees" in 1714, three years after the appearance of the "Characteristics." It opens with a doggerel poem, setting forth that a hive of bees, once thriving and vicious, lost its prosperity together with its vice on a sudden reformation. A line or two from the conclusion gives the pith of the doctrine:—

Then leave complaints: fools only strive
To make a great an honest hive;
To enjoy the world's conveniences,
Be famed in war, yet live in ease;
Without great vices, is a vain
Utopia, seated in the brain.

A comment follows expounding this cynical theory in detail. In subsequent editions, for the "Fable" enjoyed a wide popularity for many years, were added various explanations and defences of the doctrine. In 1723 the book was presented as a nuisance by the Grand Jury of Middlesex. Observing, says that respectable body, with the "greatest sorrow and concern," the many books published almost every week by impious and licentious writers, whose "principles have a direct tendency to the subversion of all religion and civil government, our duty to the Almighty, our love to our country, and regard to our oaths, oblige us to present" the publisher of the "Fable of the Bees," and thereby, as it would appear, to give him a useful advertisement.

No harm followed to Mandeville in person. His reputation, however, was gibbeted in all the respectable writings of the day; his name became a by-word, and his book was regarded as a kind of pothouse edition of the arch-enemy Hobbes. The indignation was not unnatural. Mandeville is said to have been in the habit of frequenting coffee-houses and amusing his patrons by ribald conversation. The book smells of its author's haunts. He is a cynical and prurient writer, who shrinks from no jest, however scurrilous, and from no paradox, however grotesque, calculated to serve the object—which he avows in his preface to be his sole object—of amusing his readers; readers, it may be added, far from scrupulous in their tastes. And yet, with all Mandeville's brutality, there runs through his pages a vein of shrewd sense which gives a certain pungency to his rough assaults on the decent theories of life. Nay, there are many remarks indicative of some genuine philosophical acuteness. A hearty contempt for the humbugs of this world, and a resolution not to be blinded by its professions, are not in themselves bad things. When, indeed, a man includes amongst the humbugs everything which passes with others for virtue and purity, his teaching is repulsive; though, even in such a case, we may half forgive a writer like Swift, whose bitterness proves that he has not parted from his illusions without a cruel pang. Mandeville shares Swift's contempt for the human race, but his contempt, instead of urging him to the confines of madness, finds easy vent in a horselaugh. He despises himself as well as his neighbors, and is content to be despicable. He is a scoffer, not a misanthrope. You are all Yahoos, he seems to say, and I am a Yahoo; and so—let us eat, drink, and be merry.

Mandeville's view of the world is thus the reverse of the superfine philosophy of Shaftesbury. For the dignified he substitutes the bestial theory of human nature; and in perfect consistency he speaks with bitter ridicule of his opponent. "Two systems," he says, "cannot be more opposite than his lordship's and mine." "The hunting after this *pulchrum et honestum*," which with Lord Shaftesbury should be the sole object of human life, "is not much better

than a wild-geese chase;" and if we come to facts "there is not a quarter of the wisdom, solid knowledge, and intrinsic worth in the world that men talk of and compliment one another with; and of virtue and religion there is not an hundredth part in reality of what there is in appearance." The frankness with which this opinion is uttered, is rarer than the opinion itself. Mandeville is but a coarse and crude interpreter of a doctrine which is not likely to disappear for want of disciples. He prides himself on being a shrewd man of the world, whose experience has amply demonstrated the folly of statesmen and the hypocrisy of churchmen, and from whom all that beautiful varnish of flimsy philosophy with which we deceive each other is unable to cover the vileness of the underlying materials. He will not be beguiled from looking at the seamy side of things. Man, as theologians tell us, is corrupt; nay, it would be difficult for them to exaggerate his corruption; but the heaven which they throw in by way of consolation is tacitly understood to be a mere delusion, and the supernatural guidance to which they bid us trust, an ingenious device for enforcing their own authority. Tell your fine stories, he says in effect, to school-girls or to devotees; don't try to pass them off upon me, who have seen men and cities, and not taken my notions from books or sermons. There is a part of our nature which is always flattered by the bold assertion that our idols are made of dirt; and Mandeville was a sagacious sycophant of those baser instincts.

The paradox which has given his book its chief notoriety is that which is summed up in the alternative title, "Private vices, public benefits." The fallacy which lies at the base of his economical sophistries is, one might suppose, sufficiently transparent; and yet it not only puzzled the ablest thinkers of the day, but enjoys a permanent popularity. In slightly altered forms it is constantly reappearing, and repeated confutation never seems to kill it at the root. The doctrine is, in general terms, that consumption instead of saving is beneficial to laborers. Mandeville exhausts his ingenuity in exhibiting it in the most extravagant shapes. "It is," he declares, "the sensual courtier that sets no limits to his luxury; the fickle strumpet that invents new fashions every week; the haughty duchess that in equipage, entertainments, and all her behavior would imitate a princess; the profuse rake and lavish heir, that scatter about their money without wit or judgment, buy everything they see, and either destroy or give it away the next day; the covetous and perjured villain, that squeezed an immense treasure from the tears of widows and orphans, and left the prodigals the money to spend; it is these that are the proper food of the full-grown Leviathan;" we require them in order to set all varieties of labor to work, and "to procure an honest livelihood to the vast numbers of working poor that are required to make a large society." The doctrine, however extravagantly stated, is only a logical development of that which is put forward whenever a body of laborers is thrown out of work by a change of fashion. Nobody would now commend actual vice, but we have quite recently seen a defence of luxury on the ground that it employs labor. The "sensual courtier" indeed is not excused, but the rich noble who lives in superfluous state is exhorted to lay to his soul the flattering unction that he is providing employment for the tradesmen who supply his wants. Political economists have shown the fallacy of such arguments; but their refutation is constantly regarded as a gratuitous paradox.

The sophistry is indeed forced to conceal itself more carefully at the present day; for Mandeville delights in following it with perverse ingenuity to its furthest consequences. He pronounces the Reformation to have been scarcely more efficacious in promoting the national prosperity than "the silly and capricious invention of hooped and quilted petticoats." "Religion," he adds, "is one thing and trade is another. He that gives most trouble to thousands of his neighbors and invents the most opiose manufactures is, right or wrong, the greatest friend to society." Nay, he manages to cap these extravagances by arguing that even the destruction of capital may be useful. "The

Fire of London was a great calamity, but if the carpenters, bricklayers, smiths," and others set at work, "were to vote against those who lost by the fire, the rejoicings would equal if not exceed the complaints." Foolish paradoxes, it may be said, are useful at most in so far as an extravagant statement of a foolish theory may help to bring about its collapse. And yet the writer who expounded such glaring absurdities was capable of occasionally attacking a commercial fallacy with great success, and of anticipating the views of later and more eminent authorities. Thus, for example, though he cannot shake himself free from the superstition that the imports of a nation should not be allowed to exceed the exports, he attacks certain current theories upon the subject by arguments which only require further extension to lead to a sound conclusion; and he illustrates the advantages of division of labor, not indeed, with the felicity of Adam Smith, but in such a way as to show an apprehension of the principle at least equally clear. Mandeville, in fact, is not a mere dealer in absurdities. He has overlaid a very sound and sober thesis with paradoxes in which probably he only half believed. When formally defending himself, he can represent his arguments as purely ironical. He confesses, in a vindication against the Grand Jury, that he has stated in plain terms "that what we call evil in this world, moral as well as natural, is the grand principle that makes us sociable creatures; the solid basis, the life and support of all trades and employments without exception; that there we must look for the true origin of all arts and sciences; and that the moment evil ceases, the society must be spoiled if not totally dissolved." The phrase, he admits, has an awkward sound; but had he been writing for persons unable to read between the lines, he would have explained in good set terms that his only meaning was that "every want was an evil; that on the multiplicity of those wants depended all those mutual services which individual members of society pay to each other, and that consequently the greater variety there was of wants, the larger number of individuals might find their private interest in laboring for the good of others, and united together compose one body." The streets of London, according to his own illustration, will grow dirtier as long as trade increases; and to make his pages attractive, he had expressed this doctrine as though he took the dirt to be the cause instead of the necessary consequence of the wealth. The fallacy, indeed, is too deeply embedded in his argument to be discarded in this summary fashion. The doctrine that the heir who scatters, and not the miser who accumulates savings, really sets labor at work, was so much in harmony with the ideas of that age, that even Berkeley's acuteness could suggest no better answer than the statement that an honest man generally consumes more than a knave. There is, however, a core of truth in the sophistry. Large expenditure is an evil so far as it indicates that consumption is outrunning accumulation; it may be called a good sign so far as it indicates that large accumulations render large consumption possible. Mandeville, confusing the two cases, attacks in the same breath the frugal Dutchman who saves in order to supply future wants, and the savage who, consuming little, yet consumes all that he produces, and produces little, because he has no tastes and feels no wants. As against the savage, his remarks are correct enough. The growth of new desires is clearly an essential condition towards the improvement of society, and every new desire brings new evils in its train. Indeed, there is only too much to be said for the theory, when thus stripped of its paradoxical dress. The streets of London, to say nothing of the streets of New York, grow most undeniably dirty as a fuller stream of commerce flows through them, and leaves behind its questionable deposits. An increased cultivation of wheat is also unpleasantly favorable to the growth of tares; and it is in vain that our economical optimists repudiate all responsibility for the evils which inevitably accompany the blessings they promise. If, however, Mandeville had confined himself to this modest assertion, he would have fallen into the ordinary jog-trot of the moralists who denounce an excessive passion for wealth. It was

pleasanter and more exciting to give a different turn to his doctrine. To make an omelette you must break eggs; don't deny in words what you preach by practice; admit frankly that the gain is worth the mischief; and it is but a step farther to say that the mischief is the cause of the gain.

The moral side of this edifying doctrine involves a similar ambiguity. Mandeville may be described as accepting the alternative forced upon us by ascetic moralists. Worldliness, they say, is vice: let us therefore abandon the world. We won't and can't abandon the world, replies Mandeville; let us be vicious, and be candidly vicious. Accept in all sincerity the doctrine of contempt for wealth, with the fundamental theorem on which it reposes, that the natural passions are bad; and we should be virtuous and barbarous. Accumulation of wealth, as the later economists tell us, is the natural base of all the virtues of civilization, and the industrial view of morality is therefore opposed fundamentally to the views of certain orthodox preachers. Mandeville's paradox is produced by admitting with the divines that the pursuit of wealth is radically vicious, and by arguing with the economists that it is essential to civilization. Luxury, according to his definition, should in strictness include everything that is not essential to the existence of a naked savage. Hence the highest conceivable type of virtue should be found in religious houses, whose inmates have bound themselves by rigid vows of chastity and poverty to trample the flesh under foot; or rather it would be found there if monks and nuns did not cover the vilest sensuality under a mask of hypocrisy, an opinion which has been confirmed by the evidence of "many persons of eminence and learning." He would subscribe to Dr. Newman's opinion that in the humble monk and the holy nun are to be found the only true Christians after the Scripture pattern, if he could believe that holiness and humility were ever more than shams. Now the ideal of a Trappist monk is plainly incompatible with the development of an industrious community.

From the same theory follows logically the denial of the name of virtue to every practice which is prompted by natural instinct. Thus, for example, the force of maternal love appears to the ordinary moralist to be one of the most beautiful of human instincts. Mandeville, with perverse ingenuity, twists it into a proof that all virtue is factitious. You cry out, he says, with horror at the woman who commits infanticide. But the same woman who murders her illegitimate child may show the utmost tenderness to her lawful offspring. As a murderess and as a good mother she is equally actuated by the self-love which is really the spring of all our actions. The murder is produced by a sense of shame; destroy the shame, and you suppress the crime; the most dissolute women are scarcely ever guilty of this sin. A mother's love is produced not by any force of principle, but by the operation of natural instincts. The "vilest women have exerted themselves on this head as violently as the best." Now "there is no merit in pleasing ourselves," and indeed an excessive love for children is often their ruin, which shows that it is prompted by a desire for our own welfare and not for the happiness of our children. Imagine yourself, he suggests, to be locked up in a room looking upon a yard through a grated window; suppose that you saw in it a pretty child of two or three years at play; and that a "nasty over-grown sow" came in and frightened the poor child out of its wits. You would do all you could to frighten it away. But if the overgrown sow, being in a famished condition, were to proceed to tear the helpless infant to pieces, whilst you looked on without the power to interfere, none of the passions vaunted by moralists would equal your sensations of pity and indignation. What is the inference? That there would be no need of virtue or self-denial to be moved at such a scene, and that not only a humane man, but a highwayman, a housebreaker, or a murderer would feel the same. This pity, therefore, is a mere counterfeit of charity. It comes in through the eye or ear; and if we read of three or four hundred men being killed or drowned at a distance, we are

not really more moved than at a tragedy. Reason would tell us to grieve equally for the sufferings which we see and for those which we do not see; but the vehement emotion of pity is only caused by the painful objects which immediately assail our senses. It is the rising of the gorge at an offensive sight, not a deep-seated intellectual motive. In the same spirit, he argues with offensive coarseness that modesty is merely a sham. "Virtue bids us subdue, but good breeding only requires that we should conceal our appetites." Good breeding involves no self-denial; but only teaches us to gratify our sensuality according to the custom of the country; and a man may wallow in all kinds of indulgence and be sure that he will have "all the women and nine tenths of the men on his side."

Once more, theologians condemn the military as well as the industrial passions; and here, too, they are merely covering over our brutal natural passions with a flimsy veil, and affecting to condemn what everybody knows to be essential to the welfare of society. Duelling, for example, is forbidden by law, and is yet essential to that code of honor without which there would be no living in a large society. Why should a nation grudge to see some half dozen men sacrificed in a year "to obtain so valuable a blessing as the politeness of manners, the pleasure of conversation, and the happiness of company in general," whilst it exposes thousands of lives for an end which may often do no good at all? Religion bids you leave revenge to God; honor bids you reserve it scrupulously for yourself; religion forbids and honor commands murder; religion orders you to turn the other cheek, honor to quarrel for a trifle; "religion is built on humility, honor on pride; how to reconcile them must be left to wiser heads than mine." The argument is pointed by an elaborate portrait, which curiously recalls Richardson's ideal hero. He describes Sir Charles Grandison by anticipation. He sets before us a fine gentleman of the highest type, lavish in his expenditure, but always guided by the most exquisite taste; cheerful and cordial in his demeanor; and yet never omitting due courtesy to the meanest of his guests; solid as well as amusing in his conversation, and never using an indecent or a profane word; careful in his religious observances, charitable to the poor, a father to his tenants, a liberal but strictly just master to his servants, and in that capacity remarkable for this special touch of good sense, that he never allows them to accept gratuities from his visitors on any pretence. What, then, is to be said against this pattern of all the virtues of a gentleman? Mandeville replies by putting the same dilemma which so terribly puzzled Richardson. Suppose our spotless hero to receive an insult from somebody of equal position but of less self-command. What will he do? Obey the laws of God, and submit; or the laws of honor, which have at most the force of an oral tradition? Richardson evades the problem by endowing his hero with a skill of fence equally remarkable with his other superlative excellences. Mandeville equally assumes that his Grandison will fight, and allows no evasion of this rather *naïf* variety. The hero's conduct supplies a crucial experiment, showing what is the ultimate law by which he is guided. The ridicule of his equals and the mob will have more weight with him than the fear of hell. In other words, pride is the dominant principle of his nature. It is the Protean passion which really accounts for the whole system of behavior which we have so much admired. Christianity and honor lay down two different codes. Where they conflict, all gentlemen unhesitatingly obey the code of honor. If to covet honor, as Shakespeare puts it, be a sin, then clearly the men of honor are the most offending souls alive. We are like Catholics in a Protestant country, who cannot be trusted because they pay allegiance to another than their lawful sovereign. Hide it from ourselves as we may, the master whom we really obey is not God, but public opinion. This theory of Mandeville's perhaps suggested some of Pope's keenest satire. It is a systematic statement of the poet's pet doctrine of the Ruling Passion.

Search, then, the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;

The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Præsts, princes, women no dissemblers here;
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.

The same theory, according to Mandeville, will include not only Wharton and Marlborough, and Chartres and Bolingbroke, but Berkeley and Addison (the "parson in a tie-wig," as Mandeville called him), and all the saints and moralists, as well as the sinners and blasphemers of the age. The love of honor is our one principle, and love of honor is merely a decent periphrasis for a desire to gratify our vanity. The gentleman values himself on his fidelity to his word. "The rake and scoundrel brag of their vices, and boast of their impudence." In both the fundamental principle is the same.

The argument is, in one sense, a mere juggle. The artifice is transparent. Pride is a dyslogistic epithet given to a natural passion, which may be good or bad. Call it self-respect, and the paradox vanishes. To desire the sympathy and praise of our fellow-creatures is not a bad motive, though it may accidentally come into collision with virtuous desires. To say that the vilest have natural affections is not to prove that the natural affections are a sham, but that there is virtue even in the most abandoned. Beneath the paradoxical outside, however, there lies a rough protest against the old theological dogmas. Human nature rises against the theory which pronounces it to be hopelessly corrupt, and which, by a logical consequence, proceeds to estimate all virtue by the degree in which natural instincts are suppressed. Mandeville may be interpreted as refusing to accept the monastic ideal of virtue; though his refusal certainly takes an awkward form. Your theologians, he says, have endeavored to cramp men's intellects and to eradicate their passions. Possibly you may have fitted them for another world, but you have certainly incapacitated them for this. You exiled the masculine virtues from the sickly and attenuated forms of Catholic saints and hermits; but secular life cannot be carried on without them. The code of honor expresses an attempt of the native vigor of the race to break the fetters with which priests would shackle it. Our spiritual physicians, as Mandeville understood them, proposed to bleed us, like so many Sangrados, till we were fitted for a diet of herbs and water; and to justify the operation, they assured us that our blood was vitiated and corrupt. Mandeville says that if we would enjoy robust health we cannot afford to lose a drop of blood; but instead of inferring that the blood is not corrupt, he infers that corruption is good. Brand all enjoyment as vice, and the natural effect of establishing an indelible association will be an avowed justification of vicious enjoyment. Mandevilles are the inevitable antithesis to an overstrained asceticism; and we may so far sympathize to some extent with his refusal to be mutilated to suit the fancies of priests.

Mandeville, however, goes farther. Wilfully, or deceived by his own selfishness, he declares that this code of honor, and indeed that morality generally, is a mere sham. He opens the commentary on his verses by a singular history of the process by which virtue first made its appearance in the world. Certain mysterious "lawgivers"—persons who appear in all the theological speculations of the time—resolved for their own base purposes to invent virtue. These people "thoroughly examined all the strength and frailties of our nature, and observing that none were either so savage as not to be charmed with praise, or so despicable as patiently to bear contempt, justly concluded that flattery must be the most powerful argument that could be used to exalt human creatures." They extolled our superiority over the other animals, and assured us that we were capable of the most noble achievements; and "having by this artful way of flattery insinuated themselves into the hearts of men, they began to instruct them in the notions of honor and shame." Thus mankind became divided into two classes: the "wild grovelling wretches" who pursued nothing but the gratification of their own appetites, and the nobler creatures who reduced their appetites under the bondage of their reason, and thus obtained the mastery

over their fellows. Thus by "the skilful management of wary politicians" mankind was induced to stigmatize those actions which were harmful to the public as vicious, and to call those which were beneficial virtuous. Even the vilest were interested in maintaining this theory, inasmuch as they received a share of the benefits produced by virtue; and, at least, found their account in repressing the competition of other vile persons by advocating the new maxims. The doctrine is summed up in the aphorism that "the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride." This preposterous caricature of modern utilitarianism is precisely analogous to the ordinary Deist doctrine that the sacred writings were simple forgeries. Virtue, like religion, was regarded as a mere figment when it was no longer believed to come straight from heaven. The only alternative admitted to the supernatural origin of all the beliefs the possession of which distinguishes us from beasts, was their deliberate invention. Virtue, therefore, naturally presents itself as a mere fashion, changing like taste in dress or in architecture. His argument, directed primarily against Shaftesbury, is simply an extension of that upon which Locke had conferred celebrity in the course of his attack upon innate ideas. Shaftesbury had tried to prove that the standard of taste was invariable; and upon that doctrine had founded his theory of morality. Mandeville plausibly enough argues that it is fluctuating and uncertain in the highest degree. Sometimes the florist admires the tulip, at other times the carnation. Beards are worn in one country and shaved in another. Broad-brimmed hats succeed narrow brims, and big buttons alternate with little ones. "What mortal," he asks "can decide which is handsomest abstract from the mode of being?" Our taste is the ultimate arbiter, and our taste varies indefinitely and capriciously. Now "in morals there is no greater certainty." The laws of marriage vary so widely that what is regarded as an abomination in one country is considered as perfectly becoming in another. A Mahomedan may regard wine drinking with an aversion as great as that which we reserve for the practices which we most abhor; and in both cases, the horror will be supposed to arise from nature. Which is the true religion? is the question which has caused more harm than all the other questions put together. At Pekin, at Constantinople, and at Rome you will receive three replies, utterly different, but equally peremptory. Is not the search after a single standard a mere wild-goose chase?

The argument is hardly calculated to puzzle any one at the present day. The believer in intuitive morality replies by pointing to certain primary beliefs which underlie the superficial variations; and the utilitarian replies, as Berkeley replied in substance and Hume with greater detail and completeness, by giving an external test of morality. Since different races have supposed different actions to be beneficial, the standard of morals has varied very widely; and since the beneficial tendency of certain actions is palpable, the variation has been confined within certain limits. By this reply, Mandeville, as he had explicitly stated the utilitarian criterion, should have been convinced. His purpose, however, being simply to startle the prejudices of his readers, he was content to dwell upon the difficulty without suggesting the answer. He was the more open to an easy apparent refutation; and, of the answers which he provoked, the most remarkable was the singularly clear and vigorous assault of William Law. Law, now chiefly remembered for his later divergence into mysticism, was amongst the very ablest controversialists of his age. Few of his contemporaries show the same vigor of reasoning, and it would be hard to mention one who can stand beside him for fervid eloquence. This book was republished in 1844, with a preface by Mr. Maurice, and it is an amusing literary phenomenon to see Law's clear and manly English interpreted into the peculiar dialect of his expounder. A fog is drawn before the sun to help us to read. Law makes short work of Mandeville's superficial sophistries: he strikes them down at a single blow. An action, he says, is virtuous "because it is in obedience to reason and the laws of God; it does not cease to be so

because a body is formed by use, or created by disposition easy and ready for the performance of it." On Mandeville's strange hypothesis that pity was not virtuous because spontaneous, "all habits of virtue would be blameable" because all such habits make good actions more spontaneous. He, in short, who practices virtue with the least self-denial, is the most virtuous man, for self-denial is not the essence, but an accident of virtue. Mandeville's attempt to prove virtue to be arbitrary is met as victoriously as his attempt to prove that it is not meritorious. The theory is self-contradictory. Science, says Law, is only an improvement of those first principles which nature has given us. The mathematician must start from axioms obvious to all mankind. Take them away, and the science vanishes. "Do but suppose *all* to be invented, and then it will follow that nothing could be invented in any science." Morality would not be arbitrary, but inconceivable, if we had not some primary conceptions of right and wrong. The beautiful theory of a fiction started by hypothetical legislators is ingeniously parodied by a similar theory as to the origin of an erect posture. Some clever philosopher discovered that though man crept on the ground, he was made up of pride, and flattery might set him on his legs. They told him what a grovelling thing it was to creep on his legs like the meanest animals; and thus they "wheedled him into the honor and dignity of walking upright to serve their own ambitious ends, and that they might have his hands to be employed in their drudgery." Virtue is no mere cheat; it is "founded in the immutable relations of things, in the perfections and attributes of God, and not in the pride of man or the craft of cunning politicians."

This, and much more, is excellent logic — too good, one might think, to be thrown away upon such poor game as the big button theory of morality. And yet at this point there intrudes a certain doubt as to whether Law has really struck the vital point of Mandeville's theory. It is, doubtless, utterly absurd to suppose that men were cheated into virtue — as absurd as to suppose that they were cheated into an upright posture. The doctrine was only possible, even as an amusing paradox, in days when men could argue seriously that all the prophets and apostles were vulgar impostors. It might be summarily swept aside on to the rubbish heap, where extinct fallacies decay till they are picked up for the amusement of some student of human eccentricity. But Law's reply seems to assume that we are driven to a choice between two alternatives, neither of which is accepted by modern thinkers. Strauss does not hold that the early Christians were cheats, any more than he holds them to have been supernaturally inspired. The doctrines which they preached were the natural fruit of the human intellect working under certain conditions at a given stage of its development. The same change has passed over speculators upon morality. If not invented, it yet need not have been revealed. Man was not cheated into standing upright, nor was he made standing upright; the upright posture appeared at a certain period in the course of his development from monkeyhood. Prove, as Mandeville tried to prove, that morality was originally due to the working of certain simple passions, and it certainly will not follow that morality is a matter of mere arbitrary fashion, varying indefinitely in different times and countries, like the taste for big buttons. We shall rather be induced to accept another branch of the dilemma. If we go to the root of the matter, we should rather say that a taste for big buttons was itself the product of certain uniform laws, acting as inflexibly as those which determine the details of our moral code. If morality is the creature of fashion, yet fashion is not the creature of chance, for chance has no existence. Springing from deeper and more uniform motives than those which regulate our taste in buttons, it is far less variable, but it is equally to be deduced from the workings of human nature and not from those vague entities, the "immutable relations of things," nor yet from our intuitions of the inconceivable essence of the Divine Nature. The "Fable of the Bees," in fact, contains, in its crudest and most offensive form, the germ of

what would now be called the derivative theory of morality, and falls into gratuitous perplexity by implicitly assuming chance as an objective reality, whilst in consistency Mandeville was bound to believe, and indeed actually professes his belief, in the universality of natural laws.

It is here, in fact, that we reach the logical foundation upon which Mandeville erected so strange a superstructure. The will of God (says Law) makes moral virtue our law. If we ask how this will appears, it is because we know that God is of infinite justice and goodness and truth. Every theologian must admit that this is the ultimate foundation of virtue; but the ever-recurring difficulty cannot be evaded. Are God's justice and goodness the same with ours? Must we not derive our knowledge of the Deity from our moral ideas instead of inverting the process? If so, must we not discover some external basis for morality, and, in that case, where is it to be placed? Law's answer at this time, when driven to his ultimate standing-ground, would apparently have consisted in an appeal to the external evidences of Christianity. Such thinkers, however, as Shaftesbury and Mandeville, who, agreeing in little else, agreed in rejecting or ignoring the force of those evidences, were necessarily driven to a different answer. Law, in his anxiety to depreciate natural religion, declares that the light of nature amounts only to a "bare capacity of receiving good or bad impressions, right or wrong opinions or sentiments, according to the state of the world we fall into." Mandeville, sharing Law's contempt for human nature, would scarcely dispute this opinion; but he denied what Law strenuously asserted, that the light of revelation supplied the defects of nature. He calmly extinguishes both lights and leaves us to grope our way in the dark. Shaftesbury, on the contrary, maintains that the light of nature is abundantly sufficient by itself. The harmonies written everywhere on the face of the universe enables every reverent observer to discover the Creator. We "look through nature up to nature's God." Indeed, the essence of his theory is the identification of God with nature. His Deity is not the patron of a nation or a sect, or the inspirer of a priestly caste or a set of isolated fanatics, but the universal, immanent, and all-pervading essence. If not quite a Pantheist, he protests against that form of theology which represents God as an internal ruler, or as only one amongst many forces, though incomparably the most powerful of all. It is here that he comes into the most vital contrast with Mandeville. How, in fact, can theology which makes God a synonym with nature supply a basis for morality? As Pope said in the "licentious stanza" afterwards omitted from the "Universal Prayer" —

Can that offend great nature's God,
Which nature's self inspires?

Nature is an impartial and universal power: nature inspires hatred as well as love; and arms the murderer as well as the judge. It is impossible, instead of wrong, to break the laws of nature; and morality understood as obedience to nature sanctions every action that ever was or ever will be performed. Shaftesbury's attempt at evasion, by calling some passions "unnatural," is either nugatory or involves the abandonment of his whole argument. The difficulty is that which, in one form or another, perplexes every attempt to substitute pure Deism for revealed religion. Nature is too vague a deity to supply intelligible motives for action, or to attract our love and reverence.

Butler's argument, both in the "Analogy" and in the "Sermons," is intended to meet this difficulty. His purpose is to show that nature, when rightly interpreted, bears witness to the existence of a power external to itself. We can read the great riddle, obscurely indeed, but yet so as to answer Pope's question satisfactorily. Some things, he maintains, which nature's self inspires, may be shown to offend great nature's God most unequivocally. Mandeville, on the other hand, pronounces the riddle to be hopelessly insoluble. Nature is and ever must remain an unknown god; "every part of her works, ourselves not

excepted, is an impenetrable secret to us that eludes all inquiry." The sufferings inflicted by nature are, with Butler, indications of Divine displeasure; with Mandeville, parts of a system, whose existence proves, indeed, that they have some purpose, but leaves that purpose utterly unintelligible. Nature makes animals feed upon each other. Waste of life, cruelty, lust, and voracity are the engines by which she works out her inscrutable purposes. Do you presume to blame them? "All actions in nature, abstractly considered, are equally indifferent; and whatever it may be to individual creatures, to die is not a greater evil to this earth, or the whole universe, than it is to be born." Every attempt at a solution brings us back to the everlasting problem of the origin of evil. We see millions of living beings starved every year; we see the most exquisite organisms put together only to be purposely wasted. Nothing is too good to be eaten by the vilest of its fellow-creatures. A common fly, he argues rather quaintly, is a marvellous piece of workmanship, and yet flies are eaten in myriads by birds and spiders, which are of no use to us. The wondrous harmonies which excite Shaftesbury's easy rhetoric explain nothing. Look at nature impartially, and you must confess that admiration is balanced by horror. In seeking to enlarge our conceptions of Deity, He becomes too vague to excite any human emotion. You will not have a God who takes part with a section of the human race; and you find it impossible to esteem a God who takes part with virtue against vice, or with happiness against misery. When once the old anthropomorphic fancies are abandoned, nothing remains but a gulf of ignorance, across which no fine phrases can cast a trustworthy bridge. This, though it expresses the general tendency of Mandeville's argument, is not quite openly said: for, either to blind his purpose, or from real inconsistency, or, more probably, from love of paradox, he introduces an argument or two in favor of Providence, and even, ostensibly, in favor of the Divine origin of the Pentateuch.

Perhaps the most offensive, certainly the most original and instructive, part of Mandeville's reasoning, is in its application to society. It is curious to find the very questions which now cause the bitterest discussions cropping up, though of course in a cruder form, in the pages of Mandeville and Shaftesbury. The same battle is still raging, though the ground has a little shifted, and the combatants bring deadlier weapons and greater stores of ammunition into the field.

Shaftesbury ridicules the Hobbists as modern metaphysicians sneer at Mr. Darwin. How did man come into the world? Did he begin as a rudimentary embryo, from which presently sprouted here an eye, and there an ear, and then perhaps a tail, which luckily dropped off in time, leaving things, by good luck, just as they ought to be? "Surely," he says, "this is the lowest view of the original affairs of human kind." But recognize Providence instead of chance as the author of the world, and we must admit that the social affections are as natural to man as eyes and ears. Hobbes's state of nature implies a chaos which had no elements of stability. Society, too, must be natural to man, and it follows that he never did nor could exist without it. Shaftesbury, like Mr. Disraeli, is plainly "on the side of the angels," and would have taunted Mr. Huxley with his great-grandfather the ape. Mandeville replies in the spirit, and sometimes with the very arguments, of a modern believer in natural selection. Of nature, as a power apart from the phenomena which it governs, he knows nothing; and is, therefore, by no means disposed to sing hymns to it after the Shaftesbury fashion. We can only trace its purposes by its performances. "Knowing, *à priori*, belongs to God only. . . . Wretched man, on the contrary, is sure of nothing, his own existence not excepted, but from reasoning *à posteriori*." Experience tells us that in the brute creation nature's great moving forces are pain, hunger, and suffering. Why should we look for anything different amongst mankind? The one great fact which we discover by observation is that which we have lately learnt to call the struggle for existence. Society,

language, all that makes us differ from brutes, has been forced upon us by the conflict between our self-love and the conditions of our existence. The first thing that drove men to associate was probably the dread of wild beasts, as is testified by the legends of dragons and monsters which abound in all ancient history. The union was made firmer by their dread of each other. Pride, the universal prime mover, made the strongest and bravest force their dominion upon the weak and cowardly. The third step was the invention of letters, which made permanent laws possible, or, in other words, enabled men to take permanent precautions against the outbreaks of individual passions. Then followed the division of labor, which is the natural product of a peaceful state of society, and the groundwork of all civilization. Religion arose from the natural tendency of children and savages to attribute feelings like their own to external objects; or, in Comtist phraseology, it began with fetishism. Legislators turned this fear of the invisible to account for strengthening the authority of the laws. Language is gradually developed out of the simple signs by which even brutes can make themselves mutually understood. Ages were doubtless required for its development, and to raise up politicians capable of putting the passions to their true use, and finally achieving the highest triumph of turning "private vices into public benefits." It is by slow degrees and by a series of successive failures that the machinery which is now fancied to be the direct work of nature was gradually brought to perfection. "We often ascribe," he says, "to the excellency of man's genius, and the depth of his penetration, what is in reality owing to length of time, and the experience of many generations, all of them very little differing from one another in natural parts and sagacity;" a truth which he ingeniously illustrates by the case of a man-of-war, the mechanism of which is now explained by clever engineers, but which was in fact put together by a steady application of the rule of thumb.

Arguments, such as these, have a strangely familiar sound. The dress rather than the substance is altered. Mandeville had not heard of Mr. Darwin's struggle for existence; he had not studied Mr. Tylor's investigations of savage life; he knew nothing of Malthus's laws of population, or of Ricardo's analysis of the operations of modern competition. But the theory of the world which underlies his speculations, and the method for which it gives foundation, is pretty nearly identical. The world is the scene of a huge struggle of units driven by conflicting passions, and their mutual pressure gives for its final result all those complex social and intellectual products which others attribute to providential interference. Would you unravel the plan of this mysterious and shifting scene, it is in vain to rely upon *à priori* reasonings, or to fancy that you can discover the purposes of the hidden Creator. By observing the results you can discover how the phenomena are generated, and what laws they obey; but why the laws should be these, and none other, is beyond the reach of our intelligence. The historical cause may be discovered; the final cause is inscrutable. The modern man of science and the old reckless cynic agree in the resolution to look facts in the face, and to reject—sometimes rashly and brutally—anything that is not a hard, tangible fact. Hunger, lust, self-love are forms which cannot be overlooked, but the finer creations of awe, reverence, and humanity may be dismissed as mere phantoms are resolved into coarser elements. If you wish to examine into the origin of things, it is extremely convenient to discard as non-existent everything that defies a simple analysis. And thus it was tempting to regard human beings as moving exclusively under the influence of brutal and selfish passions, which are palpable to the most cursory observer, and which, by a little dexterous manipulation, can be made to account for everything. There is certainly enough self-deceit and hypocrisy and cruelty and selfishness in the world to be an awkward obstacle for optimists of the Shaftesbury type. So many things are humbugs, that it is but a step to declare everything to be a humbug, except the one moving force which we so dexterously

disguise from ourselves and from each other. Assume that selfishness is to human beings what gravitation is to the planetary bodies, and the task of the psychologist is marvellously simplified. You say that the discovery is degrading; well, Mandeville would reply, I want to discover the truth, not to flatter your pride; and, on the same principle, you might call astronomy or physiology degrading. You are too proud to admit that the earth is not the centre of the universe, that you are made of flesh and bones, or that you have feelings in common with an ape; but, if those are the facts, what is the use of struggling against their recognition? Your dreams are pleasant; but it does not answer in the long run to mistake a dream for a reality.

The weak and the strong sides of the two theories are curiously contrasted. Each writer, of course, can resolutely ignore whatever is inconsistent with his hypotheses; it must be a very dull or a very acute philosopher who does not find that process necessary. Whilst Shaftesbury placidly shuts his eyes to the sin and suffering which offer insoluble problems to the consistent optimist, Mandeville seems almost to gloat over evils which may serve to perplex his adversaries. Nature, so far from exciting rapturous enthusiasm, appears to him almost as a Moloch, delighting in the tortures of her creatures. Not that he is horror-struck or driven to despair. What is the use of being angry with the inevitable, or puzzling our heads over the inscrutable? Let us take what we can get in this blind, fierce struggle, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can under the circumstances.

Virtue is an empty pretence; for upon what can the service of this terrible deity repose except upon a clever calculation of our own interests? To feather our own nests as warmly as may be is our only policy in this pitiless storm. Lust and pride and realities; to gratify them is to secure the only genuine enjoyment. It is necessary, indeed, to use the conventional varnish of fine phrases, for flattery is a more potent instrument of success than open defiance of the world. But nothing is substantially satisfactory which is not perceptible to the senses. Mandeville, in short, is the legitimate precursor of those materialists of the last century who acknowledged the existence of nothing that could not be touched, tasted, and handled, and who were accustomed to analyze man into so much hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, and declare that nothing remained to be discovered. Ridicule his conclusions by all means, as much as you please; condemn still more unequivocally the cynical levity with which he abolishes virtue, and proclaims the world to be a hateful farce. No language could be too strong to convey our protest against such theories, were it not that they are too dead to need much protesting. But after all is said that can or need be said, there is yet something on the other side. Mandeville's picture of the origin of society is far nearer the truth than Shaftesbury's, or than that of most contemporary philosophers. Partly, it is because his theories, which are a libel on civilized mankind, are not so far wrong when applied to man still half brutal, and only showing the rudiments of religion or morality. But partly, too, the comparative accuracy of his results is due to the fact that his method is sound, though his spirit is detestable.

An unflinching scepticism is a necessary, though a disagreeable stage on the road to truth. Beautiful theories must be questioned however attractive, and phantoms laid whatever consolation they may have conferred. Mandeville, it is true, represents scepticism in its coarsest and most unlovely stage. He has taken the old theological system, and retained all that was degrading whilst summarily destroying what was elevating. If man be regarded as altogether vile, it is necessary to account for virtue by admitting the existence of some Divine element. But Mandeville will have nothing to do with the supernaturalism which has become incredible to him, nor with Shaftesbury's attempt to make nature itself Divine, which he regards as mere flimsy bombast. And thus he leaves nothing but a bare hideous chaos, entirely godless in the sense that it neither bears

internal traces of Divine harmony nor the interference of Divine powers from without. Denying the reality of virtue, he sees no reason for providing any new form of belief round which the nobler impulses may gather. In short, he exhibits the result of taking the old theology and simply leaving out God. The result is naturally appalling. We have chaos without even a hint that some reconstructive process is necessary to supply the place of the old order. Theologians of the Warburton school so far agreed with him that they removed all Divine action as far as possible, and apparently held that God once interfered with the Jews, but had long given up any interest in the world. Their arguments pretty nearly come to this, that there is enough evidence to prove that there once was a God; and that, as there is no evidence of the contrary, we must suppose that He exists still, though He carefully preserves his incognito. Theology of that variety is not much more edifying, and is a good deal less frank, than Mandeville's practical atheism. To say this, though not quite in plain words, and to say it with a grin, does not imply a very noble character. Yet we may admit a kind of gratitude to the man whose sweeping demolition of the ancient superstructure evidences the necessity of some deeper and sounder process of reconstruction, and who, if the truth must be spoken, has after all written a very amusing book.

AN AUTHOR'S PETS.

DUMAS the Elder, as an earnest worker, was fond (at proper times) of solitude—but not a solitary solitude. His terrestrial paradise and his work-rooms must have a goodly company of birds and beasts; for he adored animals. Servants, being part of one's own individuality, hardly count as society; his negro lad, Alexis, spoiled and lazy, might be taken as belonging to either one or the other.

Dumas's animals came into his possession in all sorts of ways, the which to relate would be too long. Like Adam, he fitted them all with names. He had three monkeys; one called after a celebrated translator, the other after an illustrious novelist; the third, a female ape, represented an actress then at the zenith of her popularity. French jurists hold that "*la vie privée doit être murée*," private life ought to be enclosed with a wall; the exact sobriquets cannot therefore be given, being founded either on personal resemblance or the details of personal history. We will call the translator Potich, the novelist the Last of the Laidmanoirs, and the lady ape Mademoiselle Desgarcins.

All journeys, long or short, are certain to afford two pleasures—the pleasure of starting, and the pleasure of getting home again. The pleasure of the journey itself is much more precarious.

Dumas had returned from a fatiguing journey. His old friends, the furniture, gave him a welcome which he repaid with smiles. But an easy-chair, close to the fireplace, displayed an unwonted occupant. The seat was filled with a large white muff, whose purring announced it to be a cat.

"Madame Lamarque!"—she was cook—"Madame Lamarque!"

"I was aware that monsieur had arrived," she said, "but I was in the middle of a white sauce; and monsieur, who is a cook himself, knows how easily these blanquettes turn. I ought also to introduce our little foundling; I was sure monsieur would consent to adopt him."

"And where did you find the foundling, Madame Lamarque?"

"In the cellar, crying '*Miaou, miaou*!' exactly like a deserted child. What name will monsieur please to give him?"

"Mysouff the Second, if that suits you. Only, Madame Lamarque, pray take good care that he don't eat my Java sparrows, my widow-birds, and my turtle-doves, and all the rest."

"No fear of that; he's as innocent as a lamb, a vege-

tarian, in fact, preferring bread and milk to cat's meat. But with monsieur's leave, what does Mysouff mean? Is it a cat's name, like Puss or Minet?"

"Certainly; to make Mysouff the Second, there must have been a Mysouff the First." And Dumas fell into a fit of musing which Madame Lamarque did not choose to disturb.

The mention of that name Mysouff had carried his thoughts back full fifteen years. His mother was at that time living. He had still the happiness to be scolded, now and then, by a mother. He filled a clerk's place, under the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe), which brought him in fifteen hundred francs a year, and occupied his time from ten till five. They lived in the Rue de l'Ouest, and they had a cat, called Mysouff, which ought to have been a dog.

Every morning, Dumas left home at half-past nine,—it was half an hour's walk from the Rue de l'Ouest to the office in the Rue St. Honoré, No. 216,—and every afternoon he returned home at half-past five. Every morning Mysouff accompanied his master as far as the Rue de Vaugirard; and every afternoon he went and waited for him at the Rue de Vaugirard. Those were his limits; he never went an inch further. As soon as he caught sight of his master, he swept the pavement with his tail; at his nearer approach, he rose on all-fours, with arching back and tail erect. When Dumas set foot in the Rue de l'Ouest, the cat jumped to his knees as a dog would have done; then, turning round every ten paces, he led the way to the house. At twenty paces from the house, he set off at a gallop, and two seconds afterwards, the expectant mother appeared at the door.

The most curious circumstance was, that whenever by chance any temptation caused Dumas to neglect his mother's dinner hour, it was useless for her to open the door; Mysouff would not stir from his cushion. But on the days when Dumas was a punctual good boy, if she forgot to open the door, Mysouff scratched it till she let him out. Consequently, she called Mysouff her barometer; it was Set Fair when Dumas came home to dinner, Rain or Wind when he was absent.

There was a garden party of four or five intimates, comprising Maquet the romance-writer, Giraud the painter, and Alexandre Dumas the son. Alexis, the spoiled and lazy African, had condescended to bring a tray with three or four glasses, a bottle of Chablis, and a bottle of soda-water.

"Tiens," said Alexandre; "I have an idea."

"What may it be?"

"To make Mademoiselle Desgarcins uncork the soda-water."

And, without waiting for leave to be given, he laid the bottle on the floor of the monkey's cage, in the position of a cannon resting on its carriage. "Curious as an ape," the saying goes. No sooner was the cage-door shut, than its three occupants, headed by the lady, sat in committee on the bottle. She immediately comprehended that the clue to the secret lay in the four strings that crossed the cork. She tugged at them with her fingers. Fingers failing, she tried her teeth, and in a few minutes had bitten through the two uppermost strings. To get at the other two, Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs adroitly turned the bottle half round. The third string cut, she attacked the fourth. As the operation advanced, its interest increased. The spectators watched the approaching dénouement quite as attentively as the actors.

At last came the terrible detonation. Mademoiselle Desgarcins was knocked heels-over-head and drenched with effervescent water, whilst Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs bounded to the ceiling and clung to it with piercing screams. The tragi-comic parody of human emotions was too laughable to be believed without being seen.

"I give up my share of soda-water," cried Alexandre, "to let Mademoiselle Desgarcins open a second bottle."

Mademoiselle picked herself up, shook herself, and joined

her companions aloft, where they hung by their tails like chandeliers, sending forth unearthly sounds.

"The dear boy fancies he'll catch them again!" said Giraud.

"Ma foi!" said Maquet; "I shouldn't be surprised. Curiosity, with them, is still stronger than fear."

"They!" chimed in Michel the gardener, who considered Dumas's collection of animals as kept for his (Michel's) own private amusement. "They! They are as obstinate as mules, and will uncork as many bottles of soda-water as you like to give them. Monsieur knows how they are caught in their own country?"

"No, Michel."

"Monsieur doesn't know that!" exclaimed Michel, pitying his master's ignorance. "At least, monsieur knows they are very fond of maize. Well, the negroes put maize into a bottle whose neck is just large enough to admit a monkey's empty hand. The monkey clutches a handful of maize, and, sooner than drop it, lets itself be caught."

"It is a consolation, Michel, that if our monkeys escape, you know how to catch them."

"Monsieur may make himself easy as to that. Alexis, another soda-water."

Truth compels the avowal that a second and even a third experiment were tried, with exactly the same results, to Michel's glorification. Alexandre wanted to continue it further, but Dumas observed that poor Mademoiselle Desgarcins had a swollen nose, bleeding gums, and eyes starting out of her head.

"It isn't that," said Alexandre. "You are thinking of your soda-water. I assure you, messieurs, that my father, whom everybody takes for a prodigal, is the most miserly man existing on earth."

After having done pen-work till three in the morning, Dumas was still in bed at eight. The door opened, and Michel's head entered, in a visible state of agitation.

"Here's a mess, monsieur!" he abruptly exclaimed. "I don't know how they managed it, but the monkeys have made a hole in their cage big enough to let them out."

"Very well, Michel; the remedy is easy. You have only to buy a little maize, and put it into narrow-necked bottles."

"Ah! yes; monsieur may laugh, but he won't laugh when he hears the rest."

"Mon Dieu, Michel! what has happened?"

"They have opened the aviary!" —

"And the birds have flown away. All the better for them."

"What has happened, monsieur, is, that your six pairs of doves, your fourteen quails, all your rice-birds, Java sparrows, widow-bird, Virginian nightingales, all — all are killed or eaten."

"But, Michel, monkeys don't eat birds."

"No; but they fetched a companion who did — Mysouff. It is a veritable massacre. Only come and see."

It was a sight indeed. Potich dangling gracefully from the branch of a maple; the Last of the Laidmanoirs practising gymnastics on the greenhouse door; Mademoiselle Desgarcins, still in the aviary, bounding from east to west, and from north to south. The trio were recaptured without employing maize-bottles, but not without considerable and spiteful resistance.

Mysouff was easily caught. They had only to shut the aviary-door, and the culprit was in the hands of justice. What should be his punishment? Michel, incensed at the loss of his pets, was for shooting the murderer on the spot; Dumas opposed the summary execution, deferring sentence till the following Sunday, when his usual visitors would form a jury. The criminal would be left meanwhile on the theatre of crime, on bread and water, under lock and key. On Sunday his feline avicide monomania being admitted as an attenuating circumstance, he was condemned to the mitigated penalty of five years' imprisonment (without hard labor) in monkey's company. Political events, however, came to his relief.

The Revolution of February broke out — the fifteenth

or sixteenth change of government which Dumas the Elder had lived to witness. During revolutions money comes slowly in, and slips quickly out. Instead of working at literature, Dumas started a journal, *Le Mois*, and wrote for another, *La Liberté*. The two brought him in thirty-one francs per day, but by his "Théâtre Historique" he was daily out of pocket one, two, and sometimes five hundred francs. His only chance was that the partisans of Barbès, Blanqui, and Ledru-Rollin, whom he attacked without mercy in his papers, would, by the application of stick or stone, at once put an end to his writings and his wants.

Meanwhile he must reform his establishment. His three horses, and his two carriages were sold — as always happens in troubled times — for the quarter of what they had cost him. Mysouff was treated like a political prisoner, that is, simply set at liberty, and turned adrift to seek his fortune. Mademoiselle Desgarcins and Company were presented to the Jardin des Plantes. Dumas lost a home, but his apes gained a palace. After revolutions it sometimes happens that monkeys are lodged like princes, while princes have to take up with monkeys' lodgings — unless the princes have frightened all Europe, in which case they are lodged like lions.

For the life and adventures of the cunning dog Pritchard, the ferocious brute Mouton, the vulture Diogenes, and how the grateful blackamoor, clad in the pick of his patron's wardrobe, discovered that revolutions abolished servants, see "*Histoire de Mes Bêtes*," which might bear translation, as well as embellishment by spirited woodcuts.

"ANOTHER WORLD." 1

HERMES, the "editor" of the remarkable book which bears the above title, is certainly an extraordinary person — so extraordinary, indeed, that those who agree to believe that he has actual knowledge of the goings-on in a planet which is not ours, and which appears to be Mars, may consistently carry their faith a degree further, and believe likewise that he calls himself by his real name, and is in some way an Avator of Hermes Trismegistus.

Varying opinions have been expressed as to the purpose of the book, though there is no disagreement as to the fact that from beginning to end it is amusing and suggestive. Some look upon this "Other World" as one of the numerous Utopias which imaginative philanthropists have devised as models to which less perfect communities should at least endeavor to approximate; others have arrived at the conclusion that a satire on the defects of our present civilization is intended, and that the "editor" is less an aspiring Plato than a polite Swift. If, as Voltaire said, Swift was Rabelais in his senses, assuredly Hermes is Swift in his most mannerly condition.

To neither of these opinions do we give assent. If it had been the design of Hermes to embody his ideal of a perfect commonwealth, he would naturally have given us a more distinct account of the political institutions of Montalluyah, the city to which his fragmentary communications refer, and which comprises the most habitable portion of the planet. But with such institutions we are made less acquainted than with any other particular connected with this veritable Newfoundland. We learn, indeed, that Montalluyah is governed by one Supreme Ruler, who bears the singular title "Tootmanyoso," and is assisted by twelve inferior kings; but with respect to the functions of these inferior potentates — whether they are executive, legislative, or administrative, or are mere privy-councillors with a royal handle to their names — we are left in utter ignorance. Neither do we find the slightest hints of any representative institution, oligarchic or democratic, that in the least resembles our notions of a senate or parliament. We are taught that a great and beneficent revolution was effected by what is commonly called a "virtuous despot;"

¹ Another World; or, Fragments from the Star-city Montalluyah. By Hermes. London. 1878.

but we are wholly in the dark as to the character of the political superstructure which he raised on the site left open by the extirpation of old abuses.

On the other hand, the opinion, that a fanciful satire is intended, rather than the presentation of an Utopia, is more plausible; for if Hermes scarcely grazes upon politics, he is profuse in his description of those details of manners and customs which are ordinarily the mark of the social satirist. If we have not heard how the favored race are governed, we at any rate know to a nicety how they are brought up, how they are physicked, how they go courting, how they are married, how they are treated when they come into the world, how pleasantly they slide out of it, how they play music, how they pay compliments, and how they cook. Few cockneys are more familiar with life in London than any one who has mastered the communications of Hermes is familiar with life in Montalluyah.

Now the general impression made by the minute description of the state of society in the star city is, that it is far better, and indicates a far higher civilization than any to be found on the surface of our own globe. Vice has altogether gone out of fashion, to make room, not for an ascetic bliss, but for the power of sinlessly and elegantly indulging in luxuries, which an Assyrian voluptuary might have contemplated with envy. As an enthusiastic description of a superior condition of things necessarily implies a censure of that which is inferior, it must naturally have somewhat of a satirical appearance when addressed to persons living under the less advantageous circumstances. Sterne's proposition that "they manage things better in France," converts itself without a thought into "they manage things worse in England," and the superior goodness of the planet Mars implies the comparative badness of Mother Earth. So far as this is satire, Hermes may be deemed a satirist.

But as to his being an intentional satirist, we believe nothing of the kind. A glow of good humor is diffused over the entire book, which justifies the supposition that Hermes is far too much delighted with the enjoyments he is describing, to find room on his lip for a sneer at terrestrial defects and miseries. Let us rather imagine that he is a poetical utilitarian, who tries to picture the state of things that will arrive when not only the greatest, but the most luxurious happiness is diffused amongst the greatest number. Of a state of primitive simplicity, of an Arcadia peopled with smart shepherds and shepherdesses, he has no notion. If we would be as good and as contented as the citizens of Montalluyah, we must become more, not less, Epicurean than we are at present—improve our music, our pictures, our means of locomotion, and our dinners.

For instance, we of this generation are very proud of our electricity; and when an enthusiastic optimist wishes to illustrate the superiority of the present to the past, the first thing to which he refers is probably the electric telegraph. But in our use of this agent we are mere babies compared with the Tootmanyoso and his subjects. Their advance commenced—so Hermes tells us—with the discovery that electricities are so many and so various, that although they may all be classed under one category, rubriced in the Martial language with a term denoting a "spark of Heaven-power," every kind of body, both animate or inanimate, contains an electricity of its own. So diverse are the natures of these electricities that some are diffused, others concentrated; some sympathetic, some antipathetic, some gently mingling with others; some, when brought into contact with others, causing violent explosions.

Having discovered the existence of these various electricities, the sages of Montalluyah next found out how to extract them from all sorts of organic and inorganic substances. As fish are enumerated, Hermes warns us not to be too proud of our own Torpedo. "In naming fish," he says, "I refer to several species, and not merely to those already known to you as electrical, and which have the power of emitting strong currents of their own peculiar

electricity. A huge fish, well known on your earth, supplies us with the most powerful of all electricities, an electricity of immense value." So it appears we are starving in the midst of undetected plenty. Philanthropist as he is, why does not Hermes name the precious fish, instead of tantalizing us with a conundrum? If we knew where to find it, doubtless we should do as they do in Montalluyah. Three large docks are built, into which the "sea-monster" is driven, to be subjected to the process by which he is made to yield up the electricity contained in his huge frame. The different kinds of electricity, when extracted, are stored ready for use in a large building, where, to prevent mischief, they are secured in non-conducting pouches, and placed in separate compartments.

To enumerate the uses to which the very plural electricities are put, would require more space than we can afford to devote to the contemplation of the star-city. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is a current of electricity through the entire book. One exploit, performed partly by means of this powerful agent, exceptionally deserves mention, especially as the account of it involves a description of the physical configuration of Montalluyah. A huge mountain mass, it seems, projects from the elevated continent of Montalluyah for miles above the sea, the relic of a vast convulsion of nature, which, sweeping away its former basis, left it unsupported, save by its adhesion to the main continent of which it forms a part. From the point of junction it extends horizontally far beyond the sea-coast, over cities built on the ridges and plains beneath, and it is of such a high elevation that when seen from below it is not easily distinguishable from the clouds above. Another city is built on the suspended mountain itself.

Even to the dull eye of an inhabitant of our earth, the position of the citizens either upon or below a horizontal mass of rock so slightly supported, would have seemed undesirable. The possibility of a crash, involving the destruction of those who fell and those upon whom the fall took place, seems so obvious to the meanest understanding that one marvels why the good folks of Montalluyah chose to build in such dangerous regions. We must assume that they were not very bright before the days of the reforming Tootmanyoso. Even an occasional fall of portions of the under part of the suspended mass, destroying half a dozen cities or so with all their inhabitants, was not sufficient to awaken the occupants of more fortunate sites to a sense of their peril. But to the keen eye of the Tootmanyoso it was manifest that a vertical prop was required at or towards the end of the suspended mass, opposite to the point of junction with the continent. A figure which looked like a capital F, or a gibbet, had to be converted into a semblance of the Greek Π , or an integral portion of Stonehenge, or who knows what mischief might have ensued?

By the direction of the Tootmanyoso the perils menaced by the suspended mountain were arrested by the erection of a "mountain-supporter," whose base at the foundation is more than a mile in diameter, and whose round walls are more than a hundred feet in thickness. The diameter of the tower-head is one third of the diameter of the base, and the diminution is so gradual as to be scarcely perceived. The material out of which the blocks of which the building is constructed are made, is composed of an amalgamation of iron and marble fused into a compact mass.

This vast work was not to be accomplished without the aid of electricity, since no merely mechanical power would have sufficed to raise the stupendous blocks to the required level. The discovery had happily been made that what we call gravity, is merely "tenacious electricity," and that this may be so much diminished that the heaviest body will become comparatively light. Where can be found a more simple and beautiful application of science to the wants of practical life?

We have endeavored to describe one grand achievement of the best of Tootmanyoso's in advancing the material prosperity of his kingdom. Let us now turn to his educational improvements, premising that nearly all his opera-

tions are based on that old-fashioned maxim, "Prevention is better than cure." To extirpate phthisis and insanity, he set his doctors to investigate the primary forms of malady, and in general he was so successful that their work left off at a point preceding that at which the labors of the terrestrial practitioners begin. His system of education commences with the babies. Nothing is too great or too small for his comprehensive glance. He can look up to the summit of the mountain-supporter, all but lost in the clouds, and down to the lowest possible cradle in which an infant is to be nursed. He prevents a city above from tumbling down and smashing a city below, and he is equally gracious in preventing parents from boxing their children's ears, and from making them walk too early after the fashion of their elders. A series of machines were invented, under his auspices, by a man named Drahna, which, by the most gradual process, initiated infants into the independent use of their legs. The first machine is a soft spring-cushion, upon which the child is laid, and which is set in motion by the turn of a small handle. So delightful is the movement, that children have been heard to cry when the machine is stopped. Another machine, larger and stronger than the first, but similar in principle, is used before the first lesson in actual walking begins. In the third machine, which cannot be overturned, and in which every part of the body is supported, the legs of the child are alternately moved, so that it acquires a perfect notion of the sort of operation which it will have to perform in after-life, without the slightest strain on the limbs. In the fourth machine the child uses its own free will in the movement of its legs, but is upheld by a framework covered with bandages of down, which prevents the injuries that might otherwise arise from an ugly fall.

When the children arrive at an age fitted for school, they are under the care of "character-divers," who are totally distinct from the preceptors in the various branches of knowledge. Their duty is not to teach, but to discover the particular qualities, tendencies, and incipient faults of children, and to act accordingly, developing the germs of good and eradicating those of evil. They are to no small extent assisted in their researches by the establishment of "Amusement Galleries," about which the children are allowed to stray between the hours of study, according to their own inclinations. The toys are mostly of an instructive kind, comprising small musical instruments, maps in relief, and even minute living animals; for Montalluyah is happy enough to possess horses and deer, and in shape exactly resembling ours, but no larger than our ordinary lap-dogs. Under these favorable circumstances all sorts of characters are revealed. Vanity, or self-exaltation accompanied by envy, which exults in the depreciation of others, is an ill weed that frequently courts the scrutinizing gaze of the character-divers, who tread it out with the gentlest of footsteps.

On the whole the "amusement gallery" is less intended for male than for female children. Young girls frequent it until they leave school, but young men are forced to quit it when the irrepressible character-divers find their attendance no longer desirable. The Tootmanyoso did not intend to bring up a race of Geoffrey Delamaynes, but he would have had no violent objection to "Muscular Christianity." He instituted gymnastic exercises of a very terrestrial kind, and his sea-bathing for boys comprised headers from very lofty rocks. But, probably taking counsel of some Wilkie Collins of the planet, he showed excessive anxiety that the athlete should not degenerate into the bully. If a timid boy is required to leap into the sea from a very tall rock, six or seven of the bravest are selected to accompany him. They are forbidden to urge him to jump from the high elevation, or to taunt him for shrinking from the performance of the feat; and if he does not follow the example of bolder jumpers, the overseer of the party mildly remarks to him, "As you have not bathed from the rock, you had better bathe below." Ambition now does its work. The timid boy, advised to join the leapers from the lower part, who are his juniors, becomes anxious to imitate the braver boys of his own age. The proper jump is achieved

at last, but such is the dread of self-exaltation, that the utmost care is taken neither to praise the new-made athlete too much, nor to reproach him with awkwardness. No boy is allowed, under any circumstances, to taunt another with any weakness or failing, and consequently he who has overcome his timidity scarcely knows that it was fear which prevented him in the first instance from rising to a level with his companions.

Although an Oriental tone pervades the life of Montalluyah, there is no toleration of polygamy. Nay, a slight approach is made to the matrimonial regulations of the Moravians, inasmuch as a contract of marriage is not regarded as a merely private affair, but a matter in which the whole community is interested. In many districts a council of ladies, who have passed through certain ordeals, and a council of elders regulate everything relating to wedlock, and over each of them presides a man of a certain age and spotless character, whose mode of life has been watched and recorded from early years. Let not the advocates for "Woman's Rights" be too sure that they will find allies when there is direct communication between the earth and Mars. It will be observed that even the council composed of elderly ladies is not allowed to act without a male president.

As we have said, the approach to Moravian institutions is slight. If the young lady, whose marriage is intended, is not allowed to cast her eyes over the entire kingdom, she has a liberal allowance of eighty-five candidates, among whom she may make her choice, it being understood that the qualifications of these gentlemen have been first ascertained by the councils. Nor is the lady herself without the possibility of a voice in the formation of this general assembly; for if she has a special liking for one particular person, she is allowed to communicate the fact privately to one of the ladies of the council.

During thirty-one evenings in succession, the eighty-five candidates are assembled together in the presence of the young lady, who on these solemn occasions wears a peculiar head-dress with a star in front. This is a distinctive mark. Other ladies are allowed to be present, but are not expected to pay court to the gentlemen, and the self-denying faculty of the "girls of the period" in Montalluyah is not weakly demonstrated by the fact, that in spite of the general suppression of flirtation, the privilege of attending these gatherings as a looker-on, if for one evening only, is eagerly sought. That in her *embarras de richesses* the lady with the star may not solve the difficulty by suddenly jumping to a choice, she is not allowed to announce her decision till the thirty-first evening has arrived. If the attractions of all of the suitors are, at the first glance, tolerably equal, she examines their several pretensions, at the rate of about two suitors and three quarters per evening; but probably some are mentally struck out of the list at the beginning, so that the deliberations of the damsel are confined to a comparatively small number.

On the awful thirty-first evening the maiden declares her decision by presenting the chosen one with an *appropriate* flower. Thereupon a band of music strikes up a well-known march, to the strains of which the happy man leads his intended to a throne, placed on a slightly raised dais. Each of the suitors then lays down a flower before the enthroned beauty, and this she will sometimes kiss when anxious to show that the donor, though rejected, did not occupy the lowest place in her esteem on the list of candidates.

If the thirty-first evening passes over without the expected event taking place, another assembly is called after the lapse of a year; but now the number of suitors is limited to forty-five, and the number of evenings to twelve, rapidity of decision being facilitated by the abbreviation of the time in which the choice is to be declared and a diminution of the area over which the power of choice extends. In the case of another failure, another year elapses, and the assembly is now reduced to twenty-one, and the number of evenings to seven. If no result is obtained, the fastidious young lady is doomed to a life of single blessedness. This regulation has, however, but small practical value, since in

the recollection of the Tootmanyoso, who remembered everything, there has not been one case where the selection has been postponed beyond the second year.

We have stated above that the young lady whose hand is sought declares her preference by the presentation to the chosen one of an *appropriate* flower. To render intelligible the force of this statement it is necessary to explain that the inhabitants of Montalluyah, like the terrestrials of the East, have an elaborate language of flowers, of which Hermes gives us some pretty specimens. The meaning associated with each flower is universally understood, its name at once conveying its signification as distinctly as a combination of words. To so great an extent is proficiency in this language carried, that even long conversations are sometimes held between a lady and gentleman with flowers as the only medium of communication.

These gifted people also have a language of music, and in Montalluyah "Songs without words" would denote no exceptional form of composition, not only words but sentences being often implied by notes. Thus Lenardi, a noted harpist, taking his place at the instrument, expressed to a lady his admiration of her beauty and goodness, his hope that no other occupied her thoughts, the despair that he would feel if his suit were rejected. He wound up with the assertion: "Thou art pure as the dew upon the leaf of opening day; but like to that dew will thy love pass away" — and all this without the utterance from his lips of so much as an articulate sound. The lady, who was quite his match, took her turn at the harp, and, by a process similar to his own, told him so plainly that he need not despair, that a "choice-meeting" was convened, which resulted in a speedy marriage.

The harp is the national instrument of Montalluyah, and addresses several senses at once. Around its framework are devised small birds of variegated plumage, perched on foliage of green enamel, with flowers in their natural colors. The instant the player strikes the chords the birds open their wings, the flowers quiver, and from certain small vases concealed in the framework are thrown forth jets of perfume, the potency of which is regulated by the force of the harpist.

In these graceful sports of fancy, if so we call them, there is nothing like intentional satire. Hermes appears in the character of an editor only, and the ostensible narrator of the wonders of Montalluyah is the reforming Tootmanyoso himself, the means of communication between author and editor being enveloped in mystery. But altogether somebody, whether it be Hermes or the Martial potentate, presents the public with a large bouquet of very fragrant flowers, each of which has the peculiarity proper to the flowers of Montalluyah, that it is pregnant with suggestion.

We will conclude our notice of this most original and engaging book, from the varied storehouse of which we have made selections almost at random, with the good Tootmanyoso's profession of his practical philosophy: —

"I loved the world. The wicked only are impatient and discontented. I knew that blessings are everywhere about us, though we are expected to exercise our intelligence to make them available; and whilst I inculcated that 'intemperance is not enjoyment,' and that 'intemperance destroyed the power of enjoyment,' I did not hesitate to tell my people that the world and the blessings everywhere abounding are given us to enjoy, and that, like guests invited to a banquet, we were neither to run riot nor to reject the good things offered us in love."

THE WARM FULL MOON.

POETS have so long sung of the cold, chaste moon, pallid with weariness of her long watch upon the earth (according to the image used alike by Wordsworth and Shelley), that it seems strange to learn from science that the full moon is so intensely hot that no creature known to us

could long endure contact with her heated surface. Such is the latest news which science has brought us respecting our satellite. The news is not altogether unexpected; in fact, reasoning had shown, long before the fact had been demonstrated, that it must be so. The astronomer knows that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, lasting a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun as powerful as that which gives us our daily heat. Without an atmosphere to temper the sun's heat as ours does, — not, indeed, by impeding the passage of the solar rays, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans, — the moon's surface must become intensely hot long before the middle of the lunar day. Undoubtedly the want of an atmosphere causes the moon's heat to be rapidly radiated away into space. It is our atmosphere which causes a steady heat to prevail on our earth. And at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the midday heat is intense, yet so rapidly does the heat pass away that snow crowns forever the mountain heights. Yet, although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the moon's actual surface, any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveller from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icily cold. Accordingly, Sir John Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar midday — or rather, at the time of lunar mid-heat, corresponding to about two o'clock in our afternoon — to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

Such, in point of fact, has now been proved to be the case. The Earl of Rosse has shown, by experiments which need not here be described, that the moon not only reflects heat to the earth (which of course must be the case), but that she gives out heat by which she has been herself warmed. The distinction may not perhaps appear clear at first sight to every reader, but it may easily be explained and illustrated. If, on a bright summer's day, we take a piece of smooth, but not too well polished metal, and by means of it reflect the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced; this is reflected sun-heat: but if we wait while so holding the metal until the plate has become quite hot under the solar rays, we shall recognize a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when the plate is so held as not to reflect sun-heat. We can in succession try, — first, reflected heat alone, before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out of itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together, when the metal is caused to reflect sun-heat, and also (being held near the face) to give out a sensible quantity of its own warmth. What Lord Rosse has done has been to show that the full moon sends earthwards both kinds of heat; she reflects solar heat just as she reflects solar light, and she also gives out the heat by which her own surface has been warmed.

It may perhaps occur to the reader to inquire how much heat we actually obtain from the full moon. There is a simple way of viewing the matter. If the full moon were exactly as hot as boiling water, we should receive from her just as much heat (leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account) as we should receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to look just as large as the moon does. Or a disk of metal would serve equally well. Now, the experiment may be easily tried. A bronze halfpenny is exactly one inch in diameter, and as the moon's average distance is about 111 times her own diameter, a halfpenny at a distance of 111 inches, or three yards and three inches, looks just as large as the moon. Now let a halfpenny be put in boiling water for a while, so that it becomes as hot as the water; then that coin taken quickly and set three yards from the observer will give out, for the few moments that its heat remains appreciably that of boiling water, as much heat to the observer as he receives from the full moon supposed to be as hot as boiling water. Or a globe of thin metal, one inch in diameter and full of water at boiling-heat, would serve

as a more constant artificial moon in respect of heat supply. It need not be thought remarkable, then, if the heat given out by the full moon is not easily measured, or even recognized. Imagine how little the cold of a winter's day would be relieved by the presence, in a room no otherwise warmed, of a one-inch globe of boiling water, three yards away! And by the way, we are here reminded of an estimate by Prof. C. P. Smyth, resulting from observations made on the moon's heat during his Teneriffe experiments. He found the heat equal to that emitted by the hand at a distance of three feet.

But after all, the most interesting results flowing from the recent researches are those which relate to the moon herself. We cannot but speculate on the condition of a world so strangely circumstanced that a cold more bitter than that of our Arctic nights alternates with a heat exceeding that of boiling water. It is strange to think that the calm-looking moon is exposed to such extraordinary vicissitudes. There can scarcely be life in any part of the moon — unless it be underground life, like that of the Modoc Indians (we commend this idea specially to the more ardent advocates of Brewsterian ideas respecting other worlds than ours). And yet there must be a singularly active mechanical process at work in yonder orb. The moon's substance must expand and contract marvellously as the alternate waves of heat and cold pass over it. The material of that crater-covered surface must be positively crumbling away under the effects of these expansions and contractions. The most plastic terrestrial substances could not long endure such processes, and it seems altogether unlikely that any part of the moon's crust is at all plastic. Can we wonder if from time to time astronomers tell us of apparent changes in the moon, — a wall sinking here or a crater vanishing elsewhere? The wonder rather is that the steep and lofty lunar mountains have not been shaken long since to their very foundations.

Our moon presents, in fact, a strange problem for our investigation. It is gratifying to our terrestrials to regard her as a mere satellite of the earth, but in reality she deserves rather to be regarded as a companion planet. She follows a path round the sun which so nearly resembles that pursued by the earth, in shape as well as in extent, that if the two paths were traced down on a quarto sheet it would not be easy to distinguish one from the other. Our earth is simply the largest, while the moon is the smallest of that inner family of worlds over which the sun bears special sway, nor does Mercury exceed the moon to so great a degree in mass and in volume as the earth or Venus exceeds Mercury. Yet the moon, with her surface of fourteen million square miles, seems to be beyond a doubt a mere desert waste, without air or water, exposed to alternations of heat and cold which no living creature we are acquainted with could endure; and notwithstanding her position as an important member of the solar system, as well as the undoubted fact that in her motions she obeys the sun in preference to the earth, she has nevertheless been so far coerced by the earth's influence as to be compelled to turn always the same face towards her larger companion orb, so that not a ray from the earth ever falls upon fully five millions of square miles of the farther lunar hemisphere. A waste of matter here, we might say, and a waste of all the energy which is represented by the moon's motions, did we not remember that we can see but a little way into the plan of Creation, and that what appears to us waste may in reality be an essential and important part of the great scheme of Nature.

"IT."

IN TWO PARTS. I. "THE HORNET."

It was still the breathing-time of day in the back parlor of Mrs. Lutestring's well-known mantua-making establishment in Walker Street, S. W. That is to say, the twelve young ladies, including a niece of the proprietress, who had

partaken of the midday meal, sat calmly in their chairs, waiting till the clock gave signal for another simultaneous descent into the silk and satin sea.

One hour being allowed for dinner, there generally remained some ten to twenty minutes, which portion — styled by Mrs. Lutestring "recreation" — was devoted by that lady to the cultivation of the minds of her young friends, and the advancement of their knowledge and her own in politics, belles lettres, general society, and dress, through the medium of that comprehensive publication, the *Daily Essence of Everything*.

"Political," read Mrs. Lutestring. "It is broadly stated that the forthcoming budget will meet the alarming deficit in double hairpins, by a moderate impost on black hair." (Murmurs.)

"Littery," resumed Mrs. Lutestring, who, though far from ill-informed, was not a brilliant scholar. "We understand that of the work just announced by the young German authoress who writes under the — hem — the ps — psu — pussydrom of 'O-ya,' nearly fifteen thousand copies have been ordered by the trade."

"Having been favored with a sight of the new visiting-bonnet — a diadem of velvet headed by pleated lace, Catalan veil, a natural bird's wing" —

"Shop, 'm!" remarked one of the young ladies, timidly.

Mrs. Lutestring, though strict and somewhat stern in business hours, was of a kind and candid nature. With an indulgent smile, she admitted the impeachment, and passed on:

"It is whispered that, so meagre has been the take of pilchards, none can be spared for exportation."

"Why 'whispered'?" inquired somebody. "Why couldn't they say it out?"

"Not to wound their feelings, if fish has any," said Mrs. Lutestring, half jocularly.

"Not to alarm the herrings," suggested her niece, Susan, laughing merrily.

"The long looked-for nuptials of the Lady Sigismunda Picklethwaite with Sir Derelict Dashwood were celebrated with extraordinary pomp on Wednesday. The bride's dress presented features of unusual interest. Over a rich white sat —"

"Shop! shop! shop! aunt!" exclaimed Susan, her pretty dark blue eyes swimming with mirth. They had beneath them faintly pencilled shadows, and if a sister shade was perceptible on Susan's delicate upper lip no one would presume to call that which gave harmony and character to one of the prettiest faces in London a moustache.

"Highly-tightly!" said Mrs. Lutestring, as her eye lit upon another passage. "Well, this is an odd advertisement! Well, if ever! Seventy-five pounds a year! Nothing to do! And, gracious! just listen:

"WANTED. — A female attendant, to wait occasionally upon a complete recluse. Personal labor extremely small. Essential qualities: intelligence, cheerfulness, firmness, secrecy. And — well!" cried Mrs. Lutestring, sinking back in her chair, and bursting into hearty laughter, "what — what do you think?"

"What, 'm? Oh, please, 'm, what?" was the general cry.

Mrs. Lutestring, breathless, could not reply, and Susan, a spoiled favorite, caught the paper from her aunt's lap, found the place in a second, and proclaimed aloud:

"And dark blue eyes!"

"Seventy-five pounds!" said Fanny Sloper.

"For only looking through one's eyes!" added Susan Lutestring.

"What will she have to do?" asked another curious voice.

"Tend on the — hem! — the recluse," replied Mrs. Lutestring.

"Please, 'm what is a recluse?" asked one of the younger girls.

"Ahem!" said the mistress.

Few knew better than the querist the ordinary meaning of "ahem." But this did not hit the point. She asked again.

Mrs. Lutestring paused, glanced at the clock, half hoping it would come to her rescue.

"Monk," prompted her niece, in an undertone.

"Monkey," responded Mrs. Lutestring, intrepidly. "Peculiar species, very rare, and mischievous."

"Two!" proclaimed the clock. And the circle broke up.

Susan Lutestring lingered.

"Aunt, dear."

"Well, child?"

"Dark blue eyes."

"What then?"

"Mine are dark blue."

"Is they?" said Mrs. Lutestring, indifferently. "That reminds me," she added sharply; "you're not to 'tend to her Highness the Princess Brunhilde von Mustikoff next time. Let Fanny Sloper do it."

"Thank goodness!" cried Susan, in a glow of gratitude.

"But, aunt, why did my eyes put you in mind of her?"

"She don't like 'em," said Mrs. Lutestring.

"Hers are whity-brown," remarked Susan, meditatively.

"Praps that's the reason," said her aunt. "Anyhow, she must have her way. She's worth twenty other customers. She don't like you, nor yet your eyes. So keep out of her way. Do you know, I'm thinking of having a nice spiral staircase run up through the back of the work-room express for her? She don't like being hustled."

"I'd hustle her!" muttered Susan, under her breath.

"Well, but, aunt, about that advertisement?"

"Well?"

"Seventy-five pounds! Aunt, who knows if — would you mind?"

"Mind what?"

"You tell me I am often lazy, and I know I'm a slow workwoman, and I'm" —

"A little too high and mighty for our sort of work, eh?" said her aunt, laughing. "But, nonsense, child; here's a fancy!"

"Dear aunt, let us at least answer the advertisement, and get particulars."

"Particulars of waiting on an ape!" ejaculated Mrs. Lutestring.

Susan deferred explanations to a less hurried moment, and, catching up the paper, read:

"Address, with *carte de visite*, Messrs. Straightup and Allbright — sols. — 130, Lincoln's-inn-fields."

Mrs. Lutestring hesitated. She was herself not without curiosity on the subject.

"Well, well," she said, assentingly.

So Susan wrote.

The *carte de visite* must have been satisfactory. With singular promptitude, a reply was received from Lincoln's-inn-fields, making an appointment for the succeeding day, and, in due course, Susan found herself courtesying to Mr. Allbright, and being motioned to the comfortable chair, in which that gentleman's fairer clients usually ensconced themselves when a prolonged chat was toward.

Mr. Allbright was a handsome-featured man, of middle age, with grizzled hair, and a quick and searching eye, which, like an awl, seemed to make the hole into which his question was to be poured.

"You are firm, intelligent, cheerful, and discreet?" said Mr. Allbright, glancing at the advertisement, a slip of which lay on his desk. "As to the last, can you keep a secret?"

"If required, sir," replied Susan, demurely, thrilling with curiosity.

"I've none to tell you," said the lawyer. "In some points, we are as much in the dark as you are, and as you may, possibly for some time, remain. You are wanted, as I understand, rather to be at hand, and qualify yourself for the future charge of — of our client, than to undertake any immediate active duty. All I can add is that the party is neither an invalid nor a lunatic. It req—ahem—he requires but little attendance, at any time, and indeed the chief agent in that particular is the mother, a refined and rather delicate woman, for whom assistance may at any

time become absolutely necessary. So, you see, there is little room for alarm."

Susan at once replied that she saw none at all.

"There is a certain amount of mystery," continued Mr. Allbright. "But that you will not mind, and I may mention, lastly, that should you, after the residence of a week or two, desire to withdraw from the engagement, you will be at liberty to do so, and all expenses will be liberally paid. But I do not think that will come to pass. We happen to know enough of Mrs. Lutestring to absolve us from the necessity of appealing to any other reference, and are strongly of opinion that both parties will be gainers by this most satisfactory arrangement. If convenient you can go down to-morrow. Here is the address and money for your journey."

Susan made her acknowledgments, and prepared to withdraw.

"As touching the qualification mentioned last in our advertisement," observed Mr. Allbright, glancing in his visitor's face, as he walked beside her to the door, "the whim may seem singular, — you know we are not responsible for all the caprices of a client, — but I think we have been fortunate enough to carry out our usual instructions in a most efficient manner. Ha, ha! Good day, Miss Lutestring. Two steps if you please."

The card, handed her by Mr. Allbright, bore the address: "Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy. The Hornet, Grandchester."

As Susan hurried homeward, she mentally concocted a respectful announcement to the lady of the Hornet, intimating her intention to present herself at Grandchester on the next day but one.

The interval was spent in needful preparations, warmly promoted by her good-natured relative, who, relieved from the apprehension that Susan's duty was to attend upon a chimpanzee, was almost as curious as herself as to what the mysterious "it" would prove to be. Upon this point Susan pledged herself to forward the earliest and fullest explanation that should be consistent with the discretion required of her, and with this understanding was sped upon her way.

Grandchester, some hours' railway travel from London, is a fine old cathedral town, which, lying a little aloof from the great highways of commerce, has been somewhat left behind in the general march of improvement; but finds comfort in the preservation of many a time-honored structure, many a venerable historical relic, which might have been called upon to succumb to the inexorable demands of modern taste and modern ideas of the apt and convenient. Not to mention its cathedral, Grandchester possesses a cross, — the most ancient in England, — a ruined castle, a Saxon church, and a museum overflowing with local antiquities. The Romans, there was no doubt, were partial to the ancient city, and, at their final departure, left behind, with more than their accustomed liberality, pots, pans, old sword-hilts, and pieces of small money, to an unprecedented amount.

On arriving at the station, Miss Lutestring deemed it wisest to charter one of the attendant vehicles, the driver of which, at the mention of the Hornet, dashed away with an alacrity that proved him to be entirely familiar with the name.

Susan, who had rather expected a suburban drive, and to be ultimately deposited in some sequestered precinct, adapted to the taste of a recluse, found herself rattling merrily into the heart of the bustling, well-lighted town, and only relaxing in speed when, turning into the High Street, the number of carriages of different kinds, still on the move, compelled greater caution.

The High Street of Grandchester absolutely revels in eccentricities of structure. Besides its line of shops, broken by its corn-market and other public buildings, numerous mansions, of every size and form, standing back with dignity from the main thoroughfare, give importance as well as picturesqueness to this portion of the ancient city.

Suddenly, the carriage stopped. Susan saw that they were in front of a huge, gloomy pile, which, faced with a

columned portico, and lighted by a single gas jet, had very much the appearance of a deserted palace, and caused in Susan's bosom a misgiving thrill, as she thought, "Could this be the Hornet, her future home?"

A second glance reassured her. Iron wickets, in front of huge entrance-doors, showed that they were public rooms of some sort, now closed. The driver had got down to open a gate on the opposite side, and now, without reascending, led his horse up the carriage sweep, conducting to a large, cheerful-looking, modern mansion, and stopped, by Susan's direction, at a side-door leading to the kitchen offices.

Susan's summons was answered by a neat maid, who called a man to take her box, and led her straight to the housekeeper's room.

"Mrs. Martin," the girl remarked, "said you was to come here, and warm and rest yourself in her big chair, comfortable, till she can come down and give you your tea, and tell you all about it, you know!" Therewith, she bustled away.

Tell her all about it! So the mystery was to be at once explained. Meanwhile, Miss Lutestring warmed her toes, as directed, and looked about her. Mrs. Martin's room was a picture of neatness, ease, and comfort. It was even more. Everything seemed to glitter and smile. The very chairs—certain of which were of antique form—seemed to put out arms and legs in a jaunty and inviting manner; clocks ticked merrily, cats purred, and a cricket, though, for reasons of his own, remaining invisible, evidently considered it incumbent on him to do the honors of the apartment, and keep up the spirits of the new arrival, until the mistress should appear.

Ten minutes had elapsed, when a cheery voice roused Susan from her pleasant reverie.

"So here you are, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, hurrying in, and speaking almost before she saw the visitor, with whom she shook hands cordially, giving her a kind, motherly kiss. Mrs. Martin was a plump, not to say portly dame of middle age. There was something pleasant and wholesome in the touch of the good woman's warm cheek and hand. It was noted of Mrs. Martin that her hands, preserving their warmth in the coldest winter's day, never increased it in the height of summer. Her circulation, like her genial temper, never varied.

One other peculiarity we may mention, namely, that she believed every other created being to be at times, nay, at frequent times, below par, and consequently in need of a "fillip." It might not be too much to say that Mrs. Martin conceived the entire universe to be indebted for continued existence to the periodical administration of the remedy just mentioned.

"And how are you, my dear? Nice and warm? I'd have been down before," she continued, "but I had to toss up a little something for master, poor gentleman, that only I know how to make."

"Is Mr. Mountjoy ill?" asked Susan.

"Ill? Eh, no—quite charming," responded the housekeeper, cheerfully. "But he's had a long practice to-day. And, oh, how his poor arms must have ached. He wanted a fillip, so I"—

"What does he practice, ma'am?" inquired Susan.

"Fiddle," said Mrs. Martin, briefly. "I put off my tea, my dear, she went on quickly, "that you and I might have it cosey together. This'll be your sittin' room 'long o' me. Your bedroom's near missis's. I'll show it you while the kettle's bilin."

Following her guide up the back staircase, Susan found herself in a broad corridor, running, to all appearance, almost the entire length of the house. It was hung with family pictures, showed groups of sculpture in recesses lined with crimson velvet, and was carpeted with some rich material, so soft and yielding that Susan felt as if her feet would never reach the ground.

"Missis's room adjoins Mr. Mountjoy's," Mrs. Martin continued, "and here," as they entered a small but pleasant chamber, "is yours. That's missis's bell in the corner. There's a deaf and dumb walet, and you won't have

much to do, my dear, unless missis's sperrits should give way, sudden," concluded the good woman, with a sigh.

Susan noticed that her room was in front, and recognized the grim, forbidding walls of the assembly rooms, scowling at them from over the way.

"What is that building?" she inquired, with a sort of curiosity she would have found it difficult to explain to herself.

"Sembly and show rooms—Dwarfinch's," was Mrs. Martin's reply. "They're dark and quiet just now, but they wakes up sometimes, I promise you."

"Dwarfinch!" An odd name. Susan cast another glance through the window. That dreary, prison-like edifice seemed to exercise over her a gloomy fascination she could not in the least understand.

Very quickly the pair found themselves once more seated in Mrs. Martin's bright little room, enjoying their tea. Tea did I call it? What, with poached eggs on delicate ham? With hot cakes? With even one of those mysterious "somethings," the true secret of whose composition was locked in Mrs. Martin's breast, and ultimately (so I am assured) died with her unrevealed?

Hungry as she was, Susan's anxious curiosity to learn something of the future object of her care, somewhat damped her appetite, thereby awakening Mrs. Martin's ever-ready sympathy.

"You're below yourself, child, I see that," said the good lady, soothingly. "'Tis leaving home, and all that. Bless your heart, you only want a fillip. Now just you put aside that cold slop, and take what I'm going to give you."

So speaking, Mrs. Martin singled out a little key, and, bustling to a cellaret that glistened in a sequestered nook of the apartment, instantly returned with a small glass, filled to the brim with some fluid resembling the purest molten gold.

"Drink that."

Susan obeyed. It was—though not weak—delicious.

"There. I don't give that to every one, I promise you," remarked Mrs. Martin, carefully wiping and putting away the glass.

It was true. And very rarely had the good woman bestowed any upon herself, for, though fond of nice things, she was temperate in their use. Fillips might become expedient, but these delivered, there was an end of it.

"Will not the mistress see me to-night?" inquired Susan, presently.

"All in good time," was the reply. "She's coming down herself to speak to you."

"Coming down?"

"To be sure. Why not? She likes this little room. Bless your heart, many and many a chat missis and me has had in these two big chairs before she goes to bed!"

"And—when do you think I shall see my master?" asked Susan, boldly.

"Ah, that's another p'int," replied the housekeeper. "P'raps to-morrow. P'raps not for a year. I've been housekeeper nigh three years, and I've never seen him yet!"

"Never seen him?"

"Never seen him entire," said Mrs. Martin. "I've heard him often, so will you, 'specially when it walks."

"It!" ejaculated Susan.

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, quickly, "that's only my way of speaking. He walks sometimes for half the night, along the corridor, up and down stairs, anywheres, when he thinks everybody's abed, and 'tis so like a ghost's ways that we a'most think him one."

"Dear Mrs. Martin," burst out Susan, "won't you tell me more about this gentleman? Everything you know?"

"O' course I will," replied the good woman, who had been bursting with impatience to do so before her mistress should appear, and perhaps take part of the history out of her mouth.

The name, Mrs. Martin informed Susan, was not always Grahame Mountjoy, her mistress's late husband, Captain Fellowes, having assumed the former name on succeeding, somewhat unexpectedly, to a large family estate. This oc-

curred about five years since ; and Mountjoy, dying in the succeeding year, left to his wife, herself in delicate health, the sole charge of their only child, a youth then about sixteen, and an object of great solicitude.

It would appear that, previous to the accession of fortune just mentioned, the young gentleman had fallen passionately in love with the blue-eyed daughter of the postmaster of the quiet village in which, for economical reasons, the Fellowes had for the moment fixed their residence. Now the difference of station, already sufficiently marked, became hopelessly augmented by the freak of fortune that had transformed Captain Fellowes, with little more than his half-pay and a pension for wounds, into Mr. Grahame Mountjoy, with a landed estate worth twelve thousand a year. Fond almost to adoration, as both parents were, of their boy, nothing could reconcile them to such a connection. They quitted the village, and all intercourse with its inhabitants was thenceforth peremptorily suspended.

If the parents considered that the attachments of a boy, not yet sixteen, deserved no gentler treatment than this, they were very soon and painfully undeceived. The youth became very ill. Without, it was said, displaying any positive ailment, he wasted gradually away, until, seriously alarmed, his parents resolved to sacrifice every scruple, and restore to him those hopes on which his life seemed really to depend. It was too late. The poor girl, whose home was at all times unhappy under the rule of a savage stepmother, in despair or indifference had accepted the first suitor who sought her hand, and left her home forever.

From this period, which was further marked by the death of Captain Fellowes Mountjoy, the poor young man had never, it was believed, been seen by human eyes, save by his mother, his physician, and one or two domestics in immediate attendance on him. To these alone was confided the secret of his mysterious ailment, and they kept it well. It was known that he was under no restraint, nor debarred, by causes other than his own will, from any amount of locomotion ; that he ate, drank, slept, and fiddled (he was a fine violinist already), to use Mrs. Martin's homely phrase, "like a good un." He was heard to laugh merrily, to chat, and sing. It was, in short, abundantly evident that the young gentleman was not dying of a broken heart, nor of utter weariness of life. What could be wrong with him ? Something was. He had been attended by four physicians, including one, the most eminent of his day, who came at great cost from London ; but these gentlemen shook their heads, were dismissed in turn, and Mr. Grahame Mountjoy remained unseen.

About three years since, their country residence was let. Mr. Mountjoy, recluse as he was, longed for the sound and movement of a town. The *Hornet* seemed to suit him exactly, and here they were.

Susan pondered on the romantic narrative.

"What do you think was the matter ?" she asked.

Mrs. Martin shook her head, and declared, with evident truth, that she had no opinion to offer.

"Some think," she went on to say, "that his disapp'ntment, poor gentleman ! settled in his legs, which grew tremenjious. That's not true, for I've seen his stockings. Others say that he'd turned bottle-green. But the doctor here (he's a merry man — Doctor Leech) laughed hearty, and said, 'Not half so green as them that believes so.' 'If I had an idea,' continued the good lady, 'it is that he suddenly changed to — that his stomach being affected by — that there came out a — hush ! I think I hear missis's door.'"

"A — a — what, dear Mrs. Martin ?" asked her eager listener.

"Something that spiled his good looks, poor gentleman !" said Mrs. Martin, hurriedly ; "and very handsome 'tis said he was."

They rose as Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy, with a kind smile, entered the apartment.

She was a refined, gentle-mannered woman, hardly more than forty, with traces of much former beauty, and a wistful, careworn look in her large brown eyes, so noticeable

as at once to enlist the sympathy of those who looked on her.

Greeting Susan kindly, she sank into one of the chairs, pressing her hand to her side, as she did so, with a sigh of weariness or pain.

"You've been and tired yourself out again, ma'am," remarked the housekeeper, with respectful reproach. "You wants a filip at once. Be ruled by me, ma'am, and let me" —

"No, no, Susan," said her mistress, stopping her peremptorily. "You see," she continued, addressing the new-comer, smilingly, "I have a Susan already, though she is much too grand a person to be called so by any but me. Your dear master has been so merry ! I have not seen him in such spirits for years ; no, not since" — she checked herself, suddenly. "And the remembrance of what he was, or might have been, came on me, for a moment, too strongly. I am tired," she owned, "but I would not sleep till I had seen my new Susan, and set at rest any apprehensions she might entertain as to what will be demanded of her."

"It has pleased Heaven," she continued, "to visit my poor son with an affliction so extraordinary, and yet, to the indifferent observer, so provocative of laughter, as to determine him, some time since, to seclude himself altogether from the world, save only myself and one or two chosen attendants, who can be relied upon to preserve his melancholy secret. Startling perhaps, but not revolting, his condition is one calculated to excite the strongest sympathy, without, however, reducing him to be especially dependent upon the good offices of any. He has many accomplishments, his intellect is bright and clear, and, indeed, the sole trace of any morbid influence shadowing his mind is noticeable in the advertisement which has brought you here. He insists that any one who, in the event of need, should divide with me the duties of reader and occasional companion, should be a woman with dark blue eyes. His ailment," concluded Mrs. Grahame Mountjoy, with a sad smile, "dates from an incident in his life in which such a feature had an active share, and we have not deemed it prudent to oppose his fancy. Such," she added, rising, "are all the particulars you need at present to learn, for my son would defer seeing you until your attendance becomes necessary. Meanwhile I can instruct you a little as to his tastes and ways, and our good Mrs. Martin will do her best to make you as comfortable as circumstances permit." And with a kind good-night, Mrs. Mountjoy left the room.

"Well ?" said Mrs. Martin, interrogatively.

"I shall like her very much," said Susan, absently. "An 'ailment !' An 'affliction !' Yet sane and merry" —

"Go to bed, and dream of it, my dear," interrupted the other, lighting her lamp.

They went up-stairs.

Passing one of the doors opening on the corridor, Susan observed a rich brocaded dressing-gown, hung upon a chair. There were slippers to match, lined, as Mrs. Martin whispered her to note, with the softest swan's-down.

"One of It's walking-dresses," she added, with a hurried glance at the chamber, from which proceeded the sound of a pleasant, manly voice trolling an Italian canzonet.

"It !" repeated Susan, as she presently laid her head upon the pillow. "It !"

(To be continued.)

POOR JOHN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART I.

I.

ONE fine morning in May, shortly after the postman had trudged away down the shady drive and out into the dusty high-road, the inhabitants of Vale Lodge were suddenly

thrown into the most violent commotion. Breakfast was just over, and Mrs. Foster, her spectacles in one hand and an open black-edged letter in the other, came hurriedly into the room where her two daughters were lingering round the table, her kind old face flushed with unusual emotion —

"Oh, my dears — my dear girls!"

"Mamma, what has happened?" cried Jane, the elder, who was five-and-thirty; while Laura, of a more practical turn and two years younger than her sister, took the open letter from her mother's hand and began to read it.

"I don't understand it. It is from John," she began.

"Yes, my dears, that is it; it is from John, and my cousin, Dr. Deane, is dead," said the old lady, wiping her eyes.

"Well, what of that, mamma? We haven't seen him for years," said Laura.

"No, but go on, and you will see. Oh, my dears, your brother John is engaged to be married!"

And then there fell upon the little family a silence as of death. While Mary, the parlor-maid, who had stolen in unperceived, ejaculated an audible "Laws!" and fled to impart the intelligence to the cook and the housemaid.

The letter from John Foster ran as follows: —

"MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS, — I little thought, when I was writing my last letter from here to tell you how much I was enjoying my holiday, that in my next I should have to write to you of the sudden death of my kind, good old cousin. He was taken ill only yesterday morning, and died in a few hours. The doctor, who came too late to do any good, says it was heart disease, and that the poor fellow knew he might any day be carried off in this way. And now, my dear mother, I must tell you that I have taken a very important step, one which, I confess, that but for this sad death I should not have taken without more reflection. I have asked Nelly Deane to be my wife. She, poor child, is so utterly alone in the world, having no one to go to and no one to love her, that I could not help offering her a home with you, my dear mother, until a sufficient time shall have elapsed for our marriage to take place. I hope you will not think I have acted rashly. I have only known Nelly a fortnight, but I have had for some days no doubt whatever about my own feelings; only that as she is so very young, just seventeen, I ought, perhaps, to have reflected more as to whether a marriage with me will be for her own happiness. If, as I fully believe, you will not refuse a temporary home to the poor child, write to me at once, and I will send her to you this day week, the day after the funeral. I can only take her as far as Birmingham, as I must get back to town as quickly as possible. But I will put her into the train there if you will send to the station to meet her. I have only to add, my dear mother, that you will be sure to love the poor child, as she is as good as she is beautiful.

"Your affectionate son, JOHN FOSTER."

This may perhaps be considered a very commonplace letter for a successful lover; but John Foster was five-and-forty, and the most commonplace and matter-of-fact of men.

"John must be mad!" said Laura.

"A child of seventeen!" said Jane.

"Poor little thing!" sighed the mother, gently.

"What are we to do?" asked Jane.

"Oh, why of course we must have her here. John has a right to expect that of us," said Laura; "but it will be a horrid nuisance!"

"She is a lucky girl, I must say, to get such a man as our John!" said the mother, proudly. "We must do our best during the time she is with us to train her for the position she is to occupy hereafter as his wife; and we must try to love her for his sake."

"You have never seen her, mamma, have you?" asked Jane, after a pause.

"Not since she was a baby. I saw her when her poor mother died; a little sickly, unhealthy-looking child of two

years old. Dr. Deane then went away to live in Cornwall, and I have never seen either of them since. And to think John should want to marry her. Oh, dear, Oh dear!"

"John says she is beautiful," said Laura, referring to the letter, with a not over-pleased face.

"I don't think she can be very beautiful; her mother was plain, and her father was not good-looking; she had dark eyes, I remember."

"It is very unlucky that John should have gone there for his holiday," said Jane.

"I have no doubt she did her best to catch him," said Laura, who always felt spiteful when she heard of any woman being engaged to be married, she herself having been wretchedly unsuccessful in all her little matrimonial attempts.

"My dear Laura, we must not be uncharitable," said her mother, gently. "I cannot think John has done a wise thing in engaging himself in such a hasty way to a mere child. It is scarcely possible that she can be worthy of him; but if, as I have no doubt, she is a modest, docile girl, we can, I dare say, do much to mould and improve her during the time she is under our care."

Poor Mrs. Foster! it was a blow for her that, after all these years, John should have chosen a wife whom she had never seen, and without her counsel and advice. A woman is always jealous of that other woman who, younger and fairer than herself, comes between her and the son she has been wont to consider all her own.

Mrs. Foster was very proud of her son John, who, out of the income derived from his profession as a barrister, made a liberal allowance to his mother and sisters. John was the head of the family, their counsellor, their protector. Nothing was ever done without consulting him.

It did seem strange now that this pattern son, in spite of his prudence, should have allowed himself to be caught by a pretty face, just like any one else.

That he should wish to marry at all was a grievance. Had they not been all that a man ought to desire in the way of family ties to him? What could make him wish for more? So, while the mother was jealous of the son's heart, which had been stolen away from her, the sisters were jealous that this child, this stranger, would come into the family to take the first place as John's future wife.

II.

There was not much affection in the hearts of Mrs. Foster and her daughters towards the girl who was to be John's wife; but there was, at all events, a good deal of excitement as the day of her arrival at Vale Lodge approached. To these three middle-aged women, living alone a dull monotonous life, the advent of a stranger among them could not fail to be a great event. Mrs. Foster's future daughter-in-law must be received with all due honor; it would never do for people to say that John's betrothed was not welcomed in his mother's home.

To begin with, they must all go into decorous mourning for Dr. Deane's death; then the best bedroom must be got ready for Miss Deane's reception. All the details of her arrival were arranged beforehand with due precision and solemnity.

After long and anxious deliberation, Mrs. Foster settled not to go herself to the station, but to send the brougham to meet the traveller, whom she would receive at her own hall-door, her daughters standing by her.

The eventful morning dawned, and the brougham was sent to the station.

"There is the carriage coming back," cried Jane, at last, rushing out into the hall.

Mrs. Foster again rehearsed the little speech she intended to make: "Welcome, my dear, to my home and to my heart." Then she said to herself, "I shall fold her in my motherly embrace, and kiss and cry over her." She had settled it so a dozen times during the course of the morning; and now that the carriage-wheels were heard actually turning in at the gate, she stood smoothing her hair at the glass, in a nervous tremor lest her little speech

should not be properly repeated. All at once, while her back was to the windows, there came a clear young voice behind her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Foster? Here I am, you see. I saw you from the drive, and I jumped out of the carriage instead of going all round to the front door. I am hardly fit to kiss, I am so dusty. Ah, this must be Laura, and this Jane. I should have known you anywhere from your likeness to your brother."

In from the lawn, through the open window, stepped Nelly Deane, lighting up the dingy little drawing-room with all her wondrous beauty. She was a very beautiful girl. With a face set in a dark frame of soft wavy hair: a face that could brighten into liveliness, or sadden into pity, or at times deepen into passion; with large gray-blue eyes, that had a way of opening wide when they looked up, with an expression half of innocent surprise, half of fearless pride, that made them strangely fascinating. Her figure was like that of a young goddess, tall and supple, with a charm in every movement, an inborn grace in every attitude.

When she came thus unexpectedly into the drawing-room at Vale Lodge, the three women stood still and stared at her. They had somehow imagined that the girl of seventeen who was coming to them would be shrinking and child-like, slight and small of stature, who could be patronized or petted or scolded at will.

Mrs. Foster's little speech all went out of her head, and as to that motherly embrace with which she had purposed to receive her future daughter-in-law, why, somehow she felt that the bare idea of it was incongruous, not to mention the physical difficulty, owing to Nelly Deane being a good head taller than herself. The two sisters, whose faded faces looked more washed-out than ever in contrast with this radiant young creature, could not find a word to say to her.

They, one after the other, took her outstretched hand in silence, and then one of them pushing forward a chair for her, the three stood in awkward silence, not knowing what to say next. But Nelly Deane was in no way discomposed.

"Ah, I see I am not at all like what you expected," she said, very gravely and quietly; "John has not properly described me to you. But then," she added, turning to the mother with the loveliest of smiles, "I don't think any one could describe me in a letter—do you?"

"Such vanity!" as Laura said afterwards to her sister when they were alone. But she was mistaken, Nelly Deane was not half so vain as Laura Foster.

Poor Mrs. Foster was startled out of all her sense of propriety and fitness.

"My dear," she said primly, "I don't suppose my John, when he selected you as his companion for life, thought as much of your appearance as of your disposition and character; it would not be natural for a man of his sterling qualities to think much of mere outward attractions."

For all answer to this speech, Miss Deane looked at her future mother-in-law for a minute in silent amazement, and then, without farther warning, laid her little head against the back of her chair and burst into a long, low laugh.

"Poor John!" cried Miss Deane, when she had had her laugh out.

Then Mrs. Foster got very red. "I think you had better come up-stairs to your room. We dine at seven, and I will send you up a cup of tea;" and she led the way up-stairs.

But who shall describe the wrath and amazement that burst forth when the mother and her two daughters were alone again! Such an extraordinary young woman they had none of them ever met before.

"Such conceit!"

"Such presumption!"

"She might be seven-and-thirty, instead of seventeen!"

"We must not judge her too hardly yet," said the mother, the first to relent towards the stranger. "No doubt she was bewildered, poor girl."

"Bewildered, indeed! I never saw such coolness in my life."

"And so unladylike too, to laugh in our faces. What was she laughing at?"

"I think it may have been partly hysterical," said Mrs. Foster. "But, dear, dear," she added, with a great sigh, "what could John have seen in her?"

John had seen in her simply the most beautiful woman he had ever met in his life, and many a wiser man than John Foster would have had his head bewildered by her.

Away in the wilds of Cornwall, where Nelly's life had been spent, there had been none to gaze upon her beauty excepting the old father, who had worshipped her. John Foster, her second cousin, was the first marriageable man who had come across her path since she grew to womanhood, and from the first moment he set eyes on her he succumbed utterly to her beauty and her strange fascinating ways. Nelly appreciated his devotion, and thought him very kind and pleasant, and when her father's sudden death left her with no one in the world to turn to but this grave cousin, it did not seem so very strange to her to promise him anything he chose to ask, especially as the immediate result was a home in which she could take refuge, the farther consequences seeming to her to be very remote.

"John is very kind," she had said to herself; "he will be as good to me as daddy was, and then, as I am not a girl to fall in love, he will suit me very well." And that is how Nelly Deane and John Foster came to be engaged.

III.

A little incident happened the first evening which considerably softened the hearts of the trio towards their guest. Just as dinner was ready, the housemaid came in with a message from Miss Deane. "Miss Deane is sorry, ma'am, she doesn't feel well enough to come down to dinner: she has had her tea and doesn't want anything else." Mrs. Foster was a little put out; dinner was a solemn ceremony in the Foster family, not to be lightly set aside. Besides, a special feast had been prepared in honor of John's betrothal. However, after dinner, Mrs. Foster went up-stairs, and creeping softly into the stranger's room saw there a sight which melted her. Lying on the sofa, with her face buried among the cushions, lay Nelly, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, daddy, daddy!" cried the sad broken voice over and over again.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Foster, stooping down over the weeping girl, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing, thank you," said Nelly, half raising herself from the sofa. "I want nothing;" and then she went on crying.

"Shall we write and ask John to come down to see us next Sunday, my dear?" said Mrs. Foster, hardly knowing what to say to comfort her.

"Oh no, what would be the use of John? No one can do me any good. Please go away."

She went on sobbing quietly, and Mrs. Foster, seeing she could not do her any good, crept softly away down-stairs and told her daughters.

They talked of her long and late that night. Nelly, weeping and miserable, was much more amenable than Nelly composed and smiling. If she was capable of improvement something might be done with her, thought Mrs. Foster.

"She only wants training and teaching," she said to her daughter Jane as she wished her good-night; and trained and taught Mrs. Foster was determined that she should be.

The next morning, when the maid came in to call Mrs. Foster, her first thought was of the orphan girl. "Take a cup of tea to Miss Deane," she said, "and tell her not to get up to breakfast unless she feels inclined."

"Oh, ma'am, Miss Deane has been out in the garden an hour ago."

And sure enough, looking out of window, Mrs. Foster saw Nelly scampering around the garden after the little

Scotch terrier, clapping her hands, jumping over the flower-beds, and laughing aloud, her dark hair all blown about in the breeze, a picture of high spirits and happiness. Could this be the weeping, woe-begone girl of the night before?

"What a strange girl!" she murmured, much puzzled.

A strange girl she was. They could none of them make her out, and yet the key-note to her character was a very simple one—it was only that she was perfectly natural and unconscious of self. All the little proprieties and conventionalities of life were unknown to her; she did what she felt inclined to do, and said what she meant without a thought of what people might say or think of her. She had never been thrown with women all her life. Her father had brought her up from her babyhood, and her father's training had left no room for all the little pettinesses of woman's education. But it was no wonder that she created a commotion in Mrs. Foster's orderly mind. Mrs. Foster had a deep traditional reverence for the appearances and decorums of life, in which faith she had carefully trained her daughters. "What will people think of you?" was a phrase constantly on her lips, and Nelly Deane shocked and horrified her at every hour of the day.

"I cannot understand your rushing about the garden and laughing so loud as you did this morning, Nelly," she said to her that first day.

"Why not, Mrs. Foster?" opening her large eyes in astonishment.

"With your poor father hardly dead a week."

"I had forgotten papa just then. I was so glad to forget," she answered, her eyes filling with tears at once. And Mrs. Foster felt puzzled, and did not know what to say next.

Sometimes she would come down to breakfast with fresh-gathered roses clustered in her hair and among the crape folds of her mourning dress.

"How can you wear those bright-colored flowers?" one of the daughters would say, reprovingly.

"But why not, cousin? They look so pretty; don't you think so?" Nelly would answer simply; and if they tried to point out the indecorum she would quietly dismiss the subject by saying, gently, "I don't understand what you mean."

So, after a week, goaded on by these and many similar delinquencies, Mrs. Foster wrote in despair to her son: "I don't know what to do with her, John. She is certainly very beautiful, as you say—far more so than is good for any modest young woman; but she is sadly in need of training. Your sisters and I try our best from morning till night; but we seem to make no impression whatever upon her. She is full of inconsistencies; she has no method, no order, no sense of the proprieties of life. I cannot think, my dear boy, how she can ever be fitted to take her place in the world as your wife."

Then there came down by return of post the most fearful letter that had ever fallen upon that meek devoted mother.

"If you or my sisters," wrote furious John, "attempt to alter my darling in any way, if you try any teaching or training or changing in any way upon her, I will never forgive any of you. Can't you see how perfect, how fresh, her lovely character is? Don't you see that what you call her want of training is her greatest charm? She is mine, and I will not have her altered. I have trusted her to you to take care of, not to alter. Make her as happy as you can, but in the name of all that is good, my dear mother, leave her unspoilt."

"John is very hard on us," said poor Mrs. Foster, wiping her eyes.

"John has been bewitched by her," said Laura, indignantly. "Nasty, designing little minx, with her innocent looks. I don't believe in innocence. You mark my words, mamma; as sure as his name is John Foster he will live to repent the day he ever set eyes on her." And Laura flounced away out of the room. But the mother and quieter Jane talked the matter over more soberly.

"We must get at her through her heart, Jane. She is affectionate. And we must talk to her more about John."

"Yes, poor John, he is infatuated now, but by and by he will thank us if we have been able to do some good."

"Well, my dear, Laura is angry, but don't say anything to her. You and I will see what impression we can make by appealing to her best feelings." So, like a couple of conspirators, they settled their future plan of action without Laura, of whom they were both secretly somewhat in awe.

IV.

The new system did not seem to answer with Nelly any better than the old one. It was certainly a very irritating and incomprehensible fact that she never could be made to look upon John with that respect which his mother and sisters considered due to his position and character.

"You should do such and such things to please John,—for John's sake,—because you are to be John's wife," Mrs. Foster would say.

"What has that to do with it? I always do what I like. If John doesn't like what I like, he need not marry me." Or oftener she only laughed as she had done the first day she came, and, in a soft, half-mocking way, cried, "Poor John!"

One day there came a letter from John to say that he was coming down for a short visit, just to see how they were getting on.

"How delightful!" cried Nelly, jumping up and clapping her hands. All day long she danced about the house crying out, "John is coming to-morrow!" till Mrs. Foster quite melted towards her. "You see how really fond of John she is," she said to her daughters; and they were obliged to admit that she seemed to be so.

But Nelly was saying to herself, "Dear old John! I am so glad he is coming. I shall be able to talk to him about dear daddy and my old home, and I shall tell him what horrid old women his sisters are; and then of course he will bring me a present."

"I wonder what John will bring me for a present," she said calmly, just before his arrival, when they were all sitting expecting him.

"Our brother never wastes his money in presents," said Laura, stiffly.

"Do you mean to say he has never given you anything?" said Nelly, looking much surprised. "Why, he has given me a lot of things. He gave me my dressing-case and my gold ear-rings and a bracelet—and"

"Oh, you don't suppose he is to go on giving you things forever, do you?" interrupted Laura, spitefully. "He is not at all likely to give you anything now. It is not John's way to give presents."

"Ah, not to you, perhaps, but he will bring me something, you will see!" she answered, with a little confident toss of the head.

When the fly from the station drove up, out ran Nelly to the hall-door. "You have brought me a present, haven't you, John?" were her first words, before any one else had spoken to him.

"How did you guess that, you little witch?" said John, smiling, and diving into his pockets for a fat little parcel, which he threw to her.

"Ah, I knew you would," she said, catching it, and running off with a triumphant laugh at Laura Foster. It was a handsome locket, set with pearls and diamonds. Nelly was in ecstasies; she ran all over the house with her treasure, showing it to every one; she even ran out to show it to Jenkins, the gardener. John stood and watched her fondly and proudly, but his mother sighed over such a foolish waste of money, and his sisters were anything but pleased.

"Are you not going to thank me for it, Nelly?" said John, when she came back again to them, breathless with excitement.

"Of course I am, you kind, good old John," she answered; and then and there, before them all, without the slightest blush or the faintest embarrassment, she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him on both cheeks, as if he had been an old uncle.

A sharp pang flashed through John Foster's heart. He stifled the thought before he could put it into words; but the thought had been there; it was — "She does not love me, or she would not kiss me like that;" and the next minute he was saying to himself eagerly, "She is so simple and straightforward, it is her nature to be outspoken." But to Mrs. Foster this freely-given embrace was a breach of maiden modesty. Drawing herself up primly, "We had better leave your brother and Nelly alone, my dears," she said to her daughters, and they all sailed out of the room.

"What have I done, John?" asked Nelly, with a right-angled look at her lover. "Have I said anything wrong?"

"No, my darling," answered John; but there was a flush of annoyance on his face. "Are you happy here, Nelly? are they kind to you?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh yes, they are kind; but I don't think they like me much — I seem to be always vexing them without intending it. But it is all right now you have come, John. How I wish you could stay! But come out into the garden now;" and she twined her hands round his arm and drew him out into the open air, and he, nothing loth, wandered about with her for hours.

Yes, John Foster was certainly bewitched. No one had ever seen him behave in such a strange way before. He followed Nelly about like a shadow; he carried her books for her; he ran all over the house to fulfil her faintest wish; he hung on her every word with the devotion of a slave. And she, little queen, ordered him about freely. It was "John, do this," or "do that," all day long; and sometimes it was "No, you dear old stupid; you are doing it wrong." And never once did it enter into her head that she should be more respectful to her middle-aged lover; for had she not ordered her daddy about in the same way? And he was quite old, with white hair. She had been used to that kind of thing all her life. But to Mrs. Foster and her daughters it was a wonderful and painful sight. They had been accustomed to wait on John; his rare and short visits at Vale Lodge had been hailed as great events: the best room was prepared for his reception; the best sheets were taken from the lavender-covered shelf to be laid on his bed; the best silver and glass were brought out for his use; they had fluttered round him with a little gentle fuss of attention and preparations that had seemed to them the rightful due of such an honored guest. But now, before their eyes, here was John given over hand and foot into the custody of this little chit of a girl — who ordered him about and scolded him and twisted him round her finger in a manner which seemed to them to be positively impertinent. And, worst of all, John seemed to like it. He was a square-set, heavily-made man, with a grave, quiet manner, and a plain, but honest-looking face, and kindly gray eyes. His had been a hard-working life, without hitherto a ray of romance to brighten the dull routine of everlasting legal business; and now, just when most men are sinking down into the practical realities of middle-age, when his hair was getting gray and his step was losing its youthful vigor, here was this wondrous sunshine that had flashed into his life, making all things seem young again to him. I doubt whether, had John Foster been ten years younger, he would have loved Nelly so devotedly. It was not only love, it was gratitude. "What have I done," he would say to himself, "to deserve such a radiant creature?" He could not be grateful enough to her for giving up her sweet young life to brighten the grayness and dulness of his.

Nelly, though she spoke pleasantly of his mother and sisters, could not succeed in hiding from her lover that her life at Vale Lodge was not a very happy one.

"Don't you think, dearest, we might hasten on our marriage a little — it might be very quiet, you know?" he ventured to suggest to her at last.

"Impossible, John! You know you promised me till Easter; I am so very young, you know, — I could not think of it before then; besides," she added, smiling, "I don't want a quiet wedding at all." Her face had looked almost scared for a minute, and again a misgiving passed through his mind. "I am really very tolerably happy

here, John. Of course, it is not like my own Cornwall — nothing will ever be like that again to me," she said, with a little piteous quiver in her voice; "but I don't expect that. You see," she added, with a little grave, explanatory nod, "they are old — and that is how it is they don't get on with me, I suppose. I can make allowance for them."

"Don't let Laura hear you say that," said John, laughing; "but, Nelly, if you think my sisters old, what will you be saying of me next? I am forty-five, you know."

"Ah, yes, I know that. But you are a man, and that makes it so different — men are so very much nicer than women," she added, with an air of profound conviction.

"Well, we will agree to that for the sake of argument; but, Nelly, you know I cannot come down again even for a Sunday till Christmas; how will you manage to live with these three old women till then, eh?"

Nelly made a wry face.

"It can't be helped, I suppose; I must make the best of it, and try and find 'resources in myself,' as your mother is always telling me. Don't let us talk of disagreeable things any more — come and pick me some roses."

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE *Evenement* states that the goods of the actor Frederick Lemaître have been seized for debt, and are about to be sold. The journal adds that to permit such an act would be more disgraceful to the theatres and more painful to the public than to the comedian himself.

CAPTAIN SHAW, the chief of the London Fire Brigade, would not make a successful reporter of the "gushing" type. The following is his description of the great fire at the Alexandra Palace: "Alexandra Palace, a brick building, 900 by 450 feet, burned out and roof off. Cause, plumbers at work on roof. Three manual-engines and six steam-engines at work."

The last words of Manzoni were exceedingly patriotic. Turning to those around him he said, "When I am no more, do what I have done every day of my life. Pray for Italy, for its King, and for his family, who have been so good to me." Twenty thousand francs have been already subscribed for a monument for him, and his house will be purchased and retained as an historical relic.

MR. MAPLESON, of her Majesty's Opera, who, like all managers, is pestered to death by aspirants for theatrical honors, has hit upon the "happy thought" of allowing unknown Marios, Grisis, Tamburinis, Lablaches, and Albonis, to try their powers on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre every Tuesday afternoon, in presence of himself and his *maestro al piano*. This capital movement may some day lead to the discovery of a vocal Koh-i-noor.

ONE of the hard-hitting papers of Paris relates the following: "Monsieur X — was comfortably sleeping and snoring in an orchestra stall at the theatre. The occupant of the adjoining seat, losing all patience, proceeded to awaken him. 'Since when,' asked X —, rubbing his eyes, 'is it forbidden to sleep at M —'s pieces?' 'But you make too much noise.' 'I prevent you, perhaps, from hearing the play?' On the contrary, you hinder me from sleeping, and force me to hear it; that is what I complain of.' Pleasant for M — the dramatist to read this!

IN the *Leisure Hour* for this month a pathetic account is given by Sir John Lubbock of the last hours of his tame wasp. He says "She" — a compliment to the sweet nature of the sex — "would take no food, though she still moved her legs, wings, and abdomen. The following day I offered her food for the last time, but both head and thorax were dead or paralyzed; she could but wag her tail — a last token, as I could almost fancy, of gratitude and affection. As far as I could judge, her death was quite painless, and she now occupies a place in the British Museum."

THE *Opinione* says that Manzoni has left behind him a great number of manuscripts, some of which relate to his already published works. Among the most interesting of these are the manuscripts of the "Cinque Maggio," and "Inni Sacri," which he presented to his son Pietro a year ago, and were left by the latter to his daughter after his death. His notes for the "History of the French Revolution," which are full of minute details, show

that he spared no trouble to collect materials when he had any great work in hand. A portion only of this history has been completed, for while he was engaged upon it the Italian Revolution broke out, and Manzoni then conceived the project of writing a parallel between the two revolutions. Of the latter work the introduction only is complete. Manzoni was very particular about his style, and he often passed whole days in seeking a word or form of expression which would best render his meaning. His collection of letters is very abundant and interesting. He corresponded with many of the most eminent men of his time, and he kept copies of all his own letters to which he attached any importance; the collection thus affords much valuable material for the literary and political history of the last fifty years.

EVEN those who are opposed to the abolition of capital punishment are ready to admit that the system is open to abuses, and certainly the Chinese in their love for justice appear to carry out the extreme sentence of the law with almost too much severity. The *Peking Gazette* contains a memorial from the Governor of Shantung reporting the arrest of the murderer of Prince Seng-ko-lin-sen, commander of the Imperial Chinese army during the campaign of 1860. The prince's death occurred while on a campaign against the Nienfei in Shantung in the spring of 1865, and his body was taken to Peking with great pomp during that year. It was at first reported that he had been killed in an engagement; but it subsequently was ascertained beyond a doubt that he had been assassinated, though why or by whom remained a mystery. It is now stated that a man named Chang Ling-yun was the murderer; and whether this is really the case or not matters very little now even to Chang Ling-yun, for by the latest accounts his captor was to be promoted, and the miscreant himself was to be cut in pieces and his head offered at Seng-ko-lin-sen's ancestral hall, in order to "display the justice of the laws of the empire and rejoice the hearts of the people."

A LITTLE history is related, and said to have been told by King Victor Emmanuel himself. The Princess Maria, daughter of the Empress of Russia, was in the dress-circle at the Apollo Theatre. His Majesty had not been forewarned and was in his box, according to his usual custom, in the most complete *négligé*. As soon as he saw her Imperial Highness, he begged the prefect, Commandant Gadda, to lend him his black dress coat and white cravat for a few minutes. Of course the request was complied with, and his Majesty, having put them on in one of the saloons, went and paid his respects to the princess. This story is not quite so good as one told by the late Emperor Napoleon. He met Vivier, the horn-player, at Vichy, and asked him to dinner. Vivier excused himself—he was travelling, and had no dress clothes. "We are nearly of the same size," said the emperor. "Ask my valet, Leon, to lend you some of my evening clothes." After dinner the emperor complimented Vivier on the excellent fit, adding, "Mind you restore my property." Vivien replied that his honest intentions stopped with the restitution of the clothes, and could no farther go. He could not bring himself to restore the little red ribbon in the button-hole. "Keep it," said the emperor, and Vivier was gazetted a Knight of the Legion of Honor next morning.

It appears that the moa, the name given by the New Zealanders to the large wingless birds whose bones are occasionally found in swamps, forests, and other out-of-the-way places in that country, is not yet extinct, as has been generally supposed. It is stated, according to the *Melbourne Argus*, that a very large bird—much larger than any emu—exists in the back portions of a run in the Wain district, on the west side of the Wain, and adjoining the large bush which stretches to the west coast of New Zealand. Its tracks and footprints have been repeatedly seen, and on a recent occasion a shepherd started the bird itself out of a patch of manuka scrub with his sheep dog. The bird ran from the dog until it reached the brow of a terrace above him, and some thirty or forty yards off, when it turned on the dog, who immediately and wisely returned as fast as it could to the shepherd's heel. The moa stood for fully ten minutes on the brow of the terrace, bending its long neck up and down exactly as the black swan does when disturbed. It is described as being very much higher than any emu ever seen in Australia, and as standing very much more erect on its legs. The color of its feathers is a sort of silvery gray, with greenish streaks through it. If this story is true, it destroys the notion which has hitherto prevailed, that no large moas have been seen alive since about 1650.

SPEAKING of Mrs. Stowe's new book, the *London Athenæum* says: "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Palmetto Leaves' is a

record of a winter spent in Florida. Mrs. Stowe discusses the value to invalids of the country as a winter residence; and describes the general state of the country as it is since the conclusion of the war. The book is pleasant and lively, full of picturesque details and narratives of delightful picnics, scrambles among the woods, and sails upon the river. The descriptions of climate and scenery are graphic and vivid. Of course the worth of the work as an authority upon climate is the concern of the American rather than the English public, who are not likely to go to try what the Florida swamps can do for them. Mrs. Stowe inculcates the necessity of great care and prudence in dealing with this locality, which seems to possess fascinations that fairly rouse her to enthusiasm. The condition of the negroes under the new state of things is touched upon with good sense, and with a geniality which makes the reader almost as hopeful as Mrs. Stowe herself. She gives the judgment of a practical farmer accustomed to hire laborers in the North and in the South. As a result of five years' experiment on this subject he says 'that the negro laborer, *carefully looked after*, is as good as any that can be hired in the North.' She also remarks: 'The question whether, on the whole, the negroes are valuable members of society and increasing the material wealth of the State, is best answered by the returns of the Freedman's Saving and Trust Company, an institution under the patronage of Government. The report of this company for the year 1872 shows that the negroes in the different Southern States have, during this year, deposited with this company the sum of 31,260,499 dollars.'"

A YOUNG Mirza of the Russian Consulate at Tabreez, in Persia, seems to have got into rather an awkward scrape since the Shah's departure for Europe. The other day the chief native banker of Tabreez, Hadji Hassan, was found murdered in his house. He had received several stabs in the face and body, and as plunder did not appear to be the murderer's object, it was difficult at first to account for the incident. Circumstances, however, led to suspicion attaching itself to Mirza Ali Ashraff Khan, of the Russian Consulate. It seems that Hadji Hassan had lately married a young dancing girl, celebrated for her attractions and accomplishments; but the marriage can scarcely be said to have proved a happy one, for it appears that both before and after the event she was carrying on a correspondence with the Mirza, who urged her continually to divorce herself from her husband and marry him. On the night of the murder the Mirza had passed the evening with Hadji Hassan, and, it is stated, introduced into the house some of his retainers, whom he persuaded to assassinate his host. Indeed, one of them who was arrested produced the Mirza's bond promising him 150 toman in the event of his effectually putting an end to Hadji Hassan. The evidence, according to the Tabreez correspondent of the *Levant Herald*, is overwhelming, and few doubt his guilt, but the Russian Consul-General will not recognize the right of the native authorities to examine or judge him, and during the discussion the too susceptible young Mirza managed to escape from the town. The populace, especially the commercial classes, are represented as being violently excited by the affair—not so much apparently on account of the loss society has sustained by the death of Hadji Hassan as on account of the great inconvenience caused to local commerce by the banker's departure from this world, as nearly all the traders at Tabreez, both foreign and native, had important monetary transactions with him, and it will be some time before his accounts can be satisfactorily adjusted.

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MR. J. H. JOHNSTON, Great Western Gun Works, 179 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Penn., whose advertisement has been published in this paper during the past year, is, we have reason to believe, reliable and trustworthy in all his dealings. An annoying error has appeared in his advertisement in the price of Double Shot Guns. The minimum price of these goods should have been published at \$8, instead of \$3. We take this method of calling attention to the mistake, and to express our confidence in the firm.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1873.

[No. 4

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

How hatefully bright and beautiful was Marietta when she came home! As Gretchen stood behind her in front of the same mirror, arranging her rival's raven-black *chevelure* for the evening, she could have found it in her heart to place her strong fingers round the slender throat and press them till the bright face had become more haggard than her own. She looked at her own reflection, and, with a silent groan, wondered how she could ever have dreamed such a dream as had been so harshly dispelled. Her lips had tightened and hardened; her cheeks had fallen inwards in an hour; a deep line contracted the brows, and her eyes looked as dead as stone. When such transformations may take place in an instant, what wonder that the outward signs of Gretchen's downfall had, in two whole hours of instants, become set as well as transformed? She was not a girl with a heartache, but a late-ripening woman, who had taken fire like tinder and had been scorched as quickly. Mistakes kill sometimes; and Gretchen had lived a woman's whole life out in three or four days. Too strong to be killed, she was all the more bound to have grown old. How should disappointment come, when the very happiness it devours had proved almost too intense to bear? It was not as though, as with most girls, happiness had been beaten out thinly over her whole life, so that much may be torn away, and yet much may be left to cover all but a single wound. With her, happiness had been piled up over one point of her life mountains high, and, when the mountain was torn away, not a film remained to hide from the raw air one inch of smarting nerve. She had no memories to compensate for a single hope. Her memories were all of wishes; and she had long lost her power of living upon air.

Mrs. Goldrick's wanderings in the very land of air, on which she, at least, had long lived for days, had naturally taken hunger as their starting-point. It was absolutely necessary that she should leave her post for a few minutes, at least, and somehow pro-

cure substantial food. It needed exceptional pressure to drive her even to temporary absence, though but for a moment: but the exceptional pressure had fairly come. Without remarking it, she had gone through the three stages of hunger which follow the disappointment of appetite—the faint, the forgetful, and the prostrate—and had entered upon that which is known to most wolves and to some men.

The house contained nothing to eat but gold—a food of which Midas had already proved the unsatisfying qualities. The starving woman had therefore to search from attic to cellar to find what might be turned to food in the alembic of the pawnbroker. The result was not successful. She had the clothes on her back, a blanket or two, and a few pots and pans—nothing but what was almost as much a necessity of life as bread itself. It is true the Cornflower had owned fewer possessions and yet had been richer than Diogenes; but Mrs. Goldrick was not the Cornflower. She had sat at rich men's feasts, and had long ago unfitted herself for living strictly according to the rule of the community of the birds of the air. But there was no help for it; she took the blanket from her bed, as the portion of capital that might be easiest spared, made it up into a bundle, and then, with a feeble, uncertain gait, very different from her natural erect carriage and firm stride, went out into the streets of St. Bavons.

How much out of the world she lived, needs no farther proof than the fact of her being the only person in a provincial city who was ignorant of its grand piece of news. The Cornflower had been taught to read, and so had she. But no event in any French novel had ever taken the Cornflower aback so much as an advertisement upon one end of the dead wall of her lane took Mrs. Goldrick. Her wandering, dazzled eyes lighted upon her own name in letters as large as those upon her husband's posters. It was the offer of a large reward to any one who would give the police any sufficient tidings of her son; and this was the way in which the downfall of Mr. Brandt's house first became news to her ears.

CHAPTER VIII. DULCE EST DESIPERE IN LOCO.

MR. AARON's supper-party had been lively, not to say noisy. Mademoiselle

Leezinska had succeeded in astonishing the world, if she had done nothing else, and "that," as Mr. Carol explained, "was everything." Unlike his musical *collaborateur*, he neither felt nor showed any small jealousies on the score of the *débutante's* owing her triumph over circumstances not to his genius, but to circumstances themselves. He was of course the first to offer his congratulations, together with his advice as to the best means of taking advantage of the flood-tide.

There was one place vacant at table, that of Mr. Abner, who was sulky, and would not come in, So it was merely a family party, Lord Lisburn being the only stranger.

All were in high spirits; but Mademoiselle was in the highest of all the five. She even went far beyond the bounds of high spirits, so that Aaron himself began dimly to suspect that his pupil was not altogether what he had taken her to be. She affected to ignore his presence, made a point of interrupting him whenever he spoke a word, gave him back scornful stares in return for his sharp glances, and flirted outrageously with Lucas, till the poor fellow did not know whether he was on his head or his heels. She was in a very ecstasy of self-assertion, and would have puzzled a ten thousand times better psychologist than anybody there. Carol, even, found himself nowhere; and Lord Lisburn, the only one present whose vanity or interest was not touched by her behavior, was the only one who let himself go easily with the stream. He, also, was the only one left unmystified, because to him alone the colors in which she chose to display herself to-night were such as she might have received from nature. He, only, had known neither the beggar-girl, nor the ignorant *débutante*, thrown, as if with a pitchfork, into a new planet, whereon her feet had not known how to stand.

The most astounding intelligence in the world must be the sudden discovery on the part of a callow bird that it has wings. Its little soul has been growing in the nest, and its eyes have already discovered that there is a vast expanse of air, in which alone it could feel properly at home. It has already seen its fellow-creatures skimming about with ease, and has a dim consciousness of deformity, in not being able to do the same as they. The miserable little protuberances on its

shoulders are only a burden to it ; when it creeps to the edge of the nest, it is only to overbalance itself, and to fall back among its prison of twigs and feathers, from fear of dropping like lead to the ground below. But one day the mother-bird comes homeward with some especially large caterpillar in her beak, fit for the growing appetite of her growing fledgling, and finds the nest empty. She looks around, above, and below, but no trace of cat or kite can she see. The next day the force of habit carries her afield to look for some yet larger worm, and the prize is disputed by a stranger of her own kind, stronger-winged, perhaps stronger-beaked, than she, who meets her with all the energy of youth and sudden consciousness of being at last lady of all the fields and paths of air. The fledgling does not know herself, and the old bird, with all her wisdom, does not know her own. There is, however, a yet more astounding experience still. Certain Eastern nations have been accused of not crediting women with souls. Perhaps this was the error of that very old bird, with a considerable Eastern tincture in his veins, who had constituted himself the guide, philosopher, and friend of Mlle. Leczinska. But the soul of a girl does not fail to grow, any more than the pinions of a bird, simply because it is for awhile invisible or cumbersome ; and when some sudden shock has made a moment do the work of shaking out her soul's feathers, the result is not unlikely to astonish not only her friends and philosophers, but her own self into the bargain.

Zelda would have been an idiot, if she had not realized, however instinctively, that one honest, out-speaking stamp of her foot had sent flying into annihilation the thousand petty and flimsy chains which had hitherto entangled her own proper life with the wretched interests of others. She had spurned the earth, and was out into the air on her own account : not a soul had to do with her triumph but her own. Others might take the credit to themselves, and might seek to cheat her of the profit ; but she had struck out this time for herself, and it must be as parasites, not as masters, that they must follow her now. Hitherto she had devoured her impulses in docile silence : for once she had let her impulse fly out, and had found in her free caprice a power before which strong wills and stronger circumstances had alike shrivelled up into their shells. It was not the slave of the far-seeing Aaron, but one that was no more to him than Hecuba, who had drunk in the riotous intoxication of public applause. She had flung herself above her master's head, and he and all his fellows looked unutterably small. Not even Lord Lisburn was able to complain that his peerage compensated in her eyes for what he had not done. He was, of course, in all the pride of lionhood before Aaron, Carol, and Lucas : but the

lioness of the evening held her own. He was enjoying his new chapter, or rather episode, in life ; but possibly he was not altogether so well satisfied with his new experience of being ill-treated according to his demerits as he would have professed to be.

He had been seated on the right hand of the one lady who might be supposed to leaven with her presence this not too-well-assorted entertainment. Carol had placed himself on her other side, as a matter of course : and it was with unbelieving ears that he heard her say, suddenly, —

"Where are you, Lucas ? I must have you by me. Don't you see there's an empty chair ?" Lucas looked longingly and awkwardly with both his eyes : but the empty chair was invisible to him. Lord Lisburn looked at Carol, and rose politely, to make room for the more favored worm, who, in truth, had most surely earned the distinction.

"Oh, my lord," cried out Aaron, quickly, "pray don't disturb yourself. Here's plenty of room for Lucas by me."

"No, I don't mean you," said the self-crowned queen, turning to Lord Lisburn. "Carol, you sit by Aaron, and make room for Lucas by me. Do you hear ?" And she added the little quick stamp of emphasis that had been the favorite gesture of another triumphant actress, whom none there, according to probability, had ever seen, and who had made her final exit from the stage of the seven ages at least one age ago.

But Aaron eyed her with one of his most curious efforts of concentrated vision. "*Benguilango!*" he thought to himself ; "Mag would spot her in a thousand — if she didn't take the girl for the mother's ghost out of Marshmead churchyard. Faith, I hope she mayn't be — I've heard tell of such things before now."

"Not if I know it, my dear," said Carol. "I know where I'm well off, and so do you. That's sympathy. Let Lucas eat his food in peace, and pour me out some champagne."

She did not repeat her commands, or even throw him a look for answer, but left him, and sat down at the other end of the table.

"I mean to have Lucas by me," she said. "Aaron, you go and sit between those two — or —"

"Or what, pray, I should like to know ?" he asked, in what Lord Lisburn thought a curious tone from a manager to his *prima donna*.

"Or — I'll go to the window, and sit in the draught till I catch cold."

He said something in her ear. She answered him out loud.

"Lucas," she said, angrily, "open the window this instant ; I mean to catch my death of cold, and I will."

If she had commanded her slave to throw himself from the window that evening, most assuredly he would have done so. But that was a very different

thing from letting the least breath of air find its way upon her. He stood, therefore, irresolute, between zeal to obey and fear of consequences. She did not wait, however ; she went to the window herself, and threw it up with a clatter. "There," she said, "now you may all go on with your supper. I shall stay here."

"Very well," said Aaron. "Never mind her," he added to the others ; "she's not so easily killed as that comes to. I've known the day when she's slept out a whole winter night on the windy side of a snow-drift. Talk of gratitude ! That's how I found her, and that's how I'll leave her, if she don't mind. Let her be."

He had lost his temper for once, or he would scarcely have been so communicative concerning bygone mysteries. But slight as the occasion of quarrel was, he was beginning to see that it was likely to turn out the first pitched battle in a war of liberty, if not of supremacy. In this he had the advantage over Zelda, for while he began to suspect the consequences of yielding to her apparent whim, she had no afterthought to give her determination. She was only obstinate : he had every cause to be resolved. She was only fighting for a trifle, he to avert the results to which that trifle might lead. But, on the other hand, she had greater advantages, independently of the fact that she, if only obstinate, was now a woman, while he, if consciously resolved, was only a man.

In a word, though the question was only about opening or shutting a window, open war had been declared.

"By Jove !" said Carol, of course not in the least comprehending the situation, but rejoicing in the spirit of mischief which seemed likely to make everybody but himself uncomfortable, "that's no surrender — that's what comes of not letting me have my way. Never mind, though — I like open windows : I'll go and keep Mademoiselle company. What do you think of Polish manners, my lord ? Not quite the same thing as polish ? I suppose you never saw this sort of thing before ? I like it : that's the salt of life, that sort of thing. I like sitting on the craters of volcanoes : that's taking things easy."

"Hold your jaw !" growled Aaron. "Who asked you to meddle ?"

"Mademoiselle," said Lord Lisburn, rising, "I am sure you are welcome to my seat, especially as everybody else seems so devoted to his own. I dare say Mr. Aaron won't mind having me for a neighbor."

"No," she said. "I'll have no chair but Aaron's. It must be his fault if I don't sing to-morrow, and I'll either have a cold or else his chair."

"Then you'll have neither," cried out Aaron, with an oath, his patience fairly gone. Lucas caught his arm, and Lord Lisburn started forward :

it was clear that whatever there was between these two might end in mischief. There was something of the tiger about the man, and apparently a great deal of the tigress about the girl.

"You coward!" she cried out. "Have you forgotten how you left me to be half killed by the people in the ale-house? I'm Sylvia now, and she was afraid of nobody. You've taught me that much anyhow. . . . Ah, you may kill me if you like, you and your friends among you—if only the *Gorgio Riva* were here that stood by me then!"—

Carol burst into a fit of laughter: Zelda had fallen into a fit of heroics: therefore, according to his notions, she was making herself ridiculous—therefore he felt himself avenged. Lord Lisburn could not make out whether he was witnessing the commencement of a tragedy or the development of a farce. But Aaron turned pale and blue with open rage, slipped his arm with practised skill from the hands of Lucas, and, forgetting the presence of both earl and critic, made a threatening step towards the window.

She let him advance, and then, darting lightly behind him, sat herself down in his chair triumphantly.

"There!" she said. "Now you may put the window down. I've got my way."

"*Bravissima!*" cried out Carol, now thoroughly in his element of mischief-maker. The word struck Aaron like a mocking taunt, and both his natural oiliness and his theatrical dignity had long been corroded out of him by excitement and brandy. Some men would have seized the nearest decanter and thrown it at Carol. He turned round as quick as lightning, and brought down his hand, with all its experienced cunning of touch, upon Zelda's ear.

The blow looked like the assertion of mastery. It was the expiring death-blow of mastery: the straw, if it could be called a straw, under which the rule of force and fraud had broken down. Zelda, or Sylvia, or whatever she felt herself to be in that confused moment, was half stunned, but she was free.

There was at any rate one gentleman at hand to feel in his own instinct the slightest rude touch that any woman might feel with her nerves. Lord Lisburn's blood stung him, and made his fingers contract themselves tightly into the palm of his hand and his thumbs close over them. Lucas was ready enough, and felt the blow through his marrow: but he was not of the unswerving breed which can face a pair of wolf's eyes without a moment's quailing. Carol still kept his seat, puffing his cigar with a keen relish of a probable row in which he would not be engaged. So there was nothing to forestall Lord Lisburn in plunging his hand into Aaron's collar

and using his shoulder and knuckles to force the bully to his knees and the ground.

Lord Lisburn was a gentleman, and yet no looker-on would have given him credit for attacking against odds. Aaron was neither young nor muscular, had lost his temper and was full of wine, nor, in the course of this story or out of it had he ever distinguished himself for courage. Lord Lisburn had every advantage that the other lacked—youth, muscle, temper, coolness, and ignorance of fear. There seemed nothing for his opponent to do but to go down under sheer weight of wrist and bite the floor. Such would have been the case, doubtless, had the two, being otherwise such as they were, belonged to the same human family. Aaron would then have lacked the qualities that make the supple instinct of weaker races a match for the straightforward strength of stronger races, and more.

The wires that in the professor of conjuring tricks stood for sinews gave way beneath the weight of the Englishman's hand. But even so does the blade of slender steel give way, or the yew-branch that has been seasoned into a bow. The strong pressure was needed to bring out the full elasticity of the spring. In half a moment Lord Lisburn's right arm was rendered powerless by a certain trick known to policemen and their experienced victims: in the other half moment he felt a blow in the side, not heavy, like one of his own, but which made him sicken and reel as no knuckles ever made a man sicken or reel.

All this took place before Carol had ended his laugh, before Zelda had recovered her senses, or Lucas had found his presence of mind. The window was still open: and by the time that these three knew where they were, Aaron had flung himself out of it with the vault of an acrobat—as it seemed to them, with the wings of a bird. Lord Lisburn was the only one there who kept his wits: and he was leaning against the table, with one hand to his side, as pale as death, and like one ready to fall.

"Carol," he said coolly, "go straight to Dr. Vaughan—41 Charles Street—close by—bring him here. The fellow has put a knife into me—some way, I'm afraid. I beg your pardon with all my heart, Mademoiselle—I have spoiled your evening—I am afraid your room too—but I dare say they'll get me home, if you'll let me wait till Vaughan comes—confound my luck—and to-morrow I have to—the North Pole!"—

"Go, idiot!" cried out Zelda to Carol, catching Lord Lisburn in her strong arms as he swayed and fell.

CHAPTER IX. A MAN WITHOUT A WILL.

"I AM a disgrace to the name of manhood," thought Harold Vaughan

to himself, as he threw himself after the play into the piece of furniture supposed, in his comfortless lodgings, to represent an easy-chair. "I wonder if mine is the ordinary history of what guide-books to success call self-made men? I could, I honestly believe, have made myself in time the managing assistant to a druggist—perhaps even the partner of one who did not want me to invest capital. That would have been something for a work-house boy to be proud of: the result of my own industry and of my own will. But neither my industry nor my will made a schoolboy carry his gun at full cock through a bramble hedge: luck made me a physician; I steadily set to work to make myself a professional failure. I succeeded: and the worst of it is, I know that if my career were to begin over again I should again succeed in failing in exactly the same way. And then—just when I was about to reap the due reward of my pains, comes in Luck once more to say: 'It is no use: you shall be called a self-made man. I will send you on an expedition' from which the worst you can earn is the immortal fame of a martyr to science, when in truth you are but a cowardly impostor, running away from Love and Hunger.' I shall be called a self-made hero; I am a self-made ass, whom Fate has determined to dress up in a lion's skin. I think I can see my biography as it will read in some foolish book written to encourage the young. 'This pioneer of science,' it will say, 'raised himself by his brilliant talents, his genius, and industry, from a parish apprentice to a physician in practice at St. Bavons, before he was thirty years old. But the extraordinary enthusiasm for science which carried him thus far forbade him to confine his energies within the narrow limits of a provincial town. He gave up his practice, and volunteered his services as physician and naturalist to a private expedition in search of the North Pole. On his return'—people do return sometimes—then will follow the consequences of having a warm-hearted and thorough-going earl for one's friend and patron. Or else it will go, 'The expedition was never heard of again—and the name of Harold Vaughan, the work-house boy, will go down to posterity with Lord Lisburn's own. England will not forget one who shared the fate of a peer.' Rubbish! I have a good mind to write my own memoir before I go. 'This atom of human sea-weed was picked up among the hedge-rows. If he had been apprenticed to a cobbler he would have picked up a little cobbling—apprenticed to a surgeon he picked up a little surgery. A short-sighted nobleman having, out of exaggerated charity and gratitude, given him an education, and his poverty and position being such as to keep him out of dissipation, he would have been an idiot if he had not passed his examinations for his

medical degrees. He was driven from St. Bavons for daring to ask a tradesman's daughter to marry him. Finding the world too strong for him before he was thirty, he joined a crack-brained search for the earth's axis under a hair-brained boy, in order to get ship-biscuit to eat and to escape from a couple of gray eyes. Then, either, as he deserved, he was never heard of again, or else he was accepted into the noble army of lucky waifs and self-made impostors.' Well — so be it; only I should like to know how many men look down with wonder at their biographies as they are read by the world.

"But, in the name of common sense, why should I let luck conquer me? why should I submit to be a coward for the sake of being a charlatan? What, in all this world of lies, is Claudia Brandt or Claudia anybody to the man, and not to the bit of floating sea-drift, called Harold Vaughan? I am a man, I suppose — they would say so if I were laid out on a dissecting-table at Guy's. If there were no Claudia in the world, I should no more dream of sailing to the North Pole than I should of giving myself a certificate for Bedlam. Luck shall not make me either lion or martyr. I will make it my ambition to justify the kindness of my first patron — I will pay my debt of gratitude — I will stick to medicine as a duty, and fail or prosper, simply as I may deserve.

"Ass that I am! What right have I to talk about staying in England — can I make no resolve, not even a mad one, without breaking it the moment it is made? What should I say of a man who made up his mind, and volunteered too, to take part in danger abroad, and, within ten minutes of seeing a girl's face, began to think it his duty to stay at home? I think it is my duty — but then everybody thinks his inclination his duty. This is what comes of trying to follow out *gnothi seauton*, I suppose. If I were like Lord Lisburn, I should just do what I was inclined to without thinking, and feel that I was acting from a high sense of duty all the time. Let me see — what cut and dried philosopher was it who said, If you ever doubt which of two courses you ought to take, follow the most unpleasant, and then you will be sure that you are acting from a sense of duty? Well, the most unpleasant will certainly be to remain at home. Lord Lisburn will set me down as a coward and a cur; I shall find it hard to earn bread; I shall perhaps be falling again into the toils; I shall despise myself as much as if I sailed, and feel that some contemptible part of me was being gratified by the surrender of my self-respect. Well, then, here goes *gnothi seauton* to the winds. I will be free — I will follow my inclination like other men. I will run away like a coward to prevent being called one, and let myself drift into being a mar-

tyr or a hero. Whatever happens, I must be contemptible. So, though I must despise myself, I will at least give others no cause to despise me. There — I have given Her the last thought she will ever have from me. And henceforth, if Fate denies me the power of doing as I ought, she shall at least not rob me of the power of doing as I please."

He lighted a cigar which Lord Lisburn had given him at parting, threw up the window, and looked out into the narrow street, along which a half dozen drunken men and women were reeling noisily, while a policeman watched them idly from the curbstone. In the window opposite, which had no blind, he could see the framed picture of a figure bending over a sick-bed; the flame of a tallow-candle was reflected from a druggist's glass phial. He might be assisting at a scene of murder, for aught he knew, or merely at a common sick-room scene. The other windows were all dark and asleep but one; there, on the blind, he could see a shadow moving a needle or a pen. His eyes were always quick to judge, and he was in a mood to catch the physiognomy of shadows. It is just on these occasions, when the world seems to limp with ourselves, that the limping devil Azamat, whom Aaron Goldrick invoked as Benguilango, permits us a glimpse at the internal economy of the world. And the glimpse he affords us is almost sure to be untrue: as untrue as the idea of a steam-engine obtained by one who forgets that every wheel and piston has qualities of its own, such as liability to rust, to slip, to become loose, and to break, altogether independent of the general object and action of the machine. The little movements of human mechanism which Dr. Vaughan regarded coldly and contemptuously from his window, made any exercise of conscious self-will on his own part appear infinitesimally foolish and small. It could not be that one man chose deliberately to shout rather than be silent, that another chose to weep rather than to laugh, another to toil rather than to sleep; and as these were all great things to them, why should he think himself bound to assert impossible self-mastery in greater things?

So letting his eye travel along the curve of Ursa Major and upwards, until it reached the pole star, Harold Vaughan allowed his chance view of the heavens to serve for *sortes*. He possessed neither a Virgil nor a Bible, the usual resources of those who wish to cry heads or tails with Fate; but, as a sceptic, he had his share of superstition, and as an unbeliever in himself, he was in a superstitious mood.

Cynosura looked as cold and fixed as fate, and as high up above the other stars. One need not be an astrologer to feel that the stars, being beyond the reach of our wills, are stronger than we, while to have strength and not to

use it is, to our human instincts, a contradiction in terms.

"So be it, then," he thought to himself once more. "I am most assuredly not of iron, and yet I cannot lift my eyes without their being drawn to the pole. Chance must decide my life for me, it seems — so let me own myself beaten, and give in. I will go to bed and dream my last dream, and to-morrow I will" —

"I will," indeed! It is not allowed the slave of circumstance even to whisper "I will" — not even so much as "I will obey." Passive obedience or active war — there is no middle way. And the words were hardly out of his mind's lips when they were broken short by a thundering at the street door.

His window was alight and caught the eye of Fortune's messenger.

"Halloa there!" called out the latter, "I want Doctor Vaughan."

"I am Doctor Vaughan. What is it? From Lord Lisburn? Are you Carol?"

"Come down, then, at once. Bring your instruments — everything you've got. Come — don't stand talking there." And he began to thunder again.

"I'm coming — but you needn't knock the house down. Now, what is it?" he asked, as he opened the street door.

"It's the devil, that's all. Aaron has stabbed Lord Lisburn" —

"Good God!"

"As dead as Queen Elizabeth. What in the world's to be done? I shall have to be examined at the inquest — the trial, any way — what do you think they'll do? You must certify it's a fit — small-pox — lumbago — anything. Aaron, confound the fool, can have gone into the country. As for the Oberon — that game's up, anyhow. That's what comes of having to do with fools."

"I shall certainly certify what I find," said Harold, dragging Carol along. When called out of his dreams by the necessity of action, his will was not to be despised. "And I think for your sake you had better hold your tongue before me till you have done trembling. Did you come to me immediately?"

"The moment the young fellow tumbled over."

"He stabbed him — where?"

"Here — in the side."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain."

"Then it mayn't be too late now — I may save him again. But if he is dead — if he has been murdered — I shall not be your accomplice, Mr. Carol, or of any of your friends. If Aaron is your friend, Lord Lisburn is mine. Ah, thank God, there's a cab at last — in with you. What — you'd rather walk? You'll do no such thing."

"I will though. I always have my way, and I'll have it now."

"By all means — but you'll go

mine. There — and now drive like mad; a sovereign for every minute that you're short of ten."

Off like mad they drove; it was a real race between the chariot of death and the cab of the man without a will.

(To be continued.)

POOR JOHN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

V.

JOHN'S visit came to an end; but after he was gone, and quiet had settled down once more on the little household, things went better with Nelly Deane than they had done before his arrival. The elder women, liking her but little, and disapproving of much she did, began nevertheless to see that they had better let her alone. She took to rambling about the fields and woods for hours by herself. John sent her down a dog as a companion in her walks; and she and Trap were sometimes out together from breakfast till nearly dinner-time. It was rather dull for her; and she often felt a little tired of her life. The few visitors who came to Vale Lodge were not of a kind to amuse a girl of seventeen — not that she wanted gayety, she had always been used to a quiet country life. But she missed the loving interest in all her thoughts and doings that she had been accustomed to, and more and more she felt the loss of the father who had been all in all to her for so many years. She took to writing long letters to John, which to her were the overflowing of her youthful life and spirits — the one vent that kept her from moping; but to him they were the greatest joy and delight. She did not care much for his answers; they were not half the amusement to her that her own letters were to herself.

In this way, June, July, and August slipped away; and September, which brought death and destruction to so many little partridges in the fields where she habitually wandered, brought nothing exciting to Nelly Deane. She often heard, without heeding, the guns in the distance — now faint, now near; but she never met any one in her solitary walks, until one never-to-be-forgotten evening.

There was a lovely park about a mile from Vale Lodge, which belonged — so Nelly had been told — to a Mr. Temple. It was a rich tangled wilderness of fern and wild-flowers, with deep, shady plantations and every variety of tree and shrub in it; while the house was a long way from the side nearest to Vale Lodge.

"You can walk in Northley Park as much as you like, my dear," Mrs. Foster said one day to Nelly; "the owner is never there — he is abroad, I believe."

So Northley Park became Nelly's favorite resort. There was there, in particular, a brook, along the banks of which she was never tired of wandering. It was wider than most of the rivulets in that part — a rushing, tumbling, rapid stream, that danced and bubbled its way among rocks and boulders, and finally flung itself over a projecting shelf of rock in a miniature cascade.

One sunny evening in the third week of September found Nelly as usual in this favorite spot. She had wandered along for some time, gathering ferns, and stooping over the edge of the water to look at the mosses among the stones, when presently, as she leant over, humming a gay little tune to herself, there came a little puff of wind, which carried off her round straw hat into the middle of the stream. Her dog barked at it; but, as Nelly observed, "Barking won't do any good, Trap." She got a stick and tried to reach it in that way, but it was too far off.

"There's no help for it, I must go in after it," said Nelly, aloud.

She sat down on the bank and pulled off her shoes and stockings, and ventured boldly in after the lost hat. The stones in the bed of the stream were moss-grown and slippery, so Nelly proceeded cautiously. A pretty enough picture she made — with her hair all blown about in the

breeze; her lovely face aglow with eagerness; her lips parted; her eyes sparkling; one hand holding back her dress, the other steadying herself against a projecting rock; whilst down below, her little white feet and shapely ankles gleamed like ivory beneath the transparent water. A pretty picture, truly; and so, indeed, thought Arthur Temple, as strolling homewards after his day's shooting, he suddenly came upon it.

"Can't I help you?" said a voice, and Nelly turned with a little start, to see a handsome, stalwart young man standing on the bank in front of her.

Most girls, so surprised, would have been confused and shy; but Nelly was seldom discomposed, and only looked up with a little smile.

"No, I don't think you can be of any use; unless you take off your shoes and stockings too, and that isn't worth while."

"Take care, it is going over the edge!" he cried, making a desperate but useless lunge after the hat with the butt-end of his gun.

"Ah! It is gone!" cried Nelly, striking her hands together in dismay, as the little hat went swiftly over the edge of the cascade. "Wait; it has caught on a stone! I think I can reach it if you will give me your hand."

Arthur stooped down on the bank and stretched out his strong brown hand to her, and Nelly resigned her own little slender white one into its grasp.

"Now mind you hold my hand very tight," she said, quite gravely and simply; "for if you don't I shall fall. Hold tight; I am very heavy!"

Arthur nodded, and Nelly swung herself cautiously over the edge. Arthur Temple thought it the strangest predicament with an unknown young lady he had ever been placed in. He looked down at the little hand he held, and felt an insane desire to kiss it.

"Hurrah!" cried Nelly, unconscious of all but her hat. "I've got it. Thank you very much for helping me."

He had to let go of her hand then, and she jumped out of the stream on the opposite bank.

"I must go home now. Good-by."

"Wait a minute," he said, and scrambled across the rocks in the stream to her side. "I will at all events see you out of the park. But how did you get in? There is no lodge this side."

"Oh, I got through a hole in the paling."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and I don't mind telling you," added Nelly, waxing confidential, "that it wasn't large enough for me, so I removed another plank one day, with a deal of trouble, to make the hole larger. It was worth while, you see, because I come here so often."

"Oho!" thought Arthur, "so this is how my park palings get destroyed;" but he only said, smiling, "You must be dangerous to land-owners if you go about breaking down palings in that way."

"Ah, but the owner of this place is abroad, or I should never come here!" answered Nelly, laughing.

"Indeed!"

All this time Nelly, with her bare feet, was tripping along over the grass by the side of Arthur Temple, who kept glancing down at them shyly.

"Won't you catch cold without your shoes?" he ventured to ask.

"Oh, no, my feet are getting dry on this soft grass; but here we are at the paling; so if you will go on, I will put on my shoes now; and you may as well pull out that other bit of board, and make the hole a little larger for me — for it's rather a squeeze. I am so tall, you see; and I don't often get the chance of a strong pair of hands to help me."

On went Arthur Temple, obedient, but brimming over with amusement. What a ridiculous situation! to be set to grub up his own park palings for the convenience of this audacious but fascinating trespasser. He, however set to work; and by the time he had enlarged the opening, Nelly, properly shod, came up to him.

"Yes, that will do nicely. See, I can get through easily now."

They stood together in the road outside.

"I won't take you any farther out of your road," said Nelly, holding out her hand with the gracious dignity of a young queen.

"Would you think me very rude if I ask you to tell me who I have had this pleasant walk with?" asked Arthur, hesitating a little.

"My name? Oh dear, no. Why should it be rude to ask? Nelly Deane is my name; and I live with Mrs. Foster at Vale Lodge — at least, I am staying there on a long visit. Now please tell me your name."

Arthur could not help a malicious little smile as he answered, "My name is Temple."

The little basket of ferns which Nelly carried, and the wet, draggled hat which was hanging on her arm both went down into the middle of the road together, her eyes opened wide with amazement and horror, her face flushed up crimson in sudden distress.

"What, Mr. Temple! and the place is yours, and I have been breaking down your palings! Why didn't you tell me? What a shame of you! I shall hate you forever and ever!" And catching up her hat she turned and fled down the lane.

"Miss Deane, stop!" called out Arthur, going a little way after her; but she took no notice, and he, thinking it useless to run after her, turned back into the park again through the injured palings, not altogether in the best of tempers.

"What a fool I was to go blurring it out like that! quite enough to make her angry. Good heavens, what a lovely girl! What a charming, fascinating creature! Fancy my coming back to this stupid old place to find such a darling as that trespassing all over my premises; and I have been such a fool as to frighten her off! Well, I will see her again somehow. I must go and look up those old women at Vale Lodge."

VI.

Somehow Nelly never mentioned her evening's adventure either to Mrs. Foster and her daughters, or to John in her next letter.

"What is the use of telling people what a goose I have made of myself?" she reflected, getting strangely hot as she thought it all over. "How stupid of me not to guess who it was, as if any one else would be likely to be there!" — illogically forgetting her own trespassing propensities — "and then how hateful of him not to tell me, but to let me get myself into such a scrape about the palings! I will never go near the place again!" she exclaimed, with much energy.

Three days after this there was a change in the weather; a pouring wet afternoon kept the ladies at Vale Lodge indoors. They were all sitting over their work, getting rather tired of themselves and each other, when there came a ring at the front door.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Laura, jumping up instinctively to look at herself in the glass.

"Who can it be such a wet day?" said Mrs. Foster, huddling away under the sofa a basketful of John's socks she was darning.

"Mr. Temple," announced the servant, opening the door.

Arthur Temple had been abroad for five years since he had come of age; but Mrs. Foster remembered him very well as a boy, when his father was still alive, and used to bring him sometimes to spend the day at Vale Lodge; so it was very natural and proper for him to call on her on his return.

"Mr. Temple! I did not know you were at home again. Dear me, how you have altered! I should hardly have known you. Do you remember my daughters? This is Jane, and this is Laura, whom you used to play with as a child. You see she has grown up too."

"Very much so," thought Arthur.

"And this is our young cousin, Miss Deane."

Miss Deane bowed stiffly, hardly raising her eyes from her work. Jane and Laura shook hands with him as if they were old friends.

"And now tell me about yourself. Where have you been all this long time? and when did you come home?"

"I only came back last week," answered Arthur, glancing at Nelly, who took no notice whatever of him.

"Dear! how good of you to come so soon to see us!" said Laura, with a little conscious smirk; "it is so nice to find one's self not forgotten!"

"How could you imagine I should ever forget you, Miss Laura?" At which Laura simpered the more, and said —

"Oh, Mr. Temple, you used always to be paying compliments. I see you have not altered in that."

Nelly looked up at her. Was it possible that Laura Foster could like that sort of unreal speech, she wondered. How angry she would be, she thought. But Nelly forgot, or did not know, how intensely vain a woman past thirty who is still eagerly longing to be married, can be. There is nothing Laura Foster would not have done in the hope of catching a husband; and Arthur Temple was a large fish worth angling for.

"But tell us where you have been travelling, Mr. Temple."

"Oh, half over Europe — in Spain, in Italy, in Greece."

"What a happy man you must be to have seen those lovely lands! how I envy you!" cried Laura, clasping her hands together affectedly.

"There is plenty of time before you; young ladies always have one opportunity of travelling in their lives," said Arthur, who could not resist the temptation of drawing out this elderly young lady.

Here Nelly's voice from the other side of the room broke in, gravely and quietly.

"Have you been in Cornwall?" she asked, looking up at Arthur Temple for the first time.

How he hated himself for not having been there!

"No, I am sorry to say I don't know Cornwall," he answered; and Nelly went on again with her work.

"My young cousin has lived in Cornwall," said Mrs. Foster, smiling.

"And thinks, silly child," interrupted Laura, "that there is no other place in the world like it. Of course, Mr. Temple, there is nothing at all in poor old England that can possibly be compared with Italy?"

"Indeed," answered Arthur, "I have heard that, for beauty of scenery, few places abroad can be compared with the county of Cornwall. I have often intended to go there."

How grateful Nelly felt to him for standing up for Cornwall! She almost forgave him his former offences. There ensued a little conversation about the weather and neighboring interests, after which Mr. Temple rose to take leave. He shook hands with Nelly last of all, and as she stood a little apart from the others, and there was a bustle in the room at his departure, he managed to say to her unheard by the others, —

"Won't you come and try the gap in the palings again?"

"I will never go through the gap again!" she answered fervently, the memory of her wrongs flashing up into her face as he dropped her hand.

"You never shall!" he answered in the same tone, bowing to her as he left the room.

Now this answer puzzled her wonderfully. It was not what she had expected, and she could not think what he meant by it. For two days she pondered over it, thinking of little else. Did he mean that he would have the hole in the palings mended, so that she could not get through again? Was that to be his mean revenge? If so, how insulting, how degrading!

The following day some partridges were brought to Vale Lodge, with Mr. Temple's compliments. Laura took them as a special attention to herself, and was delighted; but Nelly would not touch them. She declared she did not like game.

"Does he think to make peace with me by sending things to eat?" she asked herself, angrily.

The next day was fine again, and Nelly's curiosity refused to be stifled any longer.

"I must just go up that lane and see if he has really been so mean as to stop up the hole in the palings," she said to herself as she started out for her walk. "He certainly must have meant that, and it is best to know the worst; but I never was so insulted before, never."

She had worked herself up into a rage by the time she had reached the shady lane. As she drew near, her heart began to beat, and she got so impatient at last that she began to run; then she suddenly stopped short with a little cry of surprise, for there, where had been her ragged gap in the palings, stood a new little swing gate, all shining and bright in the sunlight, as if it had only just been finished. Nelly was surprised and pleased and puzzled all at once. It was very kind of Mr. Temple to put up such a nice gate for her, but she rather wondered why he had done it; she went backwards and forwards through it several times, trying her new plaything, and then she went into the park, up to the stream, and sat down by the side of the little waterfall for a while. It was all very still and quiet, only the splash of the angry little waves at her feet and their distant gurgle as they danced on again beyond. She looked up at the opposite bank, half expecting to see the handsome face of Arthur Temple looking down at her, but she only saw the waving of the tall grasses and the dense thick foliage behind them.

"It is quite chilly; summer is going," said Nelly, jumping up with a little shiver; and somehow, though she could not have told why, she felt a little vexed and disappointed all the way home.

VII.

Laura Foster considered herself still a beauty. Eight years before she had been rather a pretty-looking girl, and she could not believe that she had at all altered since that time. She had not learnt the art — so rare and so charming — of growing old gracefully: she still affected the most juvenile costumes, and wore two sandy curls down her back that were nightly screwed up with a mighty effort with curlpapers and hot tongs. After Mr. Temple's call she became more juvenile in her attire. It behooved her, she felt, to put forth all her fascinations, now that such a brilliant chance as this had at the eleventh hour come almost within her grasp.

"We must go and return Mr. Temple's call, mamma," she said to her mother a few days after that event.

"Do you think it necessary, Laura? It was quite an informal visit, and John not being at home" —

"We can leave John's card," said Laura. "Of course we must go — it is a positive duty."

So one afternoon Mrs. Foster and Laura went off in state in the brougham to call at Northley; Laura arrayed in white muslin, and a straw hat plentifully decorated with white daisies and black grass, as a lingering token of respect to Dr. Deane's memory. Nelly secretly would have liked to go too, but Mrs. Foster did not offer to take her.

Laura came back in a great state of excitement, bearing a huge bunch of flowers, which Mr. Temple had himself gathered for her. She did nothing but talk of Northley all the evening, of the tapestried walls and the picture-gallery, and the state room where Queen Elizabeth had slept, till Nelly exclaimed aloud, with an envious sigh, —

"Ah, how much I should like to see the house!"

"Perhaps you may some day," answered Laura, graciously. "I will ask Mr. Temple to allow me to take you there."

But somehow Nelly was not so grateful for this amiable proposition as she ought to have been.

The next day Laura announced her intention of driving into the neighboring town of Westford, and asked Nelly to go with her.

"I am going to buy a new dress," she said, as they started. "I think I shall have a mauve silk; of course I would not have any other color, Nelly, on account of your poor father, but mauve is half-mourning, though I confess I should like blue best."

"Pray have the blue one, Laura. Why on earth should you not?"

"Would you really not mind?"

"Why should I mind? As if it could matter to papa what color you or any one else wears."

"What a funny way to put it! Of course I wished to do what was proper; but since you don't mind it, I had much rather have blue. Mr. Temple told me blue was his favorite color," added Laura, with a little stammer.

Nelly was silent.

They reached the quiet, sleepy little country town. In the best street were two or three fairly good shops, with plate-glass windows, in which the latest London fashions were advertised, and in one of these Laura purchased her dress. Nelly, whose opinion Laura secretly valued, being pressed into the service, found the difficulties of selection very fatiguing. The whole shop was down on the counter before them. Laura could not make up her mind.

"Now which do you like the best, the light blue or the striped blue and white?" she said, putting her head on one side to judge of the effect.

"I like the striped one best," answered Nelly, trying to feel interested.

"Do you? But I am not sure that it suits me so well," and she held up the silk against her face.

"It suits you beautifully, miss," said the obsequious shopman.

"No, I don't think it suits me so well as the light blue."

"Then I would have the light blue," answered Nelly, stifling a yawn.

"Well, so I would, only don't you think the trimming would be more difficult to manage? Stripes never want much trimming."

"Then have the stripes."

"But then it is not so becoming," and so on *ad infinitum*.

It ended in the selection of the light-blue dress; and then the two ladies drove off to the dressmaker's.

"I think I will stay in the carriage," said Nelly, when they stopped at the door. "I am rather tired."

"Just as you like, but you might as well come in," said Laura, looking cross.

"I had rather stay here;" and Laura went in and left her alone.

The time seemed very long to her. It was a little dull by-street, of uniform red-brick houses only one story high, varied here and there by a mean little shop; the afternoon sun came pouring down on her head; the old coachman was falling asleep on the box, the horses tossing their heads with a clanging noise. There was nothing else to amuse her. How weary it was! Would Laura never come out of that dressmaker's?

"Miss Deane!"

A hand was laid on the carriage door, and Arthur Temple stood before her.

"How fortunate!" said Nelly, in her quiet voice, but with beaming eyes.

"To meet me?" he asked, looking amused at this young lady who spoke her thoughts so freely.

"Of course. I was getting bored to death!"

"Hum — a doubtful compliment! But I suppose I can't expect anything better from you, as you are to hate me forever and ever."

"Oh, I have left off hating you now."

"Indeed! since when?"

"Since you have put up that little gate in the palings. It was very kind of you," she added, hesitating a little.

"Merely an instinct of self-preservation," he said, calmly looking away down the street.

"Was that the reason?" she said, opening her eyes wide. "I could not think why you did it. Do you know I went to see, because I thought you would have stopped up the gap."

"What, to keep you out?" cried Arthur, laughing. "Do you take me for an ogre? Will you go again to the stream?" he asked, after a pause.

"Perhaps, when you are gone away again," she answered, gravely.

"Not before? That is not kind, Miss Deane. I did not bother you when you came the other day."

"You did not see me!" she cried, looking at him in surprise.

"Yes, I did."

"Where were you?"

"In a tree over your head!"

"How did you get there? What were you doing?" she asked, without a suspicion that he could have gone there to watch for her.

"I climbed up, and was reading the *Times*."

"And I suppose that is a favorite place of yours. I am really sorry, Mr. Temple; you must think me a dreadful interloper. Do you often go to sit in that tree? Which tree is it?"

"The oak-tree on the left side of the path."

"Is it a nice tree?" she asked.

"Nice — how do you mean? It is a big tree," he said, looking puzzled.

"I mean a nice tree to climb — is it easy to get up, and is there a comfortable branch to sit on?"

"Tolerably."

"Do you think I could climb it?" she asked, with great interest.

He looked her over from head to foot, and then burst out laughing. "Certainly not, I should say."

"You should not laugh. I am a beautiful climber."

"That is the accomplishment of a monkey," he said, with laughing eyes.

Nelly looked at him gravely for a minute in silence, and then she said, very deliberately, "I think you are the most disagreeable person I ever met in my life."

Before he could answer, the door opposite them opened, and Laura came out of the dressmaker's house.

Mr. Temple went forward to meet her eagerly; the fair Laura blushed and stammered.

"Dear me, Mr. Temple, how strange to meet you here! I declare, you have quite startled me — so unexpected!"

"I am so charmed to have met you, Miss Foster. I was just telling Miss Deane — what a pleasure — how glad we should be when you came out from that dressmaker's."

"Mr. Temple," interrupted Nelly, reprovingly, "you were telling me I was like a monkey!"

"Like what?" said Laura, turning round sharply.

"What do you mean, Nelly?"

"At all events," said Arthur Temple, maliciously, "the time seemed very long to Miss Deane without you. She has been bored to death."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long," said Laura, coldly, getting into the carriage. "What are you going to do, Mr. Temple?" turning to him graciously.

"Well, Miss Laura," he answered, consulting his watch, "I came in by train, but I am almost afraid I am too late to catch the 4.30 back. Might I ask you to be so kind as to give me a lift home in your carriage?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Temple," said Laura, beaming, "I should be only too delighted."

"If you were to drive Mr. Temple to the station, Laura, there would be plenty of time to catch the train. There are ten minutes still," said Nelly, in all sincerity.

"Your watch is slow, Miss Deane," answered Arthur Temple, getting into the carriage, and looking at her reproachfully.

Laura Foster got very red. She would gladly have boxed Nelly's ears if she had dared.

"Nasty little interfering thing," she said to herself; but aloud she only said, "Your watch is always wrong, Nelly. Home, Simpson!"

They drove off out of the dirty dull little town back into the cool green lanes, Laura and Arthur Temple chatting the whole time.

It never entered into Nelly's head that this was a *ruse* on Arthur Temple's part that he might sit for five miles opposite to herself, just for the pleasure of stealing occasionally glances at her fair face. She felt a little bit out of the conversation between Laura and Arthur — a little vexed, a little hurt, and yet she somehow liked him to be sitting there opposite her.

He teased and contradicted her, was rude to her, and

snubbed her, and yet he attracted her in spite of it all. She caught herself wishing that her own lover, John Foster, understood how to provoke her and torment her as well as this Mr. Temple did. It would amuse her far more, she thought, than his perpetual adoration and humility.

They dropped Mr. Temple at his own lodge gates; he shook hands warmly with Laura Foster, but only took off his hat to Nelly, who bowed to him quietly.

When they had driven off again, Laura turned round angrily, —

"I will thank you next time not to interfere in other people's concerns."

"What do you mean?" said Nelly, opening her eyes.

"If Mr. Temple chooses to wish to drive home with me, what is that to you?"

"There was plenty of time to catch the train."

"So there was; don't you suppose I knew that as well as you?"

"Then why did you not speak the truth?" answered Nelly, calmly.

"You are very impertinent, Nelly; and pray what did you mean about monkeys, I should like to know?"

"Exactly what I said," answered Nelly, laughing. "It was only a joke."

"Then I will thank you not to have jokes with my lovers. You have got John. Be good enough to leave Mr. Temple alone."

"Lovers!" said Nelly, in amazement. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Temple — that you think Mr. Temple is your lover?"

"I mean what I say," said Laura.

"I am quite certain you are mistaken," answered Nelly, earnestly.

The carriage stopped at their own door, and Laura with an angry exclamation flounced away into the house, leaving Nelly to follow slowly.

VIII.

A week passed away. One evening after dinner Arthur Temple found himself pacing up and down the road outside Vale Lodge. He was smoking, but that did not seem to afford him much satisfaction.

"What an ass I am!" was his mental reflection. "Here I am dogging round the house again like a thief! What on earth is the girl to me that I should care to see her again, a girl I have seen three times! It's quite absurd. Here have I put off going to the Charltons, the best shooting in all Yorkshire, just for the sake of seeing a pretty face again; and I have seen such lots of pretty faces too." He was passing the gate, and stopped to look in. The house was visible from this point through the trees; the drawing-room windows were lighted up, but the white blinds were down. Arthur could see the portly shadow of Mrs. Foster, with some feather or flower in her cap, nodding up and down as she spoke or moved, and above her a birdcage hanging up in the bow-window; then a shadow passed close to the blind, with a long nose and high shoulders.

"The fair Laura, for a wager!" muttered Arthur.

He waited a little longer, and then there came another shadow that made his heart beat strangely — a slender tall shadow that stood still in front of the window. She raised her arm to the birdcage above her head, and the graceful outline of her figure came out in strong relief against the white blind.

Arthur Temple flung his cigar away and dashed through the gate.

"I can't help it, I *must* see her again, if I die for it," he exclaimed.

He walked quickly up to the front door and rang the bell. It was all done so rapidly, that it was only when he actually stood in the drawing-room that he began to feel a little awkward. They all seemed so surprised to see him.

"Mr. Temple!" said Mrs. Foster.

"Please forgive my coming in at such an hour, Mrs. Foster. I was passing your gates in my evening stroll — you are my nearest neighbors, you know — and — and I thought you would not mind my looking in upon you."

"I am sure we are delighted, Mr. Temple. I like friendly ways. Give Mr. Temple a cup of tea, my love."

Laura's face was suffused with blushes; she was saying to herself, "He means something. I feel sure he means something."

He certainly did, but not exactly what Laura thought.

Nelly just shook hands with him, and sat down again to her work. He tried to linger by her side, but Miss Foster called him to give him his tea, and he was compelled to go.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Temple?" asked Mrs. Foster.

"Oh yes," said Arthur, eagerly looking at Nelly. If he could only get her to himself at the piano! But his hopes were doomed to be disappointed.

"Then my daughter shall sing you a song," Laura went blushing to the piano, and Arthur was obliged to go and stand by her. She had a high, quivering voice, not always quite in tune, but she thought a great deal of it herself. She sung five songs one after the other, all of them of five or six stanzas, and of the feeblest and most lackadaisical character. Arthur's only comfort was that he could look at Nelly; he did not like to do so too fixedly for fear of attracting Mrs. Foster's attention, but he kept taking stolen glances at her. Her face was turned away from him, and there was something listless and dejected in her attitude, he could not help thinking, as he watched her white hands dipping in and out of her work-basket. Some delicate white lace fell round the neck and sleeves of her black dress, John's locket shone and sparkled round her throat, and there were some clusters of Banksia roses in her dark hair. When the fifth song came to an end, and he had murmured a few vapid words of thanks, Arthur felt that looking at her was not enough—he *must* speak to her.

"I am going to ask your cousin to sing," he said, walking away from the piano. "Will you not sing, Miss Deane?"

"I don't sing."

"Nor play?"

"No, never."

Arthur got frantic. He looked hastily round the room. The servant maid had come in to take away the tea-things and was clattering them about noisily, Mrs. Foster was scolding her in a low voice, Jane had left the room, and Laura was hunting among the music-books for another song.

"Now is my time," thought Arthur, and he bent down and said, almost in a whisper,—

"I have put up a board in the oak-tree and some steps up to it—won't you come and climb it?"

"I should be like a monkey," answered Nelly, demurely.

"It is covered with leather, and has a back to it," urged Arthur, eagerly. "It is quite easy to get up to—won't you come and see it to-morrow?"

"I don't care for climbing made easy," answered Nelly, and then she looked up at him; but there was a look in his eyes she had never seen there before, and her own fell before them.

"I will come and see it, if you like," she whispered, with a little shiver.

Arthur, drawing a long breath of relief, went back to the piano, and turned over the leaves for Laura for another half hour with the utmost cheerfulness.

"Thank you for a most delightful evening, Mrs. Foster," he said, as he wished good-night.

"I hope you will come again as often as you like," said Mrs. Foster, graciously. She, too, was beginning to think there might be "something in it." As to Laura, she went to bed with golden visions floating before her eyes; and Northley Park, gorgeous dresses, family diamonds, carriages, and entertainments to the county coursed in rapid succession through her brain all night long.

IX.

Very different were Miss Deane's reflections as she closed her bedroom door upon the outer world, and sat down in front of her dressing-table.

Nelly began to have an inkling that all was not going on quite as it should; she had promised to meet Mr. Temple, or rather, as she said to herself, she had promised to go and see a seat in a tree the following afternoon. There could be no harm in that, and it never occurred to her that there was. Mr. Temple liked her evidently, and wished to talk to her, and no one could converse with any pleasure while Mrs. Foster and her daughters were looking on. But it did occur to Nelly that possibly Mr. Temple might not care to talk to her so much if he knew that she was engaged to John Foster. And might it not be better for Arthur Temple that she should let him know of that little fact? What had that strange look, half entreaty, half eagerness, meant when he asked her to go to the oak-tree on the morrow? As Nelly thought of it, a little blush and a little smile came flitting over her face. Could there be any danger for him in seeing her? There was another question which Nelly should have asked herself; but she stifled it, and would not let it come even into her thoughts.

People give themselves a great deal of unnecessary trouble and sorrow in this world by not being honest to themselves.

There is no doubt that had Nelly Deane chosen at this period of her life to look boldly into her own heart, she would have seen there much which would have startled and even shocked her. She would have seen that frail and weak thing which she ignorantly called her love for John Foster, whose foundations had never rested on anything more secure than gratitude and friendship, rapidly tottering and giving way before a mighty rushing torrent that was breaking in upon it on all sides—the stream of a deep and lasting passion, which when once set flowing in the human heart can never more be restrained or kept back.

But Nelly was only seventeen, and utterly inexperienced. Neither from herself nor from others had she ever learnt what was the meaning of these strange flutterings of the dawning love that had even now stolen all unawares into her heart. There was besides in her character, all undeveloped and unknown to herself, a great fund of loyalty and uprightness, which, while it might at some future day stand her in good stead, did unquestionably at this time rather assist in blinding her eyes to her own danger.

That a woman should promise to be a man's wife, and then wish to go back from her word, was to her a thing altogether preposterous and impossible. To become John Foster's wife seemed to her to be as much her duty as living with her old father had been; and just as her duty to her father would have been equally binding upon her had he been harsh and exacting, so her duty to John was unalterably laid down for her, independent of any affection there might or might not be in the matter.

And so it was that, without thinking very much about it, or indeed without allowing herself to think, Nelly Deane, partly wilfully and partly unconsciously, deceived herself. Sitting in the quiet of her own room, she thought a good deal more of Arthur Temple, and a good deal less about herself, than was altogether profitable. If her conscience told her anything, it was that she was not behaving fairly to him. She felt intuitively that he looked upon her with more than ordinary interest, and she knew—what good-looking woman does not?—that she was fair to look upon, and that he admired her. But all true love is different, and Nelly would not or could not believe that Arthur Temple had fallen in love with her.

"I am getting very conceited," she said to herself, turning hot at the bare thought. "Mr. Temple is not likely to trouble his head much about me. He likes me and wishes to be good friends with me, nothing more—why should I not accept his friendship?"

Oh, that miserable, flimsy excuse called "friendship," which the cunning little god is never tired of casting like dust into our eyes! Cupid found it answer with Nelly remarkably well on this occasion. The idea was most comforting to her, and gave her an easy way of escape out of all her unspoken anxieties.

"I am very silly," she said aloud, jumping up. "Does any one suppose that I am never to have a friend in the

world just because I happen to be engaged to John? By the way, I will write to John to-night. I have not written to him for a week, and of course I shall tell him about Mr. Temple."

She drew out her desk and began to write. The notice about Mr. Temple ran thus:—

"Did I mention to you in my last letter that Mr. Temple has returned to Northley? He has called here twice, and sent your mother some partridges. He has very kindly asked me to continue my rambles in the park, and has put up a gate on our side of the lane, which is a great convenience, as I used to scramble through the palings, to the great detriment of my garments. He seems very pleasant and civil;" and then she wrote another sheet full of other matters. After folding up the letter she felt considerably happier. "I have been making myself unhappy about nothing at all," said Nelly, as she jumped into bed. "Of course I must go, as Mr. Temple has asked me, and I dare say I shall not see him; and if I do, I may have an opportunity of mentioning John to him."

Poor little Nelly, falling deeper into the mire! Will no one put out a hand to save you, poor child, before it is too late?

If it only rained next day, so much sorrow might have been spared to my poor heroine. But no; Fate smiled its deceptive smiles upon her from a cloudless sky; and when, after lunch, Mrs. Foster and her daughters announced that they were going to drive into Westford, there seemed nothing left for Nelly to do but to take the shady lane that led to the little swing gate in Northley Park.

Arthur Temple had been waiting there for her for nearly an hour in a state of feverish impatience. To say that he had fallen in love is but a feeble expression of the violent way in which he had caught that disease which comes once, and once only, in the life of every man. Arthur had, as he himself said, seen "lots of pretty women." He had been courted and flattered and run after in society by many girls backed up by their *empressée* mothers, for he was rather a catch in the matrimonial market, and he had taken his revenge by culling freely of the pleasures so liberally offered to him. He had flirted right and left with the girls, and eaten numberless good dinners at the expense of their mothers, and then he had gone on his way rejoicing, leaving a pretty little sham *débris* of broken hearts behind him. But never once had his own heart been touched until he came upon Nelly Deane paddling after her hat in the stream in Northley Park. It seemed to him now that he had known and loved her for weeks instead of for days. He no longer made even a feint of struggling against his new-born love; he felt content to drift on, and let it lead him where it would. All that morning he had wandered about restlessly, unable to settle to anything; he was tormented with a terror that she would not come after all. When he saw her actually there, coming up the lane, he went eagerly forward to meet her.

"I was so afraid you would not come."

"Not come?" said Nelly, looking up at him, with her sweet, candid eyes. "Why, I promised to come."

"Do you always keep your promises, Miss Deane?"

"Always," she answered, solemnly; and then, she knew not why, but she gave a little shiver, as somehow a thought of John Foster flashed through her mind.

"You know, I can't stand another call at Vale Lodge—last night was awful! What a fearful caterwauling that dreadful Miss Laura made!"

"Why, you seemed to enjoy it so much," said Nelly, demurely.

"Enjoy it! Good heavens!"

"Don't you admire Laura, then? I thought you did."

"I admire that she-grampus!"

Nelly laughed.

"What do you talk to her for, then? I don't think it is very kind of you, Mr. Temple; because I am sure she thinks you do like her."

Arthur burst out laughing.

"What do you suppose made me come in last night?" he asked suddenly, in a changed voice.

"I don't know, and I don't want to know," she said, flushing suddenly, and flinging politeness to the winds.

"Nor care, I suppose!" he muttered, biting his lips.

They were inside the park by this time. The path through the wood being narrow, Nelly went on in front, while Arthur followed her in silence for some minutes. When they reached the oak-tree by the stream, there, sure enough, was a little board snugly fitted into an angle of the branches, with little steps all the way up to it.

"Get up and see if it is comfortable," said Arthur.

But Nelly shook her head; a sudden shyness came over her.

"Climbing is the accomplishment of a monkey, you know," she said, laughing.

"Will you never forgive me for that?" he asked.

"Never; but let us follow this path a little farther," she said, going on in front of him again. "Do you live all alone at Northley, Mr. Temple?" Nelly asked, suddenly turning round on him.

"Yes; I am alone there now. When I say alone, I mean with the exception of one housekeeper, one cook, three housemaids, one butler, two"—

"Stop, stop!" cried Nelly, laughing. "Spare me the list of the servants. It is a nice house inside—isn't it?"

"Have you never seen it? Will you come now and look at it?" he asked, eagerly.

"I should like to, very much," said Nelly, her eyes flashing with pleasure; "it is such a pretty-looking old house."

"Come, then."

Nelly tripped along by his side delighted—all her troubles and anxieties were forgotten.

Northley House was a venerable gray pile, overgrown with ivy and Virginian creeper. Laura had told her that Queen Elizabeth had once slept there, and she had heard that there was a ghost.

"Tell me about the ghost, Mr. Temple. There is a ghost—isn't there?"

"Of course."

"Well, tell me the story—tell it nicely."

"Once upon a time, there was a lady who walked about in her dressing-gown without a head," began Arthur, gravely.

"Nonsense! Tell it better than that."

"Once upon a time, there was a head which walked about"—

"I won't listen to such rubbish!" cried Nelly, laughing.

"If you won't listen, what is the use of my relating?" he said, pushing open a little wicket-gate that led through the gardens.

Here Nelly straightway forgot the ghost in admiration of the roses. Arthur gathered a great handful of them for her, and then he took her into the house through a side-door. First he led her into the picture-gallery; and there she wanted to know the histories of all the pictures—a want which Arthur had to draw largely on his imagination to supply, as he was but imperfectly acquainted with the history of his ancestors. Then through the oak-wainscoted hall into the dining-room and drawing-room; and through that again into a sunny, bright little room, with a large bow-window, that had been his mother's boudoir. He opened the windows, and let a flood of sunshine into the room.

Nelly danced about amongst the old-fashioned faded brocade furniture—touching and looking at everything; sitting down first in one chair, and then in another.

"What funny straight-backed chairs, and what a hard sofa! And what is this—a spinning-wheel? Will it work, I wonder?"

She sat down, and began turning the wheel. A graceful woman always looks doubly graceful at a spinning-wheel; as, doubtless, our wise great-grandmothers well knew.

Arthur Temple sat and watched Nelly—thinking how charmingly she suited his mother's boudoir; how delightful it would be if she should come and occupy it forever!

"You are very silent, Mr. Temple. What are you thinking of?"

Arthur could not exactly tell her. He got up with a half-sigh, and went and stood by her.

"I was only thinking how empty and miserable my poor old house generally looks," he said.

He spoke so sadly that Nelly glanced up with eyes full of pity. She was so impulsive—she always did what came uppermost in her mind. She laid her hand softly on his sleeve.

"Poor Mr. Temple! And I have been making all this noise in your mother's room. I am so sorry. Of course, it must be painful to you to see her things pulled topsyturvy by a stranger."

"A stranger, Nelly?"

He caught her hand. And what he would have done and said next, no one can tell, had not the butler at this critical moment opened the door.

"Would the lady like to see the state bedroom, sir?" asked the sedate Thompson.

"Oh yes, please," cried Nelly, skipping forwards, gleefully clapping her hands.

Arthur let her go alone with the man; and when she joined him again down-stairs, she found him perfectly restored to his usual manner. He had, he felt, nearly made a fatal mistake, and it behooved him to be more careful for the future.

Arthur escorted her back to the gate in the wood: Nelly chattering away volubly the whole time, and he somewhat graver and quieter than usual. When they parted, he said,—

"You will come here again, sometimes?"

"Perhaps," said Nelly.

"About the same time, I suppose?"

Nelly had enjoyed her afternoon too much not to wish to repeat the pleasure.

"Would you like to meet me here again?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes, if you will let me."

"Then I will come sometimes, perhaps."

He did not venture to ask for more, and she left him.

And she had after all never found an opportunity to tell him that she was engaged to John Foster.

X.

Just at this crisis in Nelly Deane's life, a very unfortunate event occurred. Mrs. Foster and her two daughters received an invitation to go and spend a week away from home. It was from a rich old bachelor uncle, from whom the daughters had "expectations:" he was a cross, ill-conditioned old man, and had never before invited them to stay with him, and Mrs. Foster—loath as she was to leave Nelly—did not see how she could refuse the invitation, without imperilling her daughters' prospects. The strangest thing to Mrs. Foster was, that when, with many little apologies, she told Nelly of this invitation, and explained to her how it was that she did not like to refuse it, Nelly herself seemed to be suddenly thrown into the greatest state of dismay.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Foster, please don't leave me!" she cried with a sort of terror.

"Why, my dear, I did not think you would mind so much—it is only for a week, you know—and Mary will take great care of you."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Foster, can't you take me with you?" implored Nelly.

"Why, my dear, Uncle Robert would be horrified. I couldn't dare to propose such a thing!—indeed, I could not. I had no idea you would mind so much, Nelly; it makes it very unpleasant for me to go. What is it, my love?"

Here Nelly laid her head on the table, and burst into tears.

"My dear, my dear," cried Mrs. Foster, much distressed, "don't give way like that, pray! You should learn more self-control than to cry about such a trifle."

"It is nothing, thank you, Mrs. Foster."

She hastily wiped her eyes, and left the room. For one

moment she had had the inclination to throw herself into Mrs. Foster's arms, and confess all her troubles and temptations; but the stiff little reproof froze up the impulse of her heart, and reminded her how little sympathy she could expect to meet with. They had, none of them, ever cared to deal to her anything but reproof or neglect. Was it likely they would help her now in her sore need?

Poor Nelly went up-stairs to her room, with a face that was white with a nameless dismay. Two more half-chance meetings with Arthur Temple in the woods and lanes had pretty well opened her eyes to her own danger, and each time it had become more and more impossible to tell him about her engagement. But, after their last meeting, Nelly had come home, and solemnly resolved she would not do it again; she would go for no more walks in the park; she would stay with Mrs. Foster from morning till night. And for a whole week she had done so—and now this was the end of her efforts! They were going to leave her alone, and Nelly was afraid of herself.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" she cried. "Shall I ever be able to fight it out myself?"

It had now become a sort of battle, to her, with her temptation, and she knew instinctively that she was not strong enough to win the day.

"The only way I can do it is by not leaving the house, or at all events the garden, once all the time they are away. How I wish that he would go away! But how can I ask him to go, without betraying what I mean to him?"

All day long she wandered about the house, too wretched to keep still. Every one seemed unkind to her. Laura was rather put out at having to leave home.

"Just when Mr. Temple's attentions are becoming so marked, mamma," she said, pouting.

"I can't help it, Laura; it is more important not to offend your uncle. Besides, Mr. Temple has not called lately; we may be mistaken about that."

Laura tossed her head indignantly, and vented her ill-temper on Nelly, who happened to be sitting in the room. "I wonder how much longer you are going to keep John waiting?" she asked, spitefully, turning to her future sister-in-law.

"Waiting for what, Laura?" asked Nelly, looking up in calm surprise.

"Why, waiting to be married, of course."

"Don't you think that John and I can settle that matter for ourselves?"

"Well, I think John ought to forbid your rambling about all over the country by yourself; it is not at all proper; who knows who you may meet, or what might happen to you while we are away?"

It was only a chance shot, but Nelly felt a sudden spasm of terror lest Laura should indeed know whom she did meet; but she only said quietly, "I have not taken any walks this last week, and I shall not go out while you are away. Besides, John quite approves of my going for as many long walks as I like."

Here Jane came into the room.

"Nelly, how unkind and selfish you are! You have been crying and complaining to poor mamma because we are going away,—and she is quite upset. It is too bad of you! You never seem to think of any one but yourself. Do you think we are to be kept mewed up at home forever because you can't bear to be left?"

Nelly started up and stamped her foot.

"You spiteful, wicked women, I wonder how you can be so wicked!"

"Highty-tighty, what temper!" cried Jane.

"This is John's paragon!" sneered Laura.

"I wish I had never set foot in this odious place!" cried Nelly, rushing wildly out of the room.

The sisters were rather surprised. Nelly had generally, whatever her other faults, the most imperturbable temper—but then, poor child, she was so worried just now! She was too candid not to feel that she had been in the wrong, and half an hour afterwards she came down-stairs very subdued and meek, and begged both their pardons in a manner which much gratified the self-importance of the two

sisters; but they did not like her any the better for it, being both of them of that narrow-minded class who can never heartily forgive or forget.

The Foster family started, with much commotion and luggage, the next morning. The old uncle lived in the same county, about twenty miles off, too far for an ordinary drive; but they were to drive the whole way on this occasion. Mrs. Foster kissed Nelly, and hoped she would not be very dull; the daughters each extended a frigid cheek to her, and then off they went in a cloud of dust, and Nelly was left standing alone at the door. To do Mrs. Foster justice, she was exceedingly uncomfortable at the idea of leaving Nelly by herself. It was a proceeding quite at variance with all her ideas of propriety, and besides, she felt sure that John would not have approved of it. But circumstances had been too strong for her, and she consoled herself by reflecting that Nelly could not possibly come to any harm in her absence, and that a week would soon pass away.

All that first day Nelly kept her resolution of not going out. The following afternoon she was coming leisurely down-stairs when she suddenly heard the parlor-maid holding a colloquy with some one at the hall-door.

"Mrs. Foster is away, sir, and the young ladies."

"What, *all* the young ladies?" answered that voice which Nelly was learning to know but too well.

"Yes, sir; Miss Foster and Miss Laura leastways, not Miss Deane."

"Ah, not Miss Deane; well, I should like to speak to Miss Deane if she is at home."

"Yes, sir;" and Mary ushered him into the drawing-room.

Mary came running up-stairs, and met Miss Deane on the landing.

"Mr. Temple wishes to speak to you for a minute, miss."

"What did you let him in for, Mary? I don't want to see visitors whilst Mrs. Foster is away. How stupid of you!" Nelly looked white and scared; she spoke rapidly, and her voice trembled.

"Laws, miss, I didn't know; you never told me."

Nelly brushed past her, and went down-stairs, a sort of gush of joy in her heart, in spite of her terror.

Arthur was standing by her work-basket when she went into the room, holding her thimble in his hand, and looking at it curiously: he dropped it quickly with a slight flush, as she entered, and turned round to greet her.

"I have not seen you for a week — what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have not been out."

"Are you never going out again? I find you are left alone here — are you not glad to be relieved of your three she-dragons?"

"No, I am sorry to be left alone," answered Nelly, gravely, looking away past him out of window. It was all very well; but she felt that she ought not to allow John's mother to be called a "she-dragon."

"You make a mistake, Mr. Temple. I am very happy under Mrs. Foster's care; she is my natural guardian; I don't like to hear her called names."

"I am sure I beg your pardon, Miss Deane; but what on earth makes Mrs. Foster your natural guardian?"

And Nelly colored, and was silent. Why, oh why could she not say bravely, "Because she is to be my mother-in-law." But it seemed to her that she could not with her own hands destroy the fowl's paradise in which she was living. She knew well enough now the danger she was in; how one day, and that not a distant one, she should wake and find herself shipwrecked; but she said to herself that she could not with her own doing work her own destruction. "Let me be happy only a few days longer!" her heart cried out in piteous appeal.

And this only can be Nelly's excuse for the days that followed Mrs. Foster's departure — for I cannot make any other for her. Her very simplicity and childishness had at first led her blindfolded on without her being aware of it; but now that her eyes were opened there is no longer any

excuse to be made for her, except that she felt instinctively that these were her last three days of happiness. Three happy days; are they not worth something even when they are past? This hard, cruel world can take from us our smiles, our joys, our hopes even; but who can take from us our memories? Something perhaps of this thought was in Nelly Deane's mind at that time.

In those three next days, I need hardly say, Nelly Deane did take long walks, very long walks, and every day Arthur Temple was with her.

As they parted on the third day, Arthur said to her, —

"By the way, I am going to a dinner-party to-night at the Marshalls'; pity me! It is twelve miles off too, so I must get home and dress. It is not so very far from where Mrs. Foster is staying. Suppose I should meet her and have to take in the fair Laura?"

"I am quite sure you would know how to make yourself agreeable to her," said Nelly, laughing.

"Well, I shall give her your love at all events, Miss Deane, if I should meet her, which all the Fates forbid. I must be off, though. Good-by."

Arthur went whistling home in the highest possible spirits. "I shall risk it to-morrow. I feel sure she cares for me now," he said to himself. "What a lucky fellow I am! I can see that she loves me now, little darling; how I wish to-morrow were here!"

But who ever can tell what "to-morrow" will bring forth?

XI.

There was a large party at Mr. Marshall's, of Rothard Court, that night, and Arthur Temple was the last to arrive.

"Nearly went in to dinner without you, Temple," said the host as he greeted the late comer; "you young fellows are always unpunctual; but you had a long drive. Never mind — don't make excuses, my dear fellow; come and be introduced to your lady: Miss Grey — Mr. Temple."

"Dinner is ready," announced the butler. And then a great commotion, as men rushed about to find their respective partners. The drawing-room had been rather dark, and it was only when the company subsided into their seats at the well-lit dinner-table that Arthur discovered the lady on the other side of him to be Mrs. Foster.

"Mrs. Foster! I did not see you before: the other room was so dark. This is an unexpected pleasure. Is your daughter here?"

"Jane is down at the other end of the table, do you see her? But not Laura; she will be so disappointed not to have met you," said Mrs. Foster, all smiles.

"Ah, she is very kind."

Mrs. Foster's gentleman began talking to her, and Arthur turned round to Miss Grey.

She was a timid, rosy-faced girl of nineteen, very shy and very demure; she had been brought up to consider all young men as highly dangerous, and evidently strove to reduce her intercourse with them to as little as should be consistent with politeness.

Finding there did not seem much to be derived from that quarter, Arthur turned again to his other neighbor. He had but one thought in his mind that evening, and he could not resist speaking of it.

"Your cousin is a very beautiful girl, Mrs. Foster."

"What, Nelly, you mean? Yes, poor girl, she is certainly beautiful."

"Why should you call her poor?" asked Arthur, smiling.

"Well, you see, Mr. Temple, it is a disadvantage to a girl to be so good-looking; she has been so spoilt."

"I should not have discovered it," said Arthur, smiling again. This new view of Nelly's beauty amused him.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Foster, with a little sigh, "I hope and trust that it may all turn out for the best; but it often makes me anxious."

"What should make you anxious, Mrs. Foster? Miss Deane's beauty?"

"Well, that and her character altogether is not what I should have wished for John; still" —

"I — I beg your pardon; I did not quite hear."

"I said that I should have wished a different sort of wife for my son."

"You mean — do you mean you wish her to marry your son?"

"I wish it! no, never, Mr. Temple! I don't wish it at all, I don't like it; but you see I was never asked. They were engaged before I ever saw her. What is the matter, Mr. Temple; are you ill?"

"No — no, nothing. I had a passing spasm; it is over. I — I often have it;" and he tossed off a glass of wine that stood by him. The room seemed to swim, the lights, the silver dishes, the bright heaps of flowers, the faces of the people round the table, the noisy talking and laughing, all seemed jumbled up together, like a bad nightmare; and then suddenly he felt a dead numbness, as if he could never feel anything again.

"Did I understand you to say, Mrs. Foster," he said, after a minute or two, and his voice sounded to himself to be far off and distant, as if it was some one else who was speaking — "did I understand you to say that your son is engaged to be married to Miss Deane?"

"Yes, certainly; did you not know it? I must surely have mentioned it to you?"

"How long ago were they engaged?"

"Ever since her father died, last May; that is rather more than four months ago. John asked me to give her a home then; he is quite infatuated with her, quite infatuated. It is really very strange that a man of his character and standing should be so taken with a half-disciplined, untrained girl like Nelly, but I must say she is fond of him. Yes, I must say that in her favor, she is certainly very fond of him, and well she may be, don't you think so? I beg pardon, Mr. Johnson, did you speak to me?" and Mrs. Foster turned to her other neighbor, who had addressed a question to her.

The gentlemen sat long and late that night over their wine after the ladies had left them, and there was a good deal of noisy and not very temperate discussion on politics, and loudest and noisiest amongst them was Arthur Temple.

"I am not pleased with young Temple," said Mr. Marshall to his wife, when in the privacy of the marital chamber they discussed their guests and their party that night. "I am not pleased with him at all; he used to be such a nice lad; he drank a great deal too much to-night, a great deal more than a gentleman ought to drink; he quite staggered out into his brougham; it's a bad beginning at his age. I believe his grandfather drank awfully; that sort of thing comes out in a younger generation. A sad pity; such a handsome young fellow too, with a fine place and position — a sad pity!"

(To be continued.)

THE BRONTES.

No soil has the monopoly of Genius. Alike in the barbaric empires of the East and the Christian nations of the West we behold numberless proofs and monuments of that force which has been irresistible in bursting the narrow bounds by which it was sought to be confined, and which men call Genius. This power, or adaptability, or whatever name is chosen to be given to it, is seen to be independent of the conditions which affect men generally, or at least it rises superior to them; it is a law to itself; in the world's darkest ages it has endeavored to pierce the secrets of the universe, and has uttered language which has been the seed of wisdom for succeeding generations. Humanity has been more indissolubly knit together, and the gulf of time bridged over, by a Confucius and a Bacon. Truly independent, indeed, of the accidents of time or place, "the light that never was on land or sea," — to give a broad application to Wordsworth's graphic expression — beams forth upon all ages and peoples, but in gleams as fitful as the lightning which cleaves the dense thunder-cloud. The greatest unbroken succession of the earth is this same

genius, yielding those potentialities which have operated for the evil or the good of mankind. Wars and enthusiasms have been kindled by it, and dying hopes have been revived by its life-giving influence. It cannot die. Its light may be obscured, but never extinguished. Where the Divine spark exists it must become manifest, for it is imperishable.

But our present purpose is to look at genius from a point which possesses even more of interest than its imperishability. It is to note its appearance in scenes which it has ever favored, and where it has always disappointed the world. How frequently in history has it taken up its abode in the most unpromising soil, where there seemed no root for its rare and extraordinary growth! Where nature has most darkly frowned, and the sterile aspect of her moors and hills has had a corresponding influence upon the population, thence have sprung some of the choicest spirits, whose lives were fragrant, and whose memories still

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Perhaps no example could be cited in our literary annals which more clearly demonstrates the irrepressibility of genius, than that of the remarkable trio of sisters who were known originally as Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. The truly surprising vigor of their mental constitutions can only be accurately gauged by a consideration of the natural and other disadvantages which they successfully overcame. To many persons, we suppose, they will ever remain but a name, though one almost synonymous with sturdy independence of character; but to those who more deeply study their separate individualities, an untold wealth of interest and profit will be discovered. Their life's history proves that in the most barren regions the power of genius can flourish. The bleak, wild moorlands, with their poverty of natural beauties, were the nursery of rich lives, whose influence — with that of all other lives to whom the Divinity has intimately spoken — still lives, and must live, for long generations. The personal narrative, as related by Mrs. Gaskell, is one of mingled pathos and rarity. Some of the points in the Life of Charlotte Brontë it will be advisable to recall to the reader's attention, before the works of the three sisters themselves are passed in review.

Haworth village, whose parsonage was so long the residence of the Brontës, is in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and situated only a few miles from three towns of considerable importance — Halifax, Bradford, and Keighley. The friend of Charlotte Brontë has endeavored to give some idea of the appearance of the district, but even she fails to depicture it as it existed in the early part of the present century. In addition to the dull, monotonous stretch of moorland, with here and there a "beck" or a crag, as the sole variation for the weary eye, there was a population to be met with which in some respects exhibited no advance whatever over that of the Middle Ages. Nor is this scarcely to be wondered at, for within the knowledge of the present writer, there were living, a few years ago, individuals who had never beheld one of the foremost powers of civilization — the railway.

Great natural shrewdness undoubtedly was a characteristic of the inhabitants of the Riding, and in many cases a rough kind of *bonhomie* was added, which, however, was frequently made more offensive than positive rudeness. Add to this that there was very little opportunity afforded to the poor for culture, — twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours per day being their constant labor at the factories, — and the imagination will have little left to do in forming an estimate of the exoteric existence of the Yorkshire character. The people were, and indeed now are, hard-fisted, but scarcely so much so as the reader of Mrs. Gaskell would gather; for many have a passion for personal adornment, whilst others will spend considerable time and money in attaining proficiency in music, for which they have a natural talent beyond that possessed by the inhabitants of any other county in England. They are good friends and good haters. The misers, mostly, are to be

found in the type of small manufacturers or cotton-spinners, who, bereft of many of those graces which should adorn the human character, set themselves with dogged persistency to the making of "brass," as they term wealth. With some the passion is carried to a lamentable, and at the same time amusing excess.

A characteristic story is told of a person of this class, who was tolerably rich, and had been seized with illness soon after taking out his policy. When the doctor made him aware of his hopeless state, he jumped up delighted, shouting, "By Jingo! I shall do the insurance company! I always was a lucky fellow!" Another trait in people much poorer in station than those just referred to, was the fixedness of their religious principles. The doctrine of Election had firmer root in their minds — and indeed has now in those of their successors — than is found to be the case elsewhere. The factory hands would stand at the loom till nature yielded to consumption or to the hardness of the burdens it was called upon to bear, but in the hour of dissolution, as in every hour of sentient existence in the past, would be apparent the conviction that as surely as the sun rose in the morning, so surely were they themselves predestinated to a triumphant salvation, of which it was an impossibility they could be rified by the combined powers of the universe.

Amidst this stern and unyielding race, then, was the lot of the sisters cast, and it would have been strange had not their genius been directed in its moulding by such distinctive surroundings. To understand at all the spirit of their works, it is necessary to have some preliminary knowledge of the kind just indicated. Precocity distinguished the whole trio, though that is not an unfailing sign of future celebrity. When children, their answers to questions were clever and characteristic. Emily, whose intellect was always singularly clear, firm, and logical, when asked what should be done with her brother Branwell, if he should be naughty, instantly replied, "Reason with him, and when he won't listen to reason, whip him." And as another indication of the quick ripening of faculties in this remarkable family, it may be mentioned that Mr. Brontë said he could converse with his daughter Maria on all the leading questions of the day when she was only eleven years of age.

Early familiar with all the forms of suffering and death, the life of Charlotte Brontë from its commencement to its close may be said to have been one prolonged endurance of agony. Yet the grandeur of her courage must always strike us as one of the sublimest spectacles. When a child she lost those who were dear to her, and there were none who could understand the vast yearnings of her nature. Then came the stirrings of her genius, and she longed to take flight, but her wings were weighted, and she was kept enchained to the dull earth. A few more years, and another trouble, almost worse than death, cast its horrible shadow over her path. The melancholy story of her brother Branwell, whom she loved deeply, in spite of his numberless errors and terrible slavery to one master-passion, is matter of general knowledge. To his end succeeded that of Emily Brontë, the sister whom Charlotte especially loved. To see her drift out into the great Unknown Sea was trouble inexpressible to that loving soul, which had watched her with fostering care, and hoped to have witnessed the universal acknowledgement of her splendid genius. Seldom was the heavy cloud lifted from the head of our author on those dull Yorkshire hills: can it be matter of surprise, then, that her works should bear the impress of the character of her life? The wonder is, that the sun should break through at all, as it does in "Shirley," with beams of real geniality and cheerfulness. But the life was destructive of that gentler kind of humor of which we are sure Charlotte Brontë must have had originally a considerable endowment. She was necessarily propelled towards the painting of what was frequently harsh, and always peculiar and extraordinary. Her perceptions were keen, — as will be admitted by the close student of her works, — not only of human life, but of nature, and what she wrote must therefore exhibit the

qualities of truth and strength. Severe discipline waited upon her through all her history, and its results are graphically depicted in her works, each of which deals with the experience of some stage of her brief existence. One almost wonders, as we follow her career, where her happiness came from. There was no society, no wealth, none of the common delights of life for her, whilst death was always approaching with measured, but inevitable steps, when not, indeed, already in the house. Doubtless her literary occupations yielded her at times intense enjoyment, but she possessed, in addition, a faith in Providence which must have been like that of a child for simplicity and strength — a faith to which many, who boasted of their Christian excellence, were perfect strangers, and to whom its existence in her was utterly unsuspected.

The iron will of this truly great woman was never broken till the period came when she must yield up her own life. Then the weakness — if such it can be called — which she exhibited, arose not from any fear respecting herself, but for the tender and faithful husband whom she was leaving behind. Desolation, blank and utter, overtook the father and husband when her heart ceased to beat, such as the old parsonage had never experienced before. Charlotte's spirit had nerved others so long as it was with them, and the tenement of hope was not completely shattered till she died. The picture Mrs. Gaskell gives of the closing moments and of the funeral is very touching. With regard to the latter it painfully reminded her of the scene after the death of Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Forster thus describes it: "The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable." Such would have followed Charlotte Brontë's remains to the grave, but the survivors wanted not the sympathy of strangers, their grief being too keen to be assuaged.

The detractors of the writer of "Jane Eyre" could have had little real understanding of her. Those who knew her best were the fallen and distressed, to whose wants she had ministered, and, better still, into whose bruised and dejected souls she had poured the sweet balm of sympathy. Such shall judge the woman; as for her genius, that will take care of itself; its fruits are too genuine to be in danger of perishing.

The novels of Charlotte Brontë were totally dissimilar in style to all which had been previously given to the world, and their quality was not such as to be at the first moment attractive. Masculine in their strength, and very largely so in the cast of thought, there could be no wonder that the public should assume Currer Bell to be of the sterner sex, and even persist in its delusion after the most express assurance to the contrary. Certainly one can sympathize with the feeling of astonishment that "Jane Eyre" should have been written by a woman. What vigor there is in it compared with the novels of another great artist, Miss Austen! For sheer force she has even eclipsed her own chief of novel-writers, Sir Walter Scott, whilst Balzac, who, as Currer Bell said, "always left a nasty taste in her mouth," is also outstripped in the delineation of passion. Many readers were doubtless repulsed from a fair and candid perusal of the works of Charlotte Brontë by certain adverse criticisms which had pronounced them extremely coarse. The unfairness of this charge we think it will not be difficult to show presently. Faithful transcripts of the life she had witnessed they certainly were; distorted they were not. Speaking of fiction, the author of "The Curiosities of Literature" has said, "Novels, as they were long *manufactured*, form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they are *created* by genius, are precious to the philosopher. They paint the character of an individual or the manners of the age more perfectly than any other species of composition: it is in novels we observe, as it were passing under our own eyes, the refined frivolity of the French, the gloomy and disordered sensi-

bility of the German; and the petty intrigues of the modern Italian in some Venetian novels."

We accept this as a tolerably substantial appraisement of the rôle of the novelist; but in order to be strengthened in our opinion, let us look at what the eminent philosopher Adam Smith said of the true novelist, and surely no higher praise could be desired by our story writers. "The poets and romance-writers who," he says, "best paint the refinements and delicacies of love and friendship, and of all other private and domestic affections, Racine and Voltaire, Richardson, Marivaux, and Riccoboni, are in this case much better instructors than Zeno, Chrysippus, or Epictetus." But surely we need not stay to argue here that the novel, when in the hands of a true genius, can be made one of the best instructors of the human race. It is so because there is nothing of the abstract about it—which the mind of mankind generally abhors; it is a record of the concrete existence of individuals like ourselves, and must therefore be profitable both for amusement, interest, and guidance. A good novelist can scarcely be appreciated too highly. In this class we place Charlotte Brontë; she fulfils the requirements glanced at already in the words of Mr. Disraeli, and is in every respect a faithful delineator of the scenes and persons she professes to describe. How faithful, indeed, few can scarcely tell, but the mass can darkly feel it on close acquaintance with her. The charge of coarseness brought against her works she herself indignantly repelled, but the base notion of such a charge must have cruelly wounded her spirit, which, though strong and brave as a lion, was yet pure and tender as that of a child. She said, "I trust God will take from me whatever power of invention or expression I may have, before He lets me become blind to the sense of what is fitting or unfitting to be said." And it is on record that she was deeply grieved and long distressed by the remark made to her on one occasion, "You know, you and I, Miss Brontë, have both written naughty books!" Mrs. Gaskell goes so far as to admit that there are passages in the writings of Currer Bell which are coarse; for ourselves, we can scarcely understand what is meant. Roughness there is, but indecency none, and coarseness seems to us to imply a little more than mere roughness. Several of the characters she has drawn are reproductions in type of the wildest natures, and the over-refined sensibilities of some readers are possibly shocked by their extreme naturalness. Charlotte Brontë simply thought of painting them as they appeared, never thinking for a moment there could be harm in laying in deep shadows where deep shadows were required. Fielding was coarse, Wycherley and some of the other dramatists more so, but their examples show that coarseness is an unfortunate epithet to apply to the writings of Currer Bell. If applicable to them, it is totally inapplicable to her. Her coarseness—if such quality exists at all—was undetachable from her subjects. She would have ceased to be the true delineator and the real artist she aspired to be, had she swerved from the outlines of character she undertook to fill in. In truth, we need only turn to "Shirley" and "Jane Eyre" to prove the position that Charlotte Brontë was far beyond the common novelist. In the former story we have characters which for sweetness have been rarely excelled, whilst in the latter we have a Jupiter of rugged strength and passion. The novelist has power to go out of herself—that attribute of the great artist. It is genius which impels, and she must obey. If the characters are occasionally coarse, she is unconscious of it; she is only aware of their truth. No need for her to lop off the distorted branches in the human forest of her delineations in order to secure a level growth of mediocrity. She could not if she would, and is too intent on the manifestations of nature to do so if she could. Such creations as please the ordinary romance-monger would be an abhorrence to her; it is because she exalted Art that she could not depart from the True, with which the former, when real, is ever in unison.

"The Professor," which was the first work written by Charlotte Brontë ostensibly for publication, though not by

any means her first effort in fiction (what author does not carry the recollection of many juvenile crudities?), exhibits a great amount of conscious power, but also an inability on the part of the writer to give herself free scope. A comparison between this and succeeding works will show how she was cramped in its composition. The story is good, nevertheless, though numerous publishers to whom it was submitted decided otherwise. Its author has possibly hit upon the reason for its rejection, when in the preface she says she determined to give her hero no adventitious aid or success whatever. He was to succeed, if he did so, by the sheer force of his own brain and labor. "As Adam's son he should share Adam's doom, and drain throughout life a mixed and moderate cup of enjoyment." These principles were of course unpopular; the novel-readers of the day demanded something which should exhibit more of the romantic and the heroic. Battling well, however, with materials which were in the outset obstructive, Currer Bell achieved a substantial success. There can be no doubt that her husband, in consenting to the publication of the volume subsequently, did a wise act. There is much in the work which is characteristic of its author as she appears in her later novels, and the drawing of at least one of the characters, Mr. Hunsden, is masterly. Some of the materials, we are told, were afterwards used in "Villette"; but if so they are carefully disguised, and the world could very well afford to welcome the two. Passages occur in "The Professor" which are almost startling in their strength of passion and eloquence, and which alone would have given to Currer Bell the stamp of originality. All the toilsome way by which the person who gives the title to the volume is led, is marked by the intensest sympathy on the part of the author, and although the reader may not be able to feel much personal enthusiasm in the various characters, he must at once yield the point that he is perusing the thoughts of no common mind. The valuable knowledge which the author acquired abroad is utilized with considerable skill, whilst she is equally at home when she comes to delineate the Yorkshire family of the Crimsworths. Her ideas of love and marriage, afterwards so fully developed in her other novels, are here touched upon. "I am no Oriental," says the Professor: "white necks, carmine lips and cheeks, clusters of bright curls, do not suffice for me, without that Promethean spark, which will live after the roses and lilies are faded, the burnished hair grown gray. In sunshine, in prosperity, the flowers are very well; but how many wet days are there in life—November seasons of disaster—when a man's hearth and home would be cold, indeed, without the clear, cheering gleam of intellect?" Love without the union of souls, the author again and again insists, is a delusion, the sheen of a summer's day, and quite as fleeting. Although the idea of "The Professor" was new, and as an indication of the grooves in which its author's genius was afterwards to run, we would not willingly have lost it. As a psychological study alone it was well worthy of preservation.

But better and more remarkable works followed. The reading world has very seldom been startled by such a genuine and powerful piece of originality as "Jane Eyre." One can almost gauge the feeling, after reading it, which caused Charlotte Brontë to be such an enthusiastic admirer of Thackeray. He, at any rate, she knew, would appreciate her efforts, for was he not also engaged (with even more splendid talents) in the crusade against conventionality? He, at least, understood her burning words, when she affirmed that "conventionality is not morality, self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." These words will sufficiently show how she endeavored to tread in the steps of "the first social regenerator of the day," and to whom she inscribed the second edition of her most widely known book.

"Jane Eyre" is an autobiography, and its intention is to present a plain, unbiassed narrative of a woman's life from its commencement to a period when it is supposed to

have ceased to possess interest to mankind generally. It is told fearlessly, and with a burning pen. But there is no *suppressio veri*; that, its author would have scorned: perhaps it would have been better for its reception in some quarters—limited in range we are happy to think—if the narrator of the story had glossed over some portions of her heroine's history. She has chosen, however, to adhere to stern reality, and there it is finally for us, unpleasant and rough though it be in some of its recorded experiences. The book shows the most opposite qualities—light, darkness; beauty, deformity; strength, tenderness. Its pathos is of the finest quality, stirring most deeply because it is simple and unforced. The situations are very vivid; several scenes being depicted which it would be impossible to eradicate from the memory after the most extensive reading of serial literature. Even those who regard it as coarse must admit its strange fascination. It was a book that could afford to be independent of criticism, and accordingly we find that, before the reviews appeared, anxious and continuous inquiries respecting it began to be made at the libraries. There was not much fiction being written which fixed the public eye, and the issue of this novel almost created an era. Forgotten now is the savage criticism of the reviewer who said of the author of "Jane Eyre," "She must be one who for some sufficient reason has long forfeited the society of her sex," whilst the work which baffled his judgment, but earned his vituperation, still remains, a memento of real genius which could not be suppressed.

Although chiefly remarkable for its prominent delineation of the passion of love in strong and impulsive natures, there are many other points which are noticeable about it, and should therefore be mentioned. The keen observation of the writer is manifest on almost every page. Intense realism is its chief characteristic. The pictures are as vivid and bold as though etched by a Rembrandt, or drawn by a Salvator Rosa. Dickens has been almost equalled by the description of the school at Lowood, to which Miss Eyre was sent, and which might well be described as Dotheboys' Hall. Here, however—melancholy lot!—in addition to indifferent food, supplied in very limited quantities, there was a good deal of threatening about "damnation." The hypocritical minister, Mr. Brocklehurst, had sometimes the worst of it in his dealings with Jane Eyre, as, for instance, in this: "What is hell?" "A pit full of fire." "What must you do to avoid it?" The answer was a little objectionable, as the autobiographer says, "I must keep in good health and not die." As a corrective, she had given to her to read "The Child's Guide," containing "an account of the awfully sudden death of Martha G——, a naughty child addicted to falsehood and deceit." Certainly if this mental pabulum, combined with the material one of nauseous burnt porridge, was not potent in keeping down the old Adam, it would be impossible to mention an effectual remedy, one would think. As the story progresses it becomes most thrilling, and we are introduced to a character which is frequently regarded, and not without reason, as Currer Bell's masterpiece of powerful drawing, namely, Mr. Rochester. Strong and yet weak, a very thunderbolt for strength and explosiveness, and yet a bundle of ordinary human weaknesses, this individual stands forth as real and living a portrait as is to be found existing in word-painting. He is attractive in spite of his numerous faults, and where is the character who more stood in need of pity? Picture him at Thornfield, united in wedlock to a raving maniac, who in her paroxysms attempted his life, whilst he, in return, saved hers—that very life which was a curse, and brought unutterable gloom to him. Then, too, he saw the form that he loved, but could not retain, and yet felt the movement of a wicked but ineffable love towards her—wicked, because of the tie which bound him to the wild being who bore his name. Add to all this that his nature was as sensitive as it was intense, and where is the person who could not pity Fairfax Rochester? Behold him again after he has been maimed in the fruitless endeavor to save the maniac from death. He describes himself as "no better than the old lightning-struck chest-

nut-tree in Thornfield orchard;" but is the process of purification to be counted as nothing which has brought about this result?—

"Jane! you think me an irreligious dog, I dare say; but my heart swells with gratitude to the beneficent God of this earth just now. He sees not as man sees, but far clearer; judges not as man judges, but far more wisely. I did wrong: I would have sullied my innocent flower—breathed guilt on its purity; the Omnipotent snatched it from me. I, in my stiff-necked rebellion, almost cursed the dispensation: instead of bending to the decree, I defied it. Divine justice pursued its course; disasters came thick on me: I was forced to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. His chastisements are mighty, and one smote me which has humbled me forever. You know I was proud of my strength, but what is it now, when I must give it over to foreign guidance as a child does it weakness? Of late, Jane—only—only of late—I began to see and acknowledge the hand of God in my doom. I began to experience remorse, repentance; the wish for reconciliation to my Maker. I began sometimes to pray; very brief prayers they were, but very sincere."

Verily, this is the epitome of an experience worthy of being sympathized with, and valuable to be written.

There can be no doubt that the first and greatest cause of the extreme vividness of the writings of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters is the fact that most of the characters depicted are as faithful copies from real life as though an artist had sat down and limned their features. More so: for the artist has nothing to do with psychological characteristics, which, in the case of the authors, are as accurately described as the features. Having fixed upon their subjects for analysis, they clung to them like a shadow or a second self, and the very isolation by which they were surrounded lent strength to their conceptions. The characters are true to their respective natures, and their final ends are fearlessly worked out. Having spoken of the book which made the fame of Charlotte Brontë, let us glance at her next most important work, and the one which we like best of all—"Shirley." It opens with a chapter in which a vein of humor unsuspected in Charlotte Brontë is manifested, and we know of no other author whose sketches so much remind us of George Eliot as this delineation of the three curates. The writer has completely unbent, relaxed from the severity which so greatly predominates in her other works, and given play to a quiet and yet quaint drollery which is positively irresistible. A little further on, however, we come to more serious business; and the terrible machinery riots which so disastrously retarded commercial progress at the period at which this history is fixed, afford excellent scope for those graphic descriptions in which Currer Bell stands almost unrivalled. The West Riding of Yorkshire, and some parts of Lancashire, were especially subjected to hardship and *émeutes* on account of these improvements and inventions in manufacture, and the sketch of Robert Moore's campaign against the bigoted factory operatives in his employ and that of his neighbors is only a fancy one as regards the disposition of the events. Such things were common at the time of the Luddite riots, but in adopting these riots as the foundation of her story, the author also took characters living in her own day and at her own door, so to speak, hoping they would thus pass unrecognized. But the fact that the riots occurred thirty years previously did not blind the people portrayed to the knowledge that they were gazing upon their own portraits. The Yorkes, the three curates, and Mrs. Prior are all portraits, whilst Shirley herself is Emily Brontë idealized, or rather what Emily would have been had she been placed in different circumstances.

Though the book is singularly strong in individualities, there is, further, more general merit in its writing. Its scenic effects are beautiful; the deep love of nature which possessed the soul of Currer Bell is more observable here than elsewhere. It is what we should describe as a novel good "all round." It has no weak side; it is the most perfect piece of writing the author has left behind her. There is not the terrible sweep of passion we see in "Jane Eyre;" the roughnesses of life are smoothed down a little, and it seems altogether more humanized and humanizing.

The most opposite events are touched upon skillfully. Who can forget, for instance, the description of the revival in the new Wesleyan Chapel at Briarfield, when "Doad o' Bill's" announced positively that he had "fun" (found) liberty," and the excitement amongst the brethren was intense. Why can't these worthy people take their religion a little more quietly? As our author says on this occasion, "the roof of the chapel did not fly off; which speaks volumes in praise of its solid slating." A little further on we get another sample of power, occurring in the description of a female character. "Nature made her in the mood in which she makes her briars and thorns; whereas for the creation of some women she reserves the May morning hours, when with light and dew she woos the primrose from the turf, and the lily from the woodmoss."

Again, we find in this novel that although Currer Bell was not a great poetess through the usual medium of measured cadence, she could write fine, genuine poetry in a prose setting. Witness the following description of nature put into the mouth of Shirley:—

"I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its bluish shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture; they are clear—they are deep as lakes—they are lifted and full of worship—they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillbro' Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God. That Eve is Jehovah's daughter, as Adam was his son."

Our young poets might well covet a power of poetic description like this. As with all true poetry, there is not only the form but the halo. The expression, coming as it did from the feeling, begets in us the feeling again. Other passages of equal beauty could be culled from "Shirley," gems glittering here and there in a great broad field. Nature, love, happiness, misery, loss, gain, are the themes dilated upon, on each of which much is given to delight, to improve, and to engender sympathy.

Charlotte Brontë exhibits a marked contrast in one respect to the greatest female novelist at present living, and perhaps "Shirley" is the clearest example of what we mean. Her faith is unwavering—faith in the Unseen. But because He is Unseen she would teach us that that is no reason why He should be Unknown. Neither does she form impossible ideals. Shirley is as grand a character in her way as Dorothea Brooke, but we can comprehend her better. And though Shirley's soul was deep, and she had yearnings after greatness, her hopes were not placed beyond fruition, as in the case of Dorothea. The former says: "Indisputably, a great, good, handsome man is the first of created things. I would scorn to contend for empire with him. Shall my left hand dispute for precedence with my right?—shall my heart quarrel with my pulse?—shall my veins be jealous of the blood which fills them?" Some feeling of this kind, of course, Dorothea indulged towards Mr. Cassaubon; but in her case the idol is shattered, whilst Shirley obtains in the love of Louis Moore all that she craves for. It was Dorothea's fate to be always finding humanity fail, and created things insufficient to fill the void in her nature. In this sense Shirley is the superior character. Besides her love, she had a truer insight into the means of procuring happiness. She discovered that it must sometimes be worked for with her own hands. Thus, then, was her nature completely rounded. With reverence to the Supreme were added his richest gift of love and the link of benevolence to bind her to the rest of mankind. Not so serenely beautiful as Dorothea, and not perhaps so lofty in intellect, she is yet a more successful character. On her forehead there is not written—Failure.

If the sisters Brontë had early in life been accustomed to mingle in society, and had not been imprisoned within the walls of Haworth parsonage, there can be little question

that we should have had more masterly and more general works from their hands. The skill they exhibit in delineating life should not have been confined to the inhabitants of those northern moors, but should have been employed in other haunts and other scenes likewise. Their field has been necessarily restricted, though their genius had full play on the subjects within their reach.

But to demonstrate the capacity to turn experience to account wherever it might be obtained, we only need to direct the reader's attention to Charlotte Brontë's latest work, "Villette." It is redolent of the flavor of Brussels, where the author and her sister spent some years of their lives. To the ordinary English reader it is probably the most uninteresting of all the works of Miss Brontë, as page after page is composed mostly of French, and that sometimes difficult and idiomatic. This doubtless operated to some extent against its popularity with the mass of novel-readers, though the book seems to have earned the most lavish encomiums from the critics. It exhibits, however, the genius neither of "Jane Eyre" nor of "Shirley;" it is, in truth, superior to the fiction of ninety per cent. of novelists, but it scarcely warranted the extravagant terms of praise which were showered upon it by the reviewers. These valuable individuals, however, were, as is too often the case unfortunately, wise after the event—that is, they found it tolerably safe to eulogize a new work from the hand of one who had already established her position as amongst the most original writers of the age. One or two of the *dramatis personæ* evoke sentiments of approval on account of their originality, conspicuous amongst them being Mr. Paul Emanuel and Miss de Bassompierre; but on the whole, the book is disappointing, for there is no one character whose fortunes we are anxious to follow; and a novel which fails to beget a personal interest must be said to have lost its chief charm.

Emily Brontë—for it is now time that we should say something of the two other persons in this remarkable trio—was, in certain respects, the most extraordinary of the three sisters. She has this distinction at any rate, that she has written a book which stands as completely alone in the language as does the "Paradise Lost" or the "Pilgrim's Progress." This of itself, setting aside subject and construction, is no mean eminence. Emily Jane Brontë, as is well known, was the youngest but one of the Rev. Mr. Brontë's children, and died before she was thirty years of age. Early in life she displayed a singularly masculine bent of intellect, and astonished those with whom she came in contact by her penetration, and that settlement of character which generally only comes with age. She went from home twice, once to school and once to Brussels, but it was like the caging of a lioness, and her soul yearned for the liberty of home. When in Brussels she attracted and impressed deeply all those who came across her, and M. Heger declared she should have been a man, for "her powerful reason would have deduced new spheres of discovery from the knowledge of the old, and her strong, imperious will would never have been daunted by opposition or difficulty; never have given way but with life."

On her return to Haworth she began to lose in beauty but to gain in impressiveness of feature, and she divided her time between homely domestic duties, studies, and rambles. Shrinking entirely from contact with the life which surrounded her, she gave herself up to nature, the result being apparent in her works, which reveal a most intimate acquaintance with the great Mother in all her moods. Her mind was absolutely free to all the lessons which she should teach, and she embraced them with the most passionate longing. "Her native hills were far more to her than a spectacle; they were what she lived in, and by, as much as the wild birds, their tenants, or as the heather, their produce." Her descriptions, then, of natural scenery, are what they should be, and all they should be. Any reader of her works must perforce acknowledge the accuracy of these observations. Her life, however, seemed to be an unprized one, except by that sister who loved her profoundly, and who keenly appreciated her genius as it essayed to unfold its wings in the sun. But whilst she

lived the world made no sign of recognition of her strangely weird powers. When illness came her indomitable will still enabled her to present an unflinching front to sympathizing friends. She refused to see the doctor, and would not have it that she was ill. To the last she retained an independent spirit, and on the day of her death she arose and dressed herself as usual. Her end reminds us of that of her brother Branwell, whose will was so strong that he insisted on standing up to die and did actually so die. Emily did everything for herself on that last day, but as the hours drew on got manifestly worse, and could only whisper in gasps. The end came when it was too late to profit by human skill.

"Wuthering Heights," the principal work she has left behind her, shows a massive strength which is of the rarest description. Its power is absolutely Titanic; from the first page to the last it reads like the intellectual throes of a giant. It is fearful, it is true, and perhaps one of the most unpleasant books ever written; but we stand in amaze at the almost incredible fact that it was written by a slim country girl who would have passed in a crowd as an insignificant person, and who had had little or no experience of the ways of the world. In *Heathcliff*, Emily Brontë has drawn the greatest villain extant, after Iago. He has no match out of Shakespeare. The Mephistopheles of Goethe's "Faust" is a person of gentlemanly proclivities compared with *Heathcliff*. There is not a redeeming quality in him; his coarseness is very repellent; he is a unique specimen of the human tiger. Charlotte Brontë in her digest of this character finds one ameliorating circumstance in his favor, one link which connects him with humanity, namely, his regard for one of his victims, Hareton Earnshaw. But we cannot agree with her; his feeling towards Earnshaw is excessively like that feline affection which sometimes destroys its own offspring. As to his alleged esteem for Nelly Dean, perhaps also the less said about that the better. But "*Wuthering Heights*" is a marvellous curiosity in letters. We challenge the world to produce another work in which the whole atmosphere seems so surcharged with suppressed electricity, and bound in with the blackness of tempest and desolation. From the time when young *Heathcliff* is introduced to us, "as dark almost as if he came from the devil," to the last page of the story, there is nothing but savagery and ferocity, except when we are taken away from the persons to the scenes of the narratives, and treated to those pictures in which the author excels. The Heights itself, the old north-country manor-house, is made intensely real to us, but not more so than the central figure of the story, who, believing himself alone one night, throws open the lattice, and cries with terrible anguish, "Cathy! oh, my heart's darling. Hear me this once. Catherine, at last!" Then his history is recapitulated, by one who witnessed his life in all its stages; and in the passage where Catherine informs her nurse that she has promised to marry Edgar Linton, but ought not to have done so, we get the following example of concentrated force:—

"I have no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven. But it would degrade me to marry *Heathcliff* now; so he shall never know how I love him, and that not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as moonbeams from lightning, or frost from fire. . . . Who is to separate us? they'll meet the fate of Milo. I cannot express it; but surely you and everybody have a notion that there is, or should be, an existence of yours beyond you. What were the use of my creation if I were entirely contained here? My great miseries in this world have been *Heathcliff's* miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning; my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger; I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for *Heathcliff* resembles the eternal rocks beneath; a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I am *Heathcliff*! He's always, always in

my mind; not as a pleasure any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being."

Then comes Catherine's death—when she asks forgiveness for having wronged him, and *Heathcliff* answers, "Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love my murderer—but yours! How can I?" The tale of woe proceeds; the despairing man longing for the dead, until at last he faces death, and being asked if he will have the minister, replies—"I tell you I have nearly attained my heaven; and that of others is altogether unvalued and uncoveted by me." He then sleeps beside her; the tragedy of eighteen years is complete. A great deal has been said on the question whether such a book as "*Wuthering Heights*" ought to be written, and Charlotte Brontë herself felt impelled to utter some words of defence for it. Where the mind is healthy it can do no harm; but there are possibly organizations upon whom it might exercise a baleful influence. With regard to the drawing of *Heathcliff*, Currer Bell scarcely thought the creation of such beings justifiable, but she goes on to say that "the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself." We are afraid that if this opinion were pushed to its logical issues it would be found incapable of being supported. A multiplication of such books as "*Wuthering Heights*" without corresponding genius would be a lamentable thing, no doubt; yet, while we cannot defend it altogether possibly as it stands, we should regret never having seen it, as one of the most extraordinary and powerful productions in the whole range of English literature.

Anne Brontë, the youngest of the three sisters, was unlike Charlotte and Emily in disposition and mental constitution. She was not so vigorous, and seemed more dependent upon the sympathy of others. These characteristics are apparent in her works, though in her principal novel there are touches which almost remind one of Emily. She was, nevertheless, deficient in the energy which distinguished her sisters, and was altogether frailer in body, and more tender and serene in spirit. The devotional element in her nature was very strong, as will be seen from a perusal of her poems. Her sensitiveness was great, and apt to be wounded by the bitter experiences she was called upon to endure as one of the class of ill-treated individuals called governesses. Some of these experiences she has commemorated in the story of "*Agnes Grey*," which, however, shows no notable powers of penetration and insight such as the world had been accustomed to look for in the authors bearing the cognomen of Bell. It is the most inferior of all the works written by the sisters, though interesting in many aspects. Possessed of a less determined will than Emily, Anne Brontë bore her sufferings patiently, and as the hour of dissolution approached, the terrors which had bound her spirit were dissipated, and she passed away, we are assured, in a calm and triumphant manner. Her last verses are most beautiful in sentiment, and worked out with considerable skill.

It is a curious question how this gentle woman, nevertheless, came to write such a narrative as "*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*," which in some of its details is more offensive and repulsive than the great *pièce de résistance* of her next elder sister. The drunken orgies of Mr. Huntingdon and his companions cannot fail to be disgusting to the reader, vivid though the relation may be in color. Most probably that portion of the story was suggested by the sad practical acquaintance the author had been compelled to make of the effects of the vice of drunkenness in her brother Branwell. The sorrow entailed by his conduct weighed upon her deeply, and she gave relief to her feelings by picturing the sin with all its hideous consequences and deformity through the medium of fiction. It might be that she had hope such a revelation would be effective for good, and certainly all who read the story cannot but be affected by that wretched portion of it devoted to the delineation of a drunkard. It is the strongest, the most strik-

ing part of the volume, and the mystery of its production by such a pure soul as Anne Brontë's can only be explained on the hypothesis we have assumed. The love of Gilbert Markham for the attractive and clever widow is a delightful episode, and excellently told, and the closing chapters go very far to redeem the unpleasantness we were compelled to encounter in the body of the work. As with Emily, Anne Brontë's strong point as a novelist was in the delineation of one grand master passion from the moment when it entered into the soul to the time when it assumed complete and undisputed possession of it. We see this tyranny of passion in Heathcliff; we behold the tyranny again in another direction in Mr. Huntingdon. In both cases, however, it is finally left with as repulsive an appearance as the graphic pencils of the artists were able to command. No one can affirm that vice is ever winked at: it is, on the contrary, drawn without cloak or veil, in order that its devotees may be ashamed, or that those who are in danger of becoming its victims may be arrested and appalled. Such, we take it, is the great lesson of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and readers, even without sympathy for the author, would be unjust to affirm that the lesson is not taught with sufficient distinctiveness and force. There are some things which only need to be described to be abhorred; and this feeling probably led to the production of the work just alluded to.

Of the little volume of poetry written conjointly by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, and published before their prose works, there is not much to be said, except that it might teach a lesson to some of the poets of the present day, that the best inspiration after all is to be derived from contact with Nature herself. Many of these verses are not only Wordsworthian in their simplicity of expression, but also in their reverent feeling for the Great Teacher of all true poets. They are rills which spring from the best source of inspiration, and, whilst they do not lose the idiosyncrasies of their respective authors, are all imbued with intense love of outward beauty, and breathe of the native heath upon which they were in most part written. The poems which bear traces of the highest flight of imagination are undoubtedly those of Ellis Bell. Her genius here attains a more refined expression, without losing anything of its power. In several instances she has surrounded an old subject with new and delightful interest, and even where her choice has fallen upon more sombre subjects, the originality is so great that we are lost in admiration, and enter fully into the theme, glad of the new thoughts even when the old theme, *per se*, has no charms for us. Amongst the many fine things which have been said of Memory, where are there four lines which concentrate so much regret as are found embedded in this utterance? —

I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I taste the empty world again?

This was no maundering of a simply sentimental spirit, but the outcome of a soul that had suffered, and had not lost its strength, though deep sorrow encompassed it, and obscured its vision. There was not the light that shone in the old days, and the regret that has overtaken many a heart formed a truthful and fine utterance in one who was gifted with a power of expression beyond her fellows. But the last lines which this wonderfully-gifted woman ever wrote strike us as being specially noteworthy. They are an address to the Deity; space fails us to quote them all, but as a specimen of their strength we may give the following: —

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest paths amid the boundless main.

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou, Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

We will not stay to investigate the theology of this passage, but as a specimen of poetic vigor it is well worthy of reprinting. The poems of Charlotte Brontë strike us as being the least excellent in the collection. Correct as they are in sentiment and expression, they lack the emphasis to be perceived in those of her sisters. The probability is that while Emily and Anne Brontë would have attained considerable eminence as poets, Charlotte would have wasted her powers on a branch of literature to which she was not quite adapted. In the case of Emily, the brief, decisive, epigrammatic form of expression suited her genius, just as the devotional cadence suited that of Anne, but Charlotte had better scope in a more didactic and extended style.

One spirit breathes through the poems of Acton Bell — that which animates the trembling suppliant appealing to Heaven. They are all a single cry couched in different, but exquisite language, the cry of a dependant for guidance by a Sovereign hand. The moods may differ, but the substance of the soul's aspiration is the same, and there are few sweeter religious poems than that which contains the last thoughts and wishes of Acton Bell. The verses are so well known that we refrain from reproducing them; but they may be taken as a good illustration of the spirit which animated the author, and form a touching farewell to a world in which she could never be said to have been at home.

With regard to the position which the Brontës occupy amongst authors, we express ourselves with some diffidence. In summing up their general merits, and pronouncing upon their works, it must be done as a whole, and with no singling out of particular excellences. So, whilst Charlotte Brontë infinitely eclipses novelists of the highest reputation in isolated qualities, — such as those we have already endeavored to point out, — it must be confessed that when we speak of her as the artist it cannot be as pertaining to the very highest rank. Her genius is intense, but not broad, and it is breadth alone which distinguishes the loftiest minds.

But if she fails to attain the standard of the few writers who have been uplifted by common consent to the highest pinnacle of fame, she is the equal of any authors of the second rank. It is not too much to predict, in fact, that many meretricious works which have been commended for public admiration will lose in popularity, while those of which we have been speaking will increase. It is impossible for two of the works of Charlotte Brontë to fall out of our literature. They have been stamped as genuine gold and will keep continually in circulation. Works which fail to pass this ordeal are those which are either weak or false; these are both strong and true. We obtain from the author of "Jane Eyre" no multitude of characters, but those we do get we become closely familiar with — and one being of veritable flesh and blood is worth a thousand insubstantial imitations. The novels deal with no particular forms of religious belief, or social questions, which the author would doubtless but have regarded as accidents of which she cared to take no account; and hence we may affirm that after the lapse of fifty years her works would read as freshly as when they first made their appearance.

It was humanity she strove to produce; not its creeds, crochets, or peculiarities; and it is for this reason that the labor will triumphantly stand the test of time. The inner life of a soul is very much the same in all ages. Its hopes, its fears, and its joys do not change with the changing seasons and the revolving years. Ages pass away, and those writers and writings which have only appealed to transient phases of thought or particular changes of society are swept away as by a resistless current, whilst those who defy the potency of the waves are the gifted few who have shown the genuine power of interpreting nature, or of dealing with the passions of the human heart.

MISS TWITTER'S CONSPIRACY.

YEARS ago I had a young person in my service called Annabel Brown. The Brown was not, of course, surprising in a parlor-maid, but the Annabel was; and the more so when the cook made Hannibal of it, who, I need not remark, was a gentleman and a general. For my part, I would not encourage such a name at all in one in her position, but called her plain "Annie," with which she was quite content. She was an orphan; but I had known both her parents, and very honest, good folks they were, with plenty of common-sense too, so that it could not have been they, but her "godfather and godmothers in her baptism," as the service says, who gave her such an outlandish name—for Christian I can't call it. She was a modest girl, who, if she had a fault in dress, was given to extreme simplicity; indeed, some of my visitors used to say: "So you have got a Quakeress, I see;" which was, of course, ridiculous; for though one does not want one's servant to be chatterboxes, one likes one's questions to be answered by something more than "Yes" or "No," to which, I believe, the vocabulary of the Friends is limited. Moreover, though I am not a great lady, nor anything like it, it was not likely I should permit my parlor-maid to "thou" and "thee" me, and far less my guests. However, what with the meekness of her manners and the simplicity of her attire, Annabel Brown might have sat for Mrs. Fry, supposing that good lady to have ever been eighteen and a beauty. Annie had brown hair, very silken and plentiful; large brown eyes like those of a gazelle; and a soft, rather alarmed expression of face, which, if it did not suggest modesty, was the most hypocritical mask that ever woman wore. Her movements were quick, but noiseless; and altogether she reminded one of a mouse. Like a mouse, however, she was not as regards purloining, even so much as a rind of cheese. I could have trusted her with untold gold; and when I had a new bonnet or other piece of finery, I felt as certain that Annabel Brown would never try them on even, to see how she looked in my cheval glass, as though I had kept them under lock and key. Finally and above all, she had no followers; or, at all events, they followed her at such a distance that they never came within view of my windows, and I have pretty long sight for such gentry.

I need not say that Annie was a constant church-goer, and as sure as Sunday came round, always went "to hear the Word" (that was her phrase, though she was by no means a canter) twice a day, whether it was wet or fine. In the evenings she never went out, not even on week-days, which itself spoke volumes in her praise. She had no friends in town, she said, in explanation of this phenomenon. She was the only maid I ever had who never asked leave to pass an evening with her "friends" or "cousins." Well, being such a pattern of propriety, you may imagine my astonishment on seeing her come home from church one day accompanied by a young man, who left her at the front door (my area gate is always locked on Sunday) with a bow that would not have disgraced Lord Chesterfield.

Though a fine morning, it had turned out wet, and I noticed, with no little distress of mind, that the umbrella which he was holding over her with much apparent solicitude was a handsome silk one; the man himself, too, had an alarmingly genteel appearance. I made sure that Annie would explain this unprecedented circumstance without any inquiry on my part; and when some hours passed by without her doing so, the matter appeared to me all the graver.

Accordingly, at night, when she was assisting me in my room, I broached the subject myself.

"Annie," said I, "I was very much surprised to see you come home from church this morning accompanied by a stranger. How did that happen?"

"Well, ma'am, it was very wet," returned she (with a simplicity that would have quite disarmed me, even if I had entertained any indignation against her, which I did not; I only felt angry with *the man*); "and as I had no

umbrella, the gentleman, who was at church himself, kindly offered to see me home."

"Annie," said I, solemnly, "do not imagine that men—and especially *gentlemen*—only go to church as you do, to say their prayers. I once heard a great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, divide 'church-goers' into a number of classes, some of which were of a very unsatisfactory sort. Among others there was the 'umbrella Christian,' as he termed it: the man who goes into a church merely to save his hat, or get out of the rain."

"But, please, ma'am, this gentleman *had* an umbrella," observed Annabel Brown.

I thought it rather pert, and very unlike herself, that she should argue with me on this matter; but still, I was determined not to lose my temper.

"In this particular case, that may have been so," said I; "but he might have gone to church with a wrong motive, for all that. To my eyes he did not look a suitable person for a young woman in your position to be walking with. He left you at the front door, and he may have been mistaken as to your condition in life. Did you inform him of it?"

"No, ma'am."

Annabel Brown was certainly too Quakerish; any other girl would have seen with half an eye that I was really solicitous (for her own sake) to know what the man *had* said to her; yet all that I could get out of Annie was: "No, ma'am." It was not treating me, I thought, with the confidence that my conduct towards her had merited. She might have been more open—like that silk umbrella.

Next Sunday was a fine one, and yet, if you will believe me, Annie came home again escorted by that very man! I had gone to church myself, and returned, as usual, some minutes after her; but cook informed me—with rather a malicious grin, I thought—that such had really been the case. I had not put the question; I had merely asked whether Annie had come in, feeling pretty sure, however, that she had, and was gone up-stairs to take off her things, which was the case.

"Oh yes, ma'am, she 'ave come in. I only wonder her friend didn't come in with her; he seemed so very much attached."

"What friend?" asked I, with assumed indifference.

"Oh pray, ma'am, don't ask me; Hannibal, I know, is such a pattern. Otherwise, I *should* have said as 'ow he was a follower."

"And what sort of a man was he, cook?"

"Oh, quite the gentleman to *look at*; fine feathers makes fine birds to them as can see no further;" and cook looked as if she could see a great deal further, and amongst other things the house robbed, and her mistress's throat cut, in no distant perspective.

But I did not fear for anything, except upon Annie's account, and resolved at once to give her a good "talking to."

"Now, my good girl," said I, having summoned her into the drawing-room, "this matter must be put a stop to at once. I will not have that man come to this house again. Don't say 'What man?' because you know who I mean perfectly well. I mean the umbrella-man."

"Please, ma'am, he had no umbrella to-day."

She was so simple, that I felt quite ashamed of being angry with her.

"Umbrella or not," said I, "he shall not come here. A man without a name—and with much too good an address—is perfectly scandalous."

"Please, ma'am, his name is Trevelyan."

"Then, that is much to good for *you*," answered I. "You have a nice manner and appearance of your own, and they have evidently deceived him; and no good can come of such a misunderstanding to either of you. Do you understand me?"

"Mr. Trevelyan knows, ma'am, that I am but a servant," observed Annabel gently, and with a little blush.

"Then the more shame for him," said I, sharply. "Mind, from this moment, you never walk with him, or you leave my service."

Annabel Brown lowered her head in respectful assent; she would have said "Yes, ma'am," if she could, but the tears were falling fast down her pretty cheeks. I was very sorry for her, but I felt sure that I was doing my duty by her, and did not relent.

The next Sunday, she came home alone. She had been very depressed throughout the week, but going to church seemed to have done her good, for she looked much more cheerful. My impression was that she had seen him, and got rid of him; and in doing so, had discovered the wisdom of such a proceeding. He had shown his hand — with the false cards in it — and she knew him for a cheat and a deceiver, and was glad to have escaped tolerably heart-whole.

She was not so much to be pitied, however, after all, my gentle reader, as you will hear; so please to reserve your compassion for the person who really suffered. Mr. Trevelyan at once proceeded to transfer his attentions to me.

The very next morning, Annie, looking rather white, but quiet as usual, brought up a card into the drawing-room. "This gentleman wishes to see you for a few minutes, if you are disengaged, ma'am."

"Mr. Arthur Trevelyan!" exclaimed I, reading the printed name; "why, that's never your Mr. Trevelyan?" She was about to say "Yes, ma'am," but putting on what was for her a bold face, answered, "Well, I hope he will be mine, ma'am."

The next moment, he was in the room, and Annie had shut the door, leaving me alone with this Don Giovanni. I am bound to say he was a very good-looking, gentlemanly person, and with anything but an impudent air.

"I have ventured to call upon you, madam, with relation to Annabel Brown, who is, I believe, at present your parlor-maid."

"Well, sir," said I, very stiff and formal.

"I thought it would be only courteous to let you know that she would be leaving you, probably before the month is up, in order to become my wife. If, as she says, you forbid us to meet, I shall take her even earlier, as I find it impossible to exist without her society — at all events on Sundays."

"Take her earlier — make her your wife!" reiterated I: "this is quite incomprehensible to me, sir; why, you have not seen her half a dozen times!"

"Nevertheless, madam, it is my intention to marry her, and that at once. She is of age, she tells me, and there is nothing to prevent it."

"But there is surely a great difference of social position, Mr. Trevelyan. You have the air and manners of a gentleman; while she —"

"Forgive me, madam, for interrupting you, but I am sure you are yourself too much a *gentlewoman* to say anything derogatory of the person I have selected for my bride."

He quite took my breath away, he was at once so proud and so polite.

"I am twenty-six years of age, madam," he went on, "and I know my own mind, and have an independent fortune. There is no sort of use in opposing our engagement, even if your kind heart would permit you to do so. The chief object of my calling upon you was indeed to request a personal favor of you in connection with our approaching nuptials. Annabel tells me that she has neither father nor mother, nor indeed any friend in London except yourself."

"That certainly was my belief," said I, "until lately."

Mr. Trevelyan only smiled at this significant reply.

"Well, madam, this being so, and you having reason, I believe, to be satisfied with Annabel as to her moral qualities, I come to ask of you the great favor of your giving her away at the altar."

"I give Annie away! and to you, a perfect stranger! Never!"

"My dear madam, I honor your scruples," returned the young man with a low bow (and I must say, for grace of manner I have seldom seen his equal); "but this is the address of my lawyers, and this of a parish clergyman in

your vicinity, who will both vouch for my respectability and good family. Beyond these facts, and that I have sufficient means, independent of a profession, to support a wife, I don't feel called upon to speak."

Mr. Trevelyan seemed such a very nice young man, and I had such a true regard for Annabel, that, absurd as the proposition of my giving her away to him at first seemed, I finally came in to it, and, about three weeks afterwards, they were married by special license. She was not at all puffed up by her good fortune, and though he gave her a great sum for her trousseau, she expended it with her usual quiet good taste. Annabel Brown was adapted for any position in life into which she happened to be thrown that did not require energy or powers of conversation, in which she was certainly deficient; and out of the fifty maid-servants that I have had in my service from first to last, she was the only one of whom I could say as much.

"But how," my readers may ask, "did Annabel get on after she became Mrs. Trevelyan?"

That I can't tell you, but I can tell you what happened to me in consequence, which is the terrible part of the whole story.

A stately carriage drove one day up to my door, and my new maid (a very different one from dear Annie) came running up the stairs in a state of great excitement. "Oh mum, please, mum, there's a lord's coach at the door, and her ladyship wishes to see you."

"What's her name?" demanded I quietly; for I did not wish this grinning idiot to suppose that I was never called upon by members of the aristocracy.

"Here's her card, mum: the Lady Haliss Somethink or other."

"It is not your business to read visitors' cards," said I stiffly. "Show Lady Alice Trevelyan up."

The similarity of name with that of Annabel's husband of course struck me at once; yet I was totally unable to conjecture her business with poor insignificant me. I was not long, however, left in doubt. A tall, bony, stiff-backed woman of about sixty years of age presently sailed into the room.

"Miss Twitter, I believe?" said she.

"The same," replied I, politely. "Will not your ladyship take a seat?"

"Certainly not," answered she, snappishly. "I merely came to see that sort of person by whose nefarious assistance my unfortunate nephew has been entrapped into matrimony. This is the house, is it," said she, looking round my little drawing-room in a very depreciatory way, "where this *conspiracy* was hatched? In this vile hole you baited your trap, did you, for that innocent boy?"

"I am quite at a loss, madam, to know what you mean," said I (though I began to guess), "except that you intend to make yourself offensive."

"You are right there, woman," she rejoined, acidly, "if you should never again be right in your life. It is the only consolation left to me, after the ruin of our house, to tell you to your face what I think of you. You are a treacherous, designing creature; you entered into a fraudulent conspiracy — Yes, I know it's actionable, if there's a witness; but if you dare to come near the bell, I'll knock you down. I say, you conspired to seduce the affections of my nephew, the Honorable Arthur Trevelyan, heir-presumptive to the Earl of Manlands. I don't say you did it yourself; I wish you *had*, because then the probability is that the disgrace would only have lasted your lifetime; you employed a youthful accomplice, who passed as your maid-servant, it seems, and whose fatal charms overcame poor Arthur's scruples. It is my belief that you both ought to be hanged. Don't answer me; don't venture to speak to me, lest the sound of your hated voice should provoke me beyond all bounds! You were a witness to this atrocious marriage. I have read your foolish name in the register, you false, perjured, crafty, abominable woman! If I was not a lady born and bred, I don't know what I shouldn't call you!"

What she would have called me had she not been a lady of hereditary title, it is impossible to conjecture; she had

an immense vocabulary of abuse even as it was, and she exhausted it.

"I shall come again and let you know what my opinion of you really is!" were her last words, which were perhaps the most terrible of all. She had nearly frightened me out of my wits as it was; and the threat of that scene being repeated, lay heavy on my soul for many a day, until my lease was out, and I took another house. Thank Heaven, I never saw her ladyship again.

Once, however, I saw Lady Manilands herself (for her husband's uncle died after a few years) going to court in the very quietest dress in which any lady ever did go there; she gave me a bow and a smile out of the carriage window, and that was all. She never called on her old mistress. It is my impression that in her heart she was not worthy of her husband. How they got on together, I never heard, but what I have narrated is, I think, a lesson to mistresses against encouraging servant-maids to wed above their position. I have heard it said by prudent persons, "Never give anything away;" but above all I would impress upon all spinster ladies, "Never give a parlor-maid away in marriage to the heir-presumptive of an earldom, especially if he has an aunt who is touchy about the honor of the family."

"I."

IN TWO PARTS. II. DWARFINCH'S.

TIME passed on. Susan Lutestring had been for two months established at the Hornet, and was still unenlightened as to the mysterious malady of her master. Passing some hours daily at work in her mistress's room, his voice had become almost as familiar to her as his mother's, with whom, when not disposed for study or music, he laughed and chattered incessantly. There was no trace of suffering in those clear accents. He played and sang the merriest airs. He moved about his large, luxurious room with perfect freedom, as one in health, nay, there was one occasion on which Susan was prepared to make oath, if required, that she heard him waltzing with a chair, and finishing up with some gymnastic performance, to which his mother at length put an authoritative end. That he ate and drank in the satisfactory manner characterized by Mrs. Martin as "like a good un," none who saw the amount of viands carried in, and not brought out again, by Lufra, the deaf and dumb page, would presume to doubt. This youth was Susan's great aversion. She could not divest herself of an odd sort of resentment that the little wretch should be in full possession of the secret she was longing in vain to know. In vain, as it seemed, for her mistress's health had improved of late, and the need of her assistance appeared further off than ever.

At length, one night Susan's eyes rested on her master. She had had occasion, very late, to revisit the sitting-room below, and while passing through the corridor to regain her room, saw him come forth in his rich, thickly quilted walking-dress, and noiseless slippers. Hardly knowing what to do, Susan shrank back into a recess close at hand and remained unnoticed.

Her master walked with a measured, manly step, his head slightly bent, and covered with a hood which concealed his features from a side view. Each hand was thrust into the ample opposite sleeve. He must have been little, if anything, short of six feet in height; and, so far as the thick robe permitted it to be surmised, of a finely-moulded person.

"It!" ejaculated Susan, as she gained her room, and noiselessly closed the door.

Fate willed that she should have a still better chance, and that within a day or two.

Being alone with her mistress, one morning, the latter was summoned to a visitor. Susan was still busied about the room, when her master's voice pronounced her name.

"Sir," said Susan, startled.

"Come in, Susan," was the quiet rejoinder.

So the moment had arrived. Despite her natural firmness, the girl's heart gave a throb, as she stepped towards the door, just ajar. What was she about to see?

It was not easy, at first, to distinguish anything, the shutters being partially closed, and the spacious chamber being otherwise darkened with heavy curtains. The bed itself, an imposing structure, that might have accommodated Og, spread a mighty canopy across two thirds of the breadth of the luxurious apartment, yet left abundant space for the tables, couches, cabinets, book and music stands; besides a thousand etceteras bearing silent witness to the refined taste and intellectual culture of its recluse inhabitant.

The latter, folded in his brocaded gown, reclined upon a deep couch that filled up a recess in the window.

"Come in! come in!" he repeated, laughing merrily, as he caught sight of Susan's appalled look in a hand-mirror with which he had been playing. "The tiger's quite tame—he never bites. Besides, you can leave the door well open, Susan, so as to make the better bolt of it, should your fears get the better of you, when you see"—

He glanced round at her, but with so quick a movement that she got no glimpse of his face.

"You stand it very well. You'll do," continued the young man, in a satisfied tone. "A little nearer, if you please, Miss Lutestring. Put yourself in that comfortable chair—a little behind me—so, where I secure the unfair advantage of seeing you, myself unseen, and oblige me with a few items of Grandchester gossip, from the paper beside you."

Susan obeyed. But the selections she made did not seem greatly to interest her listener. It was manifest, however, that he was watching her intently, all the time, in his mirror, holding it in such a manner as to keep his own face invisible to his companion. Presently, either in absence or from accident, he changed the position of the glass for a moment, and Susan, glancing up at the same instant, saw the reflection of his brow and eyes. She had barely time to observe that these latter were large, and glowing with a singular lustre, when her master, with a movement of impatience, bade her proceed.

Susan read:—

"To those who take interest in the contemplation of the more eccentric forms of nature, we are in a position to promise an unprecedented treat. The uncertainty attendant upon the best concerted schemes forbids us to do more than recall to the recollection of our readers the mysterious announcement that has, for the last few days, invested all the dead, and a few of the living walls in Grandchester with an unusual interest. '*It is coming*'—that is all. But it has been enough, as the poet writes, 'to haunt, to startle, and waylay.' What is coming? whence? and why? Is it an earthquake? a famine? a tidal wave? a revolution? Let us be composed. No need to put our houses in order, otherwise than may be consistent with giving the entire establishment a holiday, with permission to visit the most extraordinary existing phenomenon of the present age. '*It is coming*'—steadily, but surely coming. Yet one short week, and we shall be enabled to proclaim—'Hasten to Dwarfinch's. *It is come!*'"

"Ah! to Dwarfinch's!" repeated Mountjoy. "I'm glad something is coming to the poor devil! Why, it's months—absolutely months—since there was the glimmer of a lamp about that old shop! They say he has a wife and five children, and nothing to keep them on, except the occasional letting of that horrible old edifice, which was once, my mother declares, a mad-house, and still"—he added, with a short, but not unfeeling laugh—"retains one lunatic—the man who took it! Ah! here's my mother. Thanks, Miss Lutestring, I need detain you no longer."

Susan went to her room.

While standing at the window, her eyes thoughtfully resting upon the drear assembly-rooms, she became conscious of an unwonted movement in front of that building. Workmen were arriving—carpenters and plasterers,—ladders were reared against the massive walls, gas-fittings

sprouted forth, mighty posters unrolled themselves, and an enormous object, seemingly a transparency, but as yet shrouded from the public gaze, was slowly hoisted to the very centre of the structure, just above the principal door. A small, nervous-looking man, in very seedy attire, but having the air of belonging to a better class, fidgeted about among the workmen, and seemed to point out to two pretty and neatly-clad children, who clung to him on either hand, the wonderful metamorphosis in progress. This was Mr. Dwarfinch, the proprietor.

So much was Susan interested in what was before her, that she was only roused by the pleasant voice of the old housekeeper at her elbow.

"Well, I'm glad to see this!" said Mrs. Martin. "Poor things, they wanted a fillip of some sort. The last thing was a horriery and lectur,' which didn't pay, for some boys stole the sun, and Mars and Saturn being at the pewterer's, the heavens was thin. I wonder what's coming now?"

In the intervals of conjecture, Mrs. Martin made Susan acquainted with the received history of "Dwarfinch's."

Mr. D., a gentleman by birth, and a graduate of Cambridge, had, in early manhood, been induced to take part in some private theatricals. Such unfortunate good fortune attended his first performance, that the poor gentleman imagined himself an actor on the spot. Abandoning all other views, he embraced the professional stage, failed signally, sank from grade to grade, was unable to obtain an engagement even for the humblest line of parts, wandered aimlessly about, and was ultimately directed by his evil star to Grandchester, the old assembly-rooms of which were at that moment sadly in want of a lessee.

"A bank-note, sir! A bank-note!" asserted the agent. "Mints of money to be made there. Rent, a flea-bite. Repairs might be reckoned on your thumb-nail. What do you say?"

Mr. Dwarfinch, with some misgiving, glanced mechanically at his thumb-nail. He did, however, take the rooms, and, for the first year, not only covered his expenses, but contrived to make a decent living. Encouraged by this the misguided man disappeared for a few days, and returned with a wife, a pretty and interesting woman, who, within the next five years, with the help of twins, managed to surround her embarrassed lord with five little pledges of their mutual love.

Alas! as expenses increased, income diminished. Some new public rooms were opened in a better situation. Their lessee had money as well as enterprise. "Dwarfinch's," despite the respect in which the manager was held, and the sympathy felt by many, in his manly struggles, fell into more and more disfavor, until, as Mountjoy had said, it was with extreme difficulty poor Dwarfinch could provide fitting food and raiment for the wife and children he idolized.

Now and again the desolate pile glimmered with a momentary brightness. A meeting, a cheap concert, a lecture, a charity dinner, might put ten or fifteen pounds into the pocket of the starving family, but this was nothing to their needs, and affairs of late had looked gloomy in the extreme.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Martin, who had scraped acquaintance with Mrs. Dwarfinch, with the object of administering fillips, in the shape of marmalade and raspberry-tarts, to the pretty children, heartily rejoiced to see the spirited preparations now in progress, for what was evidently intended to be a desperate fling at fortune.

An offer of four pounds, light and waiting included, from an itinerant conjuror, had been the straw that broke the camel's back.

"I'll stand this no longer!" exclaimed the outraged proprietor, starting up in a rage, and flinging the conjuror's letter into the grate. "Alice, we must do something—must go in for, for—something. A man or a mouse, my dear! We have just twenty-five pounds left in the world. In it shall go."

"In what, my dear?" asked his wife, with a somewhat wan and hopeless smile.

"Anything!" was the reckless rejoinder. "Cat-show; baby-show; lion; gladiators; Blondin! I'll have the posters out this very day!"

"Letter, pa," cried Miss Alice Dwarfinch, skipping into the room, and handing him a note, which appeared to have been sealed with marmalade.

Mr. Dwarfinch tore it open, read, and sank back into his chair, pale with emotion.

"The very thing, my love; it's like a— a summons! It's like a providence! My benefactor! Restorer of my fortunes!" he continued, walking about in ecstacy, and waving the letter over his head. "Blessings on your name!"

"What is his name?" asked his wife, fully roused.

"His name," replied Mr. Dwarfinch, growing more composed, "is Tippeny. He is, without exception, the greatest marvel of the age, yet, with the modesty of true genius, this great, this gifted man, will present himself to the public, at these rooms, on being guaranteed twenty pounds."

"Twenty pounds!" ejaculated his wife, faintly.

"Twenty!" repeated Mr. Dwarfinch, firmly. "My love, I know what I am about. Ask no questions. To work—to work!"

Mrs. Dwarfinch, whose faith in her spouse's judgment held out against all his ill-luck, was quite content to ask no questions. He himself went "to work" with all the zeal and intrepidity of a man who feels that fortune is at last really coming to his call, and must be welcomed with all the honors due to a long-absent guest. He papered Grandchester from end to end. He engaged whole columns of the local journals. He sent forth processions, with boards and handbills. All announcements were confined to the three warning words, "It is coming," and it was only when public curiosity had been stimulated to the utmost, that "Dwarfinch's" was at length superadded, as the scene of "It's" appearance.

It was on the day succeeding Susan's first interview with her master, that the huge transparency in front of Dwarfinch's was solemnly unveiled, and revealed the tremendous secret.

There appeared the semblance of an enormous skeleton, at least twelve feet high.

Dressed it certainly was, but the close-fitting "shape"—of yellowish white, judiciously chosen, as being the nearest approach to bone—revealed the minutest articulation in every joint and limb. The scanty doublet was of a darker hue, but—as if the tailor had shrunk from the task of adapting any outer garment to the fearful angle of those projecting hips—holes had been provided, through which these joints seemed to force their way. The countenance of this spectral monster was lit up with a ghastly grin, intended, as afterwards appeared, to symbolize the gay and genial temperament belonging to the individual who had thus been permitted, through some caprice of nature, to shake off the burden of the flesh, without parting with his bones. New posters, unfolding themselves in every direction, proclaimed that Mr. Edward Tippeny—the celebrated Living Skeleton, the Wonder of the Age—was about to present himself at Dwarfinch's; and a bill, larger than any yet issued, confidently announced, "IT IS HERE!"

It really seemed that fortune designed to compensate poor Dwarfinch for the many scurvy tricks she had played him. Grandchester happened to be greatly in want of a public sensation of some sort. The militia, at this moment embodied, helped to flood the streets at evening with groups of idlers. A large party of seamen, just paid off from a ship of war, had come up the country on a spree. Any exhibition, of decent attraction, would probably have done good business for a night or two. How much more, then, the mighty Skeleton, the Wonder of the Age? At all events the thing took, to a degree unparalleled in the annals of the ancient city. Two days before that fixed for "It's" appearance (the bills persisted in so describing Mr. Tippeny) every seat in the vast assembly-room was engaged, and this at prices double those demanded for any previous entertainment on record.

Long before the hour of opening, so dense was the multitude around the doors, that the police on duty with difficulty made way for the carriages to set down. As for pit and gallery, such was the rush that not one half of those who sought admission were lucky enough to pass the threshold.

Before recounting what followed on that eventful day, we must return for a moment to the Hornet.

As if—the ice once broken—young Mountjoy found solace in the presence of his new companion, Susan found herself summoned to his room every day. This was indeed the more necessary, as his mother had been indisposed for a day or two, and, on the evening on which we revisit the Hornet, had not quitted her bed at all.

Susan had read herself almost hoarse, her master being apparently disinclined to do anything but listen to her musical tones, and gaze intently into the mirror which seldom left his hand. He had grown more careless in handling it. Again and again Susan caught sight of those large, earnest, glittering eyes, and, moreover, knew—or rather felt—that they were perpetually fixed on hers. To read their expression was impossible, and the rest of his features remained too cautiously veiled to offer any interpretation.

The proceedings at Dwarfinch's had seemed to interest him in a remarkable degree. After the uncovering of the transparency, he had remained at the window as if fascinated by the grisly, grinning monster, and had even directed that some branches of one of the trees in the carriage sweep that intercepted his view should be lopped away. Whatever might be his own affliction, it had manifestly softened his heart towards the misfortunes of another, but he could hardly forgive poor Mr. Tippeny for making himself a public show.

"The miserable beggar," he growled. "And as if it was not enough to be poked, and prodded, and snapped, and rattled, at sixpence a head, he must—hand me the fellow's bill, my dear—yes, perform a fantasia on the violin, sing a barcarole to the cithern, dance a saraband, and—hallo! there seems to be a row!" And, throwing the hood over his face, the young man leaned eagerly from the window.

Although, by this time, the assembly-room must have been packed from floor to ceiling, the crowd without seemed quite undiminished, and, if anything, more excited than before. Something was evidently amiss. People stood in the doorway gesticulating violently, in futile endeavors to make themselves heard. The roar of an angry or impatient audience within could at times be distinguished above the noise without. Poor Mr. Dwarfinch, with a scared and anxious face, could be seen at intervals flitting or struggling among the crowd, as seeking to preserve peace and order. But the tumult only increased.

"I must know what this means," exclaimed Mountjoy, drawing in. "Send, Susan—send and inquire."

Seeing the gardener in the road below, Susan questioned him from the window, and was able to bear back word to her master that the riot, for such it was become, was caused by the non-appearance of the skeleton, who should have made his long-promised bow to the expectant multitude at least half an hour before.

Whether the public had lost faith in Dwarfinch's, or whether disappointed applicants had set the rumor afloat, could not be known, but a belief was certainly rife that the whole affair was a swindle, the unexampled prices demanded for tickets tending greatly to the strengthening of this suspicion. The crowd within hooted, roared, demanded their money back, and even threatened damage to the rooms. The crowd without laughed and jeered, and howled for the manager, but when they had him would not let him speak.

Suddenly a carriage was seen slowly working its way through the throng. Shouts were heard. "It's coming." "Here 'tis, at last." "Tippeny. Tippeny." "Hooray for the skelinton," bellowed the crowd.

Dwarfinch breathed again, as the coach drew up, and hurried forward to welcome the Wonder of the Age.

"Thank goodness you are come! But why so late? The

people are half mad," he gasped. "Quick, quick, my dear fellow. Take my arm."

The skeleton did not immediately respond. Without moving from his seat, he bent forward a great, bewildered-looking face, in form and substance not unlike an ordinary man's, then beckoned Mr. Dwarfinch to come closer.

The latter obeyed, when the Wonder of the Age, placing two groups of bones, intended for hands, on his friend's shrinking shoulders, uttered these words:—

"I shay—ole fell—lesh—lesh make—night of it." And fell forward upon the manager's breast, an inert mass of bone.

There was no mistake about it. Strange and weird as was the effect produced by the unexpected phenomenon, the skeleton was, beyond all question, helplessly drunk.

Overcome as he was by this crowning misfortune, and staggering under the superincumbent skeleton, Dwarfinch was roused to action by an alarm that the audience within had begun to pelt the lights, as prelude to a general row.

"My wife. My children," gasped the poor man. "Get off, you drunken beggar. That a thing like you should presume to—"

"We won't," murmured the skeleton, "we—won't—gohometillmor—for he's a sholly good"—

"Take that—and be hanged to you," roared the infuriated manager, and dealing a blow that made Mr. Tippeny's strongly-accented ribs rattle like castanets, he sent him fairly back into the carriage. "My wife. My children," he repeated, wildly, as a furious roar echoed from within.

"Here we are, dear," said his wife's voice, close beside him. She had wrapped herself in her cloak, and, carrying the baby, and gathering the rest around, had tried to escape from the scene of disturbance. Unluckily, she had been recognized, and pointed out to the mob, eager for some new incident.

"It's his family, collaring the cash," bellowed some ruffian, in the press. "She's bolting, with the till under her cloak. Return the money. Ah-h-h-h!"

"It's the baby," roared poor Dwarfinch.

But there is no saying what might have followed, had not some half-dozen stout fellows, grooms and gardeners, acting well together, forced their way through the crowd, and reached the carriage. To learn the origin of this timely succor, we must pay a hasty visit to the Hornet.

Young Mountjoy, who, as we have mentioned, watched with unflagging interest what was passing below, had, through the instrumentality of Susan, established a kind of series of lookouts, composed of all the out-door male attendants of the establishment. By means of these, he had received full information regarding the progress of events, the non-appearance of the skeleton, the impatience and suspicion of the audience, the tardy arrival at length of the Wonder of the Age, and its unpromising condition, even the attempt and failure of poor frightened Mrs. Dwarfinch to effect her escape from the tumultuous scene.

The young man's own observation convinced him that the bearing of the mob, incensed by certain personal remarks, not of the choicest kind, directed at them by the tipsy skeleton, was becoming more and more truculent, and a glimpse of the poor woman cowering beside her husband, yet evidently more alarmed on his account than her own, brought him to a sudden resolution. He directed that his lookouts should assemble, make a simultaneous charge into the throng, and bring the whole thing, carriage, skeleton, Dwarfinches, and all, safely within the Hornet's gates.

The attempt succeeded. In spite of yells, hisses, and some resistance, the carriage not only made good its own retreat, but cleared a path for the fugitive family. The gates were closed and barred, and all was well.

"Thank Heaven!" said Mountjoy, as he sank down on his couch, wearied with the excitement, "the poor woman is safe! Go down, Susan, and tell Mrs. Martin to look after the family, and fillip them all round! Pitch the skeleton into the stable, with some sacks and straw."

Susan, who had found the Dwarfinches in the hall, al-

ready in the act of being filleted, returned almost immediately.

"Mrs. Dwarfinch, sir, tenders her most grateful — sir!"

She had stopped suddenly, for her master, in deep agitation, was leaning against the wall, one hand still holding the hood to his face, the other pressed to his side.

"The woman, the woman," he gasped. "The voice! It reached me, at the door. Girl, did you see — her eyes?"

"Yes, sir, blue," answered Susan, hurriedly.

"I knew it!" Mountjoy exclaimed. "Something warned me that — that I was protecting — her! But there's more to do — much more. Listen! They'll tear the place down, before I — Now, Susan, be prompt and obedient. Much depends on you. Send Dwarfinch up to my door."

The manager appeared in an instant.

"Dwarfinch," said young Mountjoy, speaking through the half-open door, "you are pledged to produce this skeleton to-night, and instantly."

"Alas, sir," began the poor manager.

"You shall keep your word."

"Sir, the fellow's as drunk!" —

"I will sober him within five minutes. Whatever his condition, let him be brought up to my dressing-room, then every one retire but Lufra, my page."

"Anything more, sir?" asked Dwarfinch, his hopes reviving, he scarce knew why.

"Yes. Issue an announcement that the performance will commence within ten minutes. That Mr. Tippetny will then go through the whole programme assigned for him, with additions which, it is hoped, will make up for this unavoidable delay. Away with you. And keep a passage clear for the skeleton to cross."

Dwarfinch vanished on his errand. Next moment, the skeleton was being borne up-stairs, cursing and singing by turns. What passed in the dressing-room, nobody but Lufra knew. The skeleton, however, ceased to swear or sing. Sounds of quick but ordered movement were heard, and, to the amazement of all, within the time allotted, the door, flying open, disclosed the Living Skeleton, sober, dressed, violin in hand, and muffled for the passage, from head to foot, in Mountjoy's broadcated dressing-robe!

The temper of a British mob is acknowledged to be fickle. Perhaps the assurance that glowed aloft, telling of the skeleton's imminent appearance, flattered them, as with a victory won. At all events, when Mr. Tippetny was actually seen being escorted across the road, perfectly himself, and with a stride that lacked neither manhood nor dignity, he was greeted with deafening cheers, to be re-echoed, with even greater heartiness, when, at length, he stepped upon the stage.

Apart from his amazing emaciation, there was nothing about this Wonder of the Age to distinguish him from a tall and well-formed man. He possessed flexible, animated features, and a forehead indicative of capacity. His thin limbs were straight and beautifully formed, and every movement was marked with ease and power.

After a brief and graceful apologetic address, he entered into conversation with those nearest the stage, and charmed every one with his gentle and pleasing manners. His performance on the violin was worthy of any living professor. His vocal effort was thrice encored. His saraband was grace and vivacity, so to express it, ossified. In a word, he achieved a triumph unparalleled in Grandchester. As if not content with this, he made an appeal to the audience, on behalf of the hitherto unlucky manager, which so touched the hearts of the well-to-do, that a testimonial of nearly one hundred pounds was subscribed for on the spot. In addition to this, Mr. Dwarfinch, after paying all expenses, realized two hundred and twenty pounds.

But the accomplished skeleton was never more seen in Grandchester. He departed at an early hour next morning. It is odd that the groom who, under Lufra's direction, drove Mr. Tippetny to the next station, reported that he did not seem even then to have recovered from the overnight's excesses, and apparently had no recollection of having kept the Grandchester public in a state of speech-

less delight for two mortal hours. But he was a stupid fellow, at times, this skeleton.

Young Mountjoy was very quiet, and rather melancholy for some weeks succeeding that busy evening. Susan was constantly with him, reading, or writing to his dictation. All this time she never saw his face, only the high, square brows, and lustrous brown eyes; but even in these she was conscious of a change, difficult to define, but still a change.

One day he suddenly took a fancy to weigh himself, an operation he had not, as he remarked, performed for some months. The machine stood ready in his room. The color rose to his brow as he stepped down.

"I could not have thought it!" he muttered. "I have gained thirteen pounds."

From that day he weighed himself once a week, the result always seeming to afford him great satisfaction. Susan knew that he must be increasing rapidly in size, and began to be seriously alarmed on the score of his health, especially as, the fatter he grew, the more he ate, and the more nourishing and succulent were the meats he chose.

Mrs. Mountjoy's health had much declined of late, and she rarely quitted her bedroom. Thus Susan felt her responsibility increased, and she heartily longed for an opportunity to warn her imprudent young master of the morbid condition of obesity into which his love of eating was rapidly hurrying him.

There came a day on which Mountjoy, after duly weighing, cheerfully proclaimed that he had gained no less than three stone, and was increasing day by day.

Susan could bear it no longer. She began to cry, and, on the astonished young man pressing for the reason, confessed that she could not see him kill himself under her very eyes, without entering what respectful protest she might.

Her master burst into uncontrollable laughter, and, on recovering his breath, asked her if she would like to see him a second Tippetny.

Susan disclaimed this, but submitted that, between a Tippetny and a Lambert, there was a neutral ground more desirable than either.

"That is precisely the spot at which I aim!" said Mountjoy, as he quietly rose up, and stood before her; "and nearing it so fast, why should I dissemble any longer? See what I am" (he threw back his heavy gown, and showed a tall, manly figure, emaciated, indeed, but sufficiently covered with healthy, growing flesh), "and then imagine what I was, when — ah, you guess it! — when I assumed the dress and part of the tipsy skeleton, and saved the credit and fortune of poor Dwarfinch, and his wife, once the object of my love! Susan, I said 'once.' For now I have another and fitter love, and for her I have been striving to render less revolting this meagre, nay, once almost spectral form. Susan, your presence has helped me to life, and strength, and peace. Confirm these blessings to me. Be my wife?"

The young Grahame Mountjoys are among our most cherished acquaintance, Susan's violet eyes forming an agreeable contrast to my wife's, which are brown.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.¹

WE once heard a lady — in her day a distinguished letter-writer — tell how, some fifty years ago, paying a visit in her school-girl days, she came upon a copy of "Sir Charles Grandison," at that time considered as much a book of the past as it is now. She began to read, and, becoming absorbed in the trials of the heroine, sat in her chamber entranced and unconscious of the flying hours — of the clock striking twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock — till down upon the page containing the elaborately-led-up-to crisis alighted a sprawling and prodigious spider, seeming to cover the whole area. The shock and jar upon her excited nerves was too much; that night she

¹ *Sir Charles Grandison*. A New and Abridged Edition, by Mary Howitt. London: Routledge & Sons. 1878.

read no more, but retreated shuddering and shivering to bed, leaving the *dénouement* for the morrow. In such reading the spirit of an author is caught unconsciously; it developed in this case a narrative style of letter-writing, so easy and graphic, so welcome to the family circle, that those who recall it feel that society pays a real price for the substantial conveniences of our present system of postage which has knocked such letter-writing on the head. Not that under any circumstances a revival of Richardson could influence style now. We have drifted too far from his mode both of viewing and telling things. His works are interesting as a study to the critic, and can still awaken enthusiasm in intelligent readers living in abundant leisure and scarcity of books, like those residents at the Hills one hot season to whom Macaulay introduced "*Clarissa*;" but it is hopeless to expect the novel-reader proper to throw himself nowadays into "*Sir Charles Grandison*" as he once did. And if we say this of the complete work, what shall we say of the abridgment? An abridgment of a novel!

If Dialogues of the Dead were in fashion, Richardson and Mlle. de Scudéry might be set to discuss the comparative degrees of regret or torture which the shade of an author feels under posterity's utter neglect or slashing abridgment. They would be in a condition to decide whether it is least endurable to die with the century in which your works have played their part, or to see them reproduced in the form of an abstract; your choicest and most characteristic passages struck out as immaterial to the story, the bare comings and goings of the personages connected by a preposition or a conjunction, or a brief sentence of modern structure and wording. It is bad enough to be forgotten, but we own that our heart bleeds for Richardson under some of the omissions we find in the present volume. We have no objection to passages and scenes being selected from unmanageably prolix works of a past date; but let those scenes stand as the author wrote them. A work of imagination cut and docked at every turn,—we speak of certain early scenes which we have compared,—every page and every sentence subject to excision, at the will of the operator, cannot come to good. The spirit of abridgment gets the better of every other consideration. It is not in nature to choose with discretion. Assume that the story must be told, what is left for elimination but the details, and what is a novel that is worth reading at all without its details?

With all respect for Mrs. Howitt, there are occasions when we cannot believe that she is an admirer of Richardson, or that her girlhood was ever under his spell. Sometimes it seems as if she had made her first acquaintance with him pen in hand, prompt to strike out every superfluous sentence; in policeman-fashion nudging each character in turn to move on. It is vain to attempt to read Richardson in a hurry, to get an idea of him at the speed at which people now rush through novels. The readers and master writers of an age understand one another. He knew that people would not grudge him their time, as he did not grudge them his almost painful elaboration. A broad, carefully laid foundation being one of his methods, one felt more like living with his characters (as we judge by contemporary comments) than reading of them. People got acquainted with them by degrees. This relation cannot be revived. It is no such great matter; it is by no means essential that the present generation should read "*Sir Charles Grandison*." Only let them not think they are reading him to advantage in reading an abridgment, where the terrors and passion of the heroine in her extremity, and the vivacity of Charlotte Grandison, are stunted watch in hand, and measured out by the space they take up in the page.

All who know anything of the story will recall the circumstances under which hero and heroine meet, and how he rescues her from a compulsory marriage. The whole narrative of the abduction is given with uncommon life and truth. The scenes are in the author's most animated manner, nor is there anything to offend a scrupulous taste. He has the distinctest idea of every actor. All move and en-

ergize before him—snuffing parson, insolent lover, determined heroine. Considering the circumstances, and that they were quite within the bounds of probability when he wrote, Richardson ought to be allowed his own pace; yet even here the niceties of truth are sacrificed to despatch. It is not a question of shortening a prosy discussion of any of the points of prudence or morality with which the work abounds; it is the essence of the story, the quality that makes it memorable as a fiction, which is thus handled. It is not doing justice to a scene to give only its climax. But, as an instance of the method of abridgment, we quote one original passage which is abbreviated in the copy before us into five lines. Perhaps the part which precedes the appearance of the hero is regarded as merely introductory and to be made short work of, but it is one of the most effective points of the story. In escaping from Sir Hargrave the heroine gets caught in the doorway:—

The wretch in shutting the women out squeezed me dreadfully as I was half in, half out, and my nose gushed out with blood. I screamed; he seemed frightened; but instantly recovering myself, "So, so, you have done your worst! you have killed me, I hope." I was out of breath, my stomach was very much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the mark still; for he clapt to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the doorway.

I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair. "So, so you have killed me, I hope—well now I hope—I hope you are satisfied; now may you moan over the poor creature you have destroyed;" for he expressed great tenderness and consternation; and I for my part felt such pains in my bosom that, never having felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death; repeating my foolish "So, so, but I forgive you," said I, "only sir, call to the gentlewoman, sir. Retire, sir. Let me have my own sex only about me." My head swam; my eyes failed me, and I fainted quite away.

In the abridged version of this passage poor Harriet is not allowed to say a word for herself. All is compressed into "I talked half wildly." And yet we think she expresses herself not unnaturally for a pious but indignant beauty, and prettily too. It is probably a scruple of propriety which leaves the reader to suppose that a bruise in the arm made her nose bleed, while the exigencies of curtailment cut out the especially Richardsonian trait which follows, when the villain, panic-struck and really thinking her dying, secures the bloody handkerchief and thrusts it into the fire. "If she did not recover, that should not appear against him." The passion of Richardson's bad men never carries them beyond the predominance of egotism and selfishness.

Nor, considering how very much of real dull reading is left behind,—the sort of discussion which the reader alike skips in the original and the abridged editions,—can we understand the principle which strikes out Charlotte Grandison's views on the sort of husband for a superior woman. A certain Lord D. has been proposed to Miss Byron, who, having once seen the "*Man of men*," is more than indifferent to all others. Her friend proffers her advice:—

Well, but now I will tell you, without punishing your curiosity further, what Lord D.'s character is. He is as sober a man as most of the young nobility. His fortune is great. In sense he neither abounds nor is wanting; and that class of men, take my word for it, are the best qualified of all others to make good husbands to women of superior talents. They know just enough to admire in her what they have not in themselves. If a woman has prudence enough to give consequence to such a one before folks, and will behave as if she thought him her superior in understanding, she will be able to make her own will a law to him; by the way of "*I will, shall I?*"—or, "*If you please*, my dear, I will do—*what I think fit*." But a fool and a wit are the extreme points and equally unmanageable, and now tell me, Harriet what can be your motive for refusing such a man as this?

HARRIET.—I wish, my dear, you would not talk to me of these men. I am sick of them all. Sir Hargrave has cured me—

MISS G.—You fib, my dear; but did you ever see Lord D.?

HARRIET.—No, indeed.

All this is condensed into "while we were thus talking," along with a good deal of flutterings and palpitations and heart analysis, which to the abridger might well seem superfluous. But if "Sir Charles Grandison" is not a love story, it is nothing readable. The interest lies in the love, often the despairing love, of two heroines, who only represent the enthusiasm of the sex for a good man when they see him set off with all the attraction of circumstances, of person, mind, and character, and that "air of vivacity and intrepidity," that intelligence, "than which a sunbeam is not more penetrating."

No reader, masculine or feminine, is in love with Sir Charles — that must, we think, have been always out of the question; but the passion which animates the performers in the scene is delineated with knowledge and insight into the female heart. It was the one speciality on which Richardson piqued himself — his great qualification for his work, his life-long study. At thirteen years old he was, he tells us, the confidant of all the superior young women of his acquaintance; he wrote their letters for them, understood when anger was feigned, and the chider or repulser was overflowing with affection and only dreading to be taken at her word, and could satisfy the requirements of tenderness which could not tell him what to write, but (her heart on her lips) "you cannot write too kindly." We have not Richardson, therefore, if too short work is made of the trepidations, hopes, fears, suspense, pique, fretfulness, devotion, and perpetual struggles and self-questionings of the virtuous female bosom torn between self-respect and passion founded on esteem.

No abridgment can mend the manners of the book; rather it brings out more prominently their formality, the bowings, parading, and endless civilities. This defect, due in part to want of acquaintance with the fashionable world in which he placed his characters, was one ground for the violent irritation which Horace Walpole shows against Richardson — an irritation which culminates when he finds the Paris world full of his praises, and supplementing their own dulness (as compared to old times) with that of the popular English novelist whose fame he cannot get away from. But even Richardson's warmest admirers have to make allowances on this score. Mrs. Delany accounts for the want of fine breeding by his having taken a bad model. "Don commends Miss Mulso's (afterwards Mrs. Chapone) letters, but she does not so well like the young woman; that is, she admires her sense and ingenuity, but thinks her only *second rate* as to *politeness of manners*, and that Richardson's high admiration of her has made him take her as a model for his genteel characters; and that is the reason they are not so really polished as he thinks them to be."

We are not sure, however, that these questionable high-polite manners which never could have existed among human beings, do not help Richardson's characters to that permanent niche in our memory which they undoubtedly hold when an acquaintance with them is formed under the requisite conditions. Whatever else they are, they are realities with the author. If the reader starts with sympathies in accord with him, and patience to follow his lead, he can no more forget Sir Charles, or Sir Hargrave, or Uncle Selby, or the revered grandmamma, or Harriet, or Lady G., than he can his own uncles, and aunts, and cousins, however keenly alive he may be to their imperfections. The story is not so powerful as "Clarissa," but its characters have the same limpet grasp. But these necessary conditions grow rarer as the years pass by. The book-shelves to which boys and girls have access cease to hold original ten-volume editions, or chance numbers of the *Novelist's Magazine*, clothed in that forbidding brown leather in which George Eliot invests the Sunday books of the last century, "which always opened at one place," but which, once opened on "Sir Charles Grandison," by a sufficiently large and patient curiosity, discovered a new and quaint world where romance and formality, violent wrong and fastidious scruple, seemed to divide life between them. The inroad of new stories and cheap literature with smart outsides, elbows these venerable relics out of their snug and

secret corners. They have had their day of popularity, and external resemblance to their newer rivals will scarcely bring it back again. And yet the thanks of the public are due to the publisher for his attempt. If we quarrel with abridgments, we admit the impossibility of reproducing the entire work, and the almost equal impossibility of satisfying our taste and judgment in the execution of a task at once delicate, difficult, and irksome; and we must admit, also, that many a scene as it is left by the operation is abundantly long enough, and leaves nothing to be desired. The world has not room for large relics; it is only gems which fill a little space that last from age to age. Colossal labors of all kinds but the very highest have to give place to newer feats of giant enterprise; their authors must be contented, if they would be known to posterity at all, to be represented incomplete, and by specimens more or less fragmentary.

FOREIGN NOTES.

PARIS is complaining of too much rain.

A NEW tale by Miss Braddon is to be published simultaneously in eight provincial papers.

A SARCASTIC English paper says that France (so fond is she of literary relics) boasts of having two skulls of Voltaire!

THE waiters of the Paris restaurants sell the cherry stones after dessert for half a franc the pound; they are broken and boiled to make the liqueur, kirsch.

A PICTURE by Leonardo da Vinci, representing the daughters of Lot and the burning of Sodom, has been brought to light at Saint Lizier, Ariège, France. It bears the painter's name.

A LONDON literary critic says: "A Pair of Blue Eyes," by Thomas Hardy, is a decided acquisition to light literature." We take this critic to be one of those gentlemen who are amusing only when they don't know it.

GUSTAVE DORÉ has just forwarded to a charitable lottery in Paris a water-color drawing of surpassing excellence. It represents a scene in the siege of Paris, and a Sister of Mercy carries a child in her arms out of the reach of the Prussian guns.

ONE of the oldest inmates of the Hôtel des Invalides, at Paris, Antoine Farroux, died the other day, at the age of eighty-five. He had been engaged in all the campaigns of the First Empire. By his decease the number of resident invalids from the Grande Armée is reduced to fifteen.

INTERESTING discoveries have been made at Rochester Cathedral, including portions of the first cathedral, erected in the year 604, encaustic tiles covered with rude figures, and two leaden coffins, one of which is supposed to contain the remains of Ithamar, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 655.

MME. RISTORI has been playing in "Medea" in London with great success. Curiously enough, the original of this work was composed for Mme. Ristori's rival, Mlle. Rachel. The French tragédienne refused to act it, however, and it was translated by the poet Montelli for the benefit of the Italian actress.

QUEEN VICTORIA sent Lady Smith, of Lowestoft, a copy of "Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," in commemoration of her 100th birthday. The fly-leaf contains the following in the Queen's hand-writing: "To Lady Smith, on her 100th birthday, from Victoria R., Balmoral, 1873." Lady Smith was able to write her reply to the Queen.

ONE would imagine that the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* had travelled in America. He says: "It is surprising how many persons there are still laboring under the delusion that a railway company is bound to allow its passengers reasonable facilities for getting out of their carriages. One would have thought that a series of adverse decisions in the law courts would have convinced railway travellers that those who contract to carry them safely to their destination may set them down anywhere they please — on a steep embankment, on a heap of stones, in a river, or on any other spot, in fact, which the railway officials may select in preference to the platforms."

A MODERN invention which persons are trying to modify or to suppress in most of the newly built houses of Paris is that of electric bells, upon the dial of which is indicated the particu-

lar servant whose attendance is required. A lady who inhabits a house which is favored with this new arrangement told a Paris correspondent the other day that when she rings the whole body of servants rush off to the hall to examine the dial, and to ascertain which of them it is who is summoned, and that this process, repeated many times a day, causes such a derangement of the business of the house that she intends to revert to the old plan of summoning her servants by an understood number of ringings.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "London is the paradise of idlers. If there had been a deliberate intention of enabling the largest possible number of people to live without working, it could not have been better arranged. The doles at the doors of convents, which pauperized the pre-Reformation era, were a trifle compared with the gratuitous distribution of food at the 'missions' in various parts of London. The lapsed, demoralized multitude which dragged down heathen Rome has been reproduced on a much larger scale in Christian London. So it must always be when the great law of our nature — that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow — is suspended."

A VERY small actor in a Parisian theatre lately achieved a great success by very simple means. In a piece entitled "Aristophanes," now being played at the Chateau d'Eu, a little boy, almost a baby, appears on the stage for a short time. This performer had his admirers among the public, one of whom the other day expressed her approval of the tiny actor by throwing, not a bouquet, but a packet of bonbons, at his feet. The little creature, oblivious of the necessity for making responsive bows or of obeying stage directions, instantly sat down by the foot-lights and began to devour these delicacies, while the curtain falling behind him left him alone with the audience, who warmly appreciated the incident.

THE *Court Journal* reports that "when a lady is presented to the Shah he first looks on the ground at her feet, then at his own feet, generally on one side and rather over his shoulder, then again at hers, and at last gradually raises his eyes to her face, when he assures her in French that he is extremely happy to have made her acquaintance. It is then the turn of the next lady, and the ceremony is repeated in the same manner, but conversation there is none. One of the gentlemen of the Court, who had watched the Shah very closely, explained this peculiarity of manner as arising from his never having been accustomed to see ladies unveiled in society, and thus feeling shy and somewhat shocked." Good ged, as Major Pendennis would say, this is misplaced modesty.

It is noteworthy, says a London paper, that despite Mr. Mill's eminence in the world of literature and the success he has had as an author, he accumulated but a small sum by the labors of his pen. His entire personal property will not exceed, if it amount to, ten thousand pounds. Considering that he was a man of simple tastes and inexpensive habits, he died much poorer than might have been expected. His step daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, inherits all his property. With an attention to business and a consideration for contingencies of the most practical kind, he executed no less than three wills, providing for the three possibilities — first, of Miss Taylor dying before him; second, of their both dying at the same time in a railway accident or through any other casualty; and third, in the event of his dying first.

THE Paris papers are amusing their readers with the Shah of Persia. His Persian Majesty travels with 30,000 kilogrammes of luggage, not including his horses, one of which, the royal charger, has his tail dyed red! The Shah makes presents of jewelry and precious stones to all the princesses he comes across. The Queen of England is to receive a necklace of brilliants worth half a million. According to the Koran, he is forbidden to tread any other soil than that trodden by Mussulmen. To remedy this little drawback, the Shah has ingeniously placed a lining of earth of his own country between the soles of his boots! He never uses a pocket-handkerchief twice, and when he has done with it he throws it away. These and other statements equally extraordinary are now going the round of the Paris press.

THE following dialogue occurred in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, between a patriarchal gentleman and his granddaughter: "What makes your hair so white, grandpapa?" inquires the maiden. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," says grandpapa, humorously, but with a reckless regard for truth which does not prepossess us in the old man's favor. "Oh," says the child, regarding her relative with a fresh interest, "are you Noah?" "No, I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?"

"No, I am not even Ham." "Then you must be Japheth," says mademoiselle, at the end of her historical tether, and growing rather impatient of the difficulty that surrounded her aged relative's identification. "No, I'm not Japheth." "Then, grandpapa, you're a beast!"

LONDON has a horned canary. It is a yellow bird, ten years old. The horns are at the base of the bill, between the respiratory orifices, and the commencement of the feather growth, and in line with the eyes and top of the bill. The first appearance was of the right one, about six months since, and it has attained what appears to be maturity, and is about 5-16ths of an inch in length. It appears to be the same kind of material as the bill, but is somewhat transparent. It has an inclination backward slightly, and curves a little outward. The other horn is of four to six months' growth, and appears to be growing. It is about 3-16ths of an inch in length. The little creature is now in good health; but for some time it looked wretchedly, and could eat but little. The bird came from Paris, and so of course its horn is a French horn.

M. COURBET, the demolisher of the Vendôme Column, is just now the centre of some interest in Paris. To begin with he has been nominated an hon. member of the Madrid Academy of Fine Arts, but as a set-off to this he has been served with a notice of action by M. Magne for recovery of damages on account of the destruction of the column, for which he is said to be civilly responsible. The reconstruction of the column has commenced. The bronze plates of the column which are at the Palace of Industry are to be repaired by M. Thiebaut, founder, of the Faubourg St. Denis, who originally cast the statue of Napoleon as a Roman Emperor. The statue will be repaired, and the little bronze statue of Victory which Napoleon the First held in his hand, and which was stolen when the column fell, will be replaced. At this moment the statue of Napoleon is in fifteen or twenty pieces, and resembles a heap of the iron. It is not, however, broken, but only unscrewed; and except for some trifling injuries which may be easily repaired, may be put in order without any great difficulty. Some fragments, however, may possibly be missing.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that among the many useful inventions of modern days, none deserves to rank higher than an ingenious little machine just invented by an American in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It is called "the business man's bore abater," and its action is simple and effectual. It consists of a button torpedo, with patent nitro-glycerine back-action attachment, that can be worn on the coat like an ordinary button, which, indeed, it resembles in appearance. When the bore seizes the "abater" it instantly explodes, shivering his hand into a million pieces, and blowing him round the corner into the next street. The inventor, it is stated, has already received orders for all he can manufacture for two years to come. A machine on the same principle, so constructed as to present the appearance of a door-handle, would be very useful to ministers of state when about to receive deputations and for domestic purposes, such as receiving applicants for charitable donations, rate collectors, and other visitors of this description. A "householder's bore abater" fixed on the front door would be an immense success.

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

THE GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER performs marvellous cures in Kidney and other kindred diseases. Read the advertisement in another column.

A SUMMER LUXURY. — The most appropriate and convenient furniture for summer "cottages by the sea," or in the country, is that of rattan. It is portable, elegant, and very desirable to one taking his ease, and upon the croquet field, in the parlor, sitting or dining room, nothing can be more comfortable. MR. CYRUS WAKEFIELD, of Boston, manufactures this class of furniture in the most luxurious styles and shapes, and we would advise all lovers of taste and refinement to visit his extensive warerooms on Canal Street before furnishing their summer retreats.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

[No. 5.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER X. AFTER THE PLAY.

THE next morning must have been very loth to enter through the yet open window in Golden Square.

The supper-table still bore its mangled load, and was stained with a hideous mixture of red blood and red wine. The furniture was thrown about in a confusion not to be accounted for by the battle of the chairs—only, as everybody knows, chairs and tables always throw themselves about without the aid of hands wherever there is human disorder. Their perverse vitality is one of the most difficult problems for housewives, and one of the most difficult speculations for students of occult sympathies. One chair indeed had been thrown over in the short scuffle, but all lay overthrown in every part of the floor, which was farther bewildered with broken glasses and empty bottles. There was never, at the most orderly of times, room for a visitor to put down a hat comfortably, as Mr. Abner had found: but now, to find so much as a place for a pair of gloves would have been hard. And above the whole *débris*, among which a pair of candles still guttered, hung a cloud composed of damp London mist and the stale smoke of the night before. No wonder the morning looked coldly and sullenly into such a villainous corner, from which the night utterly refused to be driven. Rooms have their "next mornings," even worse than those who use them.

It was a sitting-room not a bedroom: that was nothing. But it would not have served as a bedroom for a hog, much less for a man, much less for a woman. And yet it was upon the form of a girl that the eyes of Harold Vaughan first fell when he opened one of the folding doors leading from the next room: not stretched out upon the sofa, as though trying to make the best of her discomfort, but sleeping half upright, and with her bare shoulders in the full draught, as though sleep had claimed her unsought and desired.

Harold Vaughan had only seen Mlle. Leczinska on the stage: indeed the idea of an actress in any shape off the stage had never suggested itself to

him, any more than the idea of a mari-onette shut up in its box and unfastened from its wires. Though he had not confessed it to Lord Lisburn or to Carol, the number of his visits to any theatre during his solitary and unsocial student days he could have counted easily on the fingers of a single hand. He and the aimless stroller belonged not merely to two different worlds, but to two different elements: they had as little in common between them as the sylph and the gnome. His brain was clear, for he had been forced to concentrate all his faculties upon a single point for many hours, and he was no longer in a dream, but even painfully awake; so he stood and looked at this new specimen of humanity as it lay unconscious before him, as though at a mummy in a museum, or some abnormal subject brought into the dissecting-room. The sight was not in any way agreeable. The remains of rouge and pearl powder were still on her face in flakes and patches; the circles of her eyes looked bruised, and the natural complexion, seen here and there through the paint, sallow and haggard. Her hair was all tossed about and her dress out of all form, while her jewels looked like tinsel in the miserable half-light, as if turning the tables upon the tinsel that looks like jewelry on the stage.

Dr. Vaughan was far too unimaginative to be easily moved by things that his mind did not understand. He had never been in full sympathy with anybody but Harold Vaughan since his work-house days, and doubtless that was one great reason for his having been caught by the first sympathetic woman with whom it had been his fate to exchange a glance or a word. But the sight before him was enough to strike sparks out of the most flinty skull. Nobody can help thinking and speculating when brought in direct contact with those whose real lives are mock lives, and who are nothing when they are not trying to be something utterly different from themselves. Only an actor could have said in his heart that all the world is a stage, for there is an essential difference between the two things. On the stage, everybody is trying to be some one else; in the world everybody is trying hard to be himself; and the only real likeness between them is that in most cases everybody tries equally in vain.

The doctor was clearly one of the failures off the stage; he had tried wholly in vain to be and to assert himself, and had failed ignominiously. So he looked with additional curiosity at one who had, to all appearance, triumphantly succeeded in the opposite direction. His chief feeling was one of contemptuous disgust that this girl, in whom he, of course, assumed everything contemptible, should have become even the heroine of an hour because she could successfully pretend to be some creature of somebody else's fancy, while he was not allowed, by a thousand petty circumstances, to be his true self, and, at the same time, could not see his way to obtain any credit for being unable to pretend. Between these two stools he, the one waif, was likely to settle down into nothingness, while she, the other waif, had her ample place in the world because it was her profession to be a mere toy. He knew nothing of the atmosphere of sentiment which has grown up round the artist life in the course of ages, so the contrast between the Mlle. Leczinska of the Oberon and Mlle. Leczinska of Golden Square carried no romantic suggestions to him. He could find no imaginary beauty in what was not beautiful of itself to be dignified with the idea of genius *deshabillé*. On the contrary, he wondered that the thing he looked upon could under any circumstances have power to charm, and felt superior to the rest of the world in not having been carried away. What else he thought of a girl whom he found under such conditions is what would have been thought by ninety-nine women out of a hundred, and by nine men out of ten. He was by no means the first who, having himself unjustly suffered from evil thinking, has set himself to judge others in his own turn, and to imitate his judges in assuming the worst simply because the worst was what he saw. Harold Vaughan had even quicker eyes than Mr. Brandt, and accordingly trusted them still more implicitly.

But he was a physician as well as a fool,—supposing a very natural exercise of human reason to be folly,—and he distrusted the effects of open windows as much as he trusted in the infallibility of his own eyes. So he went to the window and shut it gently, not because he was in the least inclined to be tender towards the actress

whose quarrel had brought his friend to death's door, but simply from a professional habit of humanity. He did not even look to see whether the slight noise woke her, or if she still slept on. He also drew down the blind, to shut out the raw light that jarred upon his own nerves, poured himself out a glass of wine, which he wanted, and then, having looked once more through the folding doors, sat down to make such notes as the circumstances might require. Still the girl neither woke nor moved. Except for the quiet regularity of her breathing, she might be dead for anything he knew or cared.

So he sat for at least a full hour, sometimes scribbling, sometimes thinking, and every now and then looking quietly through the folding doors which he always left ajar, so that the least sound might be heard. Suddenly, however, when he was most deeply absorbed, he heard a slight rustle, and, looking up, saw the girl's figure move. He looked, and in another second she started bolt upright, seemed to force her eyes open with her hands, and said,—

"Aaron, is that you?—have we got much more to go? Ah!" she cried out suddenly. "What is it? Where am I?"

"Hush!" whispered Harold, sharply. "If he wakes suddenly, I won't answer for what may happen." And he rose, and closed the half-open door.

"Ah! you are the doctor. Pray don't scold me. I was in a dream. I must have been sleeping—and yet—how is he?"

"He is not dead."

"Oh, sir—I have seen people stabbed before. I know they die sometimes. Can you cure him? Are you a wise man?"

"If you have seen people stabbed before, and have known people die of it, as you say, you most likely know that the chances of curing depend much more on the assassin than on the surgeon. Perhaps it may interest you to know that your friend's knife was very long, very sharp, and went very deep indeed, and that he knew where to strike nearly as well as I should myself. Lord Lisburn escaped immediate death by less than a quarter of an inch, and if I had not come in time, he would have been killed by the mere bleeding."

"Then it was you that saved him? He will not die?"

"I am not a prophet—I am only a surgeon. I have done what I can."

"Is it not written, then?"

"Written—what written? A prescription?"

"What—do not doctors read *Bahi*?"

"I don't understand you, Mademoiselle."

"How can you cure him without knowing if he will live? Let me see him. I can read."

"No; certainly not. You can do no good, and you might do a great

deal of harm. And you must make up your mind to give up your rooms to Lord Lisburn."

She was honestly and eagerly anxious—that he could see; but he could neither understand what she was talking about, nor the look which she kept fixed upon his eyes the whole time. So keen was it that his own eyes, strong as they were, began to give way before hers, and it was not till he looked away that she relieved him by looking down. Then she said,—

"Doctor, I am very unhappy."

"I suppose so."

"Why do you scold me?"

"I do not scold you."

"You might beat me if you please—I would not say a word. But when Aaron struck me, I felt myself turn all to fire. I think I should have killed him—I know I should have tried. Why do you scold me because he, I mean the young *Ria*, felt angry too? Are you angry with him?"

"With Lord Lisburn? No. How could he stand by and see any woman struck without giving back the blow? If it had only been"—"in a better cause," he was going to add, but refrained: remembering, perhaps, that his own misfortunes had mainly come from taking up the quarrel of a beggar-girl.

"Then why are you angry with me? Could I help being struck? Could I help his being brave? Did I put the knife into Aaron's hand? I would have been killed myself first. And you will not even let me go to see if he will live. You are bad and hard, and I thought you were good and kind. Never mind—I will go all the same."

He placed himself before the grotesque but piteous little figure, whose labyrinth of tumbled hair scarcely lay on the handle of the folding door, reached to his shoulder, and placed his

"No," he said, sharply; "I have told you you can only do harm. What is it you want to do? And I suppose that even you must know that Lord Lisburn's bedside is no place of yours, though he is so unlucky as to have turned you out of your room. If you wake him"—

"I shall not wake him. I shall make no more noise than a cloud;" and she slipped off her shoes.

"But you might, and you shall not risk it. Tell me once more, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to read *Bahi*."

"What is that?"

"To know if he will live or die."

"What rubbish is all this? One would think you were talking witchcraft. Is it Polish—you are a Pole, are not you? Well, you cannot go in, that's all, nor will I leave the room till I am relieved. You have done mischief enough already without my giving you the chance of doing more. I wish to God there were no such things as women in the world."

To his sudden bewilderment, she dashed herself back again into the sofa and burst into a passion of tears.

"*Modevol!*" she cried out in a whispered scream, "I have the Evil Eye! . . . The wise man says so—he knows it. . . I have brought him bad luck, and if I look on him he will die."

Harold Vaughan let go the door and stood leaning over the fire-place. He had heard of the awful belief, as old as the world itself, that certain unhappy beings are cursed with an involuntary power of bringing a curse upon all they look upon, things and creatures, beasts and men, their nearest and dearest, their mothers, children, and wives. The Evil Eye is more terrible than the tooth of the vampire, and may beam kindly from the face of the most loving-hearted of men. It may be of any hue, black, blue, or gray; it may be bright or dull; it may be stern or gay. It may meet ours in love or friendship, or light on us by chance in the street or railway-train; hate is not its essence, nor good-will its antidote. Terrible is it to all who meet its power, but still more terrible is it to those from whom its influence falls. But, though the young doctor had heard and read of such things, he had never heard it spoken of, much less treated as an article of belief, till now.

"Nonsense," he said once more, "I don't mean any such rubbish. I don't want you to think me a wise man, and I'm sure I don't think you a wise woman. To show you what I think of your eyes, I give you leave to look at me as long as you please, without fear. I'm witch-proof—and if I were not, I should have no fear of you."

He spoke rudely enough, considering her sex and his own: but he had never practised compliments, not even to Claudia, and was certainly in no mood for them.

"Come," he said, "look at me this instant, or I shall be really angry. I don't say it's your fault, but any way enough trouble has come through you not to sit crying over old women's tales. Here"—he said more kindly, remembering his calling though he had forgotten the courtesy which for the sake of one woman he had once been eager to show to all—"here, drink this wine. I dare say you are nervous, and no wonder. I won't speak to you again, but you must not go into Lord Lisburn's room."

She took the wine and tasted it obediently, but never raised her eyes, nor even her face so much that they could be seen. He turned from her and sat down to his notes again.

After another ten minutes of silence, "May I speak?" she asked, miserably.

"Yes, if it is not about going into Lord Lisburn's room. What is it?"

"I want you to help me to remember. What will become of Aaron?"

"If Lord Lisburn dies, I should say he would be hanged. If Lord Lisburn does not die, I should say he ought to be hanged, and will be transported."

"Then I hope he will be hanged," she said, without reference to the preceding condition, and suddenly opening her large eyes as she spoke, but as suddenly closing them again. "But they must lag him first, and I don't think he'll leave *pateran*."

Vaughan looked at her sharply — not because a Polish singer talked in what was very like English slang; that might be a stage fashion — but because a note seemed to be struck in his memory.

"I wish, Mademoiselle," he said, like a doctor asking to see a patient's tongue, "you would let me see your eyes."

"No," she answered resolutely, and turned herself wholly away.

"I know it is impossible, and yet I could almost swear I had met you before."

"Never."

"Have you been long in England? You speak English uncommonly well."

She made no answer.

"Surely you understand me? If I am curious, you must consider the strange way in which we are brought together. I don't want to pry into any mysteries. But you must remember that all this affair will have to be inquired into — and by rougher hands than mine are."

"Yes, I know — the policeman."

"And the judge and the jury. I shall have to be a witness, and so will you, as you would know very well if you knew anything of our English laws. I don't know much about criminal courts, but I suppose you will have to give your name."

"You know what that is — Mademoiselle Leczinska."

"But your Christian name?"

"Pauline," she answered readily.

"And — let me see — you might be asked where you come from — where you have been in England — if you have ever been at Manchester, for example, or Birmingham, or St. Bavons?"

"Never."

"Pray, may I ask — I know nothing of musical matters — where you have been singing till now?"

"Warsaw. It is all in the bills."

"And that song in the opera to-night? — but never mind: though it was very strange." Like the rest of the audience, he naturally assumed it to be Abner's — and what was more natural than that an opera-house tune should have found its way, like so many others, into a country inn? He knew nothing of the novelty of "Sylvia's Bracelet," and the reception of the song seemed to stamp it as some favorite and familiar *morceau*. And, though the identity of Pauline and Zelda may seem clear enough, a man, in practice, must be very daring to

imagine for a moment the identity of a fashionable *prima donna* and a wandering beggar-girl. Sensible men never believe in coincidences; and such things, though they have been, are, and will be, belong to the region of romance, which is scorned by sensible men.

So Harold Vaughan was surprised for many moments, but bewildered for only one. It seemed to him very natural — as soon as he exercised the reason by which men are so often led astray — that one singing voice should resemble all singing voices as closely as a shellful of peas; that one strolling musician should be like another strolling musician; that a Pole, like a Russian, should be innately versed in all the dialects of Babel. It also seemed to him too improbable to be true, that the heroine of the Old Point Hotel should be the heroine of the Oberon; and that he, of all men, should stumble twice upon her, of all women. So he mentally accused himself of stupidity, and, like many another believer in the Probabilities, actually became what he accused himself of being. All riddles are very simple when they are explained; but plain facts are the greatest riddles of all.

Whether Mlle. Leczinska recognized Zelda's champion is another question. She was neither sensible, nor a man; and strange coincidences were of course the most natural things in the world to her. Besides, if a stray beggar-girl was a thing to be forgotten in a life that was self-absorbed, the first lips that had ever given her kind words were things to be remembered till doomsday. But the Zelda whom Aaron, like Roman slave-masters, had made a freedwoman by the sign of a blow, was certainly not one to renew, by confession, the character of the old self, which she had now trampled under foot and cast away. She had not been crowned with laurels only to appear in the guise of her bygone past before the only eyes from whom she cared to hide the degraded Zelda of old.

So, while he stood in thought, she sat crouched in timid shame, hiding carefully from him the baleful light of her evil eyes, that she might neither betray nor be betrayed. And so they remained as far apart as those who have once influenced one another's lives can ever be, until the house awoke, and the constable called to bring the important news that the lessee of the Oberon had not been found.

CHAPTER XI. THE RIGHTS OF THE MATTER.

THE next day was a busy day for Harold Vaughan, who had for the present to assume the office of agent as well as physician to Lord Lisburn. The police disposed of, he sent for the most eminent surgeon of the day,

who finally approved of all he had done. Then he went to the hotel where he had engaged to meet the earl at breakfast, and saw the captain of the Esmeralda, who was cooling his heels hungrily in the coffee-room, and who was able to give him the name and address of Lord Lisburn's attorney, and of his banker, Sir William Penrose. If it had not been for the chance breakfast engagement, one of the richest noblemen in England would have suddenly disappeared from sight without being missed, and have been laid up in Golden Square lodgings, without money, or without friends, until he died or recovered sufficiently to make himself known; and even then he might have found it hard to prove that he was not either a lunatic or an impostor.

The attorney came, took the whole business into his own hands, looked at Lord Lisburn, who still lay unconscious in the singer's bed-room, had an interview with the great surgeon, and then drew up an authoritative account for the newspapers, so that his client's accident might wear the least disreputable air possible. He also offered his own house for a hospital as soon as the patient could be moved. He sent for a nurse, impressed the landlady with the rank and dignity of her new lodger — he knew of course that they would come out somehow — and made all arrangements with everybody. In short, he forgot nothing, with two trivial exceptions. One was, to think of the existence of Mlle. Leczinska, except as a possible witness; the other, to repay Harold Vaughan his extravagance in cab-hire. But this was not mentioned; and he could not learn by the light of nature that Lord Lisburn's friend had spent his very last piece of gold.

The latter had not even a right to put up by his patron's bedside; he was simply a chance medical man, who had been sent for on an emergency, and then, as a matter of course, had been turned out of the case by the patient's friends. Fortune had denied him even the refuge of the Arctic seas to escape from her persecutions. Of course, as soon as Lord Lisburn recovered, all would be well again; but how was he to eat or drink till then? He could not explain his case to the solicitor, for he could not run the risk of being sent about his business as a begging swindler, as a disreputable practitioner, who sought impudently to make a market out of troubled waters. No one knew of his relation to the earl, and to sue *in formâ pauperi* would be only to court the answer, "If it is as you say, you must wait till my lord is able to attend to you. Of course I don't distrust you; but one must be careful in these days, and I must take care of my client's interests. Still, if you can produce any evidence of a claim to an advance of salary, I will see. But his lordship's physician to an Arctic expe-

dition—forgive me if I say it sounds strange. Can you refer me to anybody—say, to his lordship's sailing-master, or any of his friends? No? That is unfortunate; for I am afraid I must wish you a very good morning. Business is business—of course you understand." This kind of speech not even a workhouse training makes a man willing to risk with a good will. He had already discovered to what extent his well-worn clothes, combined with what had seemed an officious interference with Lord Lisburn's affairs, had made an impression on the attorney, even without his calling suspicious attention to them. As to Mademoiselle, the attorney probably thought, as a man of the world, of many choice attempts to account for everything, by squeezing the universe into a nutshell. "Gray heads won't grow on green shoulders," was of course the master-key he used to unlock this particular mystery, and, as a man of much experience and of the mental habit of jumping at conclusions to which much experience mostly leads, he did not care to examine whether the key turned. He had put in his pet proverb, and that was enough for him, as it is for all.

Women, however, are seldom saw-mongers. Not being good hands at generalizing from experience, they require to get at the bottom of everything. Sir William Penrose was satisfied with the attorney's view of the matter, who quoted his proverb to the banker in strict confidence and with an air of shrewdness, as though his quotation from the common stock of Procrustean philosophy had been an original discovery of a state secret. But Lady Penrose was not much inclined to hold that anything so universal and couched in such plain monosyllables could apply to an earl. On other grounds, moreover, she was burning to hear all about everything, and Miss Perrot was the best informed person she knew. Once more, Miss Perrot was at home.

"I am so glad to find you," said the banker's wife, settling herself serenely. "I should have brought Laura, but she has a slight cold—nothing, I hope, but she must be careful. You are none the worse for the play, nor Miss—Miss—I mean your cousin?"

"Miss Brandt," answered Miss Perrot, laying an emphatic stress upon both syllables, "is very well. But that is a painful subject. Well, I did my duty—I could do no more."

"A painful subject? What is it? Ah, yes, I did hear something—but then these things happen every day, Sir William says. I remember once a great friend of Sir William failing, but they said it was the best speculation he ever made. He had settlements and all sorts of things, and was let off paying all his debts, so it must be a good thing. I've often wondered why Sir William doesn't fail, only he

always tells me he shall wait till worse times—not that the times could be much worse, and I'm sure it would be pleasant to get everything for nothing and pay no wages."

"Yes," Miss Perrot answered, feelingly. "Very pleasant indeed. And very pleasant, very, to see one's own cousin's name in big letters all over the newspapers. It's all very well for you to speak up for strangers, but to be taken in by one's own flesh and blood, at least one's flesh and blood by marriage, is hard."

"Indeed—I didn't know that."

"No, nor anybody. I'm sure I shouldn't have believed it if I hadn't been expecting it all along. The number of times I've told Mr. Brandt, of course not in so many words, but so plainly that a blind mouse might read, what would come of it all—you'd wonder that a man of business shouldn't believe me."

"Is it so very bad, then?"

"I don't like to speak harm of any girl, much less my own cousin—girls can't help their bringing up. But I must say when a girl is shut up like a Sister of Mercy all day long, with nothing to do but have all her whims and fancies, with carriages and horses, never having a chance of making a good match, painting till she breaks her legs, and then having to pay any money to get well again, and I don't know what besides, if anybody's surprised what comes of it all, it isn't I."

"Poor girl!" said Lady Penrose, rustling herself out with a sympathetic movement. "And you so fond of her—it must be very sad for you. But for my part I never look for gratitude. One's always deceived."

"Always. And for my part I'll never mix myself up in people's business again. They must do without me and get on the best way they can."

"Are they likely to be much worse off, then?"

"It isn't that I think about so much as the folly. And it's not just to those they leave behind when people ruin themselves. It's selfish, that's the word. When people go into trade, those who are younger can't help having expectations: not but what I'm above thinking of dead men's shoes, as they call them, but it's the principle. My own income's safe, thank God: lucky for me, it's in the funds."

"Lucky indeed."

"I declare when Claudia, Miss Brandt, opened that horrid letter, I might have been knocked down with a feather. And would you believe it, she never even had the grace to go into hysterics? And what she'll do, I'm sure I don't know."

"But aren't there the settlements?"

"Not a penny."

"But there must be settlements. When I was married they talked more about the settlements than the trousseau. My poor father used to say I shouldn't marry till me and my girls

were made as safe as the Bank of England."

"Your father was a sensible man. But Claudia's mother was as poor as a church mouse—I can't help saying it, though she was my own relation. Her father was in the herring fisheries, and married my aunt, and had twelve children, and glad he was to get one of them off his hands to anybody who'd give her bread and cheese."

"That makes a difference of course—I had some money of my own. Sir William himself can't touch it. But of course it is wrong to fail without settlements."

"It is downright wicked. I can't quite turn my back on them, of course, whatever the world may say of me. They're in the house now. But do anything I can't—and what's more, they know it. I can't give in to wicked selfishness by taking money out of the funds. It would be public robbery—making people live on the taxes who can't pay their own."

"Of course, that's plain—that's what Sir William calls political economy. So they're with you now? I hope I'm not in the way?"

"Oh, pray don't go; I want to know the rights of that terrible business after the play—that young man"—

"Isn't it shocking! and he in my very own box only just before. You've seen it in the newspapers?"

"It made me shiver. When earls get murdered, what mayn't they do to you or I? It's enough to make one think of the other world—not but what I hope I'm as good a Christian as many that talk more."

"But the newspaper isn't half the story. Sir William had it all straight from headquarters, so I happen to know."

"Ah!"

"Of course I mustn't say a word."

"Of course not, dear Lady Penrose. But still, for the truth's sake—they do tell such lies"—

"But not the man who told Sir William. He is a lawyer—Lord Lisburn's own. He didn't tell everything, you know, of course, but Sir William can guess what people mean—he's in the House, you know, and I always know what Sir William means when he holds his tongue. So I think I may say that I really do know the story."

"Of course—lawyers and members get behind the scenes. It's a great thing to have a member for a husband, Lady Penrose!"

"You won't breathe a word?"

"Not to Adam."

"I know you won't—so I don't mind telling you. Leczinska, that's the way to pronounce it—well, of course you know what these people are. I am sure no such fuss was ever made over a new singer before. So it was plain enough there was something behind. We are an artistic family, you know, and understand those things."

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

DURING the summer of 1867, the countries of Western Europe were visited for the first time in the history of the world by the Grand Turk, the despotic lord and master of forty millions, half European, half Asiatic, owning allegiance to his sceptre from the central standpoint of his dominion at Constantinople. Exactly half a dozen years elapse, and again the most civilized races on the globe are, during the summer of 1873, visited in rapid succession by another of the great Eastern potentates. This time the new comer is the representative of a far more ancient sovereignty. August though the dignity of the Sultan of Turkey undoubtedly is, it must be recognizable at once, when brought into comparison with that of the Shah of Persia, as one that dates literally, as it were, but from yesterday. Whereas the foundation of the empire ruled by his Imperial Majesty Abdul Aziz was laid less than six hundred years ago (A. D. 1228) by Othman, the warlike chieftain through whose prowess the reigning dynasty was first established in Asia Minor, the origin of the rule of the supreme monarch of the Persians dates back nearly thirty centuries. Persia, in point of fact, was included, nine hundred years before the epoch of the Redemption, in the first Assyrian sovereignty. Nearly five centuries before the coming of our Lord (490 B. C.) Darius advanced with a view to the subjugation of the Peloponnesus at the head of 600 sail, marshalling under his banners an army of 500,000 Persian warriors. Every dawningly educated schoolboy knows that the fate of the expedition thus undertaken 2,263 years ago by the predecessor of the Persian ruler of nowadays was its ignominious defeat upon the plains of Marathon by a comparative handful of Greeks, to the number of barely ten thousand, led to victory by the swords of Miltiades and Themistocles. Equally familiar within the world's remembrance is that other event no less memorable in itself as illustrative of the remote grandeur of the Persians as a race, and of their sovereign as one of the earth's chief potentates — an event that came to pass only one single *decade* after the death of Hippias and 200,000 of his compatriots in the disastrous war that closed at Marathon. Namely, when Xerxes, at the head of a serried force that almost baffles any attempt at its accurate enumeration, entered Greece, armed cap-a-pie, with the design of bearing down there, for once and forever, all further thought of opposition. When that bewildering, and for three days at least, bewildered host were held at bay by Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans in the defile of Thermopylæ until the heroic band of Lacedæmonians were, through the treachery of Ephialtes, delivered over to a ruthless massacre. Then it was, 2,353 years ago, that the myriads who were there and then threatening Greece with destruction were scattered to the four winds of heaven at a single blow, as if by the bolt of doom, in the overwhelming defeat of the great naval engagement at Salamis. And it is the irresponsible ruler of a race of this grand antiquity who now for the first time in the history of Persia quits those renowned shores, washed on the north by the Caspian, and on the extreme south by the waters of the Arabian Sea, to traverse, as not one of his predecessors has ever before traversed, from Cyrus or Cambyses downwards, the principal states and cities of the West — passing through Russia, Germany, Rhineland, Belgium, even to what was regarded in the old days as the Ultima Thule of the British archipelago. In each instance the reason for this wholly unexampled expedition on the part, first of all, of the Turkish Sultan Abdul Aziz, and now, six years afterwards, of the Persian Shah Nasser-ed-Din, is simply identical. It signifies nothing more nor less than this — the realization by two Oriental despots of extraordinary sagacity of the necessity of breaking down at last, absolutely and permanently, the barriers built up by ancient custom or inprescriptible usage, hitherto inexorably shutting them out from the great mass of countless advantages and blessings, material and otherwise, of modern civilization. Each in turn, the Sultan and the Shah, had already

during the earlier part of his reign given signal evidence of a practical and substantial kind of a vivid recognition of the priceless value of those advantages. Both alike, before dreaming of themselves going abroad in quest of further information had courageously adventured upon administrative changes of the most sweeping character by which the whole organization, here of the Persian, there of the Turkish Government, had been completely transformed. The Sublime Porte, wielding the most arbitrary authority over the peoples embraced within the boundaries of the Turkish dominion, nevertheless saw fit to negotiate mercantile treaties, now with one European power, now with another, and little by little to dress up, as the military phrase would have it, the ranks of that heretofore sluggish and *effêlé* multitude in parallel lines with the other and far more advanced European nationalities. A similar course had even yet earlier been pursued by the Persian sovereign, the reigning Shah, who, a little later, as we have seen just six years later, has in like manner personally emerged from his seclusion, going forth attended by a stately retinue with the design of extending as rapidly as possible his own individual experiences.

Although himself still in the early vigor of his manhood, being as yet but in the forty-fourth year of his age, the Shah of Persia, who has now emerged from the retirement of his palace and harem in the citadel of Aragh, in his capital of Teheran, has already reigned over his ten million Persians, as titularly the King of Kings, for fully one whole quarter of a century. Since his nineteenth year he has worn at his girdle the jewelled scimitar with which, at the merest glint of the authority implied by the wearing, he might at any moment, in regard to any of his subjects, exercise his right of instant decapitation. Coming so young to the throne, he has, nevertheless, in spite of every conceivable temptation to the contrary, contrived, during all these five-and-twenty years of his irresponsible sway, to graft on to the stem of the tyrannous Upas of the Persian sovereignty many of the ideas, principles, and institutions of constitutional government. Fifteen years ago (in 1858) he remodelled, somewhat more in accordance with European forms, the whole scheme of the Persian administration. Eight years ago (in 1865) he so far strove to extend to his lieges the facilities of rapid intercommunication with surrounding races, that upon Persian soil, railways, even then, were in process of formation. Six years ago (in 1867) when the Turkish Sultan was, for the first time in the history of the Ottoman Power, visiting these islands, the electric telegraph was introduced within the boundaries of the ancient land of which, for centuries — until, in fact, but very recently indeed — Ispahan was the metropolis.

Nasser-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, King of Kings, lineal descendant of the founder of the Turcoman dynasty or royal house of the Kahjars, was born on Friday, the 4th September, 1829, in Teheran. Considerably less than a century has elapsed, as yet, since (in 1795) the first prince of that line took his seat upon the throne of Zoroaster. The reigning Shah is the fourth sovereign in direct succession. His great-great-grandfather, Muhammad Hassain Khan, who flourished in the last century, had two sons, the elder of whom, Muhammad Khan Kahjar, won his way to power in the year already mentioned (1795) as successor of the earliest Shah of all, nearly three centuries previously (1502), memorable in history as the conqueror (1519) of Georgia. Agha-Muhammad, the first Turcoman Shah, had been barely two years in authority, when (in 1797), he was assassinated. The keen-edged sceptre of his scimitar then passed into the hands of his nephew, the second sovereign of the race, known in the annals of Persia as the Shah Fatah Ali. For it is as the direct descendant, as the great-great-grandson of the younger of the two sons of Muhammad Hussain Khan that the now holder in his firm grasp of the Persian rule came to inherit his proud sovereignty.

Until the last mentioned prince, the reigning Shah, that is, Nasser-ed-Din, ascended the throne and assumed the

jewelled turban, it might literally be said that twice in the sequence of inheritance a generation had been skipped.

The younger son of Muhammed Hussain Khan, by name Hussain Kuli Khan, never became sovereign. It was his son, his brother's nephew, who became the second Shah of the dynasty. Again, it was not the son of Fatah Ali, by name Abbas Miza, who became the next Shah in succession, but his grandson, Muhammed. The spell was then broken, however, for on the death of Muhammed Shah in 1848, he was succeeded on the throne of Persia, not by a grandson but by his son Nasser-ed-Din, then a stripling of nineteen. If, henceforth, in the Persian records the Shah Agha will be remembered as the founder of this later dynasty, and if his nephew and immediate successor, the Shah Fatah Ali, will be disastrously borne in recollection as the one in whose time the provinces on the Caspian, the district of Erivan, and the country of the Araxes were lamentably lost to the sovereignty, the name of the now reigning Shah, Nasser-ed-Din, we may rest assured will be more beneficially held in regard, not only by his immediate descendants but by succeeding generations, as the ruler who, more practically than any predecessor who ever wore the symbols of royalty either at Teheran or at Ispahan, strove, at least (it yet remains to be seen whether or not successfully), to be the reorganizer and the regenerator of the Persian nationality, and of the Persian Government. Possibly, nay, not improbably, it was the very circumstance of the young prince attaining supreme power as despotic ruler of Persia at a juncture when the thrones of Europe, and, by sympathy, those also of outlying nations in Asia and Asia Minor, were shaken to their very foundation by what Alison has happily termed one of those mind-quakes of modern times, the great epochs of Revolution, that the necessity for some grand changes, political, social, and material, being effected in Persia, came to be early realized by the naturally sagacious mind of Nasser-ed-Din.

However this may be, certain it is that, since the date of his coming to the throne in 1848, the institutions of his land have been undergoing a series of beneficent transformations. Persia, under the ruling Shah, is no longer isolated. It is no longer as it had been for centuries previously, inert, or, at any rate, for the most part slumberous. It has been effectually roused from its long torpor of social and political stagnation. Geographically placed, as it is, in immediate contiguity on the north with the Russian Empire, and on the east with the British Empire in Hindostan, it naturally enough, hitherto, has alternately leant, now towards the Muscovite, now towards the English Government. Its policy has been influenced in turns by the Councils of St. James', and by the Councils of St. Petersburg. It could hardly have been otherwise, indeed, under the circumstances. 'Afghanistan and Beloochistan alone lie between the eastern frontiers of Persia and the whole sweep of our vast dominions in Hindostan. North of the Attruck and of the Paropomisan Mountains extend those wide plains of Independent Tartary, westward of Bokhara, as marked by the current of the Amoo, tempting the armed hordes of Russia any day (as it might be to-day!) in obedience to the mandate of the Autocrat to advance southwards between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral upon Khiva, as to a half way resting-place or *point d'appui* on the road to India.

Not only naturally, but it might almost be said, inevitably, during the reign of the present Shah of Persia, as during that of his predecessors, the Councils of Teheran, swaying now this way, now that, have involved the Shah, have involved Persia, at one moment in a war with Russia, and at another in a war with England. This, in spite of what, even in his regard as a still half-barbaric despot might be called his civilizing and humanizing, his certainly elevating and enlightening proclivities. Nasser-ed-Din's father, Muhammed Shah, has already been mentioned. His mother, Queen Velliet, was also of the Kahjar tribe; so that, as one may say, on both sides he came quite naturally and by right to the headship of the Turcoman dynasty on the death of his paternal predecessor. It was in the very thick, or crisis, of that revolutionary period,

namely, on the 13th October, 1848, that the young prince, by succeeding to the title of Shah, which, in Persian, means prince or chieftain, became emphatically the Prince of Princes and the King of Kings.

In the third year of his reign, on the 15th August, 1851, his life was attempted. Invested with despotic power, surrounded from his birth by adulation, naturally impetuous and dictatorial in his temperament, his noble impulses happily obtained the mastery over him. His education, from his boyhood upwards, had been in no way neglected. As time has rolled on with him, he has become more and more ripe in his scholarship as a master of both Persian and Turkish literature. Of late years he has succeeded in mastering the difficulties (for an Oriental) of both the French and English languages. His knowledge of history, both ancient and modern, is wide and accurate. Personally, his manners are distinguished by a singular gentleness—a circumstance that is little less than wonderful, considering the character of his surroundings. Mild, however, though his bearing towards others, his temperament is anything but apathetic. On the contrary, it is intensely and thoroughly energetic. His life, if not hardy, is, at least, not that of a Sybarite. Instead of being in any way a voluptuary, he is (at any rate, for one in his position) curiously simple in his tastes and habits. At the costliest banquet it has been noticed already, during his European wanderings, his appetite is often satisfied after he has partaken of a single dish. In his deportment he is dignified and perfectly self-possessed. The only splendor he indulges in with reference to his own raiment is in wearing, especially on state occasions, a dazzling profusion of the costliest jewels, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, for the most part encrusting the scabbard and hilt of his scimitar, seaming his robes, embossed on his shoulders, dangling in the fringes of his epaulettes, clustering into an aigrette on his head-dress, pendant around his neck and over his breast, glittering on the housings of his horse,—of itself a priceless gem,—from its pasterns to the tips of its ears, from the arched plume of its silken tail to the delicate pink of its nostrils. The Shah's seat in the saddle is that of a born ruler of men. When his feet are in the stirrups he is then the most visibly enthroned.

It was this prince who, on coming to power as a youth of nineteen, in the midst of the roar of European revolutions, seemed if not immediately, at the least very soon afterwards, to realize, almost by a happy instinct, the correct notion as to what ought to be thenceforth the relations of Persia with the more highly civilized races of Christendom. Magnanimously dropping the irritating remembrance of the crime out of his thoughts, the young Shah appeared, judging him, at any rate, by his conduct, after 1851, to have been only confirmed in his good intentions by the futile attempt at his assassination. Brought up, from his earliest years, with a vivid personal sense of authority, he had actually, while yet in his boyhood, during his father's lifetime, been installed in power as the Governor of Mabrèze. A consciousness of the grandeur of the supreme position he had assumed on coming to the throne, when he was still a stripling, had in no appreciable degree thrown him off the balance of his judgment or clouded his bright and clear intelligence.

The dominion owing obedience to his sceptre is one, it should be remembered, of sufficiently vast dimensions. France and Germany massed together would hardly make up the aggregate of its wide-spreading territory. Though including the Great Salt Desert of Khorassan, it embraces within it, also, lands of the utmost fruitfulness. The wheat grown in some parts is as fine as any reaped in either hemisphere. The wine and grapes of Shiraz have long been celebrated in Eastern poetry. The fruits squandered on that ancient soil yet number among them in rich profusion the date, the melon, the mulberry, and the pomegranate. The feathered songsters warbling in its groves include the thrush, the blackbird, and the bulbul or nightingale; while the flora of Persia travellers find resplendent and varied, the fauna of that historic country they discover, even more readily yet, to be wonderfully diversified.

Through its wilder regions roam the lion, the tiger, the wild boar, the hyaena, and the antelope. Cotton and silk are, in certain districts, produced there in lavish abundance. By its busy looms are woven, annually, vast quantities of carpets, muslins, nankeens, velvets, and brocades. Chemistry, as a science, is utterly unknown there. The fine arts are scarcely in any way cultivated. Haughty though the race is, it still retains many of the usages of barbarians.

It is in the hope of raising it at last from this lower level that the bold ambition of the reigning Shah has prompted him to go forth, as he has now done, into the outer world, and there judge for himself, with his own senses, with his eyes and ears, his hands, his nostrils, and his palate, of the advantages (of which he has long had more than a merely glimmering knowledge) of modern civilization. Already he has reigned, as we have said, for one whole quarter of a century. So that in acting as he now does, he is not acting by any means precipitately.

Before coming to London, he has measured swords with our own Government. More than twenty years ago, on the 3d January, 1853, he signed a convention pledging himself not to garrison Herat, unless the Persian soil had been previously invaded by the troops of a foreign power. This was, so far, a concession to the exigencies of the age, and a recognition of the need there is for taking into account the relations subsisting between contiguous peoples and neighboring sovereignties. Scarcely had the Crimean War commenced, moreover, when the Shah formally proclaimed his neutrality as one who was prepared to take part with neither of the belligerents. Eventually, nevertheless, on the 15th December, 1855, Nasser-ed-Din entered into a treaty with the Russian emperor. His doing so was regarded as a menace thrown out by the Czar against the Oriental powers; more particularly when it was seen (in 1856) that the borders of Afghanistan were crossed by the Persian troops without any pretext in the way even of the most specious attempt at justification. The forbidden boundary line was passed, and, on the 26th October of that year, Herat was besieged and occupied. Thereupon, the British Government, on the 1st November, declared war against the Persian sovereign. The reason for its so doing was sufficiently obvious, namely, in order that the invasion of English possessions in Afghanistan, an invasion actually commenced and not simply threatened, should be summarily arrested. Conferences were held with the view, if possible, to the negotiation of some adjustment, between Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Feruck Khan, the British and Persian ambassadors at that time at the Court of Constantinople.

Meanwhile the dogs of war, after being for some time held in leash, were slipped. On the 7th December the British troops were disembarked at Bushire, the Father of Cities, which, on the 8th and the following day, was bombarded, and on the 10th was captured. The leader of the expedition, the late gallant general, Sir James Outram, on the 27th January, 1857, landed within view of the conquered fortress at the head of a powerful detachment; and on the 8th of the following February succeeded in inflicting a severe defeat upon the Persian forces at Koo-shab. Advancing northwards, he ascended the river Shatt-el-Arab, which is the name assumed towards its outlet by the broad current of the united streams of the Tigris and Euphrates. Thus pushing his way onwards, he was enabled, by the 26th March, to drive the Persians from their intrenchments, to become master of Mohammerha. Wherever he went victory was readily secured. The Island of Karrack was taken, and the whole seaboard washed by the waters of the Persian Gulf was, so to speak, at the easy command of the English generalissimo.

While these events were going on diplomacy was still at work. A treaty signed originally on the 4th March at Paris, between Feruck Khan and the Earl Cowley, was finally ratified on the 14th April at Teheran. Its terms were in every way, and to the fullest extent, satisfactory to the British Government. A couple of months afterwards, in the June of 1857, a commercial treaty was entered into

by the Shah with France. And in the following month (July) Herat, which had been some time held by our troops, was evacuated. It was in the September of 1858 that the enlightened negotiator of the commercial treaty just now mentioned as having been entered into at Paris, Feruck Khan, to wit, the Persian ambassador, who had already given evidence of his diplomatic sagacity in his negotiation first of all with the Great Eltchi at Stamboul, and afterwards at Paris with Lord Cowley, was recalled to Teheran by his sovereign, to be placed as Prime Minister at the head of the Shah's Government. Having held that position with distinguished ability for eight years together, Feruck Khan was (in 1866) appointed Minister of State in the household of the Shah.

During that last-mentioned year the memorable treaty for Persia was signed, by which telegraphic communication between Europe and Hindostan was, happily for the East and for the West, secured by way of the ancient dominion of Xerxes and Darius, of Cyrus, Cambyses, and Zoroaster, now the kingdom of his Imperial Majesty the Shah Nasser-ed-Din. A twelvemonth before that, in 1865, railway works on the soil of Persia were already commenced. The year after the signing of the telegraphic treaty the electric wires were trailed through the land of Shiraz, — the seat of that remote and refined civilization sung of by Hafiz and Saadi, — the Virgil and Homer, the Byron and Shakespeare of Persian literature.

Besides the disastrous war already referred to in which the reigning Shah was engaged sixteen years ago with the formidable power wielded both by sea and land by the British Government, he has been engaged in lesser conflicts, now with one, now with another of the Asiatic powers, in which his troops, instead of being worsted, have been triumphant. It was thus with him when he very summarily and very signally overthrew the Khan of Khiva, the Imaum of Muscat, the ruler of Salar, and other kindred potentates. Since 1860 Nasser-ed-Din has been strenuously endeavoring to remodel the Persian army according to the drill and the general system of the Europeans. With a seaboard immediately to the north of Teheran, extending to the length of nearly six degrees of longitude along the southern shore of the Caspian, and with a yet more extended seaboard of nearly ten degrees of longitude commanding the whole north of the Persian Gulf and the northwest extremity of the Arabian Sea, the Shah's Government has long had an eye also to the formation of a naval force not unworthy of its geographical position.

Apart, however, from those merely warlike departments of the administration, Nasser-ed-Din has long been evidencing his solicitude to further to the utmost of his power, whenever he could find the opportunity, the prosperity of his people and the efficiency of his government. He has encouraged wherever he has found it practicable the advance of enlightenment throughout his dominion. His watchful care has been widely distributed. He has visited in succession, north, south, east, west, all parts of his extended territory. In setting forth now, in 1873, upon a comprehensive tour right across Europe, traversing the chief states and entering in turn the principal capitals of Christendom, the Shah has not done so until he has ruled Persia for twenty-five years and personally examined for himself every place of importance within the compass of his own dominion. In this intelligent way it is, and after this sagacious preparation, that the so-called King of Kings has come as far westwards as England. Remembering that his own capital of Teheran is one which is just about five miles in circumference, and that it has, according to the highest computation, barely 60,000 inhabitants, there can hardly be an instant's doubt but that the ideas of this great Oriental prince must be powerfully impressed by the contemplation, no matter how hurriedly or cursorily, of a metropolis like London, having a circumference of thirty miles and over three millions for its population.

A Persian philosopher and astronomer who flourished six centuries ago had already won renown to the name of

Nasser-ed-Din. He it was who was the translator into the Persian tongue of Ptolemy. He it was who wrote the "Treatise on Morals," and who compiled the "Geographical Tables," which are still held in high repute among the *savants* of the land of Zoroaster. Great as his fame may be, and deservedly, among those descendants of the Magi, it is nevertheless as nothing to that which will justly appertain to the Nasser-ed-Din of our own day if only a sectional part of his noble and comprehensive ambition, in regard to the people owing allegiance to his sovereignty, be in some measure at least eventually realized.

SHAKESPEARE'S TOAD.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

"UGLY and venomous!" Ugly, therefore venomous; for that seems to be the chain of argument applied to the unhappy toad. "Nature," says Lord Brougham of Robespierre, "had imprinted on his face a perpetual warning of the man's disposition;" rather a singular argument, by the way, for the noble lord in question to have hit upon.

But perhaps it is more remarkable to find a poet such as Wordsworth uttering the corollary of the same proposition in his "Ruth":—

"Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween,
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment."

Based, perhaps, upon Miranda's rapturous admiration when Ferdinand first bursts upon her virginal gaze:—

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple;
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it."

But I suppose that poets, whose office, like that of other artists, is the worship of the beautiful, and whose function it is to supply the warmth and color wanting in this workaday world, are bound by their vocation to preach this doctrine for a truth. I fear it is a dangerous one.

As touching the toad, however, the poets appear to be wrong. Pope pictures his enemy, the beautiful Lord Hervey,—"Hervey the handsome,"—under the figure of that ill-used reptile, as whispering into good Queen Caroline's ear:—

"Who at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half-froth, half-venom, spits himself abroad."

But in fact there is no venom. There is, indeed, an acrid secretion in the follicles of the skin of the neck, and partly over the whole body, which exudes, and even spirts out, on pressure, and is sufficiently offensive to cause a dog, on seizing a toad, to drop it somewhat hastily from its mouth. It is potent enough sometimes to redden the skin of the hand; but it is perfectly innocuous in the blood, as has been proved by injecting it into the circulation of a chicken. And this exudation is, of course, the "sweltered venom" of the poetical toad in poetry.

But the Rev. J. G. Wood, that excellent naturalist and charming writer, assures us that his children had a trough full of tame toads, each of which answers to its *own* particular name, and comes when called. The children, he says, carry them round the garden, and hold them up to any insect which they may chance to fancy, to enable them to swallow it, which they do by a lightning flash of their glutinous tongues. Nay, more; their tender care for their unlovely pets is so great that they bathe and kiss them daily, he declares, just as they themselves are treated by their nurse. Upon one occasion, one of the children, who had received an orange, was seen with her own especial toad seated on her hand, partaking with his mistress of the

orange in alternate sucks or bites. Well! *de gustibus* is an old axiom, and, it seems, a true one.

From the experience so gained, Mr. Wood declares the toad to be more quickly and easily tamed than most other animals. So that its disposition seems to be as devoid of venom as its physique. It is curious, by the way, that the word "ugly" across the Atlantic refers only to *moral* deformity, and has no bearing on physical appearance of any kind.

The "precious jewel" in the toad's head was also an article of general belief in Shakespeare's time; and is explained by Halliwell to have been a stone of potent effect in medicine. Any book of folk-lore will show how much the medicine of the mediæval period dealt with all kinds of reptiles, and other such "uncanny" animals as hedgehogs, bats, owls, and other weird and darkness-loving things. Serpents, we know, were sacred to Esculapius, not on account of their supposed wisdom or subtlety, but by reason of their yearly renovation in a change of skin; and it would seem that all the reptiles of the lizard and frog classes, which inherit some share of the enmity sown in Eden between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, inherit also some part of this affinity between snakes and the practice of physic. I find that the homeopaths of the present day retain at least one drug derived from snakehood,—"lachesis,"—which is said to be the poison of the lance-headed viper, though it may perhaps be doubted whether their chemists have really supplied their vials from the poison-bags of that interesting reptile. They use also the sepia of the cuttle-fish; and I have often been struck by the appropriateness of sepia as a medical emblem. I observe that doctors, when hard pressed in argument, always escape in a flood of hard words; like the cuttle-fish, protected and concealed by the blinding inky trail it leaves behind it.

I am not sure that the existence of the jewel in the toad's head has not been supported, if not suggested, by the extraordinarily brilliant eye of the reptile, which appears to flash and scintillate with some inward light, thrown into stronger relief as it is by the dark, dull, hideous skin in which it is set. I find this corroborated by the fact that in classical times the toad was supposed to partake somewhat of the power of the fabulous basilisk in the ability to fascinate any person it looked on by the glance of its eye. In the basilisk, indeed, this power was fatal to the life of the person beheld—a gift never claimed for the toad.

But if this part of the zoölogy of the toad has enshrined a popular error of long standing, the nature of its food appears to have been no better understood. The "gentle lady wedded to the Moor" makes her jealous, fiery husband exclaim in the agony of his fever-fit:—

"I'd rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses."

In which, though the sentiment may be noble, the science is certainly false. The food of snakes, according to Shakespeare, was hardly more material than this aerial toad-diet. In "Pericles" he says:—

"And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed."

Exactly reversing the alchemy of the bee, which from the same source distils sweet and wholesome honey.

The notion that toads can live without material food is, however, both more generally believed and better supported than that touching the jewel in its head. Numerous accounts, apparently well authenticated, relate the finding of toads entombed in the centre of aged trees when cleft open by the woodman's wedge, or enclosed in chambers of chalk or stone until disinterred by the miner, but still alive, and seemingly in good health. Their presence in such places was accounted for, in the case of the trees, by the supposition that they had either climbed, or been dropped by some bird of prey, into the hollow trunk; and,

being unable to extricate themselves, had been gradually shut in by a growth of wood overhead. In the case of chalk or stone, it was believed that the egg had been washed by floods through some minute crack or crevice into an already-existing chamber in the mine, which egg had hatched in due course, and produced the interesting recluse in question. Both of which suggestions seem possible, if not probable, explanations of the mystery.

So persistently, indeed, have such stories been repeated, that Dr. Buckland, formerly Dean of Westminster, determined to put the matter to the test by enclosing sundry toads in blocks of stone and wood. For this purpose he had twenty-four holes excavated in two blocks of stone—twelve of them in a block of coarse oolitic limestone, and twelve in a block of close-grained silicious sandstone. The holes were circular—those in the limestone were twelve inches deep by five in diameter, and those in the sandstone were of the same diameter, but only half the depth. Each cell had a groove at the top, fitted to receive a circular plate of glass, with a slate over it, and when closed was rendered impervious to air and water by a coating of soft clay.

In each of the twenty-four cells an unfortunate toad was placed and sealed down on a given day, having been first carefully weighed, and the blocks of stone were buried in the earth three feet deep. On opening the cells thirteen months after, all the toads in the smaller cells were found dead, and much decayed. The greater part of those in the oolite were still alive, and, stranger still, more than one had actually increased in weight! But in at least one of such cases of increase, the cover of the cell was found to be slightly cracked—sufficiently so, perhaps, to admit small insects out of the surrounding earth. All the survivors were then buried again, and at the end of the second year they were also dead.

During the last incarceration they were frequently watched through the glass cover of their cells, and always appeared to be wide awake with open eyes, and in no state approaching torpor; but on each successive examination they were observed to be growing "fine by degrees and beautifully less," until at last they died of sheer emaciation. All those confined in trees in the same fashion were dead at the end of the first year, and much decayed. The cells were in apple-trees on the north side of the tree, five by three inches large.

That the toad does "live on the vapor of a dungeon" appears therefore to be conclusively disproved. And such aerial toads seem to be as much creatures of the poet's brain as the flower-eating serpents of the same great writer.

The explanation of such belief seems to be very simple, and to arise from the enormous quickness with which the toad seizes and sucks in the minute insects which form its food.

If the reptile be placed in a melon-frame in which there are ants, and carefully watched, it will be seen to approach the ants, and the ants will disappear (down its throat, in fact), but the actual seizure will not be observed. It should be noticed that the tongue of the toad is placed in an opposite direction to that organ in ourselves—that is, with the tongue's point towards the throat. When seizing its prey, it flings out the glutinous tongue with amazing velocity, and the organ in regaining its natural position deposits the captured insect in the gullet of the toad.

But the reptile, if not poisonous itself, is at least equally careless of poison in others, and swallows bees, wasps, and other such unconsidered trifles with great gusto and perfect impunity.

Toads are in this way sometimes very injurious to beekeepers, sitting placidly under the entrance to their hives, and quietly snapping up any torpid bee which happens to fall on to the ground. Beetles, too, with horny cases and sharp claws they "realize" with equal indifference, coolly swallowing them, leaving them to discuss the question of their hardness and horniness with their own potent digestive organs.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

ONE of the effects of the individual self-confidence which is so general an attribute of us Anglo-Saxons, is to incline us to face marriage without calculating its costs. We do it because it tempts and interests us at the moment, trusting to luck and to our strong arms for the means of keeping our wife and children. There is something manly and vigorous in this way of acting; of course it is rash and dangerous, of course it often leads to all kinds of worry, and it sometimes ends in downright misery; but there is a pluckiness about it which commends itself to our natures. Political economists and philosophers go on attacking it with unavailing arguments and unconvincing proofs. Right as they may be in theory, they do not influence our practice; "improvident marriages" are as numerous as ever. We are not a prudent people in this respect, and neither earnest books nor eloquent discourses are likely to change our tendencies. Most of us believe, in varying degrees, in our own innate power of overcoming obstacles as they arise. We do not shrink from matrimony because it may involve us in risks and difficulties; we rush at it because it attracts us at the moment, and because we are surrounded by crowds of people who have done the same before us, and have struggled somehow through the consequences of their hurry or their error.

The process of the French, on this point as on many others, is in absolute contradiction with our own. Where we decide and act, they weigh, and calculate, and hesitate, and consider. They reach no resolve until they fancy they have exhausted the measurement of advantages and disadvantages, until they have pondered over probabilities and possibilities, until they imagine they have united as many elements of success as human foresight can collect. It can scarcely be said that even in England marriage is regarded as a purely personal arrangement, concerning only the two immediate parties to it. We admit, in our upper classes, at least, that it involves considerations of a varied nature, which justify and sometimes even require the intervention of parents and families. But the French carry this intervention to a length which we could not support: they leave no liberty and no action to the coming couple; the whole thing is taken out of their hands, they are treated as if they were incompetent in the question: their parents undertake the negotiation for them, and handle it as governments deal with international treaties. Glaringly evident as are the emotionality and the mobility of the French in other phases of their conduct, they have no application here. They find their use abundantly in superficial sentiments, in the forms and thoughts and words of outside existence, in the manifestation of already existing affections; but, with rare exceptions, they have nothing to do with the preparation of a marriage. Their place is taken, on that one occasion, by a dry, arithmetical computation of practical results, with no excitement and with no distractions. Where we so ordinarily listen to what we understand by love, to the temptations of the young heart in all their forms (however transitory), to our individual impressions and to our opinions, the French consult fitnesses of relative situation, reciprocities of fortune and position, and harmonies of family intercourse. They seek to ensure the future, in some degree, in its social as well as its pecuniary forms. They lay it down that passion is no guide to permanent satisfaction, and that other people than the two directly interested have, both in law and reason, a right of judgment in so grave a case. This does not absolutely mean that preëxisting sympathies are considered to be unnecessary for marriage in France; but it does mean, in the distinctest language, that such sympathies alone are not admitted there as a sufficient motive for an association which is to last till death. Sympathies wear out sometimes; new ones grow up from other contacts; eternal attachments are very rare between people who have not managed to get married, and have not the aid of the wedded tie to hold them steadily together; but the necessities of life never fade away; they never weaken; they remain in force with pitiless persist-

ence, and the French parents pay more attention to them than to what may be only a passing inclination in their sons and daughters.

And it must be borne in mind that this view of marriage is not solely a development of the national disposition towards prudence; it is also, to some extent at all events, a consequence of the legal enactments contained in the Code Napoléon. The law forbids all marriages without either the consent of the father and mother, or proof that they are both dead. It is very troublesome to get married in France; the operation is surrounded by difficulties and formalities which would make an Englishman stamp with rage. It is true that if parents refuse to allow their children to follow their own wishes, the latter are permitted, provided they have attained their majority, to go through a process called "a respectful summons to consent," after which, if the parents persist in their rejection of the appeal, marriage may be at last attained. No matter at what age a man or a woman marry, even if they are sixty, they must either produce the written consent of their father and mother, or show that they have applied for it in due legal form and that it has been denied them without sufficient cause, or prove that they are orphans. The object of this legislation is not only to prevent bigamy (which under such conditions, is naturally rare in France), but, even more, to maintain parental authority, and to insure a due subjection of children. So far there is something to be said in its favor, especially as, in many cases, it really does protect young people against their own folly. But as, after all, marriage is a complex state, requiring something more than a father's approbation to conduct it to success, it is natural that we, who regard the entire subject from a very different point of view, should have a good many objections to urge.

The question, however, is not merely one of legal forms and parental privileges; it contains a vast deal more besides. As marriage is the real starting-point of home life—as the happiness of husbands, wives, and children depends, in a great degree, on the conditions under which it is realized and worked out—it is fair, and even necessary, to judge it not only in its beginnings and its organization, but in its result as well. Indeed, it would be rather difficult in such a case to consider causes without effects. We look, instinctively, from one to the other, and, half-unconsciously, estimate the value of the end. But how are the results of marriage to be correctly measured? We all know how difficult it is to make a definite opinion for ourselves on the point even in the case of the friends with whom we live in constant intimacy, whose interiors we know in detail, whose quarrels, whose special sympathies, whose qualities and defects, we have had some means of testing. How then, if it be so hard a task to reach a conviction in the few cases round us, can we hope to form a judgment fairly applicable to an entire nation? Vague ideas are of no use here; prejudices mislead; facts are impossible to collect on so large a scale. And yet there is a guide, an incomplete and insufficient one, but still a safe one so far as it can lead us; that guide is the impression which a nation entertains about itself. If we consult it carefully we get the accumulated experience of the mass in the only form in which it manifests itself on such a subject as this. There are no returns, no reports, no statistics to refer to; but there are drawing-room talks, and half-confidences, and village rumors, and the gossip of the marketplace, and the wise head-shakings of the old people; and with their aid, if we listen closely, we can compose a tolerably approximate picture of what all these indications describe. But we can only do it fairly on condition of being scrupulously exact, of effacing from our memory all predisposition towards special shades and special forms, of marking down absolutely nothing of what our own imagination so easily suggests, and of strictly limiting our coloring to what we are quite certain that we distinctly see. And, even then, we have to reconcile bitter contradictions, to group together the most opposite results, to institute a comparison of causes.

But before we consider the evidence thus obtainable as

to the moral results of marriage in France, it may be useful to cast a glance at the material comparison which it is possible to make between the quantity of marrying which takes place amongst the French, and the corresponding figures on the same subject which other nations offer. In his "Eléments de Statistique," M. Moreau de Jonnés gives a table of the number of marriages which are effected annually in the principal countries of Europe. Ireland comes first with one marriage for each ninety inhabitants; France is sixteenth with 1 for 122; England twenty-seventh with 1 in 137; Tuscany twenty-eighth and last, with 1 in 143. Now if this be true—and the well-known name of M. Moreau de Jonnés may be accepted as a guarantee for the exactness of the numbers—it seems to follow that, notwithstanding our headstrong imprudence, we English actually marry less, proportionately, than the prudent, calculating French, who look before they leap. This is an unexpected fact to start with, but, if it be a fact, it indicates, with tolerable distinctness, that the hesitations which precede all marriages in France do not really stop marriage, for the French stand in the middle of the table which has just been quoted, below the northern races, which (excepting England) head the list, but above all the southern states, which close it. The position thus indicated for France is the very one which would appear to be the most desirable to occupy; it is a fair average, showing neither too little nor too much. And France retains the same approximate position if we look backwards and carry the comparison into the eighteenth century. A hundred years ago, marriages were everywhere more frequent than they are now; subsistence was more easy to obtain, it was not so difficult to provide for children; and we consequently find that the number of annual marriages, relatively to the then population, was, throughout Europe, about ten per cent. above its present rate. But the diminution which has since occurred has been universal; it is not special to France or to any other land. The French continue to take wives in the same proportion as they have always practised towards their neighbors; they have diminished matrimony only as it has been diminished all around them.

If, however, they have held their own in the rate of marrying, they have diminished largely, since the Revolution, in the fecundity of marriage. In 1770 the children born in France were in proportion to the whole population, 1 in 25; now they have come down to 1 in 35; the falling off has consequently reached the enormous figure of forty per cent. Here lies the real explanation of the strange fact which has so astonished Europe after each census recently taken in France; the fact that the French have almost ceased to increase in numbers. It is not, however, as a statistical curiosity that the subject is referred to here, but because it is most intimately connected with the entire question of French marriages, because it bears closely on their moral organization, because it opens the door to considerations which would be almost incomprehensible if it were omitted. We will presently come back to it. Meanwhile we can leave dry figures and return to the more interesting study of opinions, impressions, and personal experiences.

The French are certainly convinced that they are a happy people. And so they are, if gaiety and cheeriness and mutual good-will can be taken as satisfactory and sufficient evidence on the point. No nation has more laughter; neither Irishmen nor negroes surpass them there; and it is generally good, honest laughter, resulting from a motive, not mere senseless giggling. But happiness and laughter are not synonymous; the latter is not necessarily a symptom of the existence of the former; the saddest of us may laugh sometimes, while the most thoroughly contented may be constitutionally inclined to gravity. It is not, then, on this one outward sign that either practically or logically the French can base their claim to be regarded as a really happy nation. If the claim be founded, the grounds on which it rests must be looked for elsewhere—in deeper, less superficial, and less apparent proofs. It is especially in their use of married life that the evidence if

really it exists, should be looked for and be found. And here it is that we must take up the testimonies alluded to just now and try to measure what they reveal to us. If marriage, as a rule, is found to produce success—if the men and women that it brings together generally assert that they are satisfied with what they have extracted from it—if lookers-on, all round them, confirm their declarations, and tell us that their married friends—so far as they can judge them—have no home difficulties and no home regrets; then we may, without imprudence, recognize that the French are really a happy people, and that the marriage system on which their home life is based, is proved to be well adapted to their character and their needs, for the simple reason that it leads them on to joy.

It may be said at once, subject to exceptions, explanations, and reservations, that this result is generally attained by the French, that they really are, in-door, a happy nation, and that their marriages, as a whole, present enviable results.

It may be as well, however, before going further, to attempt to give a definition of married happiness as it is sometimes comprehended and pursued in its highest form across the Channel. It is not always quite the same condition. It not unfrequently implies, amongst the educated classes, a ceaseless employment of intelligence and skill, such as we rarely know of here. The mass in France, of course, acts like the mass elsewhere; it takes life as it finds it; it "lets it rip," as the Americans say. It seeks no improvement; it crawls on with what it has. But there is a theory of marriage which some French men and women understand and realize—a theory which not only leads them to distinguish the highest uses to which the married state may tend, but which enables them to detect the means by which those uses can be reached. In cases such as these, the life which two lead together becomes a constant, ever-growing pursuit of forms and shades of happiness which are beyond the thought, and even beyond the faculty of comprehension, of the crowd. The basis of their practice rests on the wise precept, that as our longings, our necessities, and our fancies, change with time and age, and with position too, the attempts we make to satisfy those longings and those fancies should vary their nature and their character in sympathy with the modifications which occur in the object to be attained. What pleases us at twenty, begins to lose its charm at thirty, and wearies us at forty. And if this be true of men, it is truer still of women, who, as a natural result of the home life they lead, are fatally condemned to aspire after variety of in-door emotions, because they can find none outside. The husband who has studied the philosophy of home happiness, who has entered marriage with a true sense of its dangers and its powers, will not wait for his wife to manifest fatigue; from the first hour of their common existence he will begin to teach her that the tie between man and woman cannot preserve its vigor and its first eager truth unless the elements which compose it are skilfully replaced and thoughtfully renewed as they successively wear out and gradually cease to produce their old effect; he will try to show to her, while she is still in the enthusiasm of early wedded joy, that happiness, like all other states,—and perhaps even more than all the rest,—is, by its very nature, but a passing, transitory condition; that what gave it to us yesterday may fail to create it for us to-day; that the sympathies which seem to us so ardent and so durable in the inexperience of our beginnings, will be but fading brightnesses if we do not watch over each fluctuation of their aspects, each faint symptom of their change. Young wives may hesitate when first such theories as these are laid before their astonished eyes; it causes pain to their earnest fondness of the moment to be assured that, according to the laws of probability, that fondness will not last unless new nourishment, new starting points, new stimulants be provided for it as years pass on. But when once they have grown accustomed to the argument,—when once they have been led to an appreciation of its unvarying and universal application,—then, if they do love their husband truly, they become his active aid, his convinced coöperator

in the delicate but inestimable labor of maintaining, in all its strength of origin, of developing to its fullest growth of perfectness, the first object of their united life—joint happiness.

And yet examples seem to indicate that frequently women do not possess the faculty of understanding the profound utility of this crafty handling of their lives; when once they have really grasped it they are capable of contributing to the result with even more power than men; but their appreciation of the necessity of the effort is often sluggish, and, as a rule, they have to be dragged to it either by entreaty or necessity.

The general tendency of wives—in France as elsewhere—is to regard happiness as a vested right, as a natural fact, as a permanent condition, as a self-sufficing, self-maintaining state, which ought to go on and last because it has once begun. Most of them violently revolt the first time they are asked to own that married happiness may be, on the contrary, and by its very essence, the most ephemeral of all short-lived creations. They take man's love as a property and a due; they fancy that it is the husband's duty to keep up that love without any special aid from themselves; they let themselves be loved, but they do not help love to last; as Johnson said, "they know how to make nets, but not how to make cages." In cases such as these—and, unfortunately, they constitute the majority of experiences in all lands—there is small hope of permanent contentment; if the husband is ignorant enough—as indeed the greater part of husbands are—to view the case exactly as the wife does—to imagine that he can leave the future to take care of itself, and to allow the early rush of mutual satisfaction to struggle to its end, without providently preparing, in good time, the elements of the second act of married life, then he reaches the usual emptiness and disappointment in ignorance of the causes which have produced them, and ends by regarding them as a natural consequence of matrimony. But if he is a thinking man, if he has given some of his attention to a calculation of the conditions necessary for the conservation of home delight, then he does indeed suffer if he finds himself tied for all life to a woman who is incapable of helping him to attain, by mutual labor and mutual watchfulness, that rare but admirable result—permanent and increasing joy in marriage.

In France there are certainly a good many people who rise to these higher views,—who look on marriage as a serious occupation, which requires absorbing thought,—who ceaselessly endeavor to improve its form, and to lift its consequences and its products above the level of hum-drum existences. And often they succeed. Now success, in such a case, implies that they distil, from contact with each other, a degree, an elevation, a thoroughness, a perpetuity, and a reality of happiness which less able and less careful manipulators of home life are incapable of producing. They show us what skill and science can elaborate from ordinary sources; they show us the height of satisfaction to which we are capable of climbing, in the relation between man and wife, if we will but regard that relation as a plant to be sedulously cultivated, and not as a weed to be left to combat unaided for existence. Many an example might be given in support of this rough indication of what marriage may be when it is rightly understood. In the higher ranks of French society there are men who merit to be called professors of the art of happiness; who have analyzed its ingredients with careful fingers and scrutinizing eyes; who have consummated their experience of means and ends; who, like able doctors, can apply an immediate remedy to the daily difficulties of home life; whose practice is worthy of their theory, and who prove it by maintaining in their wives' hearts and in their own a perennial never-weakening sentiment of gratitude and love. But, alas! these cases are exceptions. Most French people content themselves, like their neighbors in other countries, with rumbling carelessly through marriage, making no attempt to improve it, and not even suspecting that it is capable of improvement. And yet, thanks to their light, laughing natures, they generally keep clear of gloom.

They bring into married life the bright cheeriness which is so frequently an attribute of their race; they stave off worry by *insouciance*; they support annoyances with a coolness, which in their case is not indifference, but which, to an unpractised foreign eye, looks so singularly like it, that it is difficult at first to fix the point where calm patience appears to end, and indifference seems to begin.

There are, however, contradictions in abundance to this rule of quietly supporting cares. Frenchmen have sometimes in their character so many of the faults which elsewhere are supposed to be the property of women only, that they are capable of growing fidgety and nervous to a scarcely credible degree; and woe to the unlucky wife who stumbles on a husband of that species! he wears her out with teasing. Gentle and affectionate as the men ordinarily are, there are some among them who are absolutely intolerable at home. Luckily they form an infinitely small minority; otherwise it would be nonsense to pretend that French marriages, on the whole, are happy. The evidence which can be collected by listening to opinions, including ill-natured scandal in all its forms, tends certainly to show that, according to their impressions of each other, most Frenchmen are singularly forbearing towards their wives; they do not make the most of them, — that effort is limited to the rare examples which were alluded to just now, — but their habit is to treat them with much softness, with constant consideration, with deference and courtesy. They generally come together, in the origin, without much passion, or, indeed, much love; the conditions under which their marriages are arranged make that fact easily comprehensible; but love does grow up between them in nearly every case, and they end by feeling for each other an attachment quite as real, as thorough, and as deep, as we find in countries where other systems are in use. It is far from easy to discover really unhappy marriages in France; here and there are isolated instances, evident to every one, for they have terminated in voluntary separation; but the testimony of society, and particularly of the women, who are not more charitable towards each other in France than they are in other lands, in no way indicates any multiplicity of failures. The impossibility of divorce creates a strong motive for mutual concessions, with the object of soothing away asperities, and of rendering obligatory companionship supportable, if not agreeable. As for absolute infidelity, on either side, it is now so rare that it is often possible to look round a large circle of intimate acquaintance without being able to point out one example of it. This assertion may seem absurd and false to that large group of English people, which, though in total ignorance of the facts, grows up, lives, and dies in the contrary conviction — but the assertion is strictly, literally true. The marriage-tie is vigorously felt in France; husbands and wives cleave there to each other, and do not now seek for illicit joys, whatever some of them may have done in days gone by. Indeed, they point to England at this moment as the country which produces palpably the largest amount of conjugal irregularity, and quote in proof, with bitter justice, the shameless details of the Divorce Court which are given in our newspapers. We have grown accustomed to this odious publicity; habit blinds us to its dangers and its indecency; but if we could hear foreigners talk about it — if we knew the impression of disgust which it creates in France, where the rare cases of co-responsency are treated criminally, and are always pleaded with closed doors; where husbands do not receive money-damages for their wife's dishonor — we should perhaps be led to recognize that, in this question, we do not offer a satisfying spectacle to Europe, and that we have lost all right to throw stones at others. We are unable to judge ourselves on such a subject; we must submit to the verdict of lookers-on; and a very painful one it is for us to support.

But if the French are less attackable than we are on this element of the workings-out of marriage, they are open in another direction to a founded imputation, to which allusion has been already made, and which is almost graver still, because its application, instead of being exceptional, is universal. Their marriages produce scarcely any chil-

dren. Here discussion is needless; here differences of opinion cannot exist; here prejudices cannot apply, — for the fact is proved by their own official returns. Before the revolution of 1789 the population of France amounted to about 24,000,000, and the annual number of births was about 970,000. At this moment the population is about 37,000,000, and the average number of births is only 950,000 per annum. In other words, though the population is one-half larger than it was a hundred years ago, it begets absolutely fewer children now than then. The present yearly birth-rate in France is the lowest in the world. In Germany it represents 1 in 25 of the entire population, in England it is 1 in 30, in France it is only 1 in 39. And it must be borne in mind that this diminution does not result from any falling off in the proportionate rate of marriage, which, as has been stated, keeps up its place in comparison with other countries. It is solely brought about by the wilful refusal of married people to become fathers and mothers, as married people do elsewhere. A topic of such a nature is awkward to dissect, but it constitutes one of the salient facts of the subject, and it could not be omitted without leaving a great gap in the discussion; it forms one of its striking features, and it necessarily exercises an important influence on the opinion to be formed. The rejection of paternity is a consequence of the excessive prudence with which the entire subject is handled by the French; they do not marry unless they think they can afford it; they do not have children unless they think they can provide for them. It in no way affects the attachment between man and wife; it in no way diminishes their affection for their children, when they have them. On the contrary, their family tenderness is demonstrative and excessive, as has been repeated many times throughout these sketches of their home life. But the mere existence of this resolute unwillingness to have children, places France in a low position before Europe, and suggests grave doubts as to the moral value and efficacy of a system which, whatever be its merits and its qualities, whatever be the happiness which it produces, results in so flagrant a negation of the first object and first duty of marriage. It may perhaps be denied that it forms an inherent part of the entire scheme; it may perhaps be argued that it is an accident, a temporary tendency; it may perhaps be urged that the general organization of married life in France should not be held responsible for it; but to such objections it may be fairly answered, that the tendency in question, instead of assuming a temporary aspect, has gone on steadily gaining strength for a hundred years; that during the present generation its development has coincided with an increase of wealth, which ought, apparently, to have brought about an exactly opposite effect; and that it is, consequently, quite reasonable to regard it as a definitely adopted policy.

Now, whatever be the value, in political economy, of the principle of "circumspection in marriage" with which Malthus has associated his name, there are but few of us who can look at it with approbation from a moral or a social point of view; and though he himself, if he were still alive, might be immensely gratified to find that an entire nation is realizing his ideas on the largest scale, we, who in this case are but simple critics of the results of married life in their natural and habitual form, may be allowed to view the matter otherwise. Abstract theories about movements of population, and about proportions between demand and supply, can never be got into the heads of people who regard marriage as we all do, not only as an institution destined to give personal contentment to those who profit by it, but, quite as much, as a link between successive generations. How, then, can we help recoiling, with a good deal of really felt disgust, from the insufficient use of marriage which is so evident in France? And yet, strong as this feeling may be in us, it must not lead us to exaggeration. The rule is proved by the figures which have been quoted; there is no doubt about its application in the majority of cases; but there are exceptions in abundance; the whole nation is not infected; there are still in France a good many people who trust in God, and not

in Mr. Malthus. That too intelligent Englishman is not, however, the inspirer of French peasants in the matter; scarcely any of them have ever heard his name; they execute what he advised; they work out his teaching, but without knowing what he taught. Their motive is individual, not national; they have no idea that they are practising political philosophy when they tell you, as they do, that "il faut faire la soupe avant de faire l'enfant."

The exceptions are, happily, sufficiently numerous to give some little brightness to a picture which would otherwise be so dark. There are, here and there, large families in France, and nowhere can more admirable illustrations of pure home life be found than those they offer. It is, perhaps, especially in the upper sections of society that those examples are to be found; the trading and working classes have, ordinarily, so little religion and so little elevation of moral convictions that they abound the other way; and, as they constitute the mass, it is they, almost alone, who have brought about the decline in the progress of population. It is, therefore, not unjust to say, in principle, subject of course to reservations on both sides, that the higher ranks are now multiplying in France more rapidly than the lower strata. This progress is of course imperceptible materially, but, in its degree, it certainly exists.

Another, but a very different question, which it is worth while to look at, is the influence of society, or, more exactly, of social relations on the results of marriage. Evidence upon it is very plentiful and easy to collect; for we have but to listen to the talk when half a dozen people are together. Whatever be the class which we observe, we find on this head a general similarity of action and effects. Notwithstanding their great love of home, Frenchwomen live a good deal with each other and with men: their form of life is so free from the restrictions and the obstacles which we impose upon ourselves—there is generally so much liberty and facility of visiting at all hours of the day and evening—that the contact between acquaintances attains a frequency of which we have no idea. In the higher classes some few husbands go to clubs, or live somewhat in their own rooms; but such cases are exceptions; with them, as in the middle groups, husbands are ordinarily with their wives, accompany them wherever they can, and share their friendships and their distractions. With so eminently sociable a race it is natural that this should be so, and the disposition is confirmed by the original conditions of marriage, which always—as much as possible, at least—provide for the maintenance of family connections afterwards. The French do not regard marriage as a state in which two people are to be tied up by themselves; they view it as an association, which should in no way affect the habitual contact between the parties to it and the rest of the world outside. Of course, in practice, everybody remains free to select his or her own system of existence. There are examples, and a good many too, of married people who stop at home, "*qui vivent en sauvages*," as their neighbors say of them; but they constitute the exceptions—the rule is the other way. The facility of making visits, and walking about alone, and going to parties without a chaperon, is proper to all girls who marry, whatever be their country; the French have no monopoly of it. It is not therefore as an act of freedom that newly-married Frenchwomen go into society; they do it because they like it, because their husbands like it, because it is the habit of their nation. The idea that marriage confers any special liberty on Frenchwomen is most erroneous; they have neither more nor less of it than women possess elsewhere; it is, however, comprehensible that the contrast between that degree of liberty and the extreme reserve in which the girls are kept (which we perhaps should do well to imitate) should have provoked amongst us the false impression that a French wife acquires a greater emancipation than other European wives enjoy. She remains bound by the universal laws which regulate the conduct and the attitude of women; she obtains no peculiar rights; she shakes off no chains; she does but gain the position and the power which enable her to discharge the new duties which devolve upon her. Foremost

amongst those duties is the obligation to maintain her social place. She likes the obligation; it costs her no effort to discharge it; and, in most cases, she would annoy and disappoint her husband if she neglected it. So they go about together and amuse themselves, as a right and proper thing to do; it is one of the objects for which they married.

In limits such as these it can scarcely be alleged that the habit of social intercourse, highly developed though it be in France, constitutes a danger for home peace. There are crowds of married people there who never stop at home, whose life is almost exclusively passed with others; but if they all like it, there is no harm in that; it is only when one side is discontented with the practice, while the other wilfully continues it, that it grows into an obstacle. This case exists, of course, but it is rare: most French men and women like society too much for either of them to shrink away from it.

This constant contact with other people has, however, the inconvenience of provoking vanities and envies, and consequently of leading women to expense. There lies, perhaps, the only serious objection to it which can be urged as regards its influence on married life. It cannot be seriously said, by any one who knows the French, that it at all affects their regular attention to their home duties, especially towards their children, who are thought of and cared for before all else; but it is not possible to deny that it tempts the women on to dress, and to the other rivalries which drawing-rooms provoke. But most French husbands rather like their wives to shine, and look on complacently at the effect which they produce, and at the triumphs which they achieve. The association between them is generally intimate enough for each of them to find satisfaction in the other's glories, even if they take only the tiny form of a successful gown. So, if they can afford it, the additional outlay which is induced by much going out, does not become a source of difficulty between them. Whether it does them any good, whether it aids them to really love each other better, whether it elevates their views, may certainly be doubted; but as it amuses and contents them—as it gives them a common object in life, such as it is—we may admit that, with their ideas, they are right to hold to it.

Even in the trading classes there is a good deal of this seeking for society, in a small way. There, however, the wife usually assumes a position of a peculiar kind. She does not visit so much with her husband at night, but she is his companion throughout the day, wherever the nature of his occupation makes it possible that she should remain with him; she participates in his life, she shares his cares, she helps him at his work. At the top of the scale, the French wife is a woman of the world; at the bottom of it she is a drudge, as is the case in other lands; but in the lower middle strata she takes a special place by her husband's side,—so sympathetic, so cordially real, that to many of us she presents a high realization of the idea of what a wife should be. It is only in the central ranks of population that we find fair average national examples; above and below those ranks, both wealth and poverty come into play, and introduce conditions of existence which diminish the teaching value of the classes which they influence. But in the *bourgeoisie*, which constitutes in its various degrees so large an element of the French nation, we find the unadulterated type of France. It is there that we should look for the speaking signs of a general state; and if these signs are cheering, if they indicate success, if they testify that satisfactory ends are reached, we may surely conclude that good causes are at work; and we may, consequently and fairly, arrive at the opinion that, whatever be its faults, the system is not all bad, and that, on the contrary, it renders possible a form of home unity which is peculiar to the race.

It is not by mere comparison with the results obtained elsewhere that we can safely judge this question. Each people has its own special needs, its own special means of satisfying them. A great many of us are disposed to positively deny that the thorough oneness of existence, which is so distinc-

time a characteristic of married life in the French middle and trading classes, is, in reality, a merit. The subject has been many times discussed from the English point of view, and it has been generally alleged that the absorption of women into the hourly details of their husband's lives involves more disadvantages than advantages. It has been argued frequently that it leaves no time for the discharge of the duties which specially devolve on women; that it diverts their thoughts to subjects which are foreign to their natures; that it leads them to neglect their children. But are these objections founded? Are they not mainly, if not entirely, a product of the widely different habits under which we live? And, even if they are based on fact, do they express a just and serious criticism of conditions of home life, which, from the widely opposite practices in which we grow up, we are unable to appreciate with fairness? Surely it may be urged that every act which fortifies the tie between man and wife is not only respectable in theory but desirable in practice. Surely a true appreciation of the relative values of the different services which a wife can render, of the different joys which she can provoke, can be more surely reached by the husband himself than by distant lookers-on, who, unconsciously perhaps, bring all their own prejudices into the discussion. If, then, we find, as we distinctly do, that the French themselves proclaim the merit of the adjunction of the wife to her husband's labors; if we see that the association which is entailed by marriage is regarded by them as applicable not only to sentimental ends, but to the practical details of life as well; if women, as a consequence of this view, sit by the side of men in offices and shops, instead of leaving them to work through the day alone,—we ought, in justice, to acknowledge not only that the persons directly interested must be better able to decide than we are, but, furthermore, that such constant presence, such constant sympathy of object and of thought, must tend to strengthen the bond between them, and must augment their friendship. On this point, therefore, we may admit that the French habit is a wise one.

As regards intellectual progress, marriage ordinarily leads the French to nothing. The notion that wife and husband may usefully help each other on such a road seems not to enter their heads, unless, in special cases, where the acquirement of knowledge, or its distribution to others, constitutes the occupation of life. When once they have left off schooling, the French cease to study; they continue what they call their "education," but they give up "instruction." The two words are here employed in the sense which is peculiar to France—the former meaning moral and social teaching only, the latter implying solely book-learning in its various forms. They continue to improve themselves as men and women, as towards their soul (when they think they have one) or towards the world at large; but they abandon the attempt to add to what they learned in youth. These descriptions are of course general, not universal; but their application is so usual that they need not be accompanied by any special reservations. With such views and practices, it is natural enough that marriage should introduce no new ideas of action. A husband may push his wife towards art, though that depends on his or her proclivities; but scarcely ever will he think of leading her to read, or of communicating to her what he may know himself. In quantities of drawing-rooms in France an open book is never seen; in some of them even newspapers are exceptional objects. This does not refer to the higher classes, where, frequently, there does exist some desire for new facts; but the want of books on the tables of the *bourgeoisie* creates a cheerless blank which no profusion of plants and flowers can fill up. Sometimes one observes two or three stately volumes in red morocco, which evidently are never looked at, and probably have never been read; all they do is to confirm the thought that their proprietors look to other people, and not to print, for fresh impressions. But conversation, whatever be its merit, whatever be the clever uses made of it, does not replace reading as a developer of knowledge; all it does is to enable us to use knowledge if we have it. In this

direction French married life is far inferior to our own. Our women read; our men generally feel some sort of interest in what their wives are learning; and without pretending that marriage is, with us, an aid to study, it is so certainly when we compare it to what occurs in France. Music, on the contrary, is more general in French houses than in ours; art is more keenly felt and more naturally utilized. There marriage serves an end, for it is particularly after marriage that Frenchwomen attain the skill which distinguishes them in all the forms of indoor adornment, which means the daily application of the home shapes of art. To this the husbands contribute a good deal; in this they help their wives. But, whatever be the value of such action, whatever be the additional attraction bestowed on home by this common effort to add charm to it, the absence of the higher tendencies of intelligence implies an inferiority of object which is one of the weak points of the entire system. The sentiments find full satisfaction in most French marriages—the affections are contented—family duties are attentively and even eagerly performed—home is decorated, so far as the purse allows, with the wise ambition of rendering it more seductive; but there is little culture of the intelligence, and the pleasures which that culture is capable of producing in marriage are relatively unknown.

Even in the country reading does not assume an important place amongst the occupations of the day: there is more of it than in the towns, but not enough to justify the statement that it constitutes an element of life. As there is less society in the chateau and the village than in the centres of population, wives have to look for something else than gossip to enable them to pass their hours. Home cares absorb a considerable portion of their time—visits to the sick and poor, which few women of the better sort neglect, contribute to employ it; but reading seldom becomes a constant object, even when it rains. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or the *Correspondant*, according to the opinions of the house, and translations of a few English novels, constitute the habitual limit of female study. With all their inventiveness, the French have not discovered that reading is not only the most natural, but also the most useful of home occupations; so, as a rule, their marriages do without it.

There is one more point to glance at. What is the influence of religion on married life in France, and how does marriage influence the practice of religion? The solution of such a question depends on personal opinion in every case, but it is not, perhaps, impossible to give a proximately correct reply to it as a whole. All French children begin by faith; many of the girls preserve it, most of the boys abandon it, in varying degrees on both sides. The result is, that when a man and a woman come together in marriage, the woman frequently believes, the man habitually does not. They therefore pretty often start in life with a tolerably complete divergence on a grave subject, which, if they thought alike upon it, would serve, on the contrary, to create a further tie between them. But there is abundant evidence to show that this divergence exercises but small effect on the sentiments of wife and husband towards each other, and even that the divergence itself is often more apparent than real. If we apply to the better sort of women for information, we are generally informed that their husbands leave them alone, do not interfere with their discharge of their religious duties, and even, in certain cases, accompany them to church as a matter of propriety. In the educated classes it is rare to meet with men who are actively hostile to religion. Many of them say that they regard it as a worn-out means of civilization, as an unnecessary complication, as a bar to progress; but, whatever they may say in words, scarcely any of them go beyond passive indifference in acts. No simpler or more conclusive proof of this can be adduced than the fact that one hardly ever sees a father, whatever be the intensity of his views, prevent his son from making his first communion. Full of incredulity as the majority of them are, the upper French feel, in spite of themselves, a sort of vague respect for what they believed as boys. However

complete be their loss of faith, they unconsciously retain, in most cases, a sentiment of hesitating deference for religion which makes it difficult for them to take up a strong attitude about it towards their wives. The result is, that the distance between their respective views, however considerable it be, is not unfrequently bridged over by mutual forbearances and concessions; so that, really, no practical dissentiment arises, and no home difficulty results from the want of community of faith. This sort of negative contentment is, however, possible only in cases where no passion is displayed on either side upon the subject; when husbands and wives are eager in the matter, when they set actively to work to convert each other, then they generally end in worry. But if they are patient, and wait for the effect of all the influences which the constant contact of married life places at their disposal, then, not unfrequently, they do end by conversion—that is, the conversion of the husband; for though there are quantities of men who are led by their wives to faith, there is hardly a woman to be found who has been led by her husband to infidelity.

These considerations apply mainly to the upper classes. The case presents a different aspect if we examine it in the strata where socialism is at work. There the desire to root out all religion is resolute and active; there we find that many husbands use the power which marriage gives them to destroy faith in their wives; the exceptions are, however, numerous, even in the towns. It is naturally very difficult to arrive at any reliable figures on such a subject; but it seems to result from private observations made by the clergy, and extending over many years, that about one tenth of the entire population of France goes to communion at Easter, which is the test of Catholic practice. It seems, furthermore, that, on that occasion, the women are about eight times as numerous as the men. So that, uniting these two calculations, and allowing for the number of young children whose age excludes them from participation in the act, it would appear as if about one quarter of the women and about one twenty-fifth of the men discharge this obligatory religious duty. But it must be repeated that these averages apply to the nation as a whole; the proportions are of course much higher amongst the educated, and lower still amongst the working classes. These figures show (even if they be only approximately correct) how limited is the influence which the practice of religion is exercising on married life in France; and as the averages are certainly not improving, it may be inferred from them that marriage is not now aiding the progress of religion. The French are growing out of faith, as out of the other convictions which they formerly possessed; and even marriage, with all its subtle means of action, does not appear to be leading them back to it.

If from consideration of the separate phases of the subject we turn back to it as a whole and review its elements in their relation to each other, we find ourselves in the presence of contradictions which, at first sight, do not seem easy to reconcile, and which might induce us to suppose that the question can only be safely judged in its isolated elements, and not in its entirety. But, notwithstanding the conflicting nature of the evidence, notwithstanding the hostility of the main facts between themselves, it ought not to be impossible to disentangle the opposing details from each other, and to reach a general impression.

We find that marriages in France are surrounded by peculiar obstacles, both personal and legal; that individual predilections form but a small element in their origin; that antecedent attachments are not considered indispensable; that the precept "increase and multiply" is not admitted as a binding law. So far the system looks unhealthy, according to our appreciation of what marriage should be. On the other hand, we see that the French marry rather more than we do; that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the love which did not exist beforehand grows up afterwards; that there is little material misery resulting from imprudent marrying; that separations are rare and divorce impossible; that French homes, in almost every rank, are generally attractive models of gentleness and

kindness; that, in certain cases, the pursuit of mutual happiness is based on theories and practices in which the highest forms of skill are successfully employed; that children, few though they be, are fondly cherished; that the association between man and wife assumes, in the lower middle classes, an intensity of partnership for which it is not easy to find a parallel elsewhere; that religion, if it does no good to marriage, cannot be said to really suffer harm from it.

In endeavoring to estimate the real bearings on each other of these two different categories of facts, we may remain convinced that French parents interfere too much in the marrying of their sons and daughters; we may reject as insufficient and illusory, from our point of view, the arguments which they invoke in favor of that intervention; we may point with unanswerable logic to the relatively childless firesides of France as evidence that, whatever be their love for children, the French shrink purposely from having them; but, with all this before us, we are obliged to own that they do extract large results from matrimony. The love of home, which we observe so universally amongst them, is, in itself, a proof of the existence of attraction between man and wife; and attraction implies sympathy. This symptom should suffice alone to remove all reasonable doubt as to the reality of the affection which unites most French families. But if affection is a consequence of marriage, it seems to follow that the system on which marriages are based cannot be a very bad one for those who use it. A somewhat similar argument may be employed with reference to the children; the moral wrong of avoiding them cannot be explained away; but, when they do come, they are tenderly cherished, and aid in strengthening the bond between their parents. If, then, as is incontestably the case, the great majority of French married people love each other and their offspring, it may not unreasonably be deduced therefrom that the difficulties and contradictions which seem at first sight to result from the opposing elements of the position, do not bring about the effects which, with our ideas, we should expect them to produce.

Questions such as these depend a good deal on temperament. The French are not organized as we are; they differ from us in the composition of their character and their tendencies to a degree which it is scarcely possible to realize without close comparison. The same beginnings do not necessarily result in the same ends in England and in France. As was observed at the commencement of this article, it is fair to judge a system by its fruits; and if we apply that principle to French marriages, we ought to own that a system which leads to so much fondness, to so much happiness, to such true home life, cannot be fundamentally wrong, whatever certain of its details may incline us to suppose.

TRADITIONS OF STERNE AND BUNYAN.

STERNE and Bunyan! Two names more widely apart—two men of genius more unlike in character and life—we can scarcely find in our whole world of reading. Even in *Dialogues of the Dead*, they would hardly tolerate each other. If we allowed such ghosts to meet, the clerical wit and worldling would certainly throw some wild jests at the Baptist fanatic; and we can imagine the grave Pilgrim looking thunder-clouds at the Reverend Mr. Levity, of Vanity Fair. I will quickly explain why I have, to the amazement of the reader, placed these two names together. I can show Sterne in the act of sketching character close to my village, and it so happens that traditional footsteps of John Bunyan may be found in the same locality, and the circumstance brings the two men—the two writers—before me with strange, intense reality.

Yorick is still, and evermore, "the keen observer, the arch humorist;" the master of pathos, the magician of the pen. More than a hundred years have rolled away since he breathed his last in the Bond Street lodging. Yet only the other day—on the 18th of June, 1870—the world

welcomed some vague account of his wife and daughter, two ladies who had left but faint traces of their existence in a little French town. Think what we will of the man, the fascination of the artist is living now, a century after his death. No apology is needed when I offer new facts about Laurence Sterne and his Uncle Toby — facts which show us the very spot where the great humorist made his outlines from real life.

Twenty years ago, the possessor of a romantic imagination might have been greatly delighted by a visit to Preston Castle, near the village of Preston, in Hertfordshire. This old country-house was then unoccupied, and standing, forsaken and dilapidated, in the midst of its still beautiful gardens. A narrow lane, running south from Preston, led you to a simple lodge. You then passed through meadows, well fenced with hawthorn and holly, to the north front of the house. Over a low, strong hedge of sweetbriar, you saw a massive gray porch, a little overhung with Virginia creeper; venerable casements looking out on the broad carriage-road which led to the hall-door, and a circle of flower-beds with a central sun-dial. Wide walks, fair lawns, huge evergreens, each one a kingdom of leaves, met the eye as you entered the gates. Well do I remember those grounds, and the wood of pines and chestnuts at the end of them! In the gardens, one saw everywhere a happy blending of modern art with the dear, old, stately formality of other days. But the house had suffered loss at the hands of some individual who had preferred convenience to the charms of antiquity; and had been still more injured by another, who had given a castellated front to a pile half manorial, half Georgian. Preston Castle, when I remember it, stood silent and forsaken, a fit haunt for the ghosts of my childish imagination. The ancient hall, and many chambers centuries old, were on the north side; on the south were the Georgian rooms. Even there, one's footsteps echoed strangely, and the midday sun, passing into them through an outer blind of sweet roses, starry jasmine, and climbing creepers, could not lighten the gloom within. The sight of the mildewed walls, the faded, falling papers, the blank, deserted hearth, would have saddened any heart but that of a child, full of "life, and whim, and *gaieté de cœur*." What story have I to tell of this ghostly place? Not the story of many a pleasant summer afternoon spent there with those who have departed hence. It is the story of Uncle Toby — the Uncle Toby of real life; one which I heard from lips now silent, and which I know to be true.

In the days of Laurence Sterne, the owner of Preston Castle was a certain Captain Hinde, who was at once the old soldier and the country gentleman. My father, who lived near the village of Preston, was told by the late Lord Dacre, of The Hoo, in Hertfordshire, that this Captain Hinde "was Sterne's Uncle Toby." Much interested, my father asked many questions, and ascertained that the fact was well known to the Lord Dacre of the "Tristram Shandy" period, and had been transmitted in the Dacre family from father to son. His lordship added, that a very old man named Pilgrim, who had spent his young days in the service of Captain Hinde, might be found some few miles from The Hoo, and that he would be able to give certainty and interest to the story from his early recollections.

My father sought an interview with Pilgrim, the venerable patriarch of a lonely little village, and in the course of a long conversation gathered evidence which clearly traced my Uncle Toby to a real-life residence at Preston Castle. I will give the most striking part of this evidence as it was handed down to me. Some of its details have been lost in the lapse of years, but I have added nothing to the facts retained by my memory.

Pilgrim, in his youth, had an uncle who was butler at The Hoo, some five miles from Preston. This uncle well remembered the famous Mr. Sterne as one of Lord Dacre's visitors, and once heard him conversing with his noble host about "Tristram Shandy."

"And how could you imagine such a character as my Uncle Toby?" asked Lord Dacre.

"It was drawn from life," said Mr. Sterne. "It is the portrait of your lordship's neighbor, Captain Hinde."

And the odd book, which amazed, amused, and delighted the great world so long ago, and the name of which is still so familiar, was vividly called to remembrance by much that Pilgrim told of the sayings and doings of his old master. Eccentric — full of military habits and recollections — simple-hearted, benevolent, and tenderly kind to the dumb creatures of the earth and air, Captain Hinde was a veritable Uncle Toby. He gave the embattled front to his house — the laborers on his land were called from the harvest-field by notes of the bugle, and a battery was placed at the end of his garden. The animated old soldier, who delighted to talk of battles and sieges, was full of the most extraordinary love for all living things. Finding that a bullfinch had built her nest in the garden-hedge, close to his battery, he specially ordered his men not to fire the guns until the little birds had flown. To fire these guns was his frequent amusement, but he would not allow a sound to disturb the feathered family. This and other anecdotes greatly pleased my father. They reminded him of the generous heart which gave even the poor house-fly life from its boundless wealth of feeling. In short, Uncle Toby stood before him — clearly and forcibly drawn by a poor old villager. No reasonable mind could throw any doubt on the curious tale so strangely saved from oblivion.

Preston Castle is now numbered with the things that have been and are not. It was pulled down many years ago, and its picturesque gardens and luxuriant shrubberies were turned into common meadow ground. All the sons and daughters of Captain Hinde have passed away, and a rural memorial points out their last resting-place in the parish church of Hitchin. A few old cottagers still talk of their benevolence and eccentricity. An Irish tramp, who died in Hitchin workhouse, spoke of them with lively respect and gratitude. I have never forgotten that woman's look, as she mentioned her name. "Something of blessing and of prayer" might be seen in their dark violet eyes, as, glancing upwards, she said, —

"They was the rale, ould ginty, dear, was the Hindes! They was a Governint family. . . . There's the world's differ between them and the new people about. . . . And don't I remember poor Mrs. W——, almost the last of them — the blessed lady — the rale gintlewoman? Sure she's opened the gates of heaven for herself by all she did for us poor craythurs. . . . RIST HER SOUL IN GLORY!"

This was the last honor paid to the Hindes. They certainly inherited the kind, generous virtues of Uncle Toby — good gifts which can make the most whimsical peculiarities dear to us.

I will now venture to glance at the conjectures of those who have sought to find originals for the Tristram gallery. Let Thackeray speak first: "The most picturesque and delightful parts of Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fèvre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel." Twice Thackeray gave us his "Lectures on the English Humorists," from which this passage is taken. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has published a biography of Sterne, containing much information never before collected. This biography has done good service to the memory of the Shandean hero who was at once the admiration and the scandal of his day. In vain does Thackeray pass sentence in immortal words of brilliant satire and severity. We read Mr. Fitzgerald's two volumes, and feel a kindness for the strange, wayward genius whose worst faults were encouraged by his age. We follow Yorick through his years of provincial obscurity to his London carnival of flattery and feasting. We see the gay, wicked world doing its best to spoil the little good in that sentimental heart — to stimulate that erratic humor to wilder and wilder flights of folly and irreverence. And then we think with painful pity of the

death-bed in the Bond Street lodging-house. There the prince of jesters and sentimentalists died slowly, without the sympathy of wife, daughter, or friend—with only a hired nurse and a footman beside—personifications of indifference and curiosity. Perhaps in that last scene the poor player would willingly have exchanged lives and deaths with some faithful, simple, boorish Yorkshire curate! In the fourth chapter of Mr. Fitzgerald's first volume, Ensign Roger Sterne, father of Laurence Sterne, is introduced to us as the prototype of Uncle Toby. The chapter opens with an abstract from the memorandum of family history given by the great humorist to his daughter Lydia: "My father was a smart little man,—active to the last degree in all exercises,—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it had pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition; void of all designs, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose."

Mr. Fitzgerald asks: "Can any one doubt but that this genial and spirited little sketch, which seems to overflow with a tender yearning and affection, is the original design for that larger canvas from which stands out the richly-colored, firmly-painted, and exquisitely-finished figure of Uncle Toby? . . . It requires no great penetration to guess that the same gentle images must have been rising before him while he sat at his desk in his Sutton vicarage, suffusing his eyes and softening his heart, as he thus filled in the portrait of the brave officer who had also served in the Flanders wars: 'My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries, not from want of courage. I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter. Nor did this arise from any obtuseness or insensibility of his intellectual parts. But he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring elements in it; all was mixed up so kindly within him; my Uncle Toby had scarce heart to retaliate on a fly.' Then follows the famous incident of the fly, and its subsequent happy discharge into that world which was wide enough both for itself and its captor. Contrasting the two brothers, he says that Mr. Shandy was quite the opposite of his brother 'in this patient endurance of wrongs.' . . . He was *ten years old*, Tristram writes, when the fly adventure happened, which might indeed have been a little incident in Ensign Sterne's life; for it is very consistent with his 'kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design.' But my Uncle Toby, with all this gentleness, could yet rouse himself when the occasion called for a necessary display of temper; and thus he was always in the habit of calling the Corporal 'Trim,' excepting when he happened to be *very angry* with him."

"Putting this picture beside the original," continues the biographer, "we see that Ensign Roger Sterne, with 'that kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design' (words which in themselves come sweetly and melodiously off the lips), could nevertheless be in his 'temper somewhat rapid and hasty.' . . . It breaks out, does this likeness, in innumerable little touches—hints, rather, and delicate shadowings. . . . Like the famous Sir Roger, of Addison's make, this figure of my Uncle Toby, starting somewhat mistily, fills in as it goes, with a wonderful clearness and brilliancy. He scarcely knew at the outset how it would grow under his hands."

I feel sure that these conjectures convey a measure of truth. But they do not in the least set aside the Dacre tradition. "The scenery and costume of Queen Anne's wars"—"the Ramillie wig," "the blue and gold suit laid by in the great campaign trunk, and which was magnificently laced down the sides in the mode of *King William's* reign"—"the wonderful scarlet roquelaure in which Captain Shandy mounted guard in the trenches before the gates of St. Nicholas"—all these things had most likely been long treasured in Sterne's memory before he sat down to write the first page of his "Tristram." A clever *littérateur* would know how to make good use of the recollections of his childhood, vague as they might be, and to blend them with studies of character made at a later time of life.

The reader will now stand with me at the old gates of Preston Castle. At the southern side of those broad meadows we can rebuild, in fancy, the quaint, embattled residence. And we may see a tall, thin, strange figure passing out into the narrow lane, hedged with hawthorn and holly. It is Yorick going back to The Hoo. Those sly, comic features which Lavater speaks of—"the expressive features of 'the arch, satirical Sterne'"—wear a look of triumphant humor. He has just made a sketch of Captain Hinde, and feels that it will be his masterpiece. The work will be true to nature, but he will finish it with the thousand graceful touches of his unique pencil, and give it the rich costume and color of the bygone days of Marlborough. The bright eyes of Yorick's pale face grow brighter with the inspiration of genius, and he rides away in his gayest mood, certain to be more brilliant than ever at Lord Dacre's.

We who thus dreamily stared at the Preston gates, and call up the shadows of Laurence Sterne and Captain Hinde, may, in a moment, cast behind us another hundred years. We shall then see close to us a marvellous man, whose face and figure, homely though they be, are yet touched by the rays from the Celestial City. Within a few hundred yards of those gates, and in the midst of a thick wood which borders the Castle meadows, is a green space called "Bunyan's Dell." In this hollow in the wilderness a thousand people would once assemble to listen to their Baptist—the inspired Tinker of Bedford. A Protestant may admire Ignatius Loyola, or the gentle St. Francis, and the most severe Churchman must give due honor to the memory of John Bunyan—the saint-errant of Dissent. Any one who reads his life may see that he lived through his own spiritual romance. Surrounded by the wild passions and blind bigotry of the seventeenth century, "his pure and powerful mind" fought a good fight with Apollyon, passed with trembling anguish through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and escaped serene and blameless from Vanity Fair. No doubt the "Meeters" who came to the Preston wood to hear Bunyan's rousing and searching sermons understood very well that he was the Christian hero of his "Pilgrim's Progress." Living in Hertfordshire, from sixteen to twenty miles from Bedford, they would probably know much of his history. A prisoner for Nonconformity and illegal preaching, Bunyan had spent twelve weary years in Bedford jail. Though not shut up in the Venetian *pozzi*, he must have suffered severely in his dull, dark, damp chamber, built over the river. There, with only two books,—the Bible and "Foxe's Book of Martyrs,"—he gave himself up to studies more absorbing than those which endeared the "Martin Tower" to the "Wizard Earl of Northumberland." And there he resolved to remain "until the moss grew on his eyebrows" rather than promise not to preach. At length Dr. Barlowe, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, is said to have obtained his unconditional release. All honor to the wise, kind Churchman! Wise and kind people having read the "Pilgrim's Progress," felt that the writer had heart and intellect for a broad Catholic faith, and that nothing would narrow him into a mischievous sectarian. So he left the dismal old jail on Bedford Bridge, and went out into the world as a preacher. It was probably some time after this release in 1671 that Bishop Bunyan, as he was popularly called, made Hertfordshire part of his diocese. Justices and constables paid tribute to his character by allowing him to preach in several counties. But as the times were full of danger, he was often obliged to travel in disguise, and the people of his pastorate met during the night, and in places from which they might easily escape. One such place was found in Preston Wood, three miles from Hitchin. When we look at "Bunyan's Dell" we can see the midnight "Meeters," and their preacher. The dense thicket of trees around—the starry sky—the multitude of enthusiasts half buried in shadow—this is a scene to inspire John Bunyan with the best of "his powerful and piercing words." Such words, though drawn from the common language of tinker and peasant, can work wonders. We feel that they would probably make a

more lasting impression than any one of the Reverend Mr. Yorick's "dramatic sermons," preached before judge, ambassador, or king. Like Dante, Bunyan is able to produce a sublime effect and strong sense of reality by a few bold, abrupt touches. He has come, like the great Florentine, from *la valle d'abisso doloroso*, and he tells of its horrors with the vivid brevity of intense feeling. Let me read a passage from his "Sermons on the Greatness of the Soul":—

"Once I dreamed that I saw two persons whom I knew in hell; and methought I saw a continual dropping, as of great drops of fire, lighting upon them in their sore distress. Oh, words are wanting,—thoughts are wanting,—imagination and fancy are poor things here! Hell is another place than any alive can think."

This is truly Dantesque. But Bunyan devoted his Dantesque genius to the loving purpose of an Evangelist.

Shall we contrast the "glorious dreamer" with the historian of the Shandys?—the grave, devout pilgrim, with the gay trifler who made the Sentimental Journey? Let us not contrast—nor judge—nor moralize. Many of us have a library in which we receive a large company of illustrious men and women. If we have known them from childhood, as dear, familiar friends, we shall think of them in their best moments, and regard them with unfailing charity. If we possess the least trifle which belongs to the life or literary history of any one of them, we shall value it as a priceless treasure. In this spirit, I delight to find the tradition of Bunyan Dell, and to rescue from the darkness and dust of years, the curious old portrait of Captain Hinde—Sterne's Uncle Toby.

A PORTRAIT AT THE ACADEMY.

THE MODEL'S LETTER.

It's over at last, dear. They have hung it on the line. You will find it in Gallery IV., between an Eastern Slave Market and Rizzio and Mary Stuart, in a capital light, the newspapers say, and surrounded by a gorgeous frame, with my initials worked at the top. I send you the catalogue. Doesn't it look well: "Morton (Francis Christian), Portrait of Miss Isabel R—":

"That fawn-skin dappled hair of hers,
And her blue eye,
Deep and dewy;
And that infantine fresh air of hers!"

Papa was so proud of the painting, he would insist on the verses being added. I am astonished Browning ever wrote anything so nice and appropriate to a little goose who can't understand him. Well, I am always walking about before that portrait in Gallery IV., and hear such remarks, dear! I know there's no pretending to consider one's self absolutely hideous between dear friends like you and me; but, really, I think the paper would blush and the ink grow hot if I were to tell you all the ridiculous compliments and exaggerated enthusiasm lavished on the portrait of Miss Isabel R—. But, of course, it's quite possible the people are only thinking of the artist. It's such a contrast, dear, when they stop before poor Amy's portrait. "What a daub! How could they admit it!" "A bad reflection of oils in an indifferent water color." That is the kind of criticism one hears. One man—a critic, papa said—remarked quite loud: "What a capital lesson in osteology for the painter!"—which, it seems, is very funny when you know what it means, particularly as poor Amy's "salt-cellars" are really getting worse than ever; all her rubies can't hide them now. I wouldn't have you tell her all this for worlds; it's so cruel of people to laugh at her portrait, especially when it is hung so high that one must be positively ferocious to discover it at all.

As for me, I was obliged to sacrifice my pearl fillet; those painters of Maclise's school are so severe—"sober"—they say themselves, which sounds disgusting. I am *décol-*

leté, with a flower on each shoulder. As for the dress, it is silk, of course, and of that exquisite tint that made Merton fall into ecstatic contemplation the first time we met him, that day on the pier at Dieppe. Don't you remember—we had finished our stroll and were going home, you looking so sweet, dear—your face rather flushed by the walk, and your eyes so sparkling—that I must have been rather improved, too! Ah! what an awful autumn we were spending!—rain, rain everywhere, and not the smallest Russian prince or French attaché worth putting on a new bonnet for. What had come to Dieppe? Do you remember how the Etablissement was crowded with paterfamilias—how all the men we met were bald, and wore tweed, wideawakes, or spectacles, and how frightfully strict papa was when he had two girls to chaperon! You know he thinks we are all prone to run away, on the slightest provocation, with tenors with blonde moustaches. But, for a wonder, the rain had stopped on that morning, and the sun was nearly as nice as at Paris. I was in a good humor, and you, resolved to conquer any one who presented himself—even an American tourist. And yet, you know, Merton only looked at me, or at my dress, as he declared afterwards in a paroxysm of timidity. It was worth looking at—chocolate color, covered with buttons, and cords and fringes, and braid, and innumerable little dangling things in Russian leather—quite an innovation, then. It was short, with a wonderful panier, and remarkably becoming, I know; but all this isn't enough to fascinate a man into a stupor, even though he be of Maclise's school. Papa, who contradicts me as though he was performing a sacred duty to society, of course maintained that the "vagaries of modern fashion are quite enough to strike any one dumb with astonishment;" but you know papa. You insisted that Merton had fallen in love on the spot,—madly in love,—*à l'ier*, as they say at the French theatres. And I laughed, and wouldn't believe one word. Ah, dear, you will recollect that in spite of all evidence I never would allow that you were right. And if I give in now, it's because I can doubt no longer, and must talk to you about it—it makes me so miserable. Yes, dear; he *had* fallen in love; everything tells me so now. I ought to have guessed the truth when papa asked him to paint my portrait, and he refused, again and again, so obstinately that he was almost rude—the best way in the world, of course, of making me persist. Otherwise I dare say I shouldn't have cared about the thing a day,—I, who have only got my complexion to boast of,—to be painted by a man who's always talking about the Greek line, and dreaming of Minerva, I suppose, as if her helmet wasn't as hideous as a policeman's. But I couldn't give in then, naturally—it was a triumph to convert him, to make him copy my ridiculous little nose, force his "Greek" pencil to reproduce my eccentric "tip-tilted" chin (that's the only thing they have for *retroussé*, and I love Tennyson for inventing it). It was glorious to conquer his antediluvian prejudices, and make him study for once the very features that rebelled the most against his classic rules, and his worship of the ideal and the "pure line."

Papa was a capital ally. He met Merton constantly; talked about pictures (papa's always at Christie and Manson's and the exhibitions, and brings home the dirtiest canvases he can find), and insisted the more that Merton really seemed to like him immensely. Well, of course, he capitulated at last. How could he help it? We pestered him with invitations; papa called on him constantly—he couldn't resist—well, papa, through I think the sudden friendship, sprung up between them, suggested the possibility of a closer relationship. Those painters go so little into society! You assisted at the first *séances* we had—wasn't it amusing?—he was quite amiable, though still awfully classic—with the ideas of 1830 about taste—vehement against chignons, and wonderfully struck by the unique color of my hair. At first I was always afraid he would discover that I powdered it red, like you—who doesn't powder her hair a little now? But no; he remained convinced that nature had plagiarized the Venetians of Paul Veronese in my person, at least in the re-

spect of hair. But my complexion seemed less natural, — probably because I *do* leave that alone, — and he had the audacity to tell me so, indirectly; and I was amiable enough to keep my temper. As for the *pose* — there were terrible difficulties about that. I wanted to be taken three quarters, and also the back of the head — for I always had those little frizzling curls at the neck that are so fashionable now. He laughed at me; saying I was like a man who wanted, as a background to his portrait, his house, back and front windows, lit on one side by the setting sun, and on the other by the rising moon. At last we adopted the stratagem of the looking-glass — used by Ingres, it appears, and so quite permissible for a purist of the most Grecian propensities, and my frizzly curls were saved. Then came another series of discussions and embarrassments. I couldn't *pose* — never having cultivated anything but lazy attitudes, — they suit *blondes* best, — and here prim rigidity was absolutely necessary. The poor fellow was continually scolding me; but he couldn't touch my arm, to set it right, or arrange a fold of my dress without blushing scarlet, like a schoolboy. And it seemed as though he were angry with himself for his weakness; for he looked positively savage at times. You left us, and remained alone with an unfinished portrait, and, to my astonishment, didn't feel at all bored. Merton worked rapidly and rather gloomily, as though he were eager to have done, or afraid we should be separated before the completion of the picture; for papa was incessantly talking of leaving Dieppe — and, indeed, we did leave too soon — the portrait was not finished. "We will make an appointment in London," I said to Merton. "No, no;" he answered, with an expression of weariness and discouragement that I shall never forget, "I can't possibly continue; it's quite beyond me." Don't you admire his stoicism? wasn't it grand? One would almost think those painters had learnt, from all their old books and statues, the ancient virtues all the Roman people had, the respect of hospitality, of women, of rank, a delicate humility all our dancing guardsmen would raise their eyebrows at. I wanted to recompense him for his magnanimous self-abnegation by making him abandon it; but it wasn't easy, I assure you.

When papa knocked at the door of his studio — somewhere near Fitzroy Square — an awful place! — he was met by the most formal refusal, backed by the stupidest reasons a man could invent. My painter had seen that I didn't like the sketch: he found it impossible to reconcile the present fashions with the exigencies of art; he had given me a bad *pose* — he should have to begin everything over again; and it happened that this winter he was overburdened with orders from Lord heaven knows whom. His resistance was insurmountable, and I didn't much care about passing five or six hours a week in a smoky Bloomsbury Street, just when balls and visits were beginning again. And then I had conscientious scruples; I felt sorry, in spite of myself, for the poor, silly fellow — and — and — Captain Fitzcharles came rather often then — and I was altogether awfully busy. Perhaps I shouldn't have thought of the portrait again — only somebody died; we were obliged to go into mourning; parties were prohibited, and I felt frightfully dull. Papa and I called upon him — he must have got over his folly, I thought. I was just then engaged to Captain Fitzcharles, you know, and looked five years younger and gayer. The Dieppe sketch wasn't a bit like me — it looked more like a fashion plate of fifteen years ago. The most elementary and legitimate vanity wouldn't allow such an antiquated caricature to remain as it was before the eyes of an ex-admirer. Rather stiffly and unwillingly Merton consented to "touch it up," as they say in the studio. What fun! I was going to penetrate into the sanctuary he scarcely ever opens to any one; have a peep at a real artist's den.

You know how we imagined such a place — Turkish pipes, trophies of Indian weapons, and tomahawks, and boomerangs, old oak cheffoniers, magnificent uncomfortable chairs, piles of rainbow-colored stuffs strewn about everywhere, a lot of sketches of contadine and sultanas, two or three canvases, signed by R. A.s, — Tintoretto, Greuse,

and the rest of them, — a lot of eccentric young men in red caps and turbans, lost in a cloud of Turkish tobacco smoke, and some model striking an absurd attitude on a small platform.

Every picture and novel says this is the kind of thing to be seen; well, dear, they tell frightful stories, I warn you. Merton doesn't even wear a loose coat of violet velvet; he's only got hard old Roman heads on the walls, lay figures, hideous pictures of people skinned, showing their veins, skeletons that startle one dreadfully, a lot of engravings — the Rape of the Sabines, the Vow of Louis XIII., the Triumph of Homer, Melencolia, and amusing things like these; a large stove, that makes the room so hot that I looked like one mass of chilblains in five minutes, seats one can't sit upon without being bruised at the shoulders, dusty easels, and the whole surrounded by chocolate-colored walls, and presided over by that one-armed Venus of Milo I never could bear. Not the least bit of Bohemianism in the place; on the contrary, an air of asceticism, dull, uncomfortable, — *sancta simplicitas*, — there, you see, one can't help talking in Latin when one describes it all.

I couldn't discover anything in the room that suggested a lively thought or a pleasant word. And if you find me rather wild when we meet, you must remember that I have been looking for six months at a fat old Jupiter-Silenus having his beard pulled, without paying the slightest attention, by a Thetis who looks old enough to know better. And the Jupiter is not at all unlike Merton. He, too, tries to look formal and cold; but I can guess his thoughts by his long, sombre contemplations and moody silence — they express his infatuation with a savage violence which is quite terrifying at times. Poor fellow, he forgets — or doesn't know — how easily a girl, who's been out two years, can translate that kind of symptom. How odd he must be when he doesn't feel between himself and *her* that awful barrier of position and fortune — which he really exaggerates unnecessarily. Papa would object: "Are you sure that he is as madly in love as all that?" Of course I am. Listen! *you'll* understand: he has managed to give me a Greek nose — fancy me, with that preposterous little *retroussé*, you know! He has respected my strawberry and vanilla complexion, he who is always saying rude things against *colors*, and delights in painting seraphim almost pea-green! There, you can see in that, I should think, the blindness and cowardice of real passion. The portrait is a complete apostacy — a public recantation — and I have made him commit it. He couldn't make up his mind to see me no more — that explains his slowness — which at first seemed inexplicable, even when we took into account all the interruptions of the season. I was rather slow at times, too; I had just finished a horrible novel, and the moral was — don't play with fire; so I was just a little afraid of destroying his shyness by some involuntary piece of coquetry, and then — what *would* have happened! There would have been an explosion — he might have proposed — and Fitzcharles! His saturnine reserve seemed to indicate that he would be terrible when roused. I tremble to think of the possibility. So often I sent him a little note — kind, but not encouraging — putting off the sittings from time to time. But when I heard Amy's portrait was to be at the Academy — why, I was so jealous that I forgot all about the danger, — and that's how I am at Gallery IV. But oh, Lucy, at what a terrible cost! A shattered life, a — heaven knows what. I shall never console myself for having broken his poor, proud heart — so loyal, so affectionate, set upon the accomplishment of duty before everything — one of those horrid hearts that bleed silently forever and ever. But the mischief is done — what can I undertake to repair it — say? I have just had a violent quarrel with Fitzcharles — so you mustn't mind if I'm dull to-day.

THE ARTIST'S LETTER.

Ah! — I've finished — I'm off! Her friends are going mad about the wretched chaos of pink, yellow, and white, I am heartily ashamed of signing. I can't stand their

idiotic adjectives, proclaiming the daub a proof of my "versatility," "the *souplesse*," the "eclecticism of my genius," and so forth. Get the studio ready. I long to get down to our own quiet little village, and rest my eyes on something green, after all the skirts with butterflies, castles, walls, in chintz patterns, the cold-creamed shoulders, the Rabagas hats, the brick-dust powdered hair, the monstrous crosses between Greek peplums and Dolly Vardens that have been passing before them like a nightmare for the last six months. Perhaps an indifferent observer might have been amused by the delirious efforts of the dressmaker, and the extravagant affectations of the dress-wearer. The last costume — the one decided upon, was of a tint called *Bismark en colère*, I am informed, with fawn-colored roses! Perhaps, too, I might have made the work a little less tedious, had I a taste for snub noses, and eyes that try by every known means to look as big as a mouth. I tried for a moment — don't scold, dear, the illumination was too splendid. I know you'll repeat — Why did I give in? Oh, you don't know the force of polite obsession — the omnipotence of a man who praises your pictures, the awfulness of that kind of coaxing that considers itself irresistible — and becomes so because one can't decently undeceive it. Then I really liked the governor — the price was good — and, you know, we had Robinson's bill to meet. So I couldn't help it; but still, if ever they catch me again painting the portrait of a modern young lady! — I shall be down to-morrow, 9.40 train. How's baby?

POOR JOHN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

I.

"How pleasant it is to be alive!" cried Nelly joyously, as she threw open her window on the morning following the events described in the preceding chapter. The autumn dews lay thick on the grass and sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight; showers of yellow leaves came dancing down in the light breeze, and scampered after each other along the gravel-walk.

"How happy they look, and what fun they are having!" cried Nelly, as she danced down-stairs. Nelly had seen Arthur yesterday, and she was to see him again to-day. And the sunshine was so bright — why should she be unhappy?

Her solitary little breakfast-table became a sort of feast to her. A late October wasp, warmed to life again by the sun, came and buzzed lazily over the table; the scent of flowers came in little whiffs through the open window; the canary sang his loudest, and the urn fizzed and sputtered a running accompaniment. Everything seemed alive around her, and Nelly herself felt more full of life than all.

Suddenly there passed through her mind the refrain of an old song: —

"When life seems dearest,
Then sorrow is nearest."

"I wonder what book I have seen that in lately," thought Nelly; "I wish it had not come into my head. I wonder if something horrid will happen, because I am so happy this morning. I won't think of it any more — plenty of time to be miserable by and by."

But all the same, she could not get that old rhyme out of her head.

"Then sorrow is nearest,"

she kept on repeating.

"Stupid thing, it worries me! I will go and try to find the book I saw it in."

She went into the drawing-room, and sitting down on the floor in front of the bookcase, began to pull out the books one after the other. She could not find the quotation, so presently, as a matter of habit, she took down her favorite Shakespeare, and was soon silently engrossed in it.

Nelly Deane's father had taught her to know and love Shakespeare well. She could turn to her favorite plays and pick out her pet passages in a moment. Shakespeare's men were her heroes, Shakespeare's women her friends.

The pages opened at "Romeo and Juliet" — that sad sweet tender tale, so dear to the sympathies of all lovers in all ages.

Nelly read over the familiar scenes again with an interest as fresh as ever. She filled the old characters with a new personality. It seemed to her that Romeo was Arthur Temple, and Juliet was herself. She seemed to enter into the story better now than she had ever done before.

"I am not very brave, but I think I have more courage than Juliet had, after all," she said to herself.

There came a step on the gravel outside, and the dark figure of a man came in by the open window.

She did not seem surprised to see him; she had been thinking of him so much, it did not seem wonderful he should come.

"It is you?" and she had nearly added "Romeo," so completely had the two been blended together in her mind for the last hour.

"Yes; it is I," answered Arthur Temple; and then she saw that his face was strange and altered. He sat down on a chair near the window, and leant his arms forward on his knees, without looking at her. There was neither light nor love in his face — nothing but dull angry despair.

Nelly turned faint and cold; she went and stood by him.

"What has happened?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"Nothing has happened — nothing new to you at least," he answered, looking at her almost for the first time. There was a moment of silence. Nelly's breath came quick and fast, and she trembled from head to foot. Suddenly he caught her hands, and pressed them hard between his own, till she could have cried out with the pain. "It is true, then, you are engaged to John Foster?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, it is true."

He cast her hands away roughly, as if they burnt him, and turned from her lest she should see the misery and rage in his face. His last faint hope was gone; she had confessed it herself.

"I wonder why God makes such women as you," he said, turning upon her again, his voice thick with suppressed passion; "is it only, I wonder, that you may lead us on with your beauty to make shipwreck of our hearts?"

"What have I done? What do you accuse me of?" she asked, stung by his words. "What is it to you if I am engaged to John Foster?"

"What is it to me? Rather ask, what is it to you that you break my heart? Nelly," and his voice suddenly changed to a piteous appeal, "Nelly, you *knew* that I loved you — you knew it long ago. Oh, darling, darling, why did you not tell me at first that you had no heart to give, and then I might have gone away — and, who knows? I might have forgotten you then. But never now, oh, never now, my love, my love!"

"Arthur, Arthur, have pity on me!" she cried, covering her face with her hands.

In an instant he was kneeling by her side, a gleam of wild hope lighting up his face.

"You love me, then? My darling," he said, smothering her hand with passionate kisses, "only say that, and all will be right. How could I for one moment disbelieve those sweet true eyes? I felt that you loved me, darling. I have been a brute to doubt you; forgive me, say you forgive me, dearest."

And then Nelly turned her sweet face to him, all aglow with maiden confusion, and spoke to him in a voice that shook somewhat, yet was clear and distinct as usual.

"I am very much to blame; I have done very wrong, and I don't know that you will ever be able to forgive me quite; but I am to be pitied, too — for I suppose it will be a satisfaction to you to know that I too must suffer. If I have deluded you, I have deluded myself. I don't suppose

I can hide it from you now; I do love you, I am afraid. I don't think I shall die of it; I think I shall get over it, by and by"—with a little gasp. "I shall try very hard to cure it; it has been a dreadful mistake all along, and now you must say good-by to me, and go away abroad again. And I know you will be able to forget me; it will not be so very hard. I am not worth much; and I have behaved badly to you. You will soon forget this summer, if you try."

"Not so, Nelly," he answered passionately; "I will not leave you, I will not forget you. Listen, my love. Come with me now, at once. What is there to prevent our being happy? There is no one here to stop you. Come with me, and I will take you up to London, to the house of an old nurse of mine, who will do anything for me. She will take you in for a few days, and then we will be married quietly, and go away abroad together."

"Hush, hush! I must not listen to you," she cried, covering her ears with both hands; "indeed you must not say such things to me."

"Why, Nelly? You confess you love me. Why should we not be happy? Am I to give you up calmly to another, without an effort, knowing how much misery would be your fate? I will not give you up, Nelly. I will take you away with me."

"No, no; if you love me, don't ask such a thing."

"It is just because I do love you, that I must ask it. My poor child, you don't know what is before you if you marry John Foster. You think you would forget me—you could not forget me. Day and night my image would be before you; you would hear my voice; you would see my face, till you came to loathe the man you called your husband." She shuddered with a faint little moan of misery. "My darling, you could not forget me; it is not so easy to forget. Besides, do you think I could keep away from you? The craving to see your face again would be too strong for me. I should come back to you. How would it be with you then, Nelly, if you met me again, and you another man's wife?"

"You would not be so mean—so unmanly!" she said, with flashing eyes.

"I cannot say what I might be," he answered sadly; "I am not a very good man now, but I think that if you give me up I may become a very bad one. Oh, my darling, don't let us waste the precious minutes, but come with me. Why should you not come?"

Why should she not? What was there indeed to prevent her? There came a moment to Nelly when the temptation was almost too strong for her—when she had almost yielded. Why should she not go with him? Was she to condemn him as well as herself to such frightful misery? What were the Fosters to her, that she should throw away her life's happiness for their sake? With the voice of her lover pleading beside her, and her own heart echoing every word he spoke, how could she hold out?

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" she cried, wringing her hands in a sort of frenzy.

"Do what I ask," he answered, his hopes of success surging up so violently that his voice seemed half-choked. "Come with me, my child, my darling! What are you afraid of?"

And then there seemed to rise up before Nelly's eyes the calm face of an old man, and long dead words of truth and honor came rushing back in a flood upon her memory.

"I cannot do as you wish, Arthur."

"Why not?"

"I will tell you why. Suppose, for an instant, you were engaged to some one else—some one who loved and trusted you above all things—would you give her up because you happened to fall in love with me?"

"No; but it is so different. My honor!"

"That is what I mean—it is my honor that is at stake."

"But you are a woman; it is so different for a man!"

"I can't help it. I have been brought up as if I were a man. What is good for a man is good for a woman too. I am bound by truth and honor to be John Foster's wife,

and John Foster's wife I intend to be, as long as he wishes me to marry him. And I will never marry any one else."

"And that is your last word?" he said, in a changed, hard voice, rising from her side.

"Yes, that is my last word."

"Then you are cruel and false and wicked," he cried, stung to a fury of disappointment. "May God reward you as you deserve for this day's work!"

"I have no doubt your prayer will be fulfilled," she said, with a sad smile. "I shall be very miserable, I dare say; but you need not curse me, Arthur. Say good-by to me kindly, if you can."

"I will never think of you again. I hope I may never set eyes on you again," he answered, hardly knowing what he said.

"It will be better that you never should," she replied sadly. "Go now," she said, after a minute, "but if you can, be kind to me at the last."

For all answer he clasped her in his arms with a sort of madness, and kissed her till her face was aflame. Then he turned and left—as he had come—through the open window.

The sun shone on, the yellow leaves whirled about in the wind; nothing was changed, nothing was altered—only the heart of one little foolish, weeping girl was broken.

II.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I don't wish to make you uneasy, but I think I ought to let you know that Nelly seems to be very far from well. It is about six weeks ago that I first began to notice how very weak she was getting; and I am sorry to say that she has been growing gradually worse since that time. There is nothing particular the matter with her—only a sort of lassitude, which she does not seem able to shake off. I should not have troubled you about it if she would allow me to treat her, or even to send for a doctor; but she will not hear of my doing either, and indignantly protests that she is quite well whenever I allude to the subject. I think if you could run down for a Sunday soon, you might be able to persuade her to have some advice, and you will see yourself how she is. You will be able to influence her probably better than I have ever been able to do. I have not told her that I am writing to you, so you had better come—if you do come—in a chance sort of way.

Your affectionate mother,

MARY FOSTER.

"P. S. I think I ought perhaps to tell you that you may very probably find her rather changed in appearance."

Mrs. Foster sealed and directed her letter, leant back in her chair, and looked out of window. It was December, and the snow lay thick on the ground.

"I think I am doing right in letting John know," she said to herself.

Some one moved across the room, and sat down on a low stool near the fire.

"My love, are you feeling any better to-day?" asked Mrs. Foster kindly.

"I am quite well, thank you. I was only cold," answered Nelly in a measured voice, as if repeating a lesson.

Mrs. Foster sat and looked at her for a minute. She was truly sorry for the girl, and was beginning to be almost fond of her. If Nelly had only allowed herself to be doctor-tended, she would have made a complete conquest of her future mother-in-law.

Anything farther from "quite well" than Nelly looked, it would be difficult to imagine. Her eyes were sunken; she had grown frightfully thin, her smooth, rounded figure had shrunk away to nothing; her face—always pale—was now deadly white, and, at the slightest word, she would flush up suddenly from intense weakness.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Foster, gently, "why do you pretend to be well, when any one can see how weak you are? There must be something wrong with you?"

"I am not ill," said Nelly, impatiently; and the bright

flush came into her face. "What should make me ill? Have I ever complained? I suppose I feel the cold winter rather. I have not been used to cold winters. If I could only go to Cornwall, I should be well," she added, with a quiver in her voice.

"Don't you think you would be better if you went out sometimes? You never go out now. Why don't you take a walk?"

"Oh, no; I couldn't do that," she said, with a shiver.

Mrs. Foster sighed, but said no more, and presently she went up-stairs to her daughters. "I have written to John to tell him about Nelly. I am very anxious about her. I think he ought to come down" —

"Mamma, you are quite foolish about that child: you encourage her in idleness," said Laura.

"My dear, she is really ill; don't you see how altered she is?"

"She has lost her looks certainly; but as to being ill, she is just lazy, that is the matter with her, and she mopes because there is no one here to make a fuss about her, and admire her pretty face."

"No one can be happy who sits doing nothing all day," said Jane, sententiously.

Meanwhile Nelly sat alone down-stairs, staring into the fire till her eyes burnt. "I wonder how I can go on living till I am old. Let me see, I am eighteen next month; people don't often die till they are nearly sixty, that makes nearly forty years. Is it possible that I can live through so many years without any hope at all? It is only two months ago since he left — it seems two years. I wonder if I shall get used to this, or if it will be as bad all through my life?" She got up wearily, and went and stood at the window. The ground was all white and the sky of a leaden-gray. It seemed to Nelly like a picture of her future life spread out before her. "I wonder if any one was ever so wretched as I am!" said poor Nelly, as so many sorrow-laden hearts have said before her.

"Was there ever any burden equal to mine?" we all cry out when our sorrows come to us. "Surely this is worse than the common lot." Is it selfishness? or is it from what the Germans call *Schadenfreud*, that strange "pleasure in sadness" which is one of the most incomprehensible features of our complex humanity?

I am inclined to think it is want of sympathy with others, that rarest and most godlike of virtues, which is at the bottom of our own intense self-pity in our own sorrows. How few people do we meet in our lives who can enter into and feel for the sorrows of others as if they were their own!

Nelly Deane was not much to blame that she was engrossed in her troubles. To the young sorrows are insupportable; and Nelly had nothing in her outer life to help her. She had no duties and no occupations to withdraw her thoughts from the misery which she brooded over by night and day. She lay awake night after night, sometimes weeping for hours; sometimes she was quite still, with wide-open eyes in the darkness, thinking till her brain grew tired and bewildered with the pain of her thoughts. "If I could only get back to Cornwall!" was her constant moan. "I know I should be better there, if I could see the dear old home again, and the old apple-tree in the garden where daddy and I used to sit, and the red cliffs and gray sea. I should be better directly, I know. I could think about the old days and my daddy, and I should forget this new pain."

Never for one instant did she regret or wish recalled the words that had sent her lover from her. She felt more and more convinced that she had done right. And if it was right, why then there was nothing more to be said about it. Only, as she said, it was hard to bear. Arthur too, had been right when he had told her that it would not be so easy to her to forget as she fancied.

But there grew upon her such a strong desire to see again her old home, such an intense longing to get back to Cornwall, that that of itself was enough to make her ill. She was always planning how it could be brought about; she thought of it all day, and she lay awake half the night

thinking of it still. Would it be possible for her to ask Mrs. Foster to let her go with Mary, or Jane perhaps might like to go? Was there no one there she could go to stay with by herself? There was only the clergyman, and he, poor man, with his small parsonage and six children, had not, she knew, a spare corner in which she could be put.

Two days had elapsed since Mrs. Foster's letter to her son had been posted. They were all sitting together in the drawing-room; the candles were lit, and five-o'clock tea was just brought in. Nelly had been sitting in her corner by the fire for the last hour, doing nothing but think over the difficult problem — how she was to get to Cornwall.

Suddenly an idea entered her mind, which sent the blood rushing to her cheeks, and, starting up, she cried out aloud, —

"Oh, how I wish I could see John!"

"My dear, you must be a magician," said Mrs. Foster, smiling; "for here is John!"

There was a scuffle outside in the hall, the sound of a man's footstep, and John, muffled up in his greatcoat, came in. Of course, the others had partly expected him, and were not surprised, but Nelly was startled. She stood looking at him for a minute, as if she did not know him, and then, when he came up to her, she sank down again on her chair and burst into a fit of hysterical tears. She was so pitifully weak she could not help being upset at the least thing. And John's coming was so sudden, just when she was wishing so much to see him.

"She ought to be in bed, mother," said John Foster, much disturbed. "Laura, run and tell Mary to get her room ready."

Laura tossed her head, but obeyed.

"It is nothing," said Nelly; "I — I was only a little upset. Don't take me to bed; I am quite well."

But John Foster took her in his arms gently and tenderly, as if she had been a baby, and carried her up-stairs to her room.

"I shall go for Dr. Green," he whispered to his mother. "I can see she is very feverish."

It was snowing hard, but John went off for the doctor at once, and Nelly was put to bed.

III.

The doctor said that Miss Deane had a slight feverish attack, and required care; and sorely against her will, she was kept in bed two days.

"It is very unkind of you, Mrs. Foster, to keep me in bed just when John has come. I want so much to see him," she said more than once.

"My dear, you shall get up to-morrow, perhaps." And with that Nelly was obliged to be satisfied.

Meanwhile, John Foster, with a long face, moved about the house on tiptoe.

"I am shocked at her appearance — perfectly shocked," he said to his mother. "I never saw any one so altered in my life in such a short time. What have you been doing to her?"

"Indeed, John, it is not my fault. I have been most anxious about her."

"You should have let me know sooner," said John.

Laura once opened the piano and began to sing. John flew to her and shut the instrument.

"For goodness' sake, Laura, stop that screaming noise! Do you forget the poor sick child up-stairs?"

"Well, I am sure, John, I don't see that we are all to sit and do nothing because a spoilt child gets up a fit of hysterics!" said Laura, angrily.

"Pray remember that you are speaking of my future wife, and that I do not allow her to be disrespectfully spoken of," answered John, in high displeasure.

And after that, with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pocket, he went out, and trudged up and down the one gravel path in the garden that had been swept from the snow. "It is very evident how it is," he soliloquized;

"those sisters of mine have made her life miserable. My mother is kind enough, I am sure; but the girls are jealous of her because she is young and good-looking; Laura especially. How I wish I could take her away! I would marry her at once if I could, but I fear she is too much out of health for that to be thought of now. I should not venture to suggest such a thing to her; it would upset her too much. And yet it is very bad for her to be living here with them. I believe they have worried her into this state of weakness and depression."

His mother appeared at the window beckoning to him.

"How is she?" he said, coming up to her eagerly.

"She is so very anxious to get up, John. Do you think she might? She says she wants to say something to you. I think there is something on her mind, and she is worrying herself into a fever about it."

"Something on her mind!" repeated John, slowly, while an awful dread that she might want to break off her engagement took possession of him. "Yes, let her get up, only she had better go into the study and see no one but you; she will be quieter there than in the drawing-room."

Half an hour later Nelly was on a sofa by a cheerful fire, propped up with cushions and covered with shawls.

"Now fetch John," she said, as Mrs. Foster put the finishing touch to her arrangements. And John, who was only waiting impatiently to be summoned, came in at once.

Nelly looked very thin, and her eyes were unnaturally bright and large; but there was a flush of excitement and eagerness on her face which gave her the appearance of being better.

"I am glad you are rather better, Nelly dear," said John; and he stooped down to kiss her.

"Yes, I am better; sit down on this chair, John; I have something so important to say to you."

"Yes." And then she was silent, and looked away from him into the fire for a moment; only the clock ticked on noisily between them; and John's heart beating with a sort of apprehension of what might be coming.

"What is it, my dear one?" he said gently at last, laying his hand on hers.

"I hardly know how to say it, John, without your thinking me very strange," she said, faltering. "You know your mother and sisters think me a very bold sort of girl!"

"Never mind what they think," interrupted John.

"Well, but perhaps they are right. I don't suppose I am so proper and maidenly as most young ladies. You see I have always been accustomed to say what I mean — and — and, John, I want you not to think any the worse of me for what I am going to say."

"My darling! I always like you to be your natural self best, you know I do, Nelly."

"I feel myself that perhaps I should not say this; you may think it strange. John, would you mind marrying me sooner than Easter?"

"Nelly!" he cried joyfully; "*mind!* Why, how could I be anything but overjoyed?"

"Ah! but I mean *quite* soon; in a month — as soon as you can manage it?"

"My dearest, how good of you to wish it!"

"No, it is not good; it is very selfish. John, I have not told you all. I want to make a condition; see how mercenary I am!"

"What is it? You know there is no condition I would not grant you."

Then her lips trembled, her face flushed; she clasped her thin white hands together entreatingly: —

"John, don't refuse it, or I shall die. Please — please say yes."

"Yes, yes; of course I will, dear," he said, soothingly stroking her hands, and rather uneasy at her evident agitation; "but what is this great favor, Nelly?"

"The day we are married will you take me straight off to Cornwall?"

"Is that all? Of course I will; you need not have been afraid to ask me that; we will spend a month there!"

"Oh, how good of you! How shall I ever tell you how

grateful I am to you! How can I ever repay you for your goodness!"

"My dearest, I think you are repaying me quite enough. To-day is the 10th of December; shall we say the 10th of January, Nelly? or shall we make it the 7th, if you can get your things ready?"

"Oh, never mind my things; the 7th will do beautifully," cried Nelly. "I feel quite well already!" She thought only of the day she was to go to Cornwall, and forgot that it was to be her wedding-day as well.

John kissed her gravely. Did she want to marry him only to go to Cornwall? he thought, coming very near the truth unawares. But it was with a very happy face that John Foster sauntered an hour later into the next room.

"Mother, write to the dressmakers and milliners, and set to work on the trousseau this very evening; there is no time to be lost; Nelly and I are going to be married on the 7th of next month."

"Married! and next month! Will she be well enough?" cried his mother. "What a sudden change in your plans, John!"

"Yes; I think she wants change of air more than anything else. I shall take her to Cornwall, and bring her back quite strong."

Yes, this was the ingenious plan for the accomplishment of her great desire which Nelly had hit upon.

John was to take her to Cornwall, and, in order that he might do so, she would marry him at once; for, of course, she recognized that in no other way than as his wife could he take her there. In two days she seemed to be her old self again. She went running about the house as she used to do, saying to herself over and over again, "I am going home next month! I am going home next month!" The little bustle and fuss in the house consequent upon the wedding being definitely fixed, was good for her. Her spirits rose with the buoyancy of youth, and with her spirits her health also revived. Nelly had almost persuaded herself that it was only this great home-sickness that had been the matter with her. She said so to herself again and again, trying to force herself into believing it to be the case. After a day or two a reaction came; she was angry with herself that the old pain would keep coming back again; that she shivered if she caught herself looking towards the wooded heights of Northley Park. It was hard work deceiving herself. She felt that she could not keep up the delusion much longer. One day Nelly said to herself, "It is no use pretending any longer. It is not Cornwall that I want; I want what I can never get. No doubt it will do me good to see the old home again. I shall enjoy it above all things; but it will not cure me. But I am glad my wedding is fixed; it is better for me to marry John soon. I shall find it easier to bear when I am his wife, and have my regular duties and occupations. It is this life of idleness that is so bad for me. When I am John's wife, I shall have no time to think about — the other thing. Yes, it is best for me in every way to be married soon. John is so kind to me too; I shall do my very best to make him happy, and never let him find out that I cannot love him so much as he deserves. Yes, I am glad the wedding is all settled; the sooner it is over the better now."

The day had arrived for John to leave. He had stolen a week's holiday to see how Nelly got on; but now that she was better he felt that he ought to return to his work. He had been a very happy man since that talk with Nelly, when she had settled their wedding-day, and he felt loth to go away and leave her again.

"You won't get ill again after I am gone, Nelly?" he said, fondly stroking her pretty dark hair.

"Not if I can help it, John," she answered, smiling.

"My dear child, you cannot think how much lighter my heart is now than when I came. I was quite frightened when I first saw you; but you look much better now. You feel better now, don't you?" he said, looking at her anxiously.

"Yes, I am quite well now, only not very strong, perhaps."

"Do you think you could take a turn with me now; there is just half an hour's time before I start? It is not so cold to-day, and I think the air would do you good. We might walk along the lane by Northley Park."

"Oh, no, I could not go there," she cried. "I—I am not strong enough to walk so far."

"Very well, dear; I only wished it for your sake; I thought you might enjoy it. When we go to Cornwall we shall get you quite strong again, and we can have no end of long walks and drives there."

"Yes, I shall be strong then," she answered, with a faint smile.

"I shall be a very happy man when I come down to Vale Lodge next time, Nelly," he said, half playfully.

And then Nelly turned to him suddenly: "Oh, John, John, you will be very good to me, won't you? I am so unworthy of all your love; but please, dear John, be very good to me always." She clasped her hands together with a sort of pitiful entreaty.

And John Foster took them into his own, and answered earnestly: "Nelly, I will be very good to you always, God helping me."

(To be continued.)

MANZONI.

"*El fu.*" Such are the opening words of that great effort of Manzoni's genius, the Ode on the Death of Napoleon, and they are now applicable to the Poet himself. He was, he no longer is, the author of the greatest work of fiction in the Italian language, the poet whose best energies were employed in the praises of religion, the champion of truth and justice, the defender of the Christian faith against the attacks of infidelity; for on Thursday, May 22, 1873, at the age of eighty-nine, Manzoni went to his rest.

"The city wears mourning" ("La città è in lutto") was proclaimed in word and deed at Milan, and so it should be. Nevertheless the lamentations, which the loss of one at the same time so virtuous and so eminent would naturally occasion, are checked by the consideration that a life of singular honor and distinction, prolonged far beyond the usual term of existence, with full possession of all the faculties, has been brought to a peaceful close at his native place, and surrounded, if ever man was, by all "that should accompany old age," "as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The slight sketch which follows is intended to induce the general reader to pursue the study of Manzoni's life and character in his works, and, in however humble a degree, to contribute to their estimation.

Alessandro Manzoni was born at Milan in 1784. His father, whom he had the misfortune to lose in early youth, was Count Manzoni, his mother the daughter of Beccaria, the author of a treatise on "Crimes and Punishments," once much, and not undeservedly esteemed. She inherited, and further transmitted to her son, a portion of the sound wisdom and generous principles which animate that work. It was not unbecoming the grandson of Beccaria to record, as it will be seen he did later, his horror of torture, and to expose the wickedness and uselessness of it as a judicial mode of discovering the truth. Manzoni's ambition was early fired by the example of the three great contemporaries who immediately preceded him in the difficult path of letters—Vittorio Alfieri, Vincenzo Monti, and Ugo Foscolo. He was barely twenty-one when, by an epistle in blank verse, he proved himself not unworthy of being admitted into that fellowship. In these verses he imagines that the spirit of his friend appears to him after death, and, in reply to the question as to whether he was not reluctant to tear himself from this world, he puts into Imbonati's mouth a fearless and spirited condemnation of those vices which had already filled with disgust the youthful mind of Manzoni. In them we see the first germ of those feelings by which his life was influenced—the love of truth and justice, and the abhorrence of oppression

and wrong—which appear in all his works, and which, first professed at twenty-one, he maintained unchanged through a life prolonged to its ninetieth year. These verses, while by no means destitute of individual merit, are so remarkable on this account that a translation of some of them is here given:—

"Hadst thou my death

Foreknown—for that foreknowledge and for thee
Alone I should have wept—for otherwise,
Why should I grieve? Forsooth, for leaving
This earth of ours, where goodness is a portent,
And highest praise to have abstained from sin:
This earth, where word and thought are ever
At variance; where, aloud by every lip,
Virtue is lauded and in heart contemned,
Where shame is not: where crafty usury
Is made a merit, and gross luxury
Worshipped: where he alone is impious
Whose crime is unsuccessful—where the crime
Loses all baseness in success: and where
The sinner is exalted, and the good
Depressed: and where the conflict is too hard
Waged by the just and solitary man
'Gainst the confederate and corrupted many."

R. P.

In 1805 he accompanied his mother to Paris, where, by his relationship to Beccaria, whose book had been commented on by Voltaire and Diderot, he attracted the notice of Volney, Cabanis, De Tracy, and Faurel. His intercourse with these men who represented the Atheist school of thought of the eighteenth century, was attended by an exactly opposite result to that which might have been expected. It produced a strong reaction upon his generous mind, and first incited him to become the champion of the truths which they attacked. It reflects no small credit upon the natural rectitude of his principles that he should have found safety in what might have proved a dangerous snare. He met with an immediate reward, for the light of the Christian faith, which he had been able to descry amid the dark mists spread over it by her enemies, dawned full upon his mind, revealing to him the truth of those mysteries which the philosophers, in their pride of intellect, could not discern, and enabled him to utter them anew in hymns far superior in originality of thought and beauty of expression to any others which had hitherto been written. The chief of these are upon the vital truths of Christianity: The Nativity (*Il Natale*), the Passion (*La Passione*), the Resurrection (*La Risurrezione*) of our Lord, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost (*La Pentecoste*), which last is considered by his countrymen to surpass them all. More especially the invocation of the Holy Spirit in the four concluding stanzas, the Giver of that Peace "which no terrors can disturb, no infidelity shake, which the world may deride but can neither give nor take away," words almost of inspiration, which drew from Goethe the admission "that an argument often repeated, and a language almost exhausted by the use of many centuries, may regain their first youth and freshness when a young and vigorous mind enters upon the subject and adopts the worn-out language." In 1809 Manzoni published a poem entitled "*Urania*;" but it was not till 1821 that he became a poet of European fame, when he wrote upon a subject of European interest—the death of Napoleon Bonaparte. The opening words of the "*Cinque Maggio*" have already been alluded to, in which Manzoni announces to the world the death of this extraordinary man; and, after dwelling for an instant upon the appalling effect which such an announcement must produce, unrolls in the brief space of a few stanzas the whole panorama of that marvellous life before our eyes; the passage of the Alps, the Pyramids of Egypt, the plains of Madrid, the rushing Rhine, the snowy steppes of Moscow, the Empire which stretched from the one to the other sea ("*dall uno all altro mar*") the alternations of success and failure which attended his career, the glory the greater because dearly bought, the laurel of the victor, the flight of the vanquished, an Emperor's throne, or an exile's banishment, twice at the summit of all human greatness, twice levelled with the dust ("Due

volte nella polvere," "due volte sugli altar"). Nor are the feelings of his own breast, as varied, as agitated as the actions of his life, less eloquently described: the fluttering hopes and fears which wait on a great enterprise; the burnings of his ambitious heart lest he should fail to grasp the prize which it was madness to hope for; the blank despair when, in lonely exile, the whole flood of memory swept in upon his soul. Once again he sees the breezy battle-field, the fluttering canvas of the tents, the lightning-flash of the infantry, the rapid rush of the cavalry, and above the distant roar of the cannon the short stern word of command, obeyed as soon as heard. No wonder if the poet should have thought the religious consolation which he himself so dearly prized, the only balm for the bitter disappointment attendant on the train of such recollections as these, and that he should conclude his ode with the assertion that Napoleon's indomitable will bowed in submission to the behests of that branch of the Catholic Church to which nominally at least he belonged. Such is the imperfect sketch of one of the finest pieces of Italian lyric poetry, the greatest tribute which could be paid to a great genius, while it invested him with a halo of romance so brilliant as to dazzle the eye which would search for his faults. The fame which this ode acquired more than justified Manzoni's modest hope that "perhaps his lay would not die." It was translated into German by Goethe, and with care and spirit into English, both by the late Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone.

The fertility of Manzoni's genius was next displayed in two tragedies, "Il Conte di Carmagnola" (the story of the celebrated Venetian "condottiero" of the fourteenth century), and the "Adelchi" the subject being the expedition of Charlemagne against Adelchi, the last of the Longobardian Chiefs (772-774). These tragedies attracted great notice in the literary world. Both were carefully commented upon by Goethe, and received from him the highest praise. The "Conte di Carmagnola" he makes the subject of a careful analysis, and in conclusion he compliments Manzoni upon having shaken off the old trammels and struck out for himself a new path in which he walks so securely as to make it safe for others to follow his footsteps. He praises him for his polished, careful details, the simplicity, the vigor, and the clearness of his style, and adds that, after a most careful examination, he could not wish a word altered. Nor was this all. Goethe wrote again upon the same subject to defend a young author, in whom he felt a deep interest, from the attacks of English critics in the *Quarterly Review*. The "Carmagnola" was also commented on in the *Journal des Savants*, the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and the *Lycée Français*. Manzoni replied to his French critics in an elaborate letter on "L'Unité de Temps et de Lieu," written in French to Monsieur Chauvet, and pronounced by Fauriel himself to be "just, profound, and conclusive." The "Adelchi" shortly followed upon the "Conte di Carmagnola," and justified the expectations which had been raised by his first tragedy. Goethe, whose interest in Manzoni had been further stimulated by a personal acquaintance, and who also commented on the "Adelchi," now pronounced that "Manzoni has won for himself a most honorable place among the modern poets; his beautiful and really poetical talent is founded upon genuine human sympathy and feeling." Neither the "Adelchi" nor the "Carmagnola" is adapted for actual representation in the present time, or in the present theatrical circumstances, but the "Cori" which they contain, and which, formed on the model of the Greek tragedies, Manzoni first introduced into the Italian drama, are really noble specimens of lyrical poetry. Speaking of the two in the "Adelchi," Goethe observes that they reveal to the mind in one moment a chain of ideas, which stretches back into the past, fills the present, and reaches forward into the future. The first of these relates to the surprise of the Longobardian army by Charlemagne's troops, and concludes with the author's condemnation of the theory that the deliverance of Italy from bondage would be secured by the intervention of a foreign power. The second, upon the death of Ermengarda, the wife of Charlemagne, who, when

unjustly repudiated by her husband, took refuge in a convent, is almost unrivalled in deep and tender pathos. The following translation will perhaps suggest some of its beauty to the reader, or at least induce him to consult the original:—

"Loose, dishevelled tresses, thrown
Wildly o'er her panting breast,
Drooping hands and marble brow,
The dews of coming death confessed;
Rapt in holy thought, her eye
Sought, as she lay, with trembling glance, the sky.

"The wailing ceased; the solemn prayer
Rises from the choral band,
Upon the death-cold countenance
Descends a gentle hand;
And o'er the azure eye-balls' light,
Spreads the last veil of never-ending night.

"Lady, from thy troubled mind,
Chase each earth-born hope and joy;
Prayer, the broken heart's oblation,
Yield to God, and die!
Far from realms of time and space,
Is thy long suffering's resting-place.

"Ah! such thy unrelenting fate,
Sad mourner here below,
Thy prayer for forgetfulness
Ungranted still to know;
At length affliction's sacrifice,
Unto the Lord of Saints, in sainted grief, to rise.

"When those sleepless shades among,
That cloister's holy aisle,
Those altars ever worshipped
By the virgin's holy toil;
E'en there, amid the vesper strain,
Rushed on her thought the days that may not be again,

"While yet, beloved, and careless
Of the morrow's treacherous chance,
In pleasure's maddening ecstasy,
She breathed the gales of France;
And mid the Salian daughters there,
Went forth the most admired, the fairest of the fair;

"When, her bright hair decked with jewels,
From some watch-tower's lofty place,
She beheld each object, instinct
With the tumult of the chase;
While, bending o'er his slackened rein,
The Monarch, with his flowing hair, came thundering o'er the plain.

"Behind him came the fury
Of the fiery snorting steed,
The rapid flight, the quick return,
Of hounds in breathless speed;
And, from his penetrated lair,
The savage boar rushed forth, with fiercely bristling hair.

"Pierced by the royal archer's shaft,
His heart's blood dyes the trampled plain;
See, from the ghastly sight she turns
To her attendant maiden train;
Her shrinking face, with sudden dread,
All lovely in its agony, with paleness overspread.

"Oh! Aquisgrano's¹ tepid stream!
Oh! Mosa's wandering flood!
Where, the rough chase's tumult o'er,
His mail unclasped, the warrior stood;
Beneath whose ever-freshening wave,
His limbs, with noble toil-drops stained, the Monarch loved to lave.

"As the dew-drop softly falling
On the burnt and withered plain,
To the scorched and faded herbage,
Gives the vital juice again;
Till in its former glory smile,
With renovated verdure, the once parched and sickly soil:

¹ Aix-la-Chapelle.

"So o'er the harassed spirit,
Which an earthly love has broken,
Descends the gracious influence
Of a word, in kindness spoken;
Until its gently healing art,
To another and a calmer love, diverts the aching heart:

"Alas! but as the morrow's sun
Climbs the heaven's fiery way,
The still and heated atmosphere
Consuming with its ray:
Bewithering all around
The slender grass, just lifted from the freshly moistened
ground.

"Thus, though lost in brief oblivion,
Will immortal love return,
And the spirit, unresisting,
With its wonted fervor burn;
Recalling to their well-known grief,
The thoughts, that vainly wandering, sought a permanent
relief.

"Lady, from thy troubled mind
Chase each earth-born hope and joy;
Prayer, the broken heart's oblation,
Yield to God and die;
Die, and let the sacred earth
Thy tender reliques hide, the witness of their birth.

"Rest, Lady, rest; in still repose
Grief's other victims lie;
Wives, whom the sword left desolate,
Virgins betrothed in mockery,
Mothers (oh agony!) compelled to hear
The shrieks of dying sons yet writhing on the spear.

"Thee from royal lineage sprung,
From th' oppressor's guilty race,
Who found in coward numbers strength,
In reason insult, and in right disgrace;
In blood their privilege, their pride,
Remorseless to have lived, remorseless to have died —

"Thee kind misfortune lower placed
Amid the suffering crowd;
Have then thy rest — their pitying tears
Shall deck thy early shroud;
No word of insult shall be said,
No act defile the ashes of the cold and blameless dead.

"Die, and to thy lifeless face
That peaceful calm restore,
Which, the future unpresaging,
Rapt in present bliss it wore;
While with thyself alone,
Sweet converse held the happy thoughts beneath the virgin's
gown.

"Thus, from the riven thunder-clouds
The setting sun unrolled,
And the shadowy mountains, mantled
In a flood of trembling gold,
Unto the pious swain betray
An omen, as he gazes, of the morrow's brighter day."

R. P.

There is only one chorus in the "Conte di Carmagnola," which describes in vigorous language the din and fray of the battle, in the midst of which there is no confusion; and the poet contrives to carry his own conviction of the wickedness of civil war home to the mind of the reader. The rather obscure passages of history which serve as a basis to each of these two tragedies, are carefully illustrated by the author in historical notes.

The work of Manzoni which is best known is probably "I Promessi Sposi." It has been translated into all European languages, and has been as popular — can more be said? — as an historical romance by Sir Walter Scott. It was founded on the model which he furnished; it had, like his works of this kind, for its object to amuse, interest, teach, and improve the reader; to make a particular portion of history stand, as it were, alive before him. History supplied certain facts and dates, imagination peopled the

place and the times with living persons dressed in the manners and costumes of the epoch, whose actions and fortunes were so interwoven with the true facts of history, as to make the reader interested in the former, necessarily acquainted with the latter. The object of Sir Walter Scott and Manzoni did not end here, but both strove to show that "Virtue alone is happiness below." Both refused to make vice attractive; both thought that to do so in the course of the romance, even though in the end it were punished, was high treason against morality and religion. Perhaps of Manzoni it may be more truly said than of any other successful writer of romance, that his work contained "no line which dying he could wish to blot." The scene of "I Promessi Sposi" is Milan and the neighborhood of Como and the Italian lakes; the time is the early part of the seventeenth century. The love-story of simple good persons, Renzo and Lucia, affords the opportunity for exposing the vices and virtues, the customs and manners, lay and clerical, of the epoch, and of introducing an account of that most terrible of Divine chastisements recorded in history — the plague, which ravaged Milan and its "contorni" in 1630. To attempt to describe what Thucydides, Lucretius, Boccaccio, and Defoe had described was a bold undertaking, but it was successful, as any reader of the thirty-first chapter of the third volume may see, and mainly because Manzoni imbued his narrative with the spirit of contemporaneous and original memoirs which he carefully consulted. He speaks wisely, and with full experience of the living incommunicable "power" which such records possess. The never-failing tendency of such a visitation to disclose the worst and the best features of corrupt humanity appears in these pages, as in the everlasting record of the plague at Athens. Among the many philosophical passages in this romance, the effect of famine upon the minds as well as the bodies of the sufferers, and the increase of its inherent evil by a legislation which vainly attempts to alter the laws of nature, are forcibly described. The romance would be well worth reading were it only for the study of the characters, which are in truth so well known that it is only necessary to touch slightly upon them. The author does not fall into the mistake of making either his hero or his heroine too perfect. Renzo, bold, enterprising, and impetuous, is weak-minded and easily led into snares, — witness the scene in the "Osteria" at Milan, — but misfortune tends to strengthen and develop his character; and when at the last he shows himself capable of a great and noble effort in the forgiveness of his enemy, Don Rodrigo, the reader feels he has earned the happiness in store for him.

Lucia's character is gentle and retiring, and her instincts, always good, are strongly opposed to the kind of irregular marriage which her mother compels her to attempt as mode of extrication from their difficulties. The account of the failure of this attempt makes one of the most spirited chapters in the book. This is the only instance of her principles failing her. Afterwards they guide her straight through the terrible dangers which beset her path, such as the scene in the Innominate's castle, where by her firm faith and simple eloquence she becomes the first instrument of his conversion and change of life, while her gentle, loving nature easily leads her to forgive those who have caused her so much misery.

The really fine characters which claim, if it may be so said, the personal affection of the reader, are Fra Cristoforo and Federigo Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan. The character of the first, to which the clue is given in the history of his youth (chap. iv.), speaks in his actions, the fruit of a life of self-denial and humiliation imposed in order to atone for the crime of his youth committed in a moment of fierce passion: From that time, from the moment of his asking forgiveness of those whom he had wronged, and accepting the "bread of pardon," a portion of which he preserves in his wallet as a perpetual reminder of his fault, wherever there is a good deed to be done we find him, comforting his poor friends Renzo and Lucia in their hour of need, confronting the villain in his castle,

and for their sakes patiently swallowing his insolent words, nursing for three months the plague-stricken people in the *Lazzaretto* at Milan, and dying from the exhaustion consequent upon these labors, but not before he has forced Renzo to forgive his enemy, and absolved Lucia from her rash vow.

The character of *Federigo Borromeo* claims at once admiration for the holiness, harmony, and repose which are its chief features, made more striking by contrast with the violent scene in the *Innominato's* castle, which immediately precedes the introduction of the Archbishop into the story. We feel, indeed, that "his life is like a stream of pure water issuing from the rock clear and limpid, pursuing its long course through various countries, without once stagnating or suffering its waters to be troubled, and throwing itself still pure and sparkling into the river. . . . He had the firm conviction that life is not intended to be a burden for many and a feast for only a few, but to all alike a serious business, for which each will have to give an account: and from his childhood he sought how he could best render his existence at once useful and holy" (chap. xxi.). And this beautiful description of his character forms a fit introduction for the affecting scene between the Archbishop and the *Innominato*.

Don Abbondio, the weak priest, plays a middle part between the virtuous and the vicious in the story. Excluded from the first category by his selfishness and cowardice, his vices are not of a sufficiently positive nature to place him distinctly in the latter class. Still *Manzoni* is careful to point the moral, showing how great mischief may be caused by such mere negative qualities, as all the calamities in the story date from his refusal to perform his duties from motives of personal fear. The vicious characters are drawn with much vigor, and probably only too much truth. Two of the most remarkable passages in the work represent the agony of mind they undergo: *Don Rodrigo*, when cut down by the plague in the midst of his career of crime (chap. xxxiii.); and the *Innominato* ("the Nameless One"), that other strange character, whose stony heart is melted by the prayers of Lucia, and who in the bitterness of his remorse is twice on the point of committing suicide were it not for his half belief in "something after death" ("se c'è quest' altravita"). The changes which take place in his mind before he seeks the Archbishop are admirably portrayed. The minor characters — "*Agnese*," "*Perpetua*" — who often make the comic element of the story, are so described as to give that light and shade which makes the particular charm of the work.

The "*Colonna Infame*" is an historical treatise, written as a kind of supplement to the "*Promessi Sposi*," and intended to illustrate that portion (chap. xxxi.) which describes the plague at Milan in 1630. In the panic caused by the pestilence there grew up a strange popular belief that the disease was purposely spread by persons who were supposed to anoint (*ungere*) the walls of the streets and houses of Milan with a fatal poison. Were it not for the careful explanation contained in this chapter of the "*Promessi Sposi*," it would be incredible that so preposterous an accusation should have obtained any credit. *Manzoni* traces it back to the very beginning of the plague, which spread with such fearful rapidity because the magistrates, who formed a Sanitary Commission, persisted in denying the reality of the dreaded and horrible disease, and refused to take the necessary precautions against it. The belief that a class of persons existed capable of deliberately spreading the infection by poison once established, the accusation was soon fastened upon some unfortunate victims. Their innocence of a crime which had never been committed, was of no avail in the eyes of judges predetermined to find them guilty. After the horrible custom of those times, they were put to the torture and forced to denounce themselves. Nor did the falsehood thus wrung from them avail them. They were put to death with circumstances of horrible cruelty: the house of *Il Barbieri Mora*, the supposed preparer of the poison, was pulled down, and the "*Colonna Infame*" raised upon the site to record his infamy. Till the year 1778, when it was pulled

down, it might have been said of this, as of our City Monument, that it,

"Pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."

Manzoni proves in his treatise, where the contemporary evidence of this disgraceful trial is carefully sifted, that the Column of Infamy recorded the guilt of the judges and not of their victims. Perhaps the preface to this work is the most striking part of it. *Pietro Verri*, in his "*Observations upon Torture*," which were suggested by the same horrible occurrence just alluded to, draws an inference as to the uselessness as well as the cruelty of that method of procedure for the discovery of crime. But *Manzoni*, *Beccaria's* grandson, goes deeper into the subject. It is not so much the cruelty, though that fills him with horror, as the flagrant injustice of the proceeding, which is so revolting to his just mind: "The horrible victory of falsehood over truth, of armed fury over defenceless innocence." The labor which he has spent upon this work will not, he adds, "be wasted if the indignation and loathing which must result from the study of such horrors are turned against those sinful and revengeful passions, which cannot be discarded like false systems, or laid aside like bad institutions, but which, by the contemplation of the hateful end to which they lead, may on other occasions be rendered less ungovernable in their fury and less fatal in their results."

Manzoni's energies were next employed in refuting an attack upon the Catholic Faith contained in *Sismondi's* "*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*" (tome xvi. p. 410). He entitled the book "*Osservazioni sull' Morale Cattolica*," and it refutes the position that attacks upon the dogma, rites, and sacraments of the Church deserve to be called Philosophy.

The life of *Manzoni* is best related in his works, for he took no part in the political affairs of his country, and, for the last forty years, has lived chiefly in retirement. We only hear of his being made a Senator of the kingdom of Italy in 1860; and in 1868, in spite of his advanced age, he assisted in preparing a report on producing unity of speech throughout Italy, taking for a basis the Florentine language.

There are but few details of his private life either to be collected. He married, in 1807, *Enrichetta Luigi Blondel*, to whom he dedicated his tragedy of the "*Adelchi*." She died in 1833, and he afterwards married again. He appears to have left no son worthy of the name, his son *Pietro* having pre-deceased him, to whose children, *Renzo*, *Vittoria*, *Giulia*, and *Alessandra*, he has bequeathed his manuscripts ("*Autografi*"). His will contained no disposition with regard to his funeral. It has been well said of *Manzoni* that he himself, like his hero of the "*Cinque Maggio*," took up his position between two ages ("s'assise tra due secoli"), and that the undying wreath which his genius prepared for the head of *Napoleon* really rests upon his own brow, and, speaking for ourselves only, we prefer the renown derived from the empire of the Poet over the hearts and minds of his countrymen, to the bloody victories of the Conqueror, however great the military genius by which they were won. *Manzoni* questioned posterity as to the reality of *Napoleon's* glory —

"Fu vera gloria? . . . ai posteri
L'ardua sentenza."

Posterity is answering, if it has not already answered, in the negative. *Manzoni's* laurels were never tarnished by envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness, or wickedness. There is something inexpressibly beautiful and elevating in his old age. Retired from the tumult of the world, feeding himself on literature, cheered and animated by religion, modest in the extreme, receiving visits from every distinguished person who passed through Milan, accepting with courtesy, but without emotion, the homage of princes, with the one exception, it is said, of *Victor Emmanuel*, who had fulfilled the poet's dream — the unity of his much-loved Italy. He returned, and it is narrated as an exception, the

visit of the King of Italy. For, says an eloquent writer, probably his friend Signor Bonghi, in the *Perseveranza* of the 29th of May, "He had two faiths — one in the truth of Catholicism, another in the future of Italy — and the one, whatever was said, whatever happened, never disturbed the other. In anxious moments, when the harmony between the two was least visible, he expected it the most, and never allowed his faith in the one or the other to be shaken. Rome he wished to be the abode of the King; Rome he wished also to be the abode of the Pope. Obedient to the divine authority of the Pontificate, no one passed a more correct judgment upon its civil character, or defended with more firmness, when speaking upon the subject, the right of the state."

It is really not an exaggeration to say that Italy wept over his bier, while it has been calculated that a hundred thousand persons were actually present at his funeral. It is to be hoped that this intense appreciation of piety, patriotism, genius, and mental culture may supply a happy omen for the future of Italy, to use her lost poet's expression, —

"Angurio di più sereno dì."

FOREIGN NOTES.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is summering in Germany.

COUNT MOLTKE has obtained leave of absence for the whole of the present summer. He is now residing at his property of Creisau, in Silesia.

A SCOTCH Registrar accounts for an exceptionally high rate of marriages in one of his districts, in the fact that it has lately been provided with a popular minister.

A JAPANESE prince, Maçao, may be found daily in the State printing-office at the Hague, working at case. He is sent to Europe by the Japanese government to learn the art of printing.

If the Shah of Persia is a barbarian, he knows how to turn a compliment as neatly as the best Christian of them all. On saluting Queen Victoria at Windsor he said that hitherto he had reckoned his years from the day of his birth, but that in future he should date them from the hour of his meeting the Queen of England.

THE bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society has been presented to Mr. March Phillips, a county magistrate residing at Torquay, and Mr. Huntley Cooper, for bravery in rescuing a child from drowning in the sea on the 12th of April. The circumstances excited much interest at the time, as Mr. Phillips, who was the first to plunge into the sea, is 82 years of age.

"WE had a curious book in our hands," says the *Gaulois*, "two days back — namely, a large folio of about 300 pages, entitled 'Livre Commentaire de Mathioli,' printed in seven different languages, and dating from the middle of the 15th century. This work, of which two copies only were taken, was printed by Gutenberg, with wooden types cut by himself. The National Library of Paris would be glad to purchase it, and prevent its acquisition by a foreigner; but the present owner, a rich collector of curiosities at Bordeaux, asks 100,000*fr.* for it."

FORTY-ONE of the leading artificial flower-makers of Paris have combined to send to the Vienna Exhibition a specimen of their united skill, which will prove incontestably that the capital of France still reigns supreme in the matter of artificial flower manufacture. This patriotic contribution consists of a complete greenhouse, filled with flowers of every description, perfectly imitated. In it are hyacinths, the illusion of which are the fibres thrown out by the roots; bouquets, in which one sees the flower freshly-blown, and that which has been in existence but two hours; wild flowers, the soft gray down of which seems ready to float away. The whole work is said to be a marvel of artistic skill and unexampled patience.

CONSTANTINOPLE now rejoices in the possession of hack cabs. "The Tramway Company's hackney cabs," says the *Levant Herald*, "are already in vogue with the public, being neat in appearance and readily obtained, and running at fixed and reasonable fares. Turkish ladies especially, it is stated, are great patronesses of the new vehicles. They excite, however, the indignation of the horseboys (*begirdjia*) and the owners of arabas (*arabadjia*), with whose reign of extortion they seriously interfere; and the cab-drivers are at times viciously assailed

with stones by the rivals whom they are likely to supersede. The police, it is expected, will have to take strong measures to protect the cab-drivers from the assaults and injury to which they are exposed."

THE *Court Journal* says: "Bayard Taylor, who is acting at Vienna as the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, made quite a sensation at the banquet given to the press, just before the opening of the Exposition, by a speech which was received with the most enthusiastic applause. One of the most felicitous events of the speech was the coining of a new German word. Mr. Taylor said: 'It is to me the expression of a closer union of the press in all lands, in order to extirpate old prejudices, to further peaceful and instructive comparisons in politics, society, and literature, and, finally — I might almost say — to inaugurate a kind of universal world-sociability (*Weltgemuetlichkeit*) among the people of all civilized countries.' The next day Mr. Taylor's *Weltgemuetlichkeit* was all over Vienna, and formed the staple of the leading editorials in all the papers. Mr. Taylor lost three of his front teeth in getting the word out."

THERE is soon to be published a biography of Dr. Whewell, one of the most famous masters of Trinity College, Cambridge, which promises to be very interesting. Whewell was a blacksmith's son from Lancashire, and when he came up to the University was quite a diamond in the rough. He was seen by a fellow undergraduate one day watching a man driving some hogs through the town. After standing for some time looking on in breathless interest, he was heard to mutter, "They're a awkward animal to drive — when there's many of 'em — is a pig." This man lived to be one of the deepest and ripest thinkers in Europe. He was once offered a bishopric, but refused it, saying, "There be many bishops, but there is only one Master of Trinity." He was very particular about the pronunciation of his name, so that the men used to call him "Whewell with a whistle." The undergraduates — more boyish than polite — occasionally used to greet him in the Senate House with a prolonged chorus of whistling.

THE French Academy of Sciences has conferred the Prix Barbier upon M. Andant, who, in conjunction with M. Personne, the chemist to the Hôpital de la Pitié, has recently discovered an antidote for poison by phosphorus. As is generally the case, the discovery was brought about by accidental circumstances. A man had swallowed a large quantity of phosphorus with the intention of destroying himself, and, finding the action of the poison too slow, he took about fifteen grammes of essence of turpentine, which counteracted the effect of the phosphorus as if by magic. This occurrence came to the knowledge of M. Andant, who investigated the matter, and ascertained that turpentine checked the combustion of the phosphorus. M. Personne took the matter up, and his experiments on several animals confirmed the accuracy of the conclusions arrived at by his confrère. The efficacy of this antidote against the external action of phosphorus has long been known in Germany, for in the manufactories where the latter is much used, the workmen carry around their necks a phial containing essence of turpentine to protect the bones of the face from phosphoric action.

ASTHMA! — *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!* — Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. — The through trains of the Eastern Railroad to North Conway are daily crowded with tourists seeking the White Mountains by the shortest route. Two trains each day make the trip without change of cars or delaying connections, affording travellers a pleasant variety of seaside and hill country on the way, and delivering them in the village of North Conway, itself a charming summer resort, and the nearest point from which to take stage for the Glen and other attractions. Pullman parlor cars are attached to each of these through trains, and the journey may be made with such comfort and speed that this route has deservedly become a favorite with the public. Mr. Geo. F. Field, General Passenger Agent, presides over an office so centrally located, at 134 Washington Street, that information may be obtained and seats secured with the least possible trouble. — *Boston Post*.

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK II. SYLVIA'S BRACELET.

CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

"I SEE. Of course by something you mean somebody."

"That's just it. Sir William always used to wonder why poor Lord Lisburn, who is just the most charming young man I ever saw, and has played with Jane and Laura when they were all three babies, and not that high, never would take his seat, nor go into the Guards, nor keep his yacht quietly at Cowes like the rest of them, but must be going about just like a common sailor, and mixing himself up with all the people one meets abroad."

"With a wife in every port" —

"No; I don't mean that — I'm sure the young man has good principles; he wouldn't marry beneath him, or do anything really wrong. If I'd thought that, I'm too good a mother, I hope, to let him be seen speaking to one of my girls. But young men are so foolish, even the best of them: I'm sure I don't know what would become of me if I had a son. But I was always sure there was some beautiful creature at the bottom of all that yachting. It stands to reason."

"Then you think" —

"I think it; you see I used to feel quite like a mother to the poor young man. There ought to be a law to prevent such things, and as I often say to Sir William, if I were in the House I'd pass one. No doubt he made some voyages to Poland, and she picked him up there. What can a young man expect if he goes where all the people are Papists and refugees?"

"Then you don't think the young man is to blame? I'm glad of that — but, for my part, I couldn't think it. There's always something queer about people with names one can't spell. It's like having a board set up with Beware of Man-traps and Spring-guns."

"But then, you see young men won't beware. It's quite provoking how they take up with everything that's odd and queer, when there are hundreds of girls at home ready and waiting to be good English wives. So, of course, when this beautiful

creature turns up here in town, up turns Lord Lisburn too. The moth and the candle — how true that is."

"True indeed, Lady Penrose — and such a sad want of extinguishers!"

"I'd extinguish them. And don't tell me there was only chance in a young man keeping away for years, and going to a theatre before he'd seen even his oldest friends. I've heard say that he pays for the theatre, only, of course, not in his own name."

"What infatuation!"

"I'm sure my heart bleeds for him. Any way, I know he went behind the scenes, and was actually at supper with her when this terrible business happened."

"And the other man?"

"Was some vile companion of the woman's — no doubt, one of her charming countrymen. There were others there, too. It was a regular den of thieves."

"Horrible — you don't say so?"

"You know what ways these people have of egging each other on. Of course Lord Lisburn couldn't put up tamely when it came to highway robbery. He defended himself bravely, I hear, while the girl stood by and looked on."

"Is it possible?"

"The struggle was terrible — it must have been. The poor dear earl was fighting for his life."

"But did no one come?"

"Of course there was a disturbance, and the man Moses" —

"What — a Jew? What a gang!"

"I've no doubt: if I have any prejudice — and really I have as few as most people — it's against the Jews. Not but what there are some good — but then I don't call them real Jews. But where was I?"

"Moses" —

"Oh, yes — the man Moses ran up the chimney."

"And how did Lord Lisburn get away?"

"Poor young man, he is there now. It'll be a lesson to him all his days. The policeman found him positively weltering. Mr. King, the lawyer, saw him with his own eyes, and if he hadn't sent on the spot for Sir Godfrey Bowes to extract the knife on the spot, he'd have died the next minute. I must really have in Sir Godfrey to see Laura's cold. Of course I've offered my own house — that's

the least I could do; it's fearful to think of a real earl lying ill in those horrible lodgings. But Sir Godfrey says it would be fatal to move him, so I've sent some calves'-foot jolly and beef-tea. Laura, poor girl, cried her eyes out; I really think it fretted her into her cold."

"I shouldn't wonder; there's a wonderful connection between body and mind."

"It's a shocking story; isn't it? Enough to make one hate one's own sex, I'm sure. There's one comfort, though — the poor young man's eyes must be open now; it'll do him good to have him with us, to show him a real English home."

"Yes — and who knows what may come of his knowing your dear girls, Lady Penrose?"

"I've never tried to force Jane's nor Laura's inclinations, and I never will, nor Sir William. But as a mother, I can't help my heart bleeding for the poor boy. I must do what I can to save him from bad hands. Perhaps now he will sell that horrid yacht, and settle down."

"And that creature, Leczinska," said Miss Perrot, meditatively. "I wonder if she will sing again? I didn't half look at her on the stage — I'd give anything to have a good look at the wretched woman, just to see what there is about her."

"Don't speak of the wretch. I could see what she was as soon as she came out in that disgraceful dress, for which she ought to have been whipped. And then her voice — it was like a cat. I can tell you what was about her, that and nothing more."

"And what's that?"

"Impudence."

But Miss Perrot had no daughters in the market, and was unselfishly interested in the corners and cobwebs of this charitable world. The opera-singer who had brought a great English nobleman to the brink of the grave, had thus given a prestige to her startling *début* that was more overwhelmingly attractive to her than all the puffs and posters of Aaron and Carol together. The new prima donna, whose sole thought for herself was to veil her evil eyes from doing mischief, except to her blood-stained floor, had bounded into fame and drifted into infamy — which is more profitable still. Miss Perrot would

rather have given her ears to stare at her than have closed her eyes to listen to a second Malibran. And, as Miss Perrot thought, so thought, or at least felt, ten thousand more.

CHAPTER XII. WHERE THE CAR-CASE IS —

IN all the books of travels and travellers' tales — not excluding Lord Lisburn's "Sinbad" — which touch upon savages and savage people, it unfortunately happens that a Christian name and a regular civilized surname are given to the author upon his title-page. We have never as yet had *Messieurs et Mesdames les Cannibales peints par eux-mêmes*. We dwell upon their manners and customs — never remembering that theirs are not one whit more curious or more unnatural than our own. For my part, I have never been able to make out that to kill a man in battle for the purpose of eating him afterwards, is more unreasonable, or much more revolting, than to kill a few thousand in battle for more vague and shadowy purposes. War is no doubt a very admirable and useful institution, man's natural condition, his best incentive to the practice of honor, self-sacrifice, patience, energy, courage in defeat, generosity in triumph, and a thousand other fine qualities that tend to rust in piping times of peace, when the lion so far forgets the duties imposed upon him by his mane and jaws, as to lie down or frolic with the lamb. But why to kill and waste should be called glorious, while to kill and eat should make even torturers shudder, is hard to say. Hunger is surely quite as natural as a passion for glory; and a true cannibal, whom we call an inhuman beast, would probably call us inhuman fools.

This, I had better say at once — it is so easy to be misunderstood by wiser people than Miss Perrot or Lady Penrose, — is not meant as an apology for the peculiar institutions of the Friendly Islanders, or the gastronomy of the South Seas. But it is as well to consider these occult matters sometimes, in order to realize how little we know about anybody whose misfortune it is to be born a savage, which is not necessarily to be a cannibal. By a savage I mean simply one who has read no poetry, no novels, no science, and no history; to whom life, his own life, stands out as an isolated fact, independent of the million traditions and conventionalities that we are pleased to call our lives, as if cogwheels of flesh could be said to live any more than cogwheels of iron: one that wonders at nothing, because he has no standard of probability drawn from the experience of others; who has not even a bar-parlor for a university, or a solitary hut for a home: who has no associations, but only self-formed ideas. Such people are not very often cast up from

the bottom of their sea upon the shoals of our own social shores, any more than one of us is often thrown upon a desert island. But when they are, as must happen sometimes, Alexander Selkirk on shore could not find himself more at sea.

Zelda, then, may be regarded as the central point in the universe, just as Eve must have felt in the very earliest days of Eden — without any thought of rights or duties, except the few simple ones that are comprehended in the idea of living. Not that her mind was a mere *tabula rasa*. She had been a minute Ulysses in her way, and had in her wanderings seen more animals, including men and women, not to speak of birds and squirrels, than often falls to the lot of an English-born girl. And her experience of the less innocent class of creatures had been such that it would be very hard indeed for the most practical man of business to cheat her or take her in. One does not pass one's early days for nothing among dupes and conjurers; and, like savages in general, she was quite wide awake where cowries were concerned. Then she had her memories. She could recall a great many sunrises and sunsets, feast-days and fast-days, sleepings and wakings, highways, byways, barns, taverns, and nameless towns. She had told truth in professing ignorance of St. Bavons, though she must have been in it or in its neighborhood a dozen times. For science, she could bewilder a card-sharper with her talents in shuffling, cutting, and forcing; she knew all about the line of life and the mount of Venus; she could prophesy all future things from cinders and coffee-grounds; knew the titles of all the leading nobility of the lower regions, and could tell the stars by names not to be found in any astronomical catalogues. She could have taught both the Universities, and the Royal Society besides, words older than Homer, and cosmogonies more ancient than Hesiod. And yet she was only just beginning to learn that the police are not the ruling caste among mankind, and that the rest of the universe is not wholly divided between the fair-haired dupes who live in houses, and the brown people who give them back scorn for scorn. Nor — though she could read stars, palms, cinders, cards, coffee-grounds, lips, voices, and eyes — could she read a single book-word. Her slave Lucas had been obliged to teach her the words of her part by rote, and the music by ear. Of fame she had no idea beyond that of transitory applause; of money, none beyond its being something to get anyhow, and then to throw away. Of right and wrong she knew just as much as most people — that is to say, she was as her education and associations had made her.

But after all, a soul is a soul. The tree may be inclined by bending the

twig; but no amount of bending will regulate its stature, its blossoms, or the fruit it bears. Her chance meeting with Harold Vaughan had done more to decide these things than her whole intercourse with Aaron. How and wherefore has been already told. This is no story of love at first sight, which is, for the most part, a fancy born of the desire to imitate the heroes and heroines of romances. The soil must be artificially prepared by sentimental agriculture for such fungus-like growths of poetical passion. "There are people who would never have been in love had they never heard talk of it," says a French maxim; and in the matter of love, as distinct from passion, at first sight, the maxim is true, not of some people, but of all.

When she saw this man for the second time, dropping once more like a god from the clouds to the aid of her and of all, and while he sat contemptuously rebuking her from the heights of a supreme superiority as though she were something utterly contemptible and vile, her whole soul blushed all over with the first shame she had ever known. She had spoken simple truth in giving him leave to beat her if he pleased. Every word he spoke stung her to the quick with a pain to which all the pain of all Aaron's blows had been absolutely nothing. He was cold, stern, cruel; he had come as the arbiter between life and death, nor had she ever seen this man who could not command his own fate, save as a master among men; he was the only human being she had ever seen whose actions could not be ascribed to impulse, or interest, or passion. All these attributes invested the young surgeon with a halo of mysterious glory in the eyes of this daughter of Eve, and turned every word of his into a rod wherewith to chastise her soul. She, whose loftiest specimens of the *genus homo* had been Goldricks, Abners, Carols, and Lucases, tyrants, equals, and slaves, was simply overwhelmed by one who was to her the revelation and impersonation of justice that punishes, and of wisdom that saves. She knew nothing of his self-contempt, engendered by the eternal conflict of will and circumstance, nor could she have comprehended a syllable of his musings at the window, even if she had known of them. Infinitely little to himself, he was infinitely great to her; it was as if they were observing the same object through the opposite ends of a telescope. She felt, in short, as though she, after her wanderings, had suddenly arrived at the border of a great gulf, from which a new and wonderful country was plainly visible. She was the pilgrim, he the portal. But there was no bridge to cross the gulf, and the keeper of the gate looked down upon her with scornful eyes, because she had no wings to fly upward and over.

"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest," was not in her unwritten book of psalms. She read it, "Oh, that I had the wings of an eagle, that I might spread them and soar to the sun." There is nothing so unutterably grotesque, if it is not unspeakably painful, as the desire of a strong soul to cage itself in the social bars, and to think that all outside itself is good, merely because it is all new and strange. But it is the way of women who believe in the strength of man. A man who receives the gift of a whole human soul ought to have the guilty conscience of one who has obtained valuable securities by false pretences. Perhaps that is the reason why the same Providence which gives the rhinoceros its toughness of hide, has given to men their shield of self-conceit. A modest man who suddenly found himself loved for his own sake, would hang himself for very shame to think that a fellow-creature had given him her all. Harold Vaughan is by no means the first man who has been robbed, crowned, and sceptred by a woman's hand in his own despite; and until it is proved that there are castes among souls, the soul of a savage must be held as valuable as that of a queen: the heart of a Zelda as weighty as that of a Claudia.

It was a strange life the poor girl led during the time that Lord Lisburn lay prostrate and unconscious in her room. Indeed she led not one, but three lives.

Her destiny did not compel her to figure as a witness in *Regina v. Aaron*, for the police, with all their proverbial intelligence and zeal, were unable to track the lessee of the Oberon beyond the window-sill. They were "on his traces," of course—but that meant whatever the reader of newspapers chose to believe. He was not going to leave "Pateran for a Chokengro," as he would have called leaving a trail for a constable, and England is as good a country for going under water to a man who knows how, as California. Lucas, for Zelda's sake, held his tongue. Carol held his for his own, and Zelda no more thought of describing her ex-tyrant by such peculiarities as his squint than she would have thought of saying that he had a nose. Both features were equally familiar, and therefore equally commonplace to her. So all the sea-ports were watched closely, and communications established with the authorities of foreign capitals, and all in vain. But though saved from having to appear publicly in a police-court, she was not to be allowed altogether to bask public curiosity.

Meanwhile, the celebrated *cantatrice*, Mlle. Leczinska, who had sung before the world just once in her life, had the glory of having her name published almost every day. She did not know it, of course, but she was

the most famous woman in all London for more than nine days.

As soon as she was left for the first time alone, she fairly opened her eyes. The sitting-room was no longer chaotic, for when the landlady learned her tenant's quality, she had set to work with brooms and dusters, making as much account of the *prima donna* as she would have made of a spider, or rather less, for she would have swept out the spider, while Mlle. Leczinska might stay or go—it was all one to her. The queen-regnant of gossip was of less account in her own rooms than the flies who intruded on the window-panes. That she was not served with warning to quit, is due to the existence of certain arrears of rent, and of other business relations between landlord and tenant, which made it more desirable that the notice should come from her. Besides, the caprices of the earl were necessarily respectable, or at least to be respected, and he might not be pleased when he recovered to find that the girl had been turned away. The presence of the hired nurse in the sick-room, acting under the great surgeon's strict orders, formed a sufficient guard for the folding-doors.

Having opened her eyes she went straight to the looking-glass, before which she raised herself on tip-toe. She was ready to break it to pieces for mortification at being shown so plainly in what a guise she had been seen by the only man for whose opinion she cared. But there was a consoling side to the unpleasant picture. "No," she thought, "I am safe: he could not know me. If I could only make myself look like a lady when he comes again!" So she rang the bell to obtain the means of making her toilette, asked for water, and for her dresses to be brought from her room, and waited in vain patience to be attended to. She was used to hunger, but was at the same time in savage health, so she asked for food at the same time, also uselessly. At last, after a few quick turns up and down the room, she timidly tapped at the inner door and spoke to the nurse.

"I'm not a servant," said the latter with virtuous scorn. "You had better ring the bell."

"I have," she said. "Perhaps they'll attend to you."

"Then if I was you I'd ring it again. I'm not to be troubled here by the likes of any one."

"But that's my own room, and all my things are there."

"That's it, is it?" asked the woman with a private nod of intelligence between herself and herself. "Ah, I thought the place didn't look like a young gentleman's. Well, it's nothing to me—I'm paid to watch, and not to pry. But it's worth all my places to go against Sir Godfrey's orders, and you've no proper right, I suppose?"

Zelda stared. "I only want my own things. Mustn't I come in?"

"Not without Sir Godfrey's orders. And I'd have you know, ma'am, that I'm respectable."

"But only for a moment—I'll come in on tip-toe."

"It's not worth my while, ma'am. So if you've got nothing more to say"—

"Then if you'd only just throw everything out in a heap, and give me a basin of water"—

"That might do—but without orders, you see"—

Zelda took off one of her bracelets. "There," she said, "take that. And now throw me out my things."

The nurse stared in her turn, but she took the bracelet.

"Well," she said, without ceasing to stare, "I never thought much harm myself, whatever they might say. You see, ma'am, 'tisn't everybody understands how duty's duty, and how one has to keep to rules. But when a lady is a lady, that's another affair. There—there's your things off the floor, and there's the water."

"And do you think you could get me a piece of bread?"

"Well, ma'am—I'm not a servant: my place is my place."

"But I'm starved."

"But then you see, ma'am, that's another going against orders."

Zelda took off another bracelet. "There," she said, "that's for a crust, or anything."

"And your ladyship won't forget that it's against rules? Not but what it's right to oblige a real lady. Here's my own tray; it isn't quite cold."

"Thank you; that's all I want now. And when will he be back?"

"Sir Godfrey? I'd tell your ladyship, I'm sure: only I was to say nothing about nothing to nobody—least-ways for nothing. But your ladyship understands that, I'm sure."

"Sir Godfrey—but I mean the other gentleman—what is he called?"

"Dr. Vaughan. I remember him at Guy's."

"And what's Guy's?"

"Fancy not knowing what's Guy's! Why, one of the hospitals."

"And what's that?"

"You don't know what's a hospital? why, wherever were you born? It's a big place where they cure people for nothing."

"Then Dr. Vaughan cures people for nothing?"

"Those that can't pay."

"Is he very wise?"

"Wise? If you mean clever, so they used to say."

"And does he always cure everybody?"

"Well, everybody that doesn't die."

"And always for nothing?"

"Well, ma'am, between you and I, I never heard of Dr. Vaughan turning a penny: I expect he's one of your too clever ones—there's many such I've known. That's a queer one,"

thought the nurse to herself as Zelda carried off her breakfast-tray.

"Vaughan," thought Zelda, impressing the name on her mind. "He cures people for nothing," she mentally repeated, as she washed the remains of paint from her skin and combed out her hair. "And Aaron used to ask half a crown for his pills. How rich and good he must be. I wonder, shall I see him again? No, never!" she exclaimed almost aloud as the mirror caught the reflection of her eyes, with all their fatal brilliancy. "He shall not look three times on these hateful eyes." Her toilette was now finished, and in spite of all her troubles she devoured the remnants of the nurse's breakfast eagerly, and without leaving a crumb. Then, with a deep sigh, she took out a pack of cards from the table drawer, sat down, and dealt them out face upward. "I ought to have seen his hand, and I must, somehow." But she was not clear in her own mind whether by "him" she meant Lord Lisburn or Harold Vaughan.

She was thus absorbed in the study of her Sibylline leaves—for the task was guided by strict and by no means easy principles—when she heard a voice just behind her shoulder exclaim, —

"The two on the ace, please! You'll never make it come that way!"

She looked round with a start, and saw Carol. She had no objection to let her eyes fall as straight as they pleased on him.

"Are you fond of Patience, Mademoiselle? I don't much care about it myself. But go on with your game, never mind me. I've just been through the next room, to see Lord Lisburn. The poor fellow didn't even recognize me. But I came to see you too. I have been sitting up all night with an idea, and settled it this morning. The Oberon's all up, of course: nobody can see their way to getting any pay. But look here," he went on, pointing to a paragraph in a newspaper. "I put it in this morning. Oh, you can't read English? True. Listen then. 'Mlle. Leczinska, the new *prima donna* at the Oberon, closed for the present till further notice, has accepted an engagement for a series of concerts, of which the particulars will be duly announced.' That'll fetch them, if I know anything about such things. Strike while the iron's hot—that's energy. Abner—I put him up to it—is going to take the Oberon himself, and I'm going to find him backers, and then we'll have the Bracelet out again. We must keep the ball rolling, and I mean you to be top-sawyer of them all. Name your own terms—you'll get them. Say seventy a week and a brougham—I'm your agent you know, and you can give me ten."

"What—they want me to sing again?"

"Of course they do. Abner's got

over his temper, and sees things like me. By Jove, its worth a thousand pounds to have a peer of the realm stabbed in one's rooms! Lucas jumped at it. He's an ass, but he knows a thing or two—he'll cram you up, and I'll cram you down. What do you think—seventy a week and a brougham, with only ten off for me? Better than Aaron, eh? I don't think you saw the color of much of his money. By Jove, the Jews are done, though!"

"I am to have seventy pounds—for singing a song?"

"That's the tune. Seventy pounds every week—ten pounds a day. That's three thousand six hundred and fifty pounds a year. Add on all the presents you'll get—say three thousand more. Gloves and bouquets—you certainly won't cost the public less than five hundred. And the brougham. Of course you'll have to find your own clothes and your own living; but I've reckoned you ought to put yourself down at eight thousand. As to my ten pounds a week, that's nothing."

This began to touch the second of her lives. She had already swallowed her first mouthful of glory in that never-to-be-forgotten moment when she, who trembled before one solitary fellow-creature, had wrested triumph from hundreds. The aroma of that triumph still hung about her, and made her long to drown herself in it once more. Next best to being great in the eyes of one, is to be great in those of all; if Zelda was doomed to carry with her the curse of the evil eye, and to be shamed and shunned, Sylvia at least could take her revenge. Nor did the feast of glory thus spread out before her tempt her new-born appetite for it the less because it was served up in dishes and covers of gold. This is not the temper of Genius, perhaps, but it is certainly the temper from which Genius has often sprung.

While Carol was yet speaking, her eyes sought the window through which Aaron had escaped; but they did not follow him. They were looking out into the universe which was gradually beginning to shape itself out of chaos.

But her fancies soon fell back again.

"But my pocket!" she exclaimed.

"Your pocket?"

"Yes—how in the world shall I be able to get it all in?"

"Get what in?"

"All that money!"

"Capital! Oh, I'll soon find a dress-maker for that—or a tailor," he added. "You only get the money: I know how to keep it. So you'll consent to change your notes for gold? You'll be a millionairess in less than no time, by Jove!"

"I shall be a *Rani*," she said, answering her own thoughts.

"You'll be a countess," he said, thinking backward through the folding doors.

"I shall be a lady," she half whispered, thinking upward to Harold Vaughan.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER I. THE CRITIC.

WHATEVER might be the incapacity of Mlle. Leczinska's pockets to contain her future wealth, Harold Vaughan's were amply large enough to contain his present poverty. The beggar girl and the doctor had so far changed places that what she was promised for singing a song six times a week he would have considered a generous reward for the purchase of his brain for a year.

He was in such an exceptionally unlucky position that he had not a friend in all London to whom he could apply for advice of the cheapest kind. If he had devoted his student days to billiards instead of his profession he would have been better off: he could think of a dozen men who had wasted their season of study and were now reaping fees for their pains, as comfortably as if they had never sown a wild oat in their lives. If he had cultivated his body instead of his brain, he would have been at no loss; he could have returned into the ranks and found health and content in hewing wood and drawing water. It is all very well to say that the world is wide and that everybody can find something to do: the theory would be perfect if everybody could live upon air till the something is found.

Still, though life did not seem much worth keeping, something had to be done to keep it. The Claudia episode had crushed out all that he had ever possessed of elasticity: ambition had not time to take the place of love, and he felt ashamed of himself, as though occupied in something unutterably mean, in having to give his whole energies and to devote his whole powers to the task of how he should contrive simply not to starve in solitude. The more he thought over the matter, the less he despised himself for his misfortunes, and the more, I fear, he tried to shift the blame from his own shoulders to hers. He did not quite succeed, but as he wished to preserve his self-respect in the teeth of chance, and as he thought he had to blame somebody, he was compelled to blame her. He passed in review every possible manner in which he could waste his life to the best advantage, from being a law-stationer's copying clerk up to enlisting in the line. To wait for Lord Lisburn's recovery, even if it should prove but a matter of days, would require too long a fast even for a Bedouin who dined on dates, or for a hermit who broke fast on miracles: and he was tired himself of depending on the random patronage of stray peers. A steerable passage to Australia, sug-

gested by his barren appointment to the Esmeralda, would be too dear to a man who could not raise half a crown. Of course he read every word of *The Times* advertisements, and found nothing that would not require delay. At last he was wearied out with walking and thinking, but did not return to his lodgings: pride prevented his sleeping in a bed that he could not pay for. He walked the streets, and thought on.

At about four in the morning he passed a coffee-stall, where he thought he might as well dine cheaply. It was not far from Covent Garden. While enjoying his cup of brown water and slice of bread even more than he had enjoyed Lord Lisburn's champagne, he felt a slap between his shoulders, and, coloring for shame at his occupation, turned round and saw Carol.

"Been making a night of it, eh?" asked the latter. "That's right—I generally make a street breakfast myself. One sees life and human nature and all that sort of thing. There's nothing like morning air: so I take it late as I can't get it early. Just look round, and don't tell me there's a street in Venice like the Strand. Is this the first time you're breakfasting at a coffee-stall? I'll join you, and we'll stand bread and butter all round—we'll feed the unfeathered sparrow. There—help yourselves all round," he said triumphantly to the doctor's half-dozen ragged companions: "bread and butter for everybody, and nothing to pay. What does it all come to? Have you got any change about you, Vaughan? I'm the poorest man going, you know, and the most consistent: I never have any change about me. Here, man, you're not helping yourself: go ahead: we pay for all. Pray, may I ask you, my dear sir, if you always squint like that? because I flattered myself that I knew of a unique specimen."

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

CHAPTER I. DUKE OF COURTHOPE.

SIR Odo-Plantagenet-Clansgold-Kingsgear-Revel-Wyldwyl, K. G., Duke of Courthope and Revel, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Marquis of Oldmyth, Earl of Allswon, and Baron Partizan, in the peerage of Great Britain; Earl and Viscount Kingsland in the peerage of Ireland; Earl of Winguid, in the peerage of Scotland; and a baronet, was naturally a great man before the first Reform Bill. He sent eleven members to Parliament, and persons who owed everything to his patronage were to be found by those who sought after them, in every department of state. He had once condescended to accept the Vice-royalty of Ireland at the personal re-

quest of the Prince Regent, who liked to be splendidly represented; and had been for a short time a member of a courtier Cabinet, which had loyally paid some of his Royal Highness's debts; but he was too magnificent a personage to care for office. He was a leader of that mighty oligarchy which controlled successive ministries, and no party leader would have ventured to form a government without counting on his support or forbearance. He left his nominees in the House of Commons to vote much as they pleased on questions affecting their private interests; but directly any measure was brought forward which concerned himself or the privileges of nobility in general, his Grace, and some dozen or two of his personal friends, issued orders for its immediate withdrawal, and marched a compact body of their retainers down to Westminster to see that the business did not go any further.

Neither the duke, nor any of his political connections, were unkind men. They kept great state in their country houses. They went abroad with trains of carriages, and set the populace agape with awe. They exacted an awestricken respect from every one who approached them, in an easy unaffected way, just as they expected that even a beefsteak, which was their favorite dish, should be served to them on gold plate, by a footman in livery. Those who paid them in full, and without haggling, all the deference they claimed as their birthright, had substantial reasons to be thankful for what they got in return. There was nothing out of the reach of the Wyldwyl influence. Places and pensions, bishoprics, commands in the army and navy, the enormously-paid sinecures of the law, and the best berths in the Civil service, which was then called the service of the Crown, were among the least of the good things which depended on their favor; and they could demolish troublesome people as easily as they could crack nuts. Every one who had dealings with them knew as a fact beyond dispute, and concerning which even dispute was in a manner inexpedient, that they could make their displeasure felt when crossed too boldly. The stocks and the pillory were still in existence. A man might be whipped at the cart's tail by a resolute judge; and even justices of the peace could do strange things. Appeals might be made to the higher courts of law by stubborn people, but they were always costly and seldom successful; for witnesses were to be publicly seen walking about in the neighborhood of the Old Bailey, with straws in their shoes, as a sign that they were to be hired, and a democrat who persistently made himself disagreeable and refused to mend his manners, might come to be hanged. The nobility were affable and condescending when amused, or indifferent; but not a few of them had shown at odd

times how sternly, and by what unscrupulous methods, they could avenge an affront without appearing openly in the matter. The sentiments of fear or gratitude they inspired, the universal servility with which they were treated by inferiors, did not depend on a slavish adherence to ancient custom: they were feelings based upon solid realities, and all sensible persons were aware that an abject subservience of the whims or interests of the hereditary masters of the country was the shortest way to wealth and honors. A nobleman could help or harm whomsoever he pleased, and if he meant to be mischievous, there was no escape from him at home or abroad. A private note sent out in a king's messenger's bag received as much attention from Prince Metternich and Prince Polignac, or from Count Nesselrode, the Duke of Crotrofiano and the Italian courts, as a letter marked "confidential," dispatched by mounted express to Lord Grenville or Lord Liverpool. Somehow or other, by hook or by crook, disaffected people, however cautious, got into difficulties and never got out of them. Noblemen were simply of opinion that the world, and all that in it is, was made for them, and nothing occurred for many years to shake their faith in that belief.

The Duke of Courthope, who lived at the close of the first quarter of the present century, had gone through the usual round of the pleasures and pains of a duke of the period. It was said that his youth had been wild; but this, if it meant anything, could only be supposed to signify that he formerly was rich and light-hearted. Old Mr. Mortmain indeed, the family solicitor, would sometimes look grave when the stories of twenty years before were mentioned in his hearing; a report had at one time been industriously circulated about a Scotch marriage and a daughter who had mysteriously disappeared, but who might, nevertheless, some day be proved heiress to the estates which mostly descended with the Scotch earldom of Winguid which his Grace had inherited from his mother. But this rumor died out, and the duke had long since been married by a prelate, whom he had placed on the Episcopal Bench, to Lady Mary Overlaw, sole heiress and representative of another duke, whose posterity were named as successors to the crown of England, under certain contingencies, by the will of Henry VIII. It was said in polite society, but it was not always said, that they had one son, a fine, handsome young man with the family taste for enjoyment, and that the duchess had died without giving birth to any other children. Other people, perhaps better informed, averred that the duchess never had a son at all. It did not matter much. The "Peerage" printed that there was a Duke of Courthope, and that was enough for polite society's purposes.

The bereaved widower did not take his wife's death much to heart; perhaps he was otherwise engaged, for there were many things which occupied his attention just then. He entertained Louis XVIII., and many of the French lords who followed him into exile, with such princely splendor that heavy charges on his property, and troublesome annuities, which subsequently inconvenienced his Grace considerably, began to take a vexatious shape about this time. Also he contested several elections to keep the disciples of Hunt and Cobbett out of public life, as members for constituencies which were disposed to show an awkward hankering after independence. Notably, one Brown, a Scotch merchant, who had made a fortune from very humble beginnings in the East Indies, opposed the duke's nominee for a family borough, with a rancor and bitterness which seemed to arise from personal antipathy. The violent goings-on of this Brown, who had imprudently bought some land in the neighborhood of one of the duke's estates, were at last mentioned to his Grace by a confidential agent charged with his election business; but the duke evinced no desire to continue the conversation. The struggle, however, was protracted with such obstinacy, that Mr. Brown was half ruined, and had to set out again upon his travels to repair his damaged fortune. Then the duke smiled in a peculiar hard, wry way he had, drawing down one side of his handsome mouth, when he had taken a determination; but he never visited the borough again, though all the shopkeepers in the place implored him to do so in the name of injured trade.

The latter years of his life were passed in retirement. He was old, he was gouty, and even poor. He never quite got over the political changes which occurred in 1831-32, and spoke of Lord Grey with great bitterness for having taken away so much of what belonged to him. The new power which had been set up in the state was money, and of that he had none at all. Mr. Brown came back, and turned his own uncle, Lord Rupert Wyldwyl, out of his seat for Skipworth, which pestilent town was built within a stone's-throw of his park gates. And what was worse, he could no longer punish his tenantry, because he was in the hands of trustees, and his rents were assigned or anticipated. The past of but a short while ago, when he was all potent, seemed so far off that he sometimes doubted whether he had not dreamed that he once was great. He, who was now shelved and forgotten, while men spoke with bated breath of one O'Connell, an obscure Irishman, and a French Count D'Orsay, whom he had good-humoredly patronized, was king of London. The only pleasure left to his Grace was that of cleaning his china, which connoisseurs esteemed highly; and feeding his peacocks

who knew him, and perhaps sympathized with him, for they too were excluded from the state banquets of the sailor king, who had succeeded the tailor king. Once, when he went to London for a few days, a banker presumed to speak to him, the Duke of Courthope and Revel, a Knight of the Garter! His Grace looked at the banker with a surprise almost pathetic, but the rich man was in no way impressed by it; and whether it was this unheard-of impertinence, or the gout, or a constitution impaired by the dinners of Carlton House and the Pavilion, there soon afterwards appeared an article in *The Times* which credited his Grace with all the virtues, and told a thoughtless world that he was dead. Possibly the virtues may have died with him, to show a becoming respect for the memory of the last of our great nobles.

CHAPTER II. WAKEFIELD-IN-THE-MARSH.

IN the centre of a sleepy village on the borders of Oxfordshire there stood a small public-house, which was known to all the wagoners on the road for its sound beer and sweet hay. There were many wagoners about thirty-five years ago, and the "Chequers," which appeared from a large signboard, set in a clumsy framework upon a post, to be the sign of the inn, might have done a good business. But John Giles, the landlord, was forever boozing with his customers on the bench before the door, and did not keep very clear accounts. He was a dull, good-natured fellow, who meant no harm to any one; and after his wife died there was no one to see into his gains. If he had his dinner ready at one o'clock, and a brown jug of mild ale at his elbow all day, he thought there was no need to trouble himself about anything else. A girl, who was said to be his wife's niece, kept these domestic arrangements in remarkably good order, and there was no one else on the premises but a contented ostler; who held his tongue whenever he could do so without offence, and did his work in a satisfactory manner, though not briskly; for whatever he might happen to be about, his eyes seemed to be always wandering in search of the girl, who evidently gave him subjects of reflection too deep for words. His name was Tom Brown, and he too was a connection of the deceased landlady, for she had taken care to people the inn before her departure, though she left no children of her own. He came from Northumberland, and had a deal of north-country shrewdness under his stolid looks.

The girl was known as Madge Giles for every-day purposes. The curate, however, called her "Miss Margaret," and she laughed at him for doing so, but was secretly pleased; and it was pretty enough to see her come out demurely when he was likely to pass that

way, and blush to hear herself treated with so much respect. All that was known with certainty about her, was that her mother had arrived some nineteen years before at the "Chequers" in a state of utter destitution, and had died soon after her birth. Such incidents are common enough among the poor, and if perhaps the gossips formed their own conclusions, the Giles's were decent folk, and there was no call to worry them with bad words about it. So the orphan child grew up to womanhood about the house, made herself useful, and John Giles, who was usually in a hazy state, thought that very likely she was a daughter he and his wife had had without knowing it. Madge called him father, and things were very well as they were. She was extraordinarily beautiful, and equally ignorant: a perfect type of bodily perfection uninformed by a mind; an English peasant girl with no memory, no clear ideas about anything. She could recollect that there was a pudding for dinner last Christmas Day, and that she had fallen into the fire when a child: but she could not remember anything that was said to her yesterday, unless it directly concerned herself. She could not read or write, or count up to twenty without blundering, and could not tell the way to the next town, though carts and coaches going thither passed the inn many times daily. It would have been impossible to explain the commonest thing to her; and she could not pronounce the name even of her friend the curate. She called him "t' parson," whereas he appeared in the Clergy List as the Reverend Marmaduke Mowledy. She was a lovely animal, a laughing, singing, cooking, sewing animal; and when Mr. Mowledy thought of her, as he very often did, he sometimes wondered whether we are all born with a soul, or whether we attain to a soul only through prayer and sorrow.

It was on a gusty afternoon, late in October, when woods are golden and every wind scatters its fairy treasure upon the earth, that a party of clowns were seated on the rustic benches before the roadside inn. They were drinking deep draughts of strong beer, and eating bread and bacon upon their thumbs. Now and then they threw a spare word to each other between-whiles, or a scrap of their food to the dogs who guarded their loads from tramps or gypsies, and who waited very intelligently and patiently, looking up at them with wistful eyes. From time to time a loud laugh went off among them like the crack of a wagoner's whip at some tale of the road; but they were not a jocular set. When they had eaten their supper they usually slouched off one by one, and with a prolonged "Gee-wo, Dobbin!" to the leader of their team, went lumbering on their way. At last there only remained one or two steady toppers, Harry Jinks the blacksmith, Mr. Joyce

the sexton, and the landlord, whose minds and persons were constantly in soak, without appearing ever to get wet through. Night, sometimes so merciful, sometimes so full of pain and suffering and heavy with the birth of trouble, came slowly over the landscape. Cows and oxen were driven home from pasture, and one by one the lights began to shine in cottage windows. It was hardly a time to be abroad. The sun after hiding itself all day had fitfully broken out an hour ago, and left the sky red and angry. Dark clouds were rolling up in Titanic shapes from the west, and a few heavy drops of rain fell in the sullen manner which forebodes a storm.

Mr. Joyce, the sexton, a spare little man who seemed to have no room about him for the mighty tankards of ale he imbibed, and who looked so grave and respectable after he had disposed of them that people were inclined to believe some one else must have got tipsy in his place, commenced fumbling first in the ample flaps of his broad black coat, and then in the pockets of an extremely narrow pair of drab breeches, but without result. His gaiters had no pockets; perhaps he thought he might find some in his hat, for he took it off with a puzzled air; but only a red and yellow cotton handkerchief fell out.

"Ah," said Mr. Joyce, reflectively, "I do see how it be agin. My old 'oman's a took all the money, and a put un' in her ould stockin', that she have. Do 'ee chark up three pints, Madge. I'll pay next berryin'."

"That be noine pints as oi ha' dra'ad fur ye, sexton, wi' me own 'ans, sin' fower a clock," answered Madge, who came out in reply to his call. She was seldom asleep about a reckoning.

"Noine points, as I'm a mon, Mr. Joyce," roared the blacksmith. "So it be, wench; so it be."

"Noa, it bain't," returned the sexton. "I ha' drunk summut wi' John Giles fur company, but it don't count. Do it, John?"

The landlord being thus appealed to, tried for a few minutes to get at some understanding of the subject upon which his decision was asked, but finding it all drowned, put down his pipe, that had gone out in the process, and stolidly let fall the words "Nuff sed."

"John Giles doan't a waste un's talk, he doan't, blacksmith; he spakes to the pint, that he do. So I allus saith, an' so doth parson," remarked Mr. Joyce, whose language had a faint Biblical flavor about it whenever he wanted to get decently out of a difficulty. Moreover, the rural mind is ever ready with a bit of flattery for a crony who has anything to give away, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that sycophancy is confined to the upper classes. John Giles liked figs as well as any king, and Mr. Joyce having given him a sweet one, hobbled

home, emitting a chuckle as heartfelt as escapes from the breast of an experienced courtier who has complimented the Prince of Monaco out of a place in the household. Whether such things are worth having, depends on the esteem in which a man holds beer and wine and small change.

The blacksmith rose with a yawn, stretched his great limbs, emptied his jug to the last drop, and prepared to follow the sexton, when he noticed something coming slowly down the lane at a little distance. First it appeared like a red speck glancing through the trees, and behind it followed an object gaunt and shadowy, which dropped as it moved. The blacksmith had good eyes, and after watching these things for several minutes, he remarked to the ostler, who was looking after Madge, as he put away his pail for the night,—

"There be wun of them there red-coats yonder, Tom, a leadin' of a lame 'oss, which have a broak down, to my mind. Maybe 'un on'y wants a shoe on, and I'll go down an' blow up the fire to make ready for 'un. I'd as lief earn a shillin' as not." And the blacksmith, thinking he had made a joke, gave out a laugh like the sound of a hammer upon an anvil.

On came the red-coat, with his horse toiling painfully after him, past the quiet mill, past the rectory, which had not been inhabited within living memory (the benefice to which it belonged being under sequestration, and the rector in the King's Bench prison), past the church which stood close by, past the stagnant pond, and the pound, where a tinker's donkey looked hungry and disconsolate enough. At last the dismounted horseman stopped before the inn door, and as he did so the old signboard of the "Chequers" creaked as it swung on its hinges in the autumn wind, and the rain fell faster, as though the storm had burst through the cloud-gates that had hitherto restrained it.

"Ostler!" said the huntsman, in a pleasant but rather peremptory tone, "put up this horse, he has sprung a sinew, and make him comfortable. Landlord, let me have a glass of your best ale, and I shall want a gig to go on to Dronington."

The landlord repeated the word "gig," as who should say, "It is all very well to want a gig, but where am I to find one?" and the rain lashed the road faster and faster.

Meantime, the huntsman had strode carelessly into the house, whip in hand, a splendid and noble figure of a man. He was tall and straight, with well-cut features, a color fresh from health and exercise, and dark hair curling gracefully round his temples. He had flung himself on a wooden chair beside the kitchen fire, and was humming a tune in a clear strong voice, not unmusical, when Margaret Giles brought in some beer, and he looked up at her. He drank a deep draught, for he was

thirsty after a long day with the Cloudsdale hounds, which was the most famous pack in those parts; then he fixed his large merry eyes again on the girl, and said, "What's your name, Mary?"

"Madge be moy neam, zur," replied the girl, blushing. "It bain't Mary, as I knows on."

"Madge is a very pretty name," answered the huntsman, laughing, and showing a set of fine useful teeth; when Tom Ostler put a stop to the conversation, and pulling his hair in front as a token of respect, though he did not seem to welcome the stranger's arrival very cordially, he addressed the huntsman in this wise:—

"Master do say as how yee do want a gig, zur?"

"Ah," returned the stranger, good-humoredly, and apparently recollecting something he had forgotten. "Yes, I want a gig. Put to at once, will you?"

"We arn't got no gig," replied Tom Ostler, with visible reluctance, "but there's a wagon not fur down the road as allus stops a bit at the 'Barley Mow,' 'bout two miles on. Ye can catch 'un up, zur, if ye run for't."

"Thank you," said the huntsman, throwing himself back in his chair, with an amused yawn. "I can't run after a wagon, but you can fetch it back on your shoulders, and Madge can make me up a bed there." He laughed more after this, and his laughter was so joyous that Madge laughed too, and Tom Ostler grinned, wondering what it was all about. He did not understand how anybody could see the fun of sleeping in a wagon while there was a dry hayloft, but he did not say so, because his words had got rusty from disuse and would not come out of him easily.

The huntsman, finding Tom did not move, but stood staring at him and Madge, walked whistling towards the window, and looked out. It was quite dark, and the storm now raged with the fury of an equinoctial gale. Behind him was the ruddy glow of the inn fire, and Madge, who was busy getting ready the landlord's supper. It had a hungry smell, that supper, and the huntsman began to think a good deal about it. Presently he turned round sharply, cast an impatient glance at Tom Ostler, tapped the devil's tattoo on the small diamond-shaped panes of the inn windows, and then asked Madge if he could have a fire in a private room, some dinner, and a bed for the night.

What was it possessed the girl as she answered mechanically, "Yes"? She felt frightened after she had said it. No traveller had ever before required a dinner and a bed at the "Chequers," but it was a large rambling house, and there were several spare rooms which were never wanted. She could light a fire in one of them, and put some clean sheets, of which she had a large store, on a bed in another. It was

not very hard work to set about this, and the stranger would be gone next morning. Her idea of a dinner was eggs and bacon with fried eels, which were plentiful about there, and potatoes. It is not a very bad one. There were half a dozen flitches hanging in the inn kitchen, plenty of eggs, and live eels enough and to spare in the tank: so an hour later the handsome gentleman, comfortably housed and fed, was dozing before a fire of his own, with his boots off and his slippers on his feet upon the fender.

(To be continued.)

A LOST ART.

It must have happened not unfrequently to those who have never had occasion or opportunity to make up their minds as to the expediency of granting Letters-patent for Inventions, to have attended in an attitude of simple inquiry a meeting held for the discussion of the principles involved in it. Any one who has thus attended in the hopes of obtaining clearer views of an obscure subject must have been not a little disconcerted, as the argument went on, to find how little agreement there was between the disputants as to first principles and elementary facts. One fact especially, as to which he has always supposed there must be a general consent among those conversant with the subject, undergoes, he is concerned to notice, a wonderful transformation on being presented to him from opposite sides. What, he is anxious to know, would be the effect upon inventors generally if Patent Laws were abolished altogether? The thorough-going advocate of the privilege insists on its being admitted as an axiom that but for some such shield provided for him by the state the inventor would work stealthily, and, whenever it was possible, carry the secret of his discovery with him to the grave. The opponent of patent rights, on the other hand, ridicules the idea that trade secrets can be kept at all, or that an invention which has once proved itself useful in practice can possibly die out. As regards the possibility of secret working, he has ready a variety of anecdotes and cases drawn from the sober repertory of law reports, to prove that the ingenuity of the infringer has always been more than a match for the precautions of the inventor, and that moreover, when in his turn in the character of an outraged patentee, the inventor is bent upon detecting the infringer at his work, he does so in spite of all the subterfuges and precautions a guilty conscience can suggest. The attack where there is a secret to be stormed is always, he will tell you, stronger than the defence. That the following "true story" will have any influence upon the views of the parties to the debate it would be venturesome indeed to say, the policy of Letters-patent for Inventions lying just within that portion of debatable land on which men, otherwise at one upon the dogmas of Political Economy, are found arrayed on opposite sides, and into the discussion of which something of theological acrimony has managed to find its way.

The story tells how, nearly a hundred years ago, two men, entirely, so far as one can see, unconnected with each other, discovered about the same time a very beautiful art, supposed to have been Photography—possibly Photography in color; how, notwithstanding that a Patent Law was in full operation, they practised their art in secret, and how, with a strong suspicion in the case of one of them, that it was suppressed for purposes of state, the invention suddenly disappeared.

A few words will suffice to tell how "the photographers of the last century," as, without prejudice, we will call them for the nonce, were brought to light. At the gates of the sumptuous palace at South Kensington, in which Ornamental Art has been enthroned,—to the right as you enter, in a shed, or rather congeries of sheds, lie the treasures of her sister—the Cinderella of the family. Industrial Art. Huddled together in this mean, ill-constructed store, are masterpieces of inventive skill and glorious relics of inventors now no more, of which the

nation may well be proud. Here may be seen the famous original of Trevethick's locomotive (as old as 1803), "Puffing Billy" (Hedley's locomotive), and Stephenson's "Rocket" (that killed Huskisson); the "Parent Engine of Steam Navigation," as it is here affectionately labelled, that drove Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, along his lake at the rate of five miles an hour in 1788; and, placed as if to court comparison with this primeval form, beautifully finished models of the engines of the "Great Eastern," the models actually larger than the veritable engine of Dalswinton; the screw propeller (Bennett Woodcroft's) used in the first experiments made with that contrivance in an English ship of war; the reaping machine of the Scotch parson, Patrick Bell (parent and archetype of all other reapers on either side of the Atlantic), which closed a working career of forty years only to enjoy well-earned repose in Cinderella's cave; Arkwright's original models of carding and spinning machinery,—historical models and engines, in short, in magnificent profusion.

It was in endeavoring to add to these trophies a noble relic, Watt's "Sun and Planet" engine, the first device whereby the motion of a piston was imparted to a wheel, that one of the many zealous servants in Cinderella's household stumbled on the traces of the "Lost Art." The liberality of Mr. Boulton, a descendant of Matthew Boulton, had placed the engine at the disposal of the Commissioners of Patents, and this offer was shortly followed by a not less liberal proposal from a representative of Watt, namely, to add to the collection at South Kensington the contents of Watt's workshop at Handsworth, every article in which was then standing as it stood when the great inventor died. The condition attached to the latter gift marks the limit of the public spirit that dictated it. The Commissioners were to provide suitable accommodation for its display—a simple stipulation with the terms of which they have never yet been in a condition to comply.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 17th of December, 1861, Sir Francis Pettit Smith, then Mr. Smith, an honored fellow-laborer of Mr. Bennett Woodcroft's in the work of introducing the screw propeller into ships, left London for Birmingham, to make arrangements, in his capacity of Curator of the Patent Museum, for the transfer to that establishment of the "Sun and Planet." Beyond this he had no mission, and, beyond collecting any records he might chance upon with reference to steam engines of early date, no thought of instituting any inquiries. Before night he was destined to fall in with strange objects that launched him and many others for many a day upon a sea of speculation of a very different kind.

On reaching Birmingham Sir Francis at once proceeded to Soho, where he was received by Mr. Price, a gentleman who had acted as the agent of the Boulton family for nearly thirty years. While discussing various matters connected with the establishment of steam machinery at Soho, Mr. Price opened some of the drawers in the office, and pulled out of them some old papers, among them two "crumpled up like old dusters." Flattened out, these are found to be pictures of so singular a kind that, unless they are attributable to photography, it seems hard to account for their production.¹ The suggestion of photography is no sooner made by his visitor than Mr. Price takes from a drawer—a parcel inscribed "Sun picture of Soho House, the residence of Matthew Boulton, before the alteration of 1791!" Within the parcel, face to face, are found two silvered plates, and on them—common daguerrotypes! Leaving behind him directions for the transmission of the "Sun and Planet," and musing much on the singular appearance of the pictures he has seen, Sir Francis returned to town.

It will be surprising only to those to whom the history of the thousand and one delusions that have at different times taken possession of the public mind is unknown, to see how confidently and in what numbers, so soon as the ante-daguerreotypian theory of photography is broached,

¹ "If they are photographs," is the judgment of the *Photographic News*, reviewing the subjects of the discovery so long afterwards as November, 1863, "we have made no progress in reproduction—possibly retrogressed."

confirmatory volunteers come trooping in. One gentleman in his zeal for the new idea produces a glass positive portrait, which has been so long in his family that no one can remember anything of the original. He proposes in forwarding it to Sir Francis to obtain a table-rapped certificate from "the spirits" as to the individual portrayed, and thus supply indisputable evidence of the antiquity of the art. One can feel for a discoverer beset with such auxiliaries! In much the same spirit a family tradition of Soho was disinterred, one that promised not merely to reveal the nature of the art that had perished, but actually to disclose the wicked means employed for bringing it to its end. That Josiah Wedgwood's Paris agent should have borne the name of *Daguerre* was a circumstance invested all at once with wonderful significance!

Our story, from the period when the "Shepherd and Shepherdess" pictures were rescued from the obscurity of the office drawer at Soho, is best followed in the correspondence which ensued between Mr. Price, who remained in Birmingham, and Sir F. Smith, after his return to town. On the 3d December, 1862, after some remarks as to the silver plates (innocent impostors in whom we shall lose all our interest directly), Mr. Price writes, —

"The other photos you saw had a number scored on the face, 7, 6, or 9, and these I still hope to get for you in a day or two. I don't want to tease you too much, but suppose I could give you a clue to the camera which made these pictures! I had it once, and did not know what it was for. Some thirteen years ago I showed it to a friend of mine, and he appeared so delighted with it that I could not help giving it to him. When I cleared out Mr. Boulton's old library, Miss Wilkinson told me to take away 'all that rubbish,' and do what I liked with it. The camera and these old pictures were amongst the rubbish. Little did I think what they were."

On the 16th December, he informs Sir Francis, —

"I saw an auctioneer to-day who some years ago was a common dealer and broker. He knew Mr. Powell (the gentleman to whom the camera had been given), and when I inquired if he knew his address, the subject of the sun pictures came up. He reminded me that some years ago, when I turned out all the rubbish and waste paper from the library at Soho, he bought the old scrap paper, and amongst it was a very curious picture which he could not make out. I did not recollect any picture being amongst the rubbish. He says that in sorting it over he found it and put it on one side. Since then he has frequently brought it out, and has always become bewildered as to what it is. He says it is neither chalk, crayon, Indian ink, paint, or painting. He will bring it up for me to see. It is in two parts, he says, and from its general description I suppose it is a brother or sister of those I sent you."

On the 19th December, he writes, —

"The broker who has got the other pictures expects to be paid. Of course I made very light of them. As he bought them merely as waste paper, I said he ought to return them to me as such. I asked him what he wanted for them, and he merely said he would consider of it. They should be secured by all means. They are very beautiful."

The reply is a telegram from Sir Francis, "Don't give him time to think, but get pictures at once, lowest price you can." On the 22d, after assuring his correspondent that he will if possible get the pictures for him, Mr. Price proceeds to notice the family tradition I have adverted to. It has to be collated out of the experiences of one Townsend, an old man who had died some eight years before, and who had been Mr. Boulton's "cad," or handy man, and was well known in that capacity to the members of the celebrated Lunar Society, which held its meetings at Soho. "In thinking over these pictures," Price writes, "I recollect old Townsend in his gossip telling me that they (the great men) used to have pictures on the table, not the pictures themselves, but the likenesses of the pictures. . . . He explained 'they' were in a dark tent and nothing but a picture on the table."

In January of the following year, the auctioneer has discovered "two more beautiful old sun pictures" among the rubbish, and these are duly ransomed and added to the others. On the 5th February, Price writes, "Boulton and

Fothergill sold pictures painted in oil by the dozen at very low prices, and I firmly believe that I have a clue to the secret, but am not yet quite ready to give you details." In confirmation of his views he forwards from among the papers in the Soho office, a batch of copies of invoices and orders for "square mechanical paintings," and "oval pictures in forms of medallions." Some of the "mechanical paintings" were of great size. In a letter written by a customer in July, 1781, we have the wish expressed that "Rynaldo preventing Arminia from stabbing herself" could be had in a smaller form than that in which it was being published, — fifty inches by forty.

On the 23d May, Price announces a very mysterious circumstance that has come to his knowledge. After remarking that the entries in the Soho books prove that a great many of these pictures must be somewhere among the nobility and gentry of London, he goes on, "I think government had something to do with the suspension of the trade, because the person who held the secret was offered a pension." . . . A few days later, on the 29th May, he is fast losing faith (we shall see how justly directly) in the silver plates; but is being daily fortified in his belief in the new theory as to the paper pictures that are cropping up. "Eginton's name," he writes, "is erased in many places in the old books. All this is a mystery. . . . Boulton and Eginton I believe alone knew the secret, and with them it died."

Before noticing the very remarkable piece of evidence (the "Dartmouth Letter") on which this conjecture of government action is based, let us say a word about Eginton, the pensioner that was to be, who now for the first time appears upon the scene. He is certainly no mythological personage, for his biography is contained in the prosaic register of Nagler's "Künstlerlexicon," published in 1837, as that of —

"EGINTON, FRANCIS, a celebrated English glass painter. He effected, in conjunction with Jarvis, a new revolution in that art, by making it an imitation of oil painting."

The article gives a list of the most important of his works, in all some fifty. They consist of historical subjects and portraits in Magdalen College, Oxford; St. Paul's Church, Birmingham; Salisbury and Lichfield Cathedrals, Arundel Castle and Fonthill. His death is given as having occurred at Handsworth, in 1805, when he was in his sixty-eighth year.

The notice is followed in Nagler by another which may possibly, for those who pursue this matter for themselves, possess interest. It is that of "Eginton, Rafael," whom it speaks of as "glass painter at Birmingham, a successor of the preceding, whose reputation he maintained."

In July, Mr. Price writes that he is "startled" at a communication from Sir Francis, to the effect that Miss Meteyard (who was writing the life of Josiah Wedgwood) has found mention of a camera belonging to one of the Wedgwoods in 1791. "You may with safety," she has told Sir Francis, "refer the first experiments in photography to as early a date as 1790 or 1791. In this latter year I find Thomas Wedgwood, third surviving son of Josiah Wedgwood, sending his camera to be mended." The idea that the camera he has given away may be the very identical camera with which the Lost Art has been practiced revives in force, and he assures his correspondent he will try to follow up its traces. "You may depend upon it," he adds, reverting to the mystery he has drawn attention to, "this secret was allowed to die out with the death of Eginton and the lunatics,¹ and all traces of it were destroyed at the instigation of the Royal Academy and some members of the government. In my old letter books hundreds of pages have been torn out besides many erasures."

On 1st November, 1863, Mr. Price has so far despaired of the recovery of the camera as to repeat with complacency the suggestion that has been made by a good-natured

¹ Among the members of the "Lunar Society," who were thus nicknamed, were Matthew Boulton, James Watt, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Parr, Sir W. Herschel, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Arelhus, Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Roebuck, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Wedgwood.

friend that it is probably doing duty in some Staffordshire chimney corner as a saltbox. He speaks of sending up some oil pictures by Eginton, and mentions a fact worth noting, as it disposes of one of the many theories which undertook to solve all the difficulties presented by the case, namely, that the papers found were only the intermediate stage, so to speak, between the original and the article produced for sale. The fact is, that the pictures are all reversed.

And now for the Dartmouth letter, the famous document which has given such zest to the story by infusing into it the delicate flavor of court scandal. The letter is one of the few pieces of evidence in this singular case which will bear handling; whether it goes to support the "old cad's" theory, is a very different question. The "old cad" was of opinion that Sir William Beechey was at the bottom of the whole affair. Price's contributions to this part of the story are only the recollections of Townsend. "He told me," says Mr. Price, "that Beechey painted Matthew Boulton's picture,¹ and when he was at Soho, Mr. Boulton explained to him this invention of taking sun pictures. Sir William then went amongst all the artists and got up a petition to Matthew Boulton and the Lunar Society begging them to stop, because it (the secret) would be the means of shutting up the painters' shops — this was poor old Townsend's expression."

And to "poor old Townsend," rambling on in his dotage, according to the light left him, we are inclined to listen with an indulgent smile. We have a right to ask something more definite at the hands of a scientific writer, when he refers to these same ramblings as if they were the firmest of facts. "We were informed," so writes the *British Journal of Photography*, on 16th November, 1863, "that a copy of a petition from the well-known painter, Sir William Beechey, to the members of the Lunar Society, is in existence urging them," etc., etc., in the words and to the purport and effect of old Townsend's recollections. If there be such a petition in existence, no effort ought to be spared for its production. If there be not — the fable of the Three Black Crows seems in danger of having its proud preëminence contested.

The so-called Dartmouth letter, to come to it at last, is a letter written by Matthew Boulton to Lord Dartmouth, the press copy of it being found among Matthew Boulton's papers. It is in these terms: —

"MY LORD, — A few days ago I received a letter from Sir John Dalrymple, dated Dublin, May 27th, in which he surprises me by saying, 'I have written to Sir Grey Cooper to have a pension of £20 per annum for Mr. Eginton: so if there is any stop, write me of it to Scotland, and I will get it set to rights, as I know nothing but inattention can stop it.'

"As I think I cannot with propriety write to Sir Grey Cooper upon that matter, having not the honor of being known to him, and as I have never mentioned the subject to him, or any person besides your lordship, I hope, therefore, to be pardoned for thus troubling you with my sentiments and wishes.

"In the first place I wish to have an entire stop put to the pension, because Mr. Eginton hath no claim nor expectations. I pay him by the year, and consequently he is already paid by me for all the three or four months spent in that business: and as to an overplus reward for his secrecy, I know how to do that more effectually, and with more prudence, than giving him annually £20, which will only serve to keep up the remembrance of that business, and therefore 'tis impolitical.

"Besides it might, perhaps, be injurious to me, as such a pension might tend to make him more independent of me and my manufacture.

"His attachment to me, his knowing that no use hath been made of the things, the obligation he is under to me, and his own natural caution and prudence, render me firmly persuaded that the scheme will die away in his memory, or at least will never be mentioned.

"If anybody is entitled to any pecuniary reward in this business it is myself, because I have not only bestowed some time upon it, but have actually expended in money between one and two hundred pounds, as I can readily convince your lordship when I have the honor of seeing you at Soho; and, although I

was induced by — — to believe that I was writing at the request, and under the authority of a noble lord (whose wisdom and virtue I revere), yet I never intended making any charge to government of any of my expenses or for my trouble.

"All that I have now to request of your lordship is that a negative be put upon the pension.

"My lord, your lordship's most dutiful, most obliged, and most faithful humble servant. M. B."

It seems wanton to destroy almost as soon as they appear, any of the harmless little mysteries we have by this time conjured up, but as a very important personage, who will arrive directly, would observe, *Magna est veritas*, and we can happily show our devotion to truth, and at the same time add to the real interest of our story, by giving the *coup de grâce* to some few of them at once.

The silver pictures, as I have already hinted, were not real antiques. The inscription on the parcel notwithstanding, they turned out (we shall see how directly) to be daguerreotypes of a date when daguerreotyping was by no means rare. The hopeful inscription on one of the pictures in the broker's shop ["Sun picture taken by a process invented at the Soho works, Handsworth, the year 1780-85, 'Flora bedecking Pan'"] was found to be in the handwriting of the broker, who gave as his authority for the legend, — Mr. Price! If the complicity of the government in an atrocious piece of vandalism is to go too, we owe a word of apology to sundry photographic zealots who carefully annotated the facts, and drew attention to the circumstance that Lord Dartmouth's seat was in the vicinity of Soho, and that Sir Grey Cooper was an indefatigable Minister of State. We can in truth hardly hope for a conviction. If we remember that at the time that Eginton was busy with his pictures at Soho, the Soho factory was, so far as the copper coinage of the country was concerned, a royal mint, it seems possible, to say the least of it, that the invention the government was desirous of putting a stop to, the preliminaries of which invention Boulton had entered on "at the request and under the authority" of a noble lord, as to which invention Boulton had never spoken to any one but his lordship, and more than all, of which no use had ever been made, was an invention more nearly affecting the welfare of the state than the copying of celebrated pictures, to the detriment of artists, "by chemical and mechanical means."

One piece of evidence adduced by Mr. Price, almost inclines us to believe that the invention did not die suddenly out at all. This is the proof-sheet of an article entitled "Handsworth," supposed to have been written by James Watt for a topographical work (Lewis). If the article was really written by him it is extremely curious, for after mentioning astronomical clocks as having been constructed at Soho, it goes on to say, "The art of copying pictures in oil colors, called Polygraphic (we must bear this name in mind as we proceed), was also invented and pursued here under the direction of Mr. Francis Eginton, to whom it was subsequently resigned, and who became celebrated for his painting upon glass."

To make amends for any disappointment occasioned by our actually necessary Massacre of the Innocents, we will now bring forward another mysterious personage, — unless indeed some critic shall step in and prove him to be only Eginton in disguise, — busier even than Eginton with chemical and mechanical painting, working for a sort of junior "Lunatics" in London, and practising his art not merely without molestation by the profession, but under the sanction of names still greater than that of Sir W. Beechey. His secret too is lost, and his works, less fortunate than Eginton's, have passed away and left "not a wrack behind."

Our new acquaintance is Mr. Joseph Booth, a gentleman describing himself as of Lewisham, artist, and engaged, when we first meet with him, in 1784, in making chemical and mechanical reproductions of works of art, very much after the fashion of Eginton at Soho. In one important particular he differs materially from Eginton. He has a turn for authorship, and loves, if we would believe him, to discourse about nothing so well as the new invented polygraphic

¹ This is verified by the catalogue of the Royal Academy where the picture was exhibited.

art. He makes his art the pretext for deluging us with his views about all things earthly and supernal—save one—how he made his “chemical and mechanical paintings.” On this point he is reticence itself, and he leaves us, after we have read both his treatises from end to end, under the uncomfortable impression that, while pretending to take us into his confidence, he has been laughing at us in his sleeve. The pamphlets are perhaps as neat a combination of rigmarole and business “smartness” as anything that has been put forward by the great showman of our latter days, Artemas Ward himself. Booth’s first production styles itself—

“A Treatise explanatory of the nature and properties of POLLAPLASIASMOS, or the original invention of multiplying pictures in oil colors, with all the properties of the original paintings, whether in regard to outline, size, variety of tints, etc.; together with a proposal for a subscription for forming a collection of pictures, truly original, on different subjects, interspersed with occasional remarks on the utility of painting, on the modern improvements in that art, and on the merits of the English school.

“Magna est veritas et prevalebit.”

The “explanatory” treatise is a treatise enlightening us on every imaginable topic with the exception, as I have said, of “Pollaplasiasmos;” full of the perplexities of an inventor where his art “happens to have even the appearance of clashing with the interests of those who may be employed in professions in any aspect similar to the new undertaking,” and the “undetermined state of mind” in which he (Booth) remained for a considerable time, “not knowing properly what method he ought to adopt to usher his invention into the world with that propriety which is necessary for an art entirely new.” After moralizing on the relations between capital and genius, the artist is “induced, on mature deliberation, to throw himself and the product of many years’ labor at the feet of that impartial public who alone,” etc., etc.; and accordingly invites the impartial public to form a club for the purchase of his “pollaplasiasmos” paintings. “With respect to an idea prevailing that the paintings must be mere copies, I must observe that they cannot be termed so with any propriety, especially when the subjects are designed on purpose for this work. Perfect colored pictures will be produced by this manner of painting, though the design is only made in black, or a slight tinted drawing, and the pieces from such sketches will be as exquisitely painted as if the subject was first laboriously finished upon a piece of canvas.” He forestalls very curiously an art critic of some celebrity, who gave reasons why we have no more of the works of this Lost Art, by drawing our attention to the imperishable character of the productions of Pollaplasiasmos: “An entire new system of drawing and coloring, which is not subject to either change, cracking, peeling, or any other inconveniences, which too frequently attend even first-rate pictures painted in the usual manner.” Unless he is carrying duplicity to an incredible length, his art had nothing in common with engraving, which he denounces as “a metaphysical thought which endeavors to form in imagination a living being without a body or member,” while his own art is “that to painting which engraving is to design. Moreover,” he adds, but without our seeing very clearly what the remark is intended to convey, “all the aerial beings of a Shakespeare, or a Milton, must be formed of parts which are first realized in nature, else they could not possibly find a way to the poet’s fancy.” When he begins *seriatim* to set out “the imperfections of engraving, and the reason of his dwelling on those imperfections,” we may fairly hope we are on the eve of some discovery, and when he refers to the “sarcasms which have been abundantly bestowed” upon his invention, our curiosity is on the alert for some piece of contemporary criticism from which we may form a guess as to its nature. But the hope dies away as we read on and find only a string of platitudes about “real grandeur” being something more than “a profusion of gold and glitter,” and the eye being “never more pleased than when the mind partakes of the same

sensation.” After wandering off to the history of tapestry, Albert Dürer, Hugo de Carpi, and Mr. Jackson of Battersea (who has, it appears, all but effected some wonderful improvement in paper-hangings), he comes to notice the invention of one Le Blond, for printing in colors from mezzo-tinto plates. “These were certainly,” he says, “very good of their kind, but the great expense attending the preparation of the plates, etc., considerably enhanced the price to purchasers, and though they were much esteemed at that time, yet they were nothing more than prints in colors on paper,”—from which we may fairly enough infer that Booth’s process was something else. His pictures were finished with great nicety, and he is particularly severe on the “artistic daubs,” which he declares have been the origin of the “wink of wisdom” connoisseurs are forced to give in peeping through their hands. In connection with artistic daubs, he tells us of “a person of Birmingham” who “acquired a considerable fortune by indulging a similar mind;” but unless there are circumstances we are not acquainted with in the factory at Soho, the reference can hardly be to the only rival he can have in his own line—the artist Eginton.

Neither Booth nor Eginton patented the invention they practised. Booth insists on taking us into his confidence and telling us frankly why. He says it has been a matter of “surprise to some people” that he has not. Had he given no reason we might perhaps have shared in the “surprise.” As it is we find it difficult to reconcile the reason with the facts. He says that if he had patented his invention he must have disclosed the secret in his specification; but unless there were two Joseph Booths, both artists of Lewisham, flourishing at the same time, our friend Joseph must excuse us for being very imperfectly satisfied with the explanation. A Joseph Booth, of Lewisham, artist, if we can trust the record of the Office of the Great Seal, obtained in the year 1792, Letters-Patent for an invention, the nature of which he was by a special Act of Parliament (32 Geo. III. c. lxxiii.) allowed to keep secret. It was for “a machine or apparatus, and certain chemical compositions invented by him, for the purpose of making various kinds of woollen cloths and other articles.” I have the specification of the patent (No. 1,888) before me, and I see from it that in pursuance of the act, Lord Darnley and a Mr. Nicholson have examined our artist, and certify in an affidavit that the specification, amended at their suggestion, “fully, completely, and accurately describes the whole and every part of such invention and discovery, and the method of using and employing the same for the uses and purposes therein set forth.” We run through the specification, from which the seal of secrecy has long since been removed, and find that whatever “other articles” may have been invented by the patentee, he has said no word that can be construed into the description of any method of chemically and mechanically painting in oil.

Booth’s pamphlet concludes with an address to his patrons. He tells them that “he has lately refused a very advantageous offer made by a foreign power,” for the establishment of his art “in a place where he was assured of the greatest success.” But no terms “can induce him to leave his native country in expectation of the patronage and protection of foreigners, more especially as he is well assured he will be amply rewarded in throwing himself for support in his undertaking on that candor and liberality which have ever been the characteristic of Britons. He has already received the most flattering proof of the justness of his sentiments on this head, on an application made above a year ago to one of the first men the world has produced in his line. Suffice it to say, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a protecting hand, generously assisted him in his invention in a manner truly great and noble. . . . Mr. West, too, with a mind superior to professional prejudices, indulged the artist with the use of one of his pictures (‘Jupiter and Europa’), from which he has taken the first piece which he dares submit to the inspection of the public, numbers of former productions having been laid aside from the many improvements which the art has

undergone within the last year." In the title-page of this curious work, we read that a specimen of the art "may now be inspected at the inventor's house near Golden Square, admittance *gratis*, price of the pamphlet 1s.;" a form of invitation not unknown to patrons of art of the present day.

Four years elapse before we catch sight of our artist friend again. He is evidently prospering. His society has been formed, and Pollaplasmos has become Polygraphy; the very title, as I pointed out just now, adopted for Eginton's process at Soho. The lapse of time has left the artist as didactic but unfortunately as uncommunicative (about picture painting) as ever. He is now publishing a second pamphlet; it is without date, but assigned by the learned in such matters in the British Museum to 1788. He pens this time —

"An Address to the public on the Polygraphic Art, or the copying and multiplying pictures in oil colors, by a chemical and mechanical process, the invention of Mr. Joseph Booth, portrait painter.

"Utque artes pariat Solertia nutriat usus."

We have no space left to record the wanderings of our hero in his second manifesto, in which he praises his art as "having a tendency to strengthen religious principles and conceptions, and to improve the morals of the people. . . . A taste for the fine arts," he observes — and the sentiment was probably a novelty then — "is incompatible with ferocity of manners. It even restrains the fierceness of war. . . . Painting in particular is favorable to virtue" and so on. The man is incorrigible as ever, and we lay down the second pamphlet, like the first, without having in any way improved our knowledge of the process he invented.

This source of information failing us, we revert naturally to the neighborhood of Soho. So long as the Heathfield workroom remained closed, there was ground of course for hope that within it would be found the very instruments that had been used in the manufacture of the pictures. This idea must indeed have impressed itself with singular force upon the minds of those interested in the matter, when we find a writer, usually so careful as Mr. Smiles,¹ including in the list of articles which presented themselves to those who at last, on the 4th of May, 1862, got access to the chamber — an "extemporized camera"! Unhappily, to the few persons who (among them were Sir Francis Smith and Mr. Woodcroft) entered the workroom so long closed, no such object was apparent, carefully as every nook and corner of the premises was searched. The only optical apparatus to be seen were three or four lenses with paper mounts, and these were lying about in drawers.

With the unsuccessful search in Watt's workroom the attempts to collect evidence in the neighborhood of Soho seem to have ceased, and the photographic world, in which the rumored discovery had made a stir, prepared for a discussion over what materials had come to light. On the first night of its winter session in 1863, the rooms of the London Photographic Society were crowded, and Sir Francis made his statement, which it is needless to say was listened to with the deepest interest. When the sensational part of it had been winnowed out of the story, the modest tone in which the speculations of the speaker had been put forward earned for him perhaps still heartier admiration. The evidence in the shape of products of the Lost Art was of course subjected to the severest scrutiny. The more the paper pictures were examined the more wonderful and extraordinary they appeared. As if to destroy at a blow the theories of those who maintained that they were simply copper-plate engravings colored after some expeditious method, it was found that the whole picture could be wiped out with a sponge as a boy's sums are rubbed off a slate! The *British Journal of Photography*, one of the highest authorities I suppose upon the matter, was obliged some days after the meeting to content itself with thus summing up the *status* of the pictures that had been found: "There is no direct evidence proving them

to have been produced by photography. On the other hand, there is nothing which militates against such a supposition, and several arguments in favor of it." The paper of one ("The Stratonice") furnished a strong probability of the antiquity of the picture. It was shown by a letter from the present proprietors of the mills where it was manufactured, that it must have been made prior to 1794.

The general discussion at the society's meeting was led off by Dr. Diamond, who cited the opinion of one of our most competent authorities, Mr. William Smith, deputy chairman of the National Portrait Gallery, to the effect that the pictures "were not produced either by engraving, drawing, or painting, or by any method of which he had any knowledge. They bore no traces of any handwork whatever." Much interest was expressed on the production by the speaker of a Catalogue of the exhibition of Joseph Booth and the Polygraphic Society, at 381 Strand. The rest of the discussion was hardly profitable, the critics selecting for their attacks precisely those points of the story on which it was exceptionally strong. One gentleman, who objected that in the early days of photography "no lens existed capable of producing a sharp impression," found apparently no one at the meeting to remove his doubts. He receives a reply, however, a few days after, in the *British Journal of Photography*, somewhat in the style of the Yorkshireman who accounted for a particular phenomenon by "dooting the fact." The answer, the editor says, "is simple; the image is *not* sharp, but presents precisely the appearance that would be anticipated of an uncorrected lens of a particular character, that is to say, if taken by the aid of a quartz spectacle lens (pebble), an instrument very likely to have been used."

The meeting at the society's rooms by no means exhausted the discussion, and pamphlets had to be exchanged before all parties could receive even imperfect satisfaction. One by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton (grandson of Matthew Boulton), published in 1865, went far to clear up all the points as to which we can even now feel sure. Adopting a species of argument especially applicable to the case, he made the eye the arbiter in the dispute as to the silver plates, and proved that the "sun picture of old Soho," before 1791, was a daguerreotype of Winsor Green, taken by his aunt, Miss Wilkinson, in 1840. He did this by the simple expedient of appending to his pamphlet a lithograph copy of the picture on the silver plate, and a sketch of Winsor Green, taken in 1841. On that point no one doubted more.

*"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam, vuæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."*

Mr. Boulton expresses himself as adverse to the supposition that the so-called mechanical pictures were photographic. As regards the word "sun pictures," he says, "neither my sisters nor I ever heard this title made use of; but I have found persons who, when at Soho about 1830, heard the pictures there spoken of as 'sun pictures,' and I believe that Mr. Hodgson heard the title used at an earlier period."

The last shot fired by way of controversy was by Mr. George Wallis, of the South Kensington Museum, in the *Art-Journal* for 1866, under the title of "The Ghost of an Art Process practised at Soho, near Birmingham, about 1777, 1780, erroneously supposed to have been Photography." But for the consideration of this and many other interesting speculations that have been hazarded on the subject we have no space left.

I think I have now said all that is needful to induce those interested in curiosities of invention to look into this singular matter for themselves. So far as concerns the process by which the pictures were produced, we are perplexed rather than assisted by the repeated "explanations" of discordant experts. If it was merely mechanical reproduction of any given subject, one can fancy how the good people of Soho chuckled over the letter (which still survives) of one of their London customers begging the next pictures they ordered might be painted "in a much

¹ Lives of Boulton and Watt.

more masterly style." If they were not, and hand labor was not dispensed with by the art, it seems impossible to understand the delight expressed by Matthew Boulton in one of his letters (1st February, 1781), at having his engine drawings copied by the art "on thick paper, in which case the drawing is reversed, and is so perfect as not to be distinguished from the original." That it was mechanical, or that the outline (and possibly the dead color) was secured without labor, seems a fair inference from one of Burney's letters, where he is writing about a picture that would seem to have not been well adapted to the process.

"Your idea was perfectly right," he says, "about 'Telemachus,' had it been mechanized, but at present the outline and the dead color take nearly half the time." If the art was worked secretly its concealment was possibly due to much the same course of proceeding on the part of those who worked it, as that described by Edgar Poe in his famous story of "The Purloined Letter." Had it been known to be a secret, it seems strange that it escaped the attention of the "eavesdroppers" about Soho, with whose wiles Mr. Smiles makes us acquainted in his charming little sketch of the way-side inn at Handsworth; and if—but we might lose ourselves to any depth in conjecture on this curious matter, with regard to which those most competent to decide agree only in differing. Without staying to draw the moral, or morals,—for there are morals in the story for all sorts and conditions of men from dealers in waste paper to Minister of State,—I would recommend the reader simply to visit the little chamber of Sir Francis Smith, at the Patent Museum of South Kensington, see the pictures which have been actually found, and decide for himself upon what Mr. Wallis very happily christened, while his judgment was in suspense, "An Art mystery awaiting a solution."

POOR JOHN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

IV.

WHILE these winter days are passing so wearily away with Nelly Deane, let us see how they are being spent by Arthur Temple.

A bijou residence in Mayfair. Delicate white curtains, looped back by rose-colored ribbons; luxurious satin-covered easy-chairs; little three-legged tables, decked with old lace; bright little girandoles and brackets against the walls, with Dresden china groups upon them; a fat pug lazily blinking his eyes before the fire; more fat pugs, but of Dresden china, staring down at him from the chimney-piece with their immovable eyes; and a little Dresden china-like woman, sitting in the middle of all, in a black satin dress tied up with knots of mauve ribbon, and with the airiest of white lace caps perched upon the apex of her coquettish little head.

"Good heavens, how dull it is in town in December!" cried the little woman, laying her head back among the satin cushions of her arm-chair.

A cup of untasted chocolate was on a round table at her side, and a pile of letters by it. She had the most neatly-cut little features in the world, all delicate pink and white, like a shaded rose-leaf. Closing her eyes languidly for a minute, she looked like nothing so much as the well-known Dresden china lady asleep in her chair, with the open letter before her. One slight difference, however: the Dresden china lady holds a love-letter; Mrs. Hetheridge holds a bill.

"How I wish I had some one to ring the bell for me! Punch, why can't you? What is the use of keeping a fat dog that can't do a thing for one? You might just as well be made of china, for all the good you are. I wish you were, and then you wouldn't wheeze."

Punch looked up at his mistress with grave, reproachful eyes, and put his tongue out at her with infinite wisdom, and an evident intention of deliberately insulting her.

Mrs. Hetheridge rang the bell twice, and the summons was answered by a demure lady's-maid in rustling black silk.

"Look here, Collinson," said the lady, holding out the letter; "here is Madame Dentelle sending in her account again—the second time since July; it is really most impertinent of her, isn't it?"

"Very impertinent, ma'am," answered the maid, demurely. She knew it was as much as her place was worth to make any other reply.

"These people have no conscience, Collinson, have they? And I think she has charged exorbitantly for my Goodwood dresses; quite out of all reason. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am. They are rather high-priced. But they were very lovely dresses, ma'am; specially that sweet white silk with the Valenciennes."

"Yes, they were pretty enough," said her mistress, slightly mollified by the recollection of her triumphs on "the lawn," "but that is no reason why she should send in her bill."

"Did you wish me to go and pay it, ma'am?" said Collinson, not without a spice of malice.

"Pay it! Good heavens, no! Are you crazy, Collinson? Tear it up, and put it in the waste-paper basket. Here, and these too. This is the jeweller's, and this the milliner's; and here, these little trumpery glove bills too; just as if they couldn't wait for their money! They haven't a shadow of consideration for anybody but themselves. And, Collinson, take away this chocolate; it is vilely made this morning; not fit to drink. Tell cook to be sure and have oysters for lunch, and some snipe if she can get them, besides what I have already ordered. Oh, and, Collinson, tell Thomas not to let in any one; except perhaps Mr. Temple, if he should happen to call. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the grave Collinson, who understood her duties so well that she straightway went down-stairs and announced to the assembled household, that "Missis expects Mr. Temple to lunch, and there's to be oysters and snipe for him, and no one else is to be let in."

Mrs. Hetheridge proceeded to turn over the rest of her correspondence—little perfumed coroneted monogrammed notes.

"Too provoking. Here is this charming invitation to Yorkshire that I have got to refuse, literally because I am so hard up, and I have nothing to wear! And Lady Ansley asks me down for the hunt-ball. All no use; I haven't a dress to my back, and I can't order any more at Madame Dentelle's, with that odious bill, and not a penny of it paid! I suppose if I went to any one else, she would be down on me with a writ. What is this? A letter from Charley North, poor boy! How silly he is! If I have told him once, I have told him fifty times that I can't marry a penniless lieutenant with nothing but his pay. It is so idiotic of him to keep worrying me to change my mind. Poor Charley! No, there is nothing for me but Arthur Temple now; he is my last card. I am sorry for him," said Mrs. Hetheridge, complacently, "because I shall be an expensive sort of a wife for anybody, and I had rather not have inflicted myself on such a nice boy as Arthur if I could have helped it. But then, I can't help it! It is all very well being a widow, but one can't keep up without oceans of money. I wouldn't marry if I could help; I like my independence too well. But there are those odious bills to be paid; I don't see my way to paying Madame Dentelle in any other manner. I don't suppose even Punch would fetch a ten-pound note now, he has got apoplectic, and his tail all limp and out of curl, with the fogs, I suppose."

Mrs. Hetheridge got out her writing-case, and with sighs and groans began to answer her letters, declining all the pleasant invitations.

With many gracefully-turned phrases and neatly-finished little sentences she assured her "dearest Lady Ansley," and her "darling Mrs. Gordon," that nothing but her extremely delicate health would have induced her to refuse

their delightful invitations, but the wicked doctor was so naughty as to forbid — yes, actually to forbid — her leaving town during all this damp, foggy weather. Which little invention in no way imposed upon her correspondents.

"Dearest Lady Ansley" tossed the note over to her husband. "Clara Hetheridge doesn't come — says she is ill. She has got some little game of her own in town, I suppose. Who shall we ask instead?" And "darling Mrs. Gordon" remarked the widow was hard up as usual, and no wonder, after the extravagance of her dresses at Goodwood. "Not one of them paid for, I'll be bound!"

Such is friendship among women of the world!

The bell rang. Mrs. Hetheridge hastily disposed herself in a becoming attitude, and gave a hurried look in the glass before the visitor was announced.

"Arthur!" she cried, with a pretty little affectation of surprise, "how delightful!"

"Why, I thought you expected me," said Arthur Temple, who never could be got quite to understand the little make-believes which so many women delight in.

"I never expect anything nice in this world," answered Mrs. Hetheridge, as she shook hands with him, her face beaming with delight, while she was secretly saying to herself, "What a dolt he is, to try and make it look like an appointment!"

"Do you mean me to understand that I am the something nice, Mrs. Hetheridge?"

"Do you suppose I am going to pander to your vanity any more, you conceited boy? Come and sit down. Not on that chair; try this one: it is more comfortable, isn't it?"

"Delicious; I could go to sleep in it," said Arthur, sinking down into the depths of the rose-colored satin cushions.

"Pray don't; I want luncheon, and I want you to talk to me; I am so unhappy."

"What has happened? Has Punch over-eaten himself more than usual?"

"Don't laugh, Arthur."

She called him "Arthur" as a matter of course. She was two years his senior, and a widow. What is the good of these advantages unless they entitle you to call all the young men you know by their Christian names? Young and pretty widows invariably adopt a sort of semi-maternal tone towards the male sex; particularly when they happen to be good-looking specimens thereof.

Pray don't laugh at me, Arthur; I am sure it is no laughing matter; I am really unhappy. I am afraid I am going into a consumption."

"You? Why you look the picture of health!"

"Ah, yes," said the deceitful little sinner, sighing, for she had had the sudden happy thought of trying the experiment of exciting this insensible young man's pity. "Ah, yes, but Dr. Mull says that is just one of the signs of this most insidious disease, that it does not show at first; but my chest is very delicate, he thinks."

"You don't mean to say that your lungs?"

"Oh, no, nothing so bad as that," she said, not wishing to pursue the farce too far. "Not my lungs; only I am to be very careful, or perhaps I may never be allowed to wear a low dress again."

"Poor little woman!" said Arthur, pityingly, but much relieved, and she saw that she had not made much impression there.

"I had better give him his lunch," she said to herself; "you can never do any good with a man till he has eaten and drunk as much as he can. They are never susceptible before their meals."

The luncheon was perfect; there were the oysters and snipe, delicate little entrées in silver dishes, a "pâté de pé-rigord" and a cheese soufflé, champagne in a great silver tankard, and sherry dry enough to satisfy the choicest palate. And there were no men-servants in creaky boots hovering about to spoil the tête-à-tête. Mrs. Hetheridge helped her guest with her own fair hands, and when he had eaten and drunk his fill she herself gave him a cigar, and kept him company with what she called a "tiny-iny little cigarette!" It was all very nice and pleasant, the lunch

and the cigar and the being petted and made much of by a pretty woman. And she was such a nice little woman too! there was a sense of well-being, and a certain pleasure in her society. She did not expect a man to exert himself; she let him say as much or as little as he liked, and just chatted on to him in her coaxing little way — and then, what a comfort is a woman who doesn't mind smoke!

"I have worked a pair of slippers for you, Arthur; will you care to have them?"

"My dear Mrs. Hetheridge, of course I shall — how kind of you to think of taking so much trouble for me!"

Mrs. Hetheridge had worked them originally for Charley North, the penniless lieutenant, for whom she secretly nourished a miserable weakness, considering that he was penniless. That, however, did not signify. It was a happy thought to give them to Arthur, and might be productive of good results; whereas to give them to poor Charley was worse than useless. So she brought them forth. Arthur tried them on, and they fitted perfectly.

"What a fluke!" said Mrs. Hetheridge to herself.

"How did you know the size of my foot?" said Arthur, rather flattered, and pleased with his slippers.

"Do you suppose I have never noticed what a neat foot you have?" said the wily flatterer, with a seductive glance in her blue eyes.

She sat opposite him, with her back to the light; it was safer to do that — when one is twenty-nine, little horrid tell-tale wrinkles are apt to become visible when one sits facing the window and a strong light. Mrs. Hetheridge understood all these little details perfectly. You could see no wrinkles at all in the subdued light in which she sat. Small and fair, she might well have been several years younger than she actually was. Indeed, she was apt to inform her great friends, in the "strictest confidence," that "I am getting so old, my love, — only fancy, I am actually four-and-twenty! isn't it frightful?" and the friends who knew for a fact that she was at least five years older would, if spitefully inclined, hold up their hands and echo, "Frightful, dear! I wouldn't tell any one for the world!"

Arthur Temple thought her a very pretty little woman. She did not touch his heart in the least, but she pleased his taste. Everything about her was neat and dainty and delicate. He liked to come and lounge away his afternoons in her little bric-à-brac drawing-room, — it was a pleasanter resort than his aunt's big dingy room in Eaton Place; and talking to her amused him and prevented him from thinking of other things he did not wish to dwell upon. "I believe the little woman is fond of me," said Arthur Temple to himself as he looked at her pretty, dainty figure.

"How long will your aunt be in Eaton Place?" asked Mrs. Hetheridge.

"About ten days longer, I think; you know, she is going to Rome for the winter."

"And then I suppose you will leave town too," said the widow, pensively twirling Punch's tail round her small fingers.

"I don't know why I should leave town particularly," said Arthur, who was making shots with the poker at a special piece of coal he seemed desirous of annihilating.

"Won't you go to Northley?" asked the widow.

"There is nothing to take me there," answered he constrainedly, and apparently more engrossed than ever in the coal.

"Ah, if not there, it will be somewhere else. I shall be left all alone, I know."

Mrs. Hetheridge said this in a sad voice, and followed it up with a deep sigh.

The blue eyes were cast up at him once more in her most telling style. And she knew very well what she was about, for she practised the fascinating art daily before her looking-glass.

"Yes," said Arthur once more to himself, "she is evidently very fond of me!" and the notion was not an unpleasant one to him. If he had only seen those unpaid bills in the waste-paper basket just behind his chair, he might then have more accurately gauged the pretty widow's

fondness, and his vanity at the same time would have received a salutary lesson. He, however, felt that he had possibly lingered long enough for one day in that cosy room; so he shortly afterwards took leave of his hostess with many pretty speeches and promises to come again.

And when she had smiled her affectionate good-bys, and the street door was safely closed upon him, Mrs. Hetheridge clenched her small hands and ground her white teeth in rage.

"What an idiot he was not to speak! I have just wasted that luncheon on him. He is no more good than Punch, he can only eat and stare and say nothing; and I gave him every opportunity, too. Daylight won't do, evidently. I must get up a party to the theatre, and see if that won't bring him to the point a little quicker. I really can't hold out much longer unless I can get some hope of money from somewhere!"

v.

That same evening Arthur Temple sat alone in Eaton Place with his aunt, Lady Wilmer. She was his mother's sister, a wealthy widow with no children, and Arthur was naturally her heir. But she had no intention of dying for a very long time; she was a handsome dashing woman still, though she was turned fifty. She was a woman full of energy and life, rather fond of managing and meddling in other people's concerns, all from the best and most good-natured motives, and it was not to be expected that she should be otherwise than interested in her nephew's affairs; but she was sincerely attached to him, and Arthur took her interference and advice in very good part. She had one special subject of attack — his marriage. She was always urging matrimony upon him, and had found him numberless wives, all "the very thing" for him; but all of which he had in turn declined to espouse. She was on her favorite topic again to-night.

"You know, Arthur, it is really your duty to marry; you have knocked about the world quite long enough — you are seven-and-twenty. If you don't marry soon you will turn into a confirmed old bachelor; you are old in your ways now; besides, I want to see your children round me before I die."

"You are not going to die yet awhile, Aunt Mary," said Arthur.

"No, very likely not; but for all that, the more I see of your children the better."

"You have got to find the wife first, aunt."

"Well, Arthur, I am tired of suggesting nice girls to you; you seem to like none of them."

"How do you think Mrs. Hetheridge would do for a wife?" said Arthur, with a half-smile, as if the idea amused him.

"My dear boy, the very thing!" cried Lady Wilmer, starting up. "I can't think why I never thought of her before — of course I might have known a widow would suit you much better than a young girl. Girls are so milk-and-watery; I knew you would never marry a girl."

A strange sort of look passed for an instant over Arthur Temple's face before he answered his aunt in a laughing voice.

"Not so fast, my dear aunt; I only thought of her just this minute. I lunched with her to-day; she gave me a perfect little lunch and a pair of slippers!"

"She is a pretty little woman, and she would have you directly. I always say you can have any woman you like. You have nothing to do but to ask; she would have you, of course."

"Yes, I have no doubt she would have me," said Arthur, thinking bitterly that most women seemed willing enough to marry him except the one woman in the world he cared to marry.

"How tiresome that I have settled to go abroad!" said Lady Wilmer. "I might have had her stay down at Besingborough for Christmas, and you should have come too; we could then have made it up all so nicely. If you will only say the word, Arthur, I declare I will put off going to

Rome now, and stay at home to help you through, — now shall I?"

"My dear aunt, not for the world!" cried Arthur, laughing. "If I wished, I could see Mrs. Hetheridge quite often enough for the purposes of love-making; besides, I was not exactly in earnest about her, Aunt Mary," he added suddenly, coming near her chair and taking her hand. "I don't think I can marry any one — not just at present. I dare say I may some years hence, just because, as you say, it may be my duty, and also not a little to please you, my dear, kind aunt. In a couple of years or so, if Mrs. Hetheridge is not snapped up, perhaps I may think of her seriously, as you say she might very probably suit me better than a girl — but don't say anything more about marriage to me just now."

"Something has happened to you, Arthur, I know; you speak in such an odd voice; won't you tell me about it, my dear boy?"

"There is nothing much to tell, Aunt Mary; only that some months ago I wished to marry some one who did not wish to marry me," said Arthur, with a faint smile.

"Do you mean to say she refused you?" cried Lady Wilmer, agast.

"She refused to marry me."

"But what could she be about? She must be mad, Arthur. Such a handsome good fellow as you, and backed up by such a place as Northley — why, you are one of the best matches in town!"

"I don't think she cared much about that."

"My dear boy, surely there must be some mistake. Don't you think if I were to see her, and have a little talk to her, she might think better of it?"

"Quite impossible."

"I am convinced she must be bitterly regretting her folly by this time. If you ask her again, she would change her mind."

"I dare say she does regret, but she will not change her mind, and I shall not ask her to do so. Say no more, dear aunt. I cannot tell you any more about it; only I thought I must let you know why marriage is impossible to me just now, or you would think me unreasonably obstinate."

Lady Wilmer went to bed that night wringing her hands.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what bad luck to be sure! It was bad enough his not caring for anybody; but now he has got an unfortunate attachment, it has become almost hopeless. I would have given anything to have prevented this. What a horrid little minx, whoever she may be! I wonder who on earth she is!"

Men and women have different ways of taking their troubles. Nelly Deane was weeping her young life away, whilst Arthur Temple was flirting with Mrs. Hetheridge. There was, moreover, a certain amount of resentment against Nelly in Arthur's mind. She had treated him badly, and he was sore and angry as well as unhappy; he could not forgive her that she had preferred her constancy to John Foster to the love he had offered her, and he nursed his resentment to the utmost. If he forgave her, he would love her again. And he said to himself that he did not wish to love, but to despise and forget her as quickly as possible.

One day he saw John Foster in the street coming towards him, and he crossed over to the other side, that he might not pass him. There was such a blind rage and hatred at his heart, that he almost felt as if he could murder him. What was this man, he thought, that he should come between his darling and himself? forgetting that it was he who in the first instance had unconsciously injured John Foster.

But all this did not prevent Arthur Temple from lounging away his time much as if nothing was the matter with him. He went to the club and read the papers; he accepted invitations to dinner, and ate very good dinners when he got them; and he passed a good many hours in the society of pretty Mrs. Hetheridge.

He had promised to stop in town to see his aunt off to Italy, and he was not sorry for an excuse to be there; he

did not feel inclined for the merriment and the large parties of any of the country-houses where he had been asked to stay, and to Northley he could not go.

In due time, Lady Wilmer started on her travels, and her nephew went down to Dover to see her off; then came back to town, and the house in Eaton Place being shut up, he migrated to his own rooms in Jermyn Street.

Arthur found the house in Mayfair very convenient, and "dropped in" upon the pretty widow oftener than ever after his aunt's departure. "Lunches to Arthur" became an important item in Mrs. Hetheridge's household expenditure. Sometimes she took him down to the club in her brougham afterwards, and sometimes she called for him there at five or six o'clock, and carried him back to dine and spend the evening with her. There was nobody in town to notice all this, and people do not gossip so much in December as they do in June.

Notwithstanding these constant meetings, Arthur Temple had not yet given any indications of his matrimonial intentions. Mrs. Hetheridge began to despair. It was the 1st of January, and Madame Dentelle's bill came in again. It was no consolation to her at all that Arthur sent her a box — all blue satin and gold — filled with French chocolate, as a New Year's gift.

"What is the use of chocolate, with Madame Dentelle's £300 staring me in the face, I should like to know?" she said, shutting the box up in disgust. "Here, Punch, you can have them."

Punch had a weakness for chocolate-creams, and had no objection to a share in Arthur's present to his mistress, so he licked his lips and wagged his tail over them with evident glee.

"Something must be done," exclaimed Mrs. Hetheridge. "I am reduced to my last shilling." She stood reflectively stroking her fair hair before the glass. "What can I do? I can't propose to him, and yet if he won't propose to me, there is no other course left."

Suddenly a bright idea came into her head, and she rang the bell.

"Order the brougham at once, Thomas. I want to go out as soon as possible."

Mrs. Hetheridge drove rapidly to Somerset Street, and stopped before a door on which was a large brass plate, announcing to the world that Madame Dentelle resided within.

"Is Madame Dentelle disengaged? I want to speak to her," asked Mrs. Hetheridge, running up-stairs.

The young woman disappeared to summon her mistress, and the widow was left alone. There were fashion books lying on the table, and tempting silks and satins were strewn about over the chairs and sofas; a half-finished blue-silk dress lay across a chair. Mrs. Hetheridge was carefully and reverently fingering it, when Madame Dentelle came in.

"You wished to speak to me, Mrs. Hetheridge," said that lady somewhat stiffly; "no doubt about the account that is owing" —

"Yes, my dear Madame Dentelle, I wanted to have a little private talk with you. Of course it is rather inconvenient to me to pay you just now. Christmas time is always an inconvenient time to every one."

"Certainly, ma'am; I know that. And I have never objected to wait; but if you could pay any portion of it, I should be glad; or even give me some definite idea as to when you would be able to settle it."

"That is just what I was going to say. There is no doubt whatever about my shortly being able to pay the whole amount. Of course it is a family arrangement," continued Mrs. Hetheridge, lowering her voice with an air of mystery, "entirely private at present — not a soul is to be told as yet — but I do think I can trust you, Madame Dentelle, and it is perhaps due to you that I should tell you. Of course I can depend upon your secrecy?" said the widow anxiously.

"Certainly, ma'am," answered the dressmaker with caution, but inwardly filled with curiosity. "May I venture to guess that you are going to be married, ma'am?"

"Yes; you are quite right, my dear Madame Dentelle; that is it," said the widow, wishing she could get up a blush. "It is only just arranged, and we don't wish it talked about. So you see that there is no doubt at all about your bill."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hetheridge," answered the dressmaker, unbending slightly, but still cautious, "but one little thing I should wish to know — the name of the gentleman — because, of course, that makes some difference."

"The gentleman is Mr. Temple of Northley," said Mrs. Hetheridge, this time with a perfectly natural and very deep blush.

The dressmaker's face became wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, indeed, ma'am; Lady Wilmer's nephew. A very fine property, I have heard. I am sure, ma'am, I congratulate you most heartily; and pray do not think about the small account; that can wait very well."

"Oh, but you must not breathe a word to a soul, Madame Dentelle; it is not given out yet to any one."

"Certainly not, ma'am; I quite understand. I hope I shall have the wedding orders, ma'am."

"Certainly you shall, Madame Dentelle," answered the widow, bowing herself out as quickly as she could. "You shall have all the trousseau, as a matter of course; I could not go to any one better."

"Thank you, ma'am; I am sure you are very kind. Here, Miss Smith, run and open the door for Mrs. Hetheridge."

And off went the widow triumphantly.

VI.

Arthur Temple went to dine with Mrs. Hetheridge that evening. He found her in the most incomprehensible mood. She was silent and preoccupied; she sighed several times, and coughed incessantly. He could make nothing of her all dinner-time. After dinner, when he had lit his cigar, and they were sitting cosily over the fire, she suddenly exclaimed, with a deep sigh, —

"And so this is the last of our happy evenings, Arthur!"

"The last — why so? You are not ordered away for your health, are you, Mrs. Hetheridge? I notice your cough is bad to-night."

"No, I am not going away. I don't think about my health," she answered, in a tone of the deepest depression; "but, Arthur, it is my duty to send you away."

"Me! But suppose I don't go?"

"I am an unhappy, lonely woman, Arthur; other women have men to take care of them, but I have no one; I must take care of myself. And something has happened: I have heard something to-day that has shown me plainly that this sort of thing cannot go on."

"What on earth do you mean? What has happened? What have you heard?" said Arthur, much puzzled.

"I cannot tell you what it is. Don't ask me. I should die of shame!" she cried, covering her pretty face with her hands. "It is too dreadful; I shall never get over it."

"But I insist upon knowing," exclaimed Arthur, getting interested.

"How can I tell you! It was dreadful! And to have such a thing said to one by one's dressmaker! A woman of that kind! No doubt every one in London has said the same! Oh, oh, oh!" and out came her lace handkerchief and a succession of little sobs.

"Good gracious, Mrs. Hetheridge, what on earth is it? What did the dressmaker say that has disturbed you so much?"

"Oh, how can I tell you? How shall I ever look you in the face again! She — she — congratulated me!"

"Congratulated you! What about?"

"Oh, Arthur, why do you make me say this dreadful thing? I shall die of it. It was — about you."

"About me!" said Arthur; and then there was a moment's silence, during which Mrs. Hetheridge sobbed in the softest, most bewitching manner behind her lace handkerchief.

"Do you mean to say that the dressmaker thought you were engaged to me?" said Arthur at last in a puzzled voice.

"Yes. Oh, Arthur, promise to go away. I can't bear this dreadful scandal!"

"My dear Mrs. Hetheridge, I am truly distressed. I have been a most selfish brute to have got you into this scrape unawares. At any rate, I will say good-night to you now, and, if you will allow me, I will come to-morrow morning, when you are calmer, and we will talk this matter over."

Arthur rose to go. Mrs. Hetheridge only said, "Oh, oh, oh!" buried her face in the cushions, and refused to shake hands with him. The instant he was gone she jumped up, caught Punch in her arms, and, much to that unhappy animal's discomfiture, danced round and round the room with him in the greatest state of excitement. "Hurrah, Punch! I have done it this time. He will come to the scratch to-morrow morning as sure as my name is Clara Hetheridge. I have got him safe now. He can't possibly escape. He is rather a muff, certainly. Any other man would have done it at once; but never mind, he will think of it all night, and surrender in the morning. What a happy thought that was! You shall have all the chocolate-creams, Punch, as your share of the spoil."

Arthur Temple, meanwhile, was walking home in a very disturbed state of mind. "I have got that poor little woman into a scrape by my selfishness," he said to himself. "I ought in honor to marry her. I can see she feels this horrid gossip dreadfully, she is so sensitive. Perhaps it is the best thing I can do, and my aunt would be very pleased. I never can care for any one again, so I might as well marry her as any one else, if I am to marry at all. I would rather not have had to do it just yet; but, after all, it doesn't much signify. If I can't have the only woman I care for, nothing else really matters; and Mrs. Hetheridge is fond of me, I can see." How easily a man can be gulled by a pretty woman who flatters his vanity! Arthur Temple reached Jermyn Street with the resolution that he would not make up his mind till the next morning; he would think of it all night, and decide by daylight. But he felt that if he returned to Mayfair in the morning there was but one course of action open to him; he must ask Mrs. Hetheridge to be his wife. If he found he could not do that, he must write her a civil note excusing himself from going to see her, and that he felt she would interpret rightly. "Yes, I will wait till to-morrow to decide," he settled finally as he went up to bed.

"Any letters, James?" asked Mr. Temple of his valet, when he brought in his hot water the following morning.

"Two letters, sir," answered the man, putting them on the table by his bedside. Arthur took them up leisurely. The first was from Lady Wilmer; she had got as far as Nice, and was staying there for a few days. "Mrs. Howard is here with her two daughters," she wrote; "such nice, pretty girls; either of them would do for you, Arthur, but I suppose it is no use my telling you about them. They are going on to Rome, and if you could join me later, you might see them for yourself; but I had almost rather you looked up Mrs. Hetheridge. If only you would, my dear boy, and tried to forget that tiresome young woman who had the bad taste to refuse you, you would give me so much pleasure."

The other letter was from Mrs. Church, the housekeeper at Northley. She always wrote to him every month when he was away, to let him know how things were going on. "The workmen were repairing the roof of the west wing," she said. "The gardeners were levelling the turf walk by the roseray. They had been stopped by the frost; but now the weather was mild again they had gone back to work. She had had a good dusting of all the library books last week, and got them back in their places again. One of the under-keepers had sprained his knee, and she had had to send the laundry-maid away for flightiness. There was no other news," wrote Mrs. Church, "except that she had heard that Mr. John Foster's wedding-day was fixed for Thursday week, the 7th."

Arthur Temple sprang out of bed and rang the bell violently.

"Pack me some things at once, James; I am going down to Northley by the 10.50 train."

"Yes, sir. Did you wish me to go too?"

"No; I will go alone. I don't know how long I shall stay; I will send for you if I want you."

He sat down and wrote a hasty line to the little widow.

"DEAR MRS. HETHERIDGE,—I am most unexpectedly and suddenly called out of town to-day. I am very sorry not to see you before I go, but I have only just time to catch the train. I don't know how long I shall be away, but will let you know when I return.

"Yours sincerely, ARTHUR TEMPLE."

This he directed to be taken at once to Mrs. Hetheridge, and then he jumped into a hansom and was driven off to the station. The note was duly delivered and read. And it is but charitable to draw a veil over the sensations of that unhappy little scheming widow as she perused it, and gathered therefrom that her cause was well-nigh hopeless.

(To be continued.)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THERE is, perhaps, no name in literature which has been more *répandu* in the world during the last fifty years, and none which conveys more lively recollections of amusement and frolic, of breathless story-telling and equally breathless interest, of boundless invention and daring defiance of all the laws of probability, than the name which stands at the head of this article. Nowhere out of the Arabian Nights, has such a flood of story poured through the world as from the lips of the half-African Frenchman, the wild, lavish, extravagant, and headlong genius, whose very prodigality has been made an argument, of the strangest kind, against him. Perhaps the present generation has so far lost the first impression of the Mousquetaires' wonderful adventures, as to associate the name more distinctly with those volumes of "delicate" analysis and philosophical immorality, beyond the reach of decency or shame, by which his son has earned something which, nowadays, is considered reputation. We should be sorry to place the fame of our old favorite, *bizarre* as was his life, and multitudinous as is the literary scandal current about him, upon the same level. Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils* are as different as are this rude but hopeful earth and an obscene hell. The first has sinned much, against every standard, but has done so by accident, by fits and starts, by the impulse of high spirits and natural impetuosity. So far as we are aware, he has never been depraved, only indifferent, in a historical way, to moral evil. But to the other, moral evil is all that life contains of interest; it is the staple of his thought, the inspiration of his fancy. In all the round of human existence there is nothing which attracts him, nothing which he thinks worthy of comment, and the analysis for which he is famous, but the infamous varieties of unclean passion, and the base intrigues of sensuality. The wholesome open-air daylight world, which is full of wholesome work and human affections, counts for nothing with this author. For him the world means the chamber of a courtesan, and life a succession of miserable and sickening excitements appropriate to such a *mise en scène*. Indeed, the very worst accusation that can be brought against the father, is that which accuses him of having helped to produce the literary development represented by his son. This accusation seems to us as untrue as it is unjust. We are told that the appetite which has become jaded by the breathless, but real, and mostly innocent, sensationalism of the older writer, requires the still higher excitement of those elaborate details of vice furnished by the younger, to content it after the fare to which it had been accustomed, and that consequently the "Dame aux Camélias" is the natural

result of the "Trois Mousquetaires." In this way, straining the argument a little, Miss Braddon and Mr. Wilkie Collins might be said to be the natural outcome of one of the purest and soundest of human intelligences—the great mind of Walter Scott; a sequence which we entirely reject. If, then, there should be any youthful reader to whom, unhappily, the name of the old romancer has become identified with that of the so-called moralist, the historian-in-chief of all the detestable *nuances* of vice, the favorite of a public which we in our ignorance accept as representing France, though it represents nothing but the weakness, misery, and shame of that much-tried country—let him learn to make acquaintance with a spirit infinitely better, brighter, and more genial, the old Dumas, faultiest of men and authors, most extravagant spendthrift of brain and purse alike, the brilliant, headlong, vain, friendly, and foolish man of letters, who was the parable of his time—to whom, perhaps, we can give but little respectful homage, but to whom we owe more innocent amusement than to almost any other writer of his generation.

We would not, however, have it supposed that in saying this we are setting up Alexandre Dumas as a model writer, or recommending his works as a moral regimen for the young. Nothing could be further from our intention. All that we venture to assert is, that he is purity itself and good taste itself in comparison with the more recent, and much more pretentious school of fiction which has openly dedicated itself to the study and elucidation of vice, and which is generally meant when the contemptuous phrase "French novel" drops from British lips. Barring a few pages, or a few chapters, the story of the "Trois Mousquetaires," with its many sequels, conveys as little harm as any outspoken *mâle* novel, written with no moral purpose, can do; and its peculiar force and attraction, the real charm it has for its readers, turns upon no equivocal sentiment, nor excitement of passion, but on the charming sweep of adventure, the unfailling flow of incident, the incredible valor, the manly enthusiasm of friendship, and the endless drolleries of its band of heroes. It is a story made up of sensation, but of sensations well-nigh as innocent as those of "Robinson Crusoe." We confess that it is with difficulty that we can imagine the character of mind which would be harmed by the society of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. Messrs. Pendennis and Warrington would scarcely be safe company for so delicate an intelligence. Neither is there anything in the wonderful complications of "Monte Christo" which need alarm the moralist. The difference of atmosphere between these productions of thirty years since, and those of the Dumas of this day, is indeed as remarkable as anything we know in literature. The one all hearty, joyous, and outspoken; the other serious, sentimental, vile: the one with no purpose in the world but that of amusing his readers—and himself—for it is evident Dumas enjoyed his own headlong career, his own fun and endless fancy, as much as any one of his audience; the other solemnly seated upon a throne of self-assumed wisdom, instructing and reforming—Heaven save the mark!—his unfortunate country, by perpetual illustration of her vices. But though it would be unjust to the elder Dumas not to indicate most strongly this fundamental difference, and though we should be rejoiced to see the French novel come back even so far as to his level, and accept it as a sign of returning health and amendment, yet we do not take upon us the dangerous responsibility of answering for Dumas as a moral teacher. He was not a teacher of any description. He was a teller of stories—the very laureate of action and adventure; but in his choice of a subject, he never, so far as we are aware, showed the moral perversity of preferring one which necessitated discussion of vice. When it came in his way he recorded it carelessly as he would have recorded any other accidental circumstance, without protest, but without enjoyment. We will not undertake to say more.

It is but a short time since, in one of those pauses of mournfullest silence which came after the tempest of the roaring guns, in the late dire extremity of France, that the news of Dumas' death came in curiously and strangely

like a homely note of the old life, in the midst of the violent and martial strain of the new. Dead! there were thousands dead or dying just then whose lives probably were of greater worth, and whose end was more noble; but the name of the old story-teller, the *vieux farceur*, ran over all the world with a strange and pathetic recalling of the past, a return as to something ended forever, in which we, too, once had our peaceful part like others. He died in a lull of the fighting, poor old man, worn out with work and commotion. We remember the indignant remarks made in a distinguished French family, one of whose members, a man of European fame, had died shortly before, touching the meagre and brief mention given by the *Times* of the death of their illustrious kinsman—a great statesman and orator; while the same journal spent columns upon a notice of Dumas the *raconteur*, Dumas the Bohemian, whom his generation had ridiculed as much as they had applauded, and whose books were shut out from all such virtuous, noble houses. The surprise and indignation were natural enough, but so was the fact that called them forth. Dumas' claim upon our notice was not like that of a statesman. His name directed us altogether away from that hot and horrible stream of war, and from all the devious channels through which it had been fed. Whatever our opinion might be on the part taken by this man and that in the stormy national life, which had at last been engulfed in so grand a catastrophe, our opinion of Monte Christo and D'Artagnan belonged to a different category of sentiment. We heard of him again with a smile—his very name was a relief to the jaded attention. Was he dead? we gave him a gentle sigh, a passing regret; we could have better spared a better man. Great events were hurrying upon each other, too swiftly to secure much notice, but upon this private event our minds dwelt with a certain grateful sense of relief as well as of regret. Thus he went out of the world amid blare of trumpet and sound of guns, in the midst of a commotion more tremendous than any he had ever rendered into story; and the sound of the well-known name which had such very different associations, and the tranquil sorrow for an old man's death, gave us a sort of consolation, as of the ordinary tenor of human existence still holding on through all, amid the tragic horror of the great crisis, which seemed to annihilate everything that belonged to life's common strain.

But if Dumas' death thus called forth our sympathy, he has a still better right to that sympathy now. A thing has happened to him which fortunately does not happen to all men, as death does. The biography of Alexandre Dumas has been written in English; his life has been taken, as it were, feloniously and cruelly after his death. The work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is in two large volumes, and issued with all the solemnity of size and apparent importance. It is about Dumas' follies, his fibs, his vapors, and the follies, fibs, and vapors of the French nation in general, than which there is at present no more fruitful and popular subject for the genus penny-a-liner (or guinea-a-liner, it does not matter which). We confess, for our own parts, that, whether in the solemn columns of our leading journal, or in the triflingest of broadsheets, this easy and universal topic has become intensely tiresome to us; and that out of pure opposition to the tedious reiteration of the crowd, we are ready to protest (as indeed some closer observers have already done), that our neighbors in France are in reality the most serious, steady, and matter-of-fact population in the world. France may have fallen very low; certainly she has descended in material fame and prestige; but to see every miserable scribbler exercise his small wit upon her national characteristics, and stick his cowardly little shaft into her in her downfall, is more than our equanimity can bear. It is the fashion of the day to abuse France and her character, and all her actions of every description; to conclude that she does not know her own business in the least; that we are infinitely better informed than she is as to her most intimate concerns; and that because she has fallen upon that period of national ill-luck which comes to all countries now and

then, therefore we are all free to sermonize and to sneer, and to assure the whole world that we always knew how it would be, that "it is just like her," and that so it will be to the end of time. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is one of the many accomplished Englishmen who sees through France, and is prepared at any moment to point out her imbecilities; and with this general fitness for the task of writing a Frenchman's life, he has besides a thorough contempt for that individual Frenchman, and the liveliest satisfaction in "showing up" his imperfections to the world. Thus prepared for his work he carries it out manfully, without hesitation or discouragement. It is a new way, we confess, of writing biography—which art, up to this time, has perhaps been too apt to call forth a warm feeling of partisanship, a general siding with one's hero, and inclination to explain away his faults and account for his weaknesses when those faults and weaknesses could not be altogether denied. The other mode of treatment possesses novelty at least, if no other attraction; but it has this disadvantage in the present case, that the world has heard a great deal of Dumas, and but little of his biographer; and that, consequently, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's easy superiority and sense that he is in a position to pull his subject to pieces, is more apt to fill the reader with a mixture of indignation and amusement than with more admiring feelings. Had the positions been reversed—had any chance wind of fame wafted Mr. Percy Fitzgerald into regions of notability, where Alexandre Dumas could have caught sight of him, and made him into a book, we might have accepted the tone of it as natural. In the actual circumstances, the book is a simple impertinence, and unworthy, on its own merits, of any literary notice whatever. We accept it merely as an occasion for recalling the strange, wild, energetic, amusing figure of the old romancer, before all personal recollection of it has vanished from the world.

We cannot pretend to any personal knowledge of Dumas. Once, and once only, the present writer remembers to have assisted at one of the "Conferences" with which, in his old age, he amused the Parisian public. Age had paled his swarthy countenance, and made his negro shock of hair white—a change which took away, we presume, much of the peculiarity of his appearance. We forget what was his subject—it was, no doubt, a chapter of recollections from his own eventful and stirring life—but the chief point in his lively talk was an incident in the history of his father, the revolutionary General Dumas,—a story which probably would be somewhat gross for an English audience, but which in Paris everybody laughed at frankly. With the broad fun of a schoolboy, his round face twinkling with laughter, the *raconteur* narrated the arrest of a spy, who, as a last resource, to escape the vigilance of the Republican soldiers, *swallowed his dispatches!* We will not attempt to recall any details of a story scarcely suitable for these pages, but the reader will divine the boldness yet the lightness with which Dumas skirted the borders of permissible license, and told his laughable but coarse tale without any actual *grossièreté*. His pride in his parentage is one of the many faults laid to his charge; but it is one for which—at least in the case of his father—most English readers will forgive him. He was descended from a gentleman whom Louis XIV. had made a marquis, and did even at one period of his life assume, or make a pretense of assuming, the title, to which, barring a doubt as to his father's legitimacy, never proved one way or the other, he would seem to have had a perfect right. The father himself, however, was more interesting than any Marquis de la Pailleterie. He was one of the boldest and best soldiers of the Republic—a hero as daring as any in his son's romances, but unfortunate—and died neglected in the village where he had married a woman of the people, under the ban of Napoleon's displeasure; embittered and broken-hearted by the scorns of office and the desertion of friends, as unhappily, other brave but unfriended soldiers of fortune have been known to do before him. He died while his son was still a child, and the boy had to struggle into notice unassisted, his mother's family being

poor and undistinguished. How he did this may be seen in his own memoirs, or, by those to whom the memoirs are not handy, or who distrust the romancer's own account of his successes, in the very unflattering and contemptuous narrative of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. Dumas leaped into notoriety by means of his dramas, the first literary vein he struck, which brought him much applause and some money, and launched him wildly into that prodigal and heedless life of Paris, which shows in stronger colors perhaps in the midst of the frugal and thrifty national life of France than it would do on our more general level of lavish expenditure and self-indulgence. All the follies Dumas did—his shiftiness, his unbounded expenditure, his reckless confidence in his public, his feats of travel and diplomacy, his vanity, his splendor, the palace he built and lived in like a true Monte Christo, his insatiable thirst for money and continual need of it even at his climax of wealth,—are all to be found, set down in malice, in the volumes we have referred to. There is not much in this meteoric existence, perhaps, which the world need care to remember. He had some of the virtues of the prodigal along with all the unsatisfactoriness of that character, and came to be a kind of literary Jeremy Diddler towards the close of his life, as is unfortunately too common. Extreme ease of production (his detractors say the extreme ease—since it was not he who worked but others for him) and a constant market for all the wares he could produce, demoralized the fertility of romancers. His brain became the true Monte Christo, the reservoir of most salable jewels, which was more inexhaustible than any pirate's hoard. That he should in his reckless sense of power have embroiled himself with competing editors, and pledged himself for *feuilletons* innumerable, sometimes in the face of other contracts, sometimes to the injury of personal honor, and beyond all hope of keeping his word, seems natural enough. For nothing can tell more strongly against all intellectual economy or thrift of power than this sense of the capacity to be always doing, along with the certainty of ready and immediate pecuniary recompense for all one does. Dumas' immense popularity might have overcome the restraints of freedom even in a mind more sober and moderate; and in one inaccessible to all the arguments of prudence, moderation, and sobriety, it may be understood what a career of intellectual (to say nothing of external) riot, the triumphant writer was tempted to plunge into; and he resisted no temptation which came to him in this form.

It was not, however, until he was over forty, and had reached the full force and maturity of middle age, that he hit upon that vein of fiction which produced for him his greatest reputation and reward. We can only use words which express the utmost caprice of chance when we tell the story of Dumas' triumphs. There is no ground for supposing that it was by solid plan or preparation that he began his wonderful succession of romances. Pure hazard guiding him, as (to speak lightly) it guided the first man who "struck ile," or he who found the first scrap of gold at the diggings, he lighted upon the inexhaustible fountain of fiction from which such a flood was to come. Even in its very first beginnings this stream seems to have had the force of a torrent. The "Trois Mousquetaires," we are told, and "Monte Christo," both appeared in one year—1844—and took the world absolutely by storm, by surprise, driving the public into wild interest and excitement before it had time to think or inquire why. The chance was in every respect a happy one; for amid all the wealth of French fiction, the place of the improvisatore, the headlong, breathless story-teller, had never, we think, been filled before since the day of the *jongleurs* and wandering troubadours. Nowhere has fiction occupied a more important place than in modern France, or drawn to its development so many powerful intellects. No Englishman that we know of has drawn with pencil so keen and diamond-pointed the mysteries of human motive and thought, the terrible gulf of human weakness, as Balzac has done, with a pitiless power and clear-sightedness which make us hate while we admire; and it would be impossible to give to the philosophical romance, the dramatic representation of senti-

ment and emotion, a more splendid development than it has attained in the hands of Victor Hugo and Georges Sand. None of these great masters of art can be called moral writers. The first is, at the best, historically impartial, setting forth good and evil — the two different sides of the picture — with the calm of a spectator as little affected by the contrast between vice and virtue as by that which exists between black hair and blond, blue eyes or brown — an indifference which is supposed by many to be essential to the perfection of art, but which, in our opinion, is as little favorable to true art as it is to the moral atmosphere of literature.

These higher places of fiction were, however, occupied by writers who as yet have had no rivals, and with whom the genius of Dumas was quite unable to cope. Analysis of character, profound reflection upon the enigmas of life, studies of human passion, and the relations of man to man, were subjects altogether out of his way. But with a sudden inspiration, true as it was spontaneous, he seized upon the primitive tale which was in his way. No moral, no meaning, no thread of purpose was necessary to him. With the perseverance and *longue haleine* of Scheherazade herself, but with infinitely more levity and joyousness of intention, he plunged into the wide and open infinity of invention, feeling the world before him, and recognizing no moral or historical tether, no law of probability, to hinder his free march, no restraint of law or nature.

All such limits disappear before him as before the improvisatore on the Neapolitan shore, or the Arab storyteller, the repository of all the traditional lore of the East. It is not from the modern inspiration of fiction, but from this wild source of boundless adventure and incident, that he draws his power. He appeals not to the deeper principles of nature in his hearers, nor to their sympathy with the struggles of heart and soul, the complications of will and passion, which are the true subjects of poetry; but to that which is most universal in us, the intellectual quality (if it can be justly called intellectual at all) which most entirely pervades humanity, which is common to the child and the sage, the simplest and the most educated — that primitive curiosity and thirst for story without which man would scarcely be man. Nothing is too low in intelligence, nothing too young in years, to share this lively and wholesome tendency of the mind. It lies at the bottom of the highest mental ambition, and contributes to the success of the loftiest efforts, but is in itself the possession of the commonest, the lowliest, the foolishlest of mankind. When we say that Dumas took advantage of this quality, we do not mean to imply that he availed himself by calculation of the most universal of human sentiments, or chose among other intellectual paths this one wild byway which leads by a short cut to that pinnacle of the temple of fame where the garlands are readiest of access, though quickest to fade. No such wise calculation was in the mind of the *raconteur*. He seized upon the vacant place by mere instinct, being capable to fill it. He sprang upon the stage in a lucky moment by chance — and finding out all at once, without warning, what he could do, forthwith did it, without once pausing to think.

We say this with full knowledge of all the gossip and all the solemn literary questions which have been raised as to the real authorship of Dumas' works. To us the controversy seems at once trumpery and artificial in the highest degree. With every inclination to believe in the generosity of human nature, we confess we are altogether unable to understand how Maquet, Bourgeois, & Co., who, we are asked to believe, were the real authors of his books, should have kept silent and in the background, allowing Dumas, to whom they were bound by no special tie, to reap the immense profit and the overwhelming glory of works which were really theirs. This, on the one hand, is incomprehensible and incredible; while, on the other hand, it is equally impossible to believe that the man who under the name of Dumas produced the "Trois Mousquetaires," should in his own name, at a very brief interval of time, have produced only the most mediocre of novels — books which beyond the circle of his immediate friends were never heard of, and

which the public received with contemptuous silence and indifference. With these two undeniable facts to contend against, we know no possibility of proving, by any ordinary human law of evidence, that these nameless *collaborateurs*, dull in their own works, and only brilliant in his, have a right to share the fame of the great story-teller, however much they may have helped him, or contributed to his success. The virtues of self-renunciation, and a Christian humility which goes beyond the very gospel rule, are not supposed to flourish to a preëminent extent among French *littérateurs*; neither can we suppose that the fact of being deprived of all personal honor or reward should inspire or elevate genius which slackened its wings at once when the question became personal. Such wonders are not in human nature, and no crude array of facts could induce us to believe in them. Notwithstanding M. Quérard and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, we refuse to put our faith in Maquet and Bourgeois. If they were so preëminently Christian as we are told they were, it would no doubt wound their susceptible souls to receive now the credit which they did not claim at the time. Let such unparalleled self-renunciation have at least the merit it deserves — and be their fame swamped forever in the fame of the leader to whom they thus devotedly and incredibly sacrificed themselves.

Having thus found his special track in the field of literature, the empty place which waited for him, Dumas rushed into it with all the characteristic impetuosity of his nature, and all the headlong rapidity which was congenial to the work. He seized the thread of fiction with glowing hands, and spun and wove and plied the flying loom, with a delight in the exercise which is quite as real as the excitement of his hearers. The words we use are but feeble emblems of the process, and, could we think of any other which conveyed the idea of a more rapid process of creation, a longer and more unbroken continuity, we should employ them. His was not the art of reflection, of careful balance, and elaborate completeness. He produced his effects *sur-le-champ*, by chance, by the inspiration of the moment, without pausing to consider, or making any conscious selection of circumstances. He began — but there never appeared to him any necessity to close. The story which he told was one long-continued tale, such as children and simple natures love — a story without an end. With a wild and gay and careless exuberance of strength and of material such as none of his contemporaries could equal, he rushed on from incident to incident, each new adventure leading to another, like the endless peaks of a mountain-range. From one day to another, from one year to another, what matter how far the story led him, he carried his audience on with unflinching interest and frequent excitement. When he paused, the whole world drew a long breath. What was to happen next? — through what new series of exploits were his heroes to run; into what fresh development of adventure, headlong and breathless, were they about to be plunged? The charm of dramatic suspense, of uncertainty, and eager curiosity — those universal stimulants of the common mind — attended him wherever he moved; and their charm was as potent upon the speaker as upon the listeners. His characters were no shadows to him; they excited him as much as they excited others, and reacted upon his mind; he starting them, so to speak, upon their bold career — while they, on the other hand, communicated to him an always increasing excitement, and stimulated him to renewed and more strenuous exertions. He had not the heart to give over, or to throw back into obscurity, those energetic figures through whom he had conquered time and space, and history, and probability. Like the minstrel of old, the lazzarone story-teller of the present time, his long and endless tale became its own *raison d'être*, and assumed all the attributes of an independent power. It carried him forward in spite of himself as a river carries the boat once launched upon it. He let himself go upon the swelling irresistible tide, leaving helm and anchor alike useless. The force which he had brought into being carried himself away — not unwillingly, but yet with a sweep and flood that overcame any personal volition on his part.

It was thus that the genius of Dumas found its most

congenial occupation, and seized upon the public as it had seized the art which made that public its vassal. Nothing could more enhance the success which was thus secured than the manner of publication — that fashion still so little known among us, the *feuilleton* — which placed one of the most exciting of romances in the hands of a multitude of readers by installments, creating an excitement of its own, no doubt almost as great as that which changes governments and overthrows thrones. The first story thus presented to the public, and the greatest, in our opinion, of Dumas' works, was the "*Trois Mousquetaires*." He poured forth that long-continued, brilliant, and varied tale with a rapidity and persistency which remind us of the Eastern Sultana, without a pause or sign of weariness. It is the most spontaneous and dazzling, the most joyous, effortless, and endless, of romances. We see no reason why it should not be going on still, or at least until death had sealed the lips of the story-teller. What gay vitality overflows in it, what bustling scenes open around its heroes! — scenes which are so real, so crowded, so full of incident, that we never dream of inquiring into their historical accuracy, nor of bringing them to that dull standard of fact which is alien to romance. Such scenes indeed do not belong to one historical period or another, nor can the bold and brilliant narrative be bound down to formal limits of costume, or the still harder bondage of actual events. They belong rather to that vague period "once upon a time," familiar to all primitive audiences, in which the action of all fairy tales is laid, and which is the age proper to the primary poet, vague in chronology but dauntless in invention, who is always the earliest chronicler. In our day it is indispensable that some certain flavor of history should give a *faux air* of truth to the narrative; and Dumas, we are told, had some amusing notion of illustrating the history of France — a notion of which the full humor can only be realized when we perceive how he deals with other history. The action of the story accordingly begins, or is supposed to begin, in the time of Louis XIII., when the great Cardinal Richelieu was at the head of affairs, and the young and beautiful Anne of Austria was the queen. These names of themselves suggest a hundred picturesque scenes, and all the glitter and movement which the romancer loves. In the gay yet sombre Paris of that moment, which our story-teller makes no attempt to reproduce, but which is simply the ideal Paris, capital of all that is gay and bright, and of much that is gloomy and revolutionary, which still exists and will always exist, the typical city of French intelligence — there lived at that time three gallant soldiers, bound by the closest amity, *mousquetaires du roi*, of that chosen regiment of gentlemen-soldiers of fortune, who occupied in those days the position held (according to Scott) a century and a half earlier, by the Scottish Guard. No position could be more favorable for romance, for here the poor soldier might be a prince, without much harm done, and the imagination might permit itself all sorts of liberties. Dumas introduces to us in the opening of his tale, perhaps after the suggestion of "Quentin Durward," whose introduction is of a similar character, the typical adventurer of fiction, a penniless gentleman of Gascony — we may venture to say, without being unpatriotic, the French representative of the poor and proud Scot — who has come from his ruinous old chateau to serve the king and make his fortune. Chance throws this adventurer, who is brave as a lion and considerably more pugnacious, in the way of the three musketeers; and, after some characteristic passages of arms, he is admitted into their intimacy, and becomes himself a musketeer, and the fourth in their brotherhood. Is it necessary to introduce to the reader the well-known figures of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, who, if he enters into their history, will bear him company so long and over so much exciting ground? That they were already the wonder and pride of the French army it is needless to say; and the addition of D'Artagnan, whose rude Gascon valor is even less remarkable than the subtlety and finesse of his intellect, adds importance to all their previous prestige. We are obliged to say that D'Artagnan, though not by

any means so fine a character as our beloved Quentin Durward, is infinitely cleverer and more amusing; and his perpetual wealth of resource, and incapacity for being beaten or outwitted, reach the point of sublimity. The three companions are set before us all with the most distinct individualization. Athos, who is the first and oldest of the band, and who, when introduced to the reader, has about him the languor of a man in trouble, is by far the finest conception that ever occurred to Dumas. He has many secrets, one of which is his rank, which he conceals carefully, but which betrays itself in every look and gesture. Aramis, the second, is of still more subtle character. He has a leaning towards piety and the Church, but is an accomplished gallant, full of *bonnes fortunes*, and delicate mystery, with all kind of secret correspondences and diplomatic connections among the beautiful *intrigantes* and conspirators of the court. Porthos is a giant, simple and good-hearted as it is the nature of giants to be, led by his more able companions, and supplying his want of brain by a superabundance of strength, which he has the good sense to employ after their orders, without pretending to judge for himself.

The feats these four heroes accomplish unaided, the humors of their four lackeys, in each of whom there appears a reflection of his master, and the fame they gradually acquire for supernatural daring and cleverness in any kind of enterprise, we need not describe; but the unbounded vivacity of the narrative, its endless variety, the delightful prodigality of movement and frolic-wealth is to the *blasé* reader of more reasonable and profitable literature like a dip into some sunshiny sea with flashing waves and currents, with wild puffs of wind and dashes of spray, after the calm navigation of stately rivers. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis are as delightfully real as they are impossible. Does any one ask whether we believe in them? we laugh at the question, and at all the gravity and conformance to ordinary rule which it implies. Believe in them! we know that our four paladins are impossible — as impossible as the seven champions of Christendom, but equally delightful and true to the instincts which, once in a way, ask something more from imagination than sketches of recognizable men and comprehensible circumstances. They are possible as Puck and Ariel are possible, though they are not at all ethereal, but most vigorous and solid human beings, with swords of prodigious temper, and arms of iron, giving blows which no man would willingly encounter. Their combination of ancient knight-errantry with the rude and careless habits of a modern soldier of fortune, their delicate honor and indifferent morals, their mutual praise and honest adulation, combined with the perfect frankness of the author as to their faults, give a reality to these martial figures which no chronological deficiency can detract from, and which even their wonderful and unheard-of successes do not abate.

That these four should undertake all kinds of dangerous missions which no one else will venture upon, with the utmost *sang froid* and confidence in their fate and in each other, seems as natural to us as it does to all the assistants in the story. When D'Artagnan assures the cardinal that, "With these three men and me, your Eminence may overturn all France, and even all Europe if you choose," we feel that there is truth in his words, notwithstanding the gasconade; and never until our heroes begin to have political opinions, and to split themselves into different parties — a thing which never happened to them in their youth — is there any failure in their bold course of action, or weakness in their efforts. The successful journey of D'Artagnan to England to reclaim from Buckingham, before the day of a certain ball, a diamond ornament which Anne of Austria had imprudently given him, is full of heroic fire, a headlong enterprise, undertaken with the purely knightly purpose of saving a lady's honor and a queen's throne, yet not without a certain prudential touch of more worldly motive on the part of D'Artagnan, who, with all his rashness and impetuosity of youth, keeps an eye upon the main chance, and lets no opportunity slip of advancing himself and his friends. Upon this expedition, as upon so many

others, the four brothers-in-arms start together; but one after another is trapped by the wiles of Richelieu, the queen's wary and vigilant enemy, and only the all-persevering and all-daring Gascon, whose resources are simply miraculous, gets to the end of a journey upon which the reader accompanies him breathless with all the excitement of a spectator. Not less delightful is the return of the successful envoy, after he has delivered the diamond to the queen and saved her credit, to the route which he had just traversed *ventre-à-terre*, to find out and pick up the companions who had fallen victims one by one to the cardinal's snares. Each of these deceived heroes is found in some characteristically humorous dilemma. D'Artagnan's discovery of the grave and chivalrous Athos (whose weakness it is to love wine) in the cellar of the *auberge* barricaded with bottles which he has emptied, intrenching himself there, and exacting tribute from the frightened landlord, like a conqueror in an invaded country, is one of the most gravely comic scenes we remember; and the whole narrative is running over with fun and genuine schoolboy enjoyment. Indeed, but for a certain thread of more tragic story, which brings out some objectionable scenes, the book altogether is one in which schoolboys might be permitted to find the absolute delight of breathless adventure, and that wild frolic and fun which make adventure doubly dear. Something of the same character—an unimaginable feat of daring and desperate valor, combined with the most light-hearted levity—that combination of the gay with the tragic, which is always captivating to the imagination—is the exploit of the bastion of St. Gervais, where our Mousquetaires, rising from an impromptu dinner, hang out their table-cloth as a flag, and hold their post against an entire army. Never a moment's fear, never a pang of uneasiness or hesitation, comes across the dauntless confidence of the famous four. But notwithstanding this heroic likeness, the author never forgets the characteristic differences of his adventurers. The calm and somewhat sad indifferentism of Athos, the sentimentalism of Aramis, the sturdy conviviality of Porthos, are kept up throughout with unflinching consistency; and nothing can be more individual than the character of D'Artagnan, who is more distinctly a soldier of fortune than any of his friends, and who, as we have said, in the very heat of adventure keeps always a corner of his eye upon his own advantage or rather the advantage of the brotherhood, which to each of the four is as his own. The perpetual contrast and variety thus kept up adds immensely to our interest in the Mousquetaires. It supplies the charm of character which is sometimes wanting to the rapid strain of the improvisatore, and adds what is in its way a distinct intellectual enjoyment to that pleasure which can scarcely be called intellectual—the delight of simple story, a primitive and savage joy.

The tragic thread which runs through this record of warlike exploits, and which brings in certain chapters which we would gladly get rid of, has on the whole but little to do with the adventures of our Mousquetaires. The portentous creation of Milady, the depraved and dishonored woman whom we divine at once to have been the wife of the proud Athos and cause of his misfortunes, has little attraction to the wholesome imagination, though she has been the origin of a whole school of wicked heroines. She is the first of the fair-haired, blue-eyed, soft-spoken demons with whom we have since become so familiar, and whom English sensational literature has taken up with such thorough relish. The horrible but powerful scene in which the Mousquetaires do justice upon this villainous creature points the author's moral in a most trenchant and violent way, and is very different from the maudlin relents of pity with which our Lady Audleys get treated in England. We should, however, much prefer the excision of the lady (who, by the way, is English) to her punishment; and we cannot take upon us to say that any of the women who figure now and then in the story do any credit to Dumas. The best that can be said for him is, that he brings them in only when he cannot help it, and has himself no predilection for scenes of passion, or any

intrigues except those which are political. Embarrassing situations and the "delicate" suggestions of vice in which some other French writers delight, are entirely out of the way of the honest *raconteur*. His morals are not elevated; he accepts the free and easy tone of the rough soldier as natural and simple enough; but his heart is not in the vile subject, and he seeks no opportunity of introducing it. The bastion of St. Gervais—the road to Calais filled with secret spies and open pursuers, through whom with dauntless daring, with miraculous prudence, with an eye that misses nothing, and nerves that never fail him, the hero must pursue his breathless course—are much more in our author's way.

That Dumas should have been sorry to relinquish the four bold brethren whom he had made so famous is not wonderful; and there is a higher faculty, and a glimpse of more serious power in the *reprise* of the familiar strain than in its first fytte. "Twenty Years After!" The attempt was as daring perhaps as the feats performed at the bastion St. Gervais. From the gay young gallants of twenty to the middle-aged heroes, worn with life, dispersed over the country, dropped almost into oblivion of their ancient friendship, and absorbed in new cares of their own, what a wonderful difference! When D'Artagnan sets out in pursuit of his separated companions, we feel the doubtfulness of the search all the more, from the less important but yet significant changes that have passed upon himself. Still as brave, as self-confident and ready to assert himself as ever, the Gascon is partially saddened and partially embittered by his long attendance in antechambers, and the dull blank of doing nothing and hoping nothing which has fallen upon his life. The youthful gayety, levity, triumphant certainty of good fortune, has gone from him, and so has also the youthful sentiment which finds neglect and mediocrity unendurable. Twenty years of waiting have calmed and curbed, at least externally, his fiery spirit. They have developed his acute perceptions of self-interest, and determination to seize the first chance which can lead to fortune. We are allowed to perceive very plainly that whether it is the Fronde or the court which offers highest, the mousquetaire will take advantage of the best offer, though his characteristic prudence may attach him to the royalist side, as being in the long run most sure. The other companions are not less effectively set before us. Aramis, the eloquent and sentimental mousquetaire, transformed into a warlike and dissipated priest, of whom D'Artagnan says justly, "Lorsque vous étiez mousquetaire vous tourniez sans cesse à l'abbé, et aujourd'hui que vous êtes abbé vous tournez fort au mousquetaire"—meets his ancient companions with cautious reticence mingled with levity, which veils but imperfectly his absorption in all the intrigues of the times. Porthos, the giant, whose mental qualifications are small, is more manageable. He is found in the retirement of "ses terres," reposing in his chateau among his fields and woods, vaunting with a sigh the excellence of everything belonging to him, even of "mon air," but consumed with *ennui*, and feeling all his wealth and grandeur neutralized by the want of a title, which he desires beyond everything. Of him, in his persuadable and weary dullness, D'Artagnan makes a speedy conquest. Neither Aramis, nor Porthos, nor D'Artagnan have, however, improved since their hot youth; but when we approach the noble mansion of the Comte de la Fere, of Athos, the leader of the band, the gentleman *par excellence*, a different sentiment comes in. Athos no more than Aramis will take arms for Mazarin. He, too, has thrown himself into the Fronde; but the picture of the noble, serious Comte de la Fere, growing out of that of the grave yet somewhat debauched Athos, with his terrible secret, his humiliation and pride, and the languor of discouragement which surrounded him, is very able, and shows, as we have said, a better and higher talent than any of which we had supposed the author to be capable. Athos and his son make a fine picture; and his recovery of virtue and abandonment of everything vicious, out of reverential regard for the childhood of his boy, is a touch worthy of a higher hand than that of Dumas. We cannot do more than indi-

cate this transformation of our favorite hero, the leading spirit of the brotherhood; but we are glad to be reminded in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's book that Thackeray, no indifferent judge, shared our love for this magnificent gentleman. "Of your heroic heroes," he says, "I think our friend Monseigneur Athos, Count de la Fere, is my favorite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset, with the utmost contentment of mind. He has passed through many volumes — forty? fifty? I wish, for my part, there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah! Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio!" And indeed such they are — going through the adventures of a fairy tale, yet with a wonderful force and individuality about them which puts all fact to shame. Nor is D'Artagnan an inferior figure; his very rudeness and unideal consistency, a *véritable troupier*, as his author allows him to be, impress this small but energetic personage, a fierce little French soldier, all mind and spirit, with his enthusiasms and his matter-of-fact qualities, deeply upon us. The men thrust themselves through the fiery excitement of their adventures, their characters are given to us *par dessus le marché*. We bargained only for story, and we got these individual beings in addition — not framed, we allow, like ordinary men, but yet men — full of vitality and force, as not many men are in this washed-out and feeble world.

The narrative of "Vingt Ans Après" keeps up much of the force of the first volumes. The second sequel with which Dumas was so daring as to present his readers, the "Vicomte de Bragelonne, ou Dix Ans plus tard," finds them, perhaps, a little weakened, though the author has given with great feeling and power — qualities, again we say, which are *par dessus le marché*, and which nobody expected from him — the gradual weakening of his heroes, the dropping aside into the background — which, inevitable doom of old age in real life, is still more inevitable in fiction — and elevation of the new generation to the central place in the picture. The sentiment, however, with which all four regard the ill-fated Vicomte de Bragelonne as their joint and several charge, the child of the brotherhood, is fine and natural. It is mournful to assist at the very end of our heroes, but perhaps on the whole it is the most satisfactory thing to do; for had we not seen them securely buried, how could we ever have made sure that six volumes more, *encore plus tard*, might not have been poured upon us? Dumas' so-called biographer makes heavy mirth over the author's pretended (as he thinks) grief, and retirement into the country, in serio-comic affliction, after the death of Porthos. We who are less dull fellows, we hope, comprehend it better, and feel strongly with Dumas. The loss of the simple-hearted giant is grievous to us. He has never been better than in some of the last scenes. His matter-of-fact simplicity and downrightness — his faith in his comrades — the ease with which Porthos "s'est convaincu quoiqu'il ne comprend pas" — is always delightful. Athos has a grand end in the elevation and sublimity of grief, and dies of a broken heart when the news of his son's death reaches him. D'Artagnan receives his bullet of dismissal just as he has been presented with his *bâton* as Marshal of France. Only Aramis, the wily intriguer, sentimentalist, and false priest, the least attractive of the brotherhood, is allowed to live. "Athos, Porthos, au revoir — Aramis, adieu pour jamais!" cries D'Artagnan when he is dying. Thus Dumas points his robust moral. He has a charitable heaven for his rough soldier, his erring yet noble gentleman — but none for the gallant who masquerades in the sacred habit of bishop and confessor. This delightful bit of conventional poetic justice is our romancer's tribute to *les bons mœurs*.

But, alas! space fails us even to touch upon the sublime embarrassment of those four middle-aged mousquetaires, when they find themselves opposed two to two on opposite sides, in the conflict of the Fronde; or upon their delight when, reunited on mutual ground, the two disciples of Mazarin join the two Frondeurs, and (though this is a secret to history) do all but save Charles I. from the scaffold.

This quaint defiance of fact approaches the sublime, and we forgive our heroes their poor opinion of England in consideration of the splendid *coup* which they thus all but accomplished, though nobody knew how near we were to a total change of our history. With regret we close the lively pages, which are never dull, in which the interest never flags, and the stream of incident never fails. Why should such adventures ever come to an end? Why should the bold brotherhood ever separate, fail, or grow old? We leave them with a sigh, to return to our dull life in which the incidents come so seldom, and where neither superior valor, nor even such unflinching wealth of resource as is possessed by D'Artagnan, can preserve us from the most ordinary evils. What a thing it would be to be able to vanquish all one's difficulties by that delightful conscious mixture of skill and strength! how consolatory in the severer troubles of our existence to be able to throw ourselves, as Anne of Austria could, upon the unfailing help in every emergency of these invincible mousquetaires!

We have lingered too long upon our favorite heroes, the last of knights-errant, the most delightful figures which fiction, pure and unmingled, the wild and rapid art which has nothing to do with nature, has produced in our time. "Monte Christo" is, we believe, regarded, at least in England, much more entirely as the epitome of Dumas' productive power than is the history of our mousquetaires; but we cannot think that, as a whole, this book is at all equal to the other. The first part of "Monte Christo," however, is finer, purer, and more true to nature than anything in the "Trois Mousquetaires;" it stands alone among its author's productions, and promises an altogether higher strain of poetic romance than anything else he ever reached. Besides the wild and complicated tale of intrigue and vengeance, the horrible entanglements of fate, and still more horrible schemes of pitiless vindictive will, that opening story, so soft in tone, so vigorous in conception, so idyllic, pure, and reasonable, strikes the reader with a surprise which perhaps enhances the very different effect of all that follows. Up to the moment when Edmond Dantes is thrown into the sea, under the semblance of a corpse, there is scarcely anything in the story to which the most severe critic could take exception. That fine young sailor himself, his gentle, beautiful, and pensive bride, and the delightful sketch of the imprisoned Abbé Faria, so learned, so benevolent, and so forgiving even in his dungeon, have very seldom been surpassed. Nothing is forced in the tale — the despair and agony of the young bridegroom, snatched from everything he holds dear at the very moment when his hopes are about to be realized, is neither exaggerated nor unduly lengthened out. There is not only fine talent, but absolute good taste and perception, in the manner of the picture, which any girl may read and any man enjoy.

The Count de Monte Christo, however, is not so delightful as Edmond Dantes; and though there is the same wild charm of rapid incident and sensation, the same breathless brilliancy of dialogue and interest of situation, the narrative of Monte Christo's vengeance has nothing like the delightful novelty and wholesome stir and bustle of the "Trois Mousquetaires." Dumas is not potent enough to impress upon us, as his contemporary Victor Hugo can do so well, the solemn gathering of those clouds of fate round the doomed and guilty beings whose evil deeds have to be expiated before they can escape their author's hands. The lurid lights and horrible creeping shadows which we see and feel in "Notre Dame," have no place at all in the slowly developing revenge of Monte Christo. We recognize from the beginning the transparent *tours de force* which bring all his enemies within reach of that revenge; and we feel that Monte Christo himself is very poor and petty in many of his expedients, cruel without dignity, and spiteful rather than terrible. There is an abstract character about him which detracts greatly from the effect of all his operations. He loses our sympathy, at first so powerfully excited. We find no feature in him of the Edmond Dantes whose wrongs we felt as if they were our own, and to whom we could accord the right of punishing his enemies. On the contrary, it is altogether a new being, a stranger to us, who steps

on to the stage like a magician, and whom we cannot identify. This is the great mistake of the book, a greater mistake even than the fact that Monte Christo goes much too far, that his vengeance is diabolical, and his heart unnaturally hard, which was no doubt according to the author's intentions — who meant to show us not only the pleasure and satisfactoriness, but at the same time the unsuccess and evil tendencies of revenge. No doubt Dumas meant to transfer our sympathies to the other side, and to make us at last almost partisans of the hapless multitude who are driven to despair by his transformed hero; but he did not, we suppose, mean to transform that hero so that he should be unrecognizable; and in this he shows the weakness of his rapid work and supreme regard for sensation. But this defect in art is more than counterbalanced by the skill with which he has seized upon two primary instincts of nature — the prejudice we all have in favor of what is called poetic justice, and the delight we all take in such complete transformations of fortune as place the injured poor on the pinnacle of wealth and make them capable of showing their gratitude and their hate in the plainest way. Primitive story has always loved to tell how the poor man became rich, and how the injured confounded all his adversaries and exalted all his friends. There is no child, or simple-minded person, however gentle in their own impulses, who does not delight in retribution, and to whom the idea of suddenly enriching and honoring the poor passer-by who has done the hero a service, and crushing those who have scorned him, is not dear and delightful. It pleases the instinct of wild justice which is natural to us, and calms the murmur of unrest and pain which lies at the bottom of every heart when we contemplate the inequalities of life and injustices of fortune. Monte Christo, with his fabulous island, his ship-loads of emeralds and diamonds, and that curiously uncertain and fluctuating fortune which we feel never could have lasted through all his prodigious extravagances, is delightfully able to set everything right that is wrong. He is a kind of Prospero in an enchanted world; his former friends, whom he pursues with such deadly hate, have lost all individuality in his eyes, and are no longer Fernand or Danglars, but vague and undefined criminals whom it is his office to bring to justice. He is implacable, for he has become abstract — he is the generalization of justice, as his victims, untried, and without any chance for their lives, are the impersonation of crime.

The strength and the weakness of the book, its immense popularity with the common mass of readers, and its unsatisfactoriness to the critic, are all involved in these, its peculiar characteristics. More emphatically than any of Dumas' other works it is framed on the model of the Arabian Nights. The interest is deepened by the fact that it is a tale of retribution, and that the evil which has to be punished was done before our eyes, and excited us all to a fierce longing for poetic justice; and this interest is enough to carry on the primitive mind, especially when the new complications through which the Avenger moves are so exciting and so varied. But the abstractness of the story disappoints and throws out the closer critic. The thread of human sympathy is broken off short, at the moment when all the better laws of art are abandoned, and when Dantes sinks in the sea, to rise for us no more. Henceforward all is wild, fantastic, and of a primitive artificiality. The crowd applauds, the critic is silent. We look on while the story-teller continues with many gesticulations and excitement his breathless narrative. We look on at the panorama of scenes and events which pass before us. The tragical climax of the good Morel's history, so true to fact, so false to nature — the conventional, honorable suicide by which the Frenchman of romance settles matters with his creditors, and goes out of the world without a stain on his character — capped with the sudden miraculous interposition, as of an angel from heaven, of the mysterious stranger and his purse — opens the circle of adventure by a good deed, and delights us, much in the same way as the reward of the good boy delights us in a child's story. Finer and better is the scene in which Monte Christo visits his former love — the always sweet, visionary, and pensive

Mercedés, who never loses her individuality — and confuses her languid soul by vague recollection, vague recognition, a reminiscence of she knows not what. Ther other figures and scenes which succeed each other in the panorama, the intrigues, the poisonings, the confusion of everybody's life and history with everybody else's — sweep on in such rapid succession that we cannot attempt to review or define them; until we come to the perfectly sensational figure of the old Noirier dead all but his eyes, and combating his daughter-in-law's murderous intentions with a determination and cool presence of mind which has all the effect upon us of a most daring and successful trick, along with something tragic which elevates the sleight-of-hand. It is the false sublime, no doubt, but yet the situation has a kind of sublimity in its way, and is very impressive to the imagination. All this passes before us with a speed which takes away our breath — our eyes are dazzled, our mind is exhausted by the rapid action. We are dragged on by the magician at his chariot-wheels, even though by times we take breath and laugh at his stage expedients, his charlatan tricks, and those impossibilities of circumstance which are more striking and more ludicrous when presented to us as existing in our own century, and amid all the modern machinery of checks, and speculations on the funds, and credits upon bankers. These unlimited letters of credit are a blunder of the first water. So long as the mysterious count produces a handful of diamonds to pay his way, we are at our ease, and believe as much in him as is at all necessary; but the name of Rothschild brings us back to the nineteenth century, a period singularly at variance with handfuls of diamonds. We take leave of Monte Christo at last, somewhat exhausted with the breathless race the romancer has led us, but more amused by his daring and sleight-of-hand than impressed by his masquerade of fate and vengeance. There is a faint snigger even in our excitement, when he holds us breathless with suspense to know what the next page or the next chapter will bring forth. But yet, amid all our scepticism and all our laughter, he does hold us breathless; and we defy any novel-reader worthy of the name (let us say under thirty — there are many blessed people who retain the faculty much beyond that age, of whom we are happy to boast ourself one; but with the vulgar crowd we believe it is apt to fail in middle age), to read Monte Christo, *en feuilleton*, without thinking a great deal more about it than perhaps it is worth, and mixing up its wild complications of story with his very dreams.

We have dwelt fully upon these two stories, because all that is best in Dumas is to be found in them; and we do not suppose that many English readers are like to dive deeper, nowadays at least, into the mass of corresponding works which bear his name, and are all more or less of the same character. The adventures of the two gallants who perish so tragically in "La Reine Margot" are — except in their last scene, which is really tragic and fine — not to be compared with the "Trois Mousquetaires;" though indeed in the history of these, our oldest friends of the race, there is no such serious incident as the torture or the death which make the reader forget all the levities of La Mole and Coconnas. These levities, however, are enough to deprive their story of the reception which that of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis has met with in England; the sublime sentiment which makes a virtuous hero, on his way to the scaffold, turn to cast a last look of fond recollection upon the house which has been his place of rendezvous with his mistress, is not a kind of sublimity appreciated on this side of the Channel. Space forbids us to make any attempt to follow the marvellous intrigues and supernatural wonders of Balsamo through the numberless scenes (and volumes) in which his magic and mesmerism and general omnipotence give him a part.

It was, we believe, the purpose of Dumas to make of these books a sort of gallery of illustrations of the history of France; and, indeed, a great many historical events and names are to be found in his pages, and a continued succession of the most exciting intrigues, generally connected, we are bound to say, with points little acknowledged by

history; but were we to trust this chronicle, we should find so wonderful a resemblance between the manners and habits of the court of Charles IX. and those of Louis XV. as somewhat to confuse our historical sense, and bewilder us as to the passage of time. The suggestion of a serious purpose, indeed, in books so entirely belonging to that art without purpose which Dumas possessed to so marvellous a degree, is one of the self-delusions to which all artists are more or less subject. Possibly he himself believed in it, but no one else. The choice of a distant period, however, in which to place his scene, was almost a necessity; for we have already seen in "Monte Christo" how much more difficult it is to employ the marvellous, and how much more incongruous is the romancer's delightful indifference to possibility, when combined with the manners of our own time, with which we are familiar — than when placed amid the remote mists of an age in which, perhaps, for all we can tell, such things might, by some grotesque combination of influences, have been made practicable. Cagliostro is precisely the sort of figure which suits Dumas, and in which he delights; and the "Adventures d'un Médecin" are still more in the strain of the Arabian Nights than are the adventures of Monte Christo, and belong to the division of his works of which that wonderful book is the head. There are, indeed, but two classes into which these works naturally fall. They are after "Monte Christo" or after the Mousquetaires; and we believe we have done as much for the ordinary reader who does not know Dumas, as he will require, when we have presented to him the two first works by which the great story-teller made himself famous, and which he repeated and followed with various changes of time and costume, and an unceasing variety of incident, to the end of his career.

We cannot, however, close this imperfect record without referring to those airy and delightful reminiscences of travel which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald declares are not Dumas' at all, but which the incredible generosity of his *collaborateurs* have permitted to be published in his name, and which are as like as two peas to the novels which these inestimable persons also produced to the honor and glory of their master. Would that we could find disciples now so able and so generous! The fun, the frolic, the movement and gayety of some of these travel-books, dealing with the most worn-out and well-known scenes, is inexhaustible. To be sure, there is perhaps more of the author in them than of the country he visits; but what then? — the country has been described to us by so many dull fellows, that we have almost grown weary of the snowy mountain-peaks of Switzerland, and the delightful Italian shores. But Dumas in the Corricolo or in the Speronare is never dull; and if he gives us little information, he gives us what is far more difficult — the atmosphere, the sentiment of the scene, the humors of the common folk, who pass under his eye, and his own light-hearted and dramatic appreciation of every scene he sees. We remember at this moment, without the books to refer to, certain characteristic fables, such as that by which Padre Rocco (if our recollection serves) procures the needful illumination of the Strada di San Giuseppe at Naples, which — in its inconceivable mixture of profanity and religiousness, and that matter-of-fact mingling of the most imaginative story with the common details of existence, which is peculiar to Italians of the lower class — is more true to nature than anything else of the kind we know. How many such stories — relating, for instance, how Moses and Aaron consulted together upon Hebrew affairs as they took their daily walk, like all the rest of the world, on Pincio; or how that Pope Clement, who cut short the Jesuits' robes, got safe into heaven notwithstanding the vigilant guard of St. Ignatius, because of the shortened garment which enabled him to make a dash through between the saint's legs! — has every one heard who has really entered into Italian life! but we know no one who has ventured to reproduce these most popular and most characteristic tales.

Dumas' life was a succession of triumphs and distresses almost equal to those of his own adventurers. He was perfectly thriftless, extravagant, and foolish in his expendi-

ture; his money was all consumed, sometimes twice over, before he had earned it; and he seems to have been somewhat shifty about his literary engagements, and, in the latter part of his life at least, not much to be depended upon. But he would seem to have possessed that liberality to others which is the redeeming feature of the prodigal; and he loved magnificence, and spent his money splendidly at least — which is a redeeming feature, too, in its way — with the most lavish and princely hospitality. And he worked hard, though waywardly and by fits and starts; and if he had no objection to introduce an equivocal adventure, or unequivocal intrigue, at any moment when it might happen to suit him, he is never the historian, never the philosopher of vice, and the tendency of his works is certainly not immoral. He loved the *grand air* and *plein jour* — words which so well express the breadth and exuberance of daylight; he loved movement, and freedom, and change too well, to be delicately vicious like his successor. Adventure, sensation, excitement, these were his honest objects; and when they are procured by honest means, does any one deny them a legitimate place among the wholesome pleasures of humanity? Peace be to the memory of the old *raconteur*! He might not be either great or wise, no model for any one to follow; but yet there was a real place for him in the world, and he filled it with a certain fitness. Many men of his generation have moved us more deeply, more beneficially; but few have amused us in so primitive a way, or so much, or so long, or with so little harm.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT.

A PLEASANT place of resort is the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, especially during the dismal supremacy of those half-caste November days which are neither pure autumn nor pure winter, though combining the worst qualities of both. After the long and weary passage of the Nevski Prospect, ankle deep in half thawed snow, bumped against by sulky foot passengers, nearly run down by charging sledges, wetted in a sneaking, spiritless manner by the rain, which drizzles down as if it could not muster energy enough for a good hearty pour — after all this, it is no light satisfaction to reach the open sea of the vast Theatre Square, enter the hospitable door of the great library, commit one's wet coat and spattered goloshes to the ready attendant, in his perennial bottle-green coat with its surface rash of brass buttons, and spring up the spacious stairway with a comfortable feeling of escape from the waste howling wilderness outside, into which nothing shall induce one to venture again for several hours to come. It is true that on your first entrance you *do* experience a haunting sensation of being back again in the "Final Schools" for your degree examination — a phantasy considerably aided by the dead silence of the great hall, the long ranges of tables with their busy occupants, and the black-robed figure of the curator enthroned at the far end, like an image of passionless Fate; but this, like most other "early impressions," is not long in wearing off.

Here, then, it was that I presented myself early one afternoon on such a day as I have described above, in the hope of getting a peep at the latest addition to the library — a rare windfall, described in the official report as "A collection, in the Spanish language, of all the documents relating to Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of Peru and Columbia, published at Caracas, 1826-33, in 22 vols. 4to; only three other copies of which are known to exist in Europe — one in the Library of Darmstadt, another in that of Ste. Geneviève at Paris, and the third in the British Museum." Unhappily I had been forestalled by a Russian *savant*, and was fain to console myself with a re-reading, for the tenth or eleventh time, of one of Nikolai Gogol's weird medleys of broad farce and overwhelming horror, over which I lingered far beyond my usual time. The table lamps had been lighted, the other occupants of the room in which I sat (a smaller and gloomier one than the great *salon* devoted to journals and magazines) had

dropped off one by one, till I was left quite alone; and the utter silence and loneliness, the lateness of the hour, the dimly lighted room, with its long ranges of dusty folios and worm-eaten manuscripts, as well as the frightful story that I had been reading, combined to excite me in a way of which I had had no experience for years past. All of a sudden, just at the moment when my nerves were strained to the utmost, I became conscious of a feeling of uneasiness akin to that which arouses the sleeper when some one gazes steadfastly in his face. I looked up, and found myself confronted by a tall, slender, delicate-featured man, in deep black, who was gazing at me with the intense earnestness of one who sees the object for which he has long striven in vain at last within his reach. So suddenly and silently had he risen upon me that I could not restrain a slight start, which he seemed to notice.

"Pardon me if I disturb you," said he in a soft but strangely impressive voice; "and allow me to ask (if it be not too great a liberty) whether you are a resident of St. Petersburg."

"For the present I am; but I expect to leave shortly on a foreign tour. Allow me to ask, in turn, whether you have any special motive for inquiring."

"I will frankly own that I have," he replied with a courteous bow; "it is in your power to do me a great favor."

Now, when a perfect stranger tells you that you can do him a great favor, it is natural to anticipate the request of "a trifling loan," and to feel one's purse-strings quiver in every nerve; but on the *vacuus viator* principle, I was perfectly easy upon that head. My apprehensions took another form. The famous "Pichler robberies"¹ had been discovered but a few weeks before, and if a respectable German professor could be guilty of such wholesale plundering, might not even a man as seemingly reputable as my new acquaintance harbor similar designs? And yet, when I looked again at his finely-cut features and grand massive forehead, I felt ashamed of my momentary suspicions.

"I am aware that, as a stranger to you, I am taking a great liberty," he resumed, changing suddenly from Russian to French; "but I must trust to your kindness to let the urgency of the case excuse my want of ceremony. The fact is, I am on the brink of a great discovery in science, and I can see that you are admirably qualified to assist me."

"I, qualified to assist you, my dear sir?" answered I compassionately; "no man less so, I assure you! I have received a sound classical education—a sufficient guarantee that I know nothing of science, or of anything else likely to be useful."

"You are pleased to jest, I conclude," said the unknown, with a slight smile; "I have myself the greatest respect for the English universities, though, unhappily, I have never had the pleasure of visiting them. But it is not of such qualifications as these that I speak. I have been observing you for the last ten minutes, before addressing you, and have convinced myself that of all whom I have met in St. Petersburg, you alone are capable of doing what I require!"

Was the man mad? His tone was perfectly calm and rational, but the light in his eyes as he spoke the last words was decidedly "uncanny." A vague recollection flitted across my mind of an old German legend, the *dramatis personæ* of which were a student and a courteous stranger in black, while a certain mysterious bond signed with blood figured largely in the *dénouement*. Was the present interview to end in a similar way? To my disturbed fancy, the lamps appeared to burn dimmer than before, and the room seemed to have grown suddenly darker and colder.

"What do you want me to do, then?" asked I, somewhat abruptly; for as the man spoke, I became aware of

a feeling (apparently occasioned by his presence) which is very hard to describe intelligibly. My thoughts seemed disordered, or rather I had lost the power of framing them coherently; a strange and not unpleasing excitement, such as I have occasionally experienced at the sound of certain kinds of music, completely possessed me; and blended with it was a vague sense of *subjection* (as if under the dominion of a will stronger than my own) which was altogether new to me. Had I been a believer in mesmerism, I should have said that a powerful "magnetizer" stood beside me; as it was, I judged it high time to cut short the interview. But before the unknown could reply, the custodian of the department, who had been having a chat with his brother officer in the next room, entered, with a warning that the library (which is never open after 9 P. M.) was about to close. As we descended the stairs, the stranger, who had taken out his pocket-book, answered my question by offering me a card.

"If you will favor me with a visit any evening next week," said he, "I shall be able to explain to you more fully the experiment I spoke of. May I hope for your kind assistance?"

I hesitated a moment before replying. Had I been a man of science, I should naturally have declined to assist in a discovery, the credit of which I was not to have myself; but being a mere ignorant classman of Oxford, ready to fling myself into any new adventure "for the fun of the thing," I rather liked the idea than otherwise. Moreover, the intense earnestness of the stranger's manner, and another indefinable feeling besides, made me loth to refuse him.

"So be it!" said I recklessly; "I am at your service. Let us say Monday evening; I have no engagement then."

"Ten thousand thanks!" said the unknown, a glow of genuine satisfaction lighting up his marble features. "On Monday, then, at seven o'clock, I shall expect you. Good evening."

And wrapping himself in a long gray cloak handed him by the *conciërge* he vanished into the outer darkness, while I, by the light of the passage lamps, read on the card which he had given me, —

Dmitri Antonovitch Tchoudoff,
Professor of Natural Science,
On the Sadovaya,
House Lepeschkin, Lodging No. 9.

Punctually at seven o'clock on Monday evening I turned the corner of the Sadovaya, and made for the house indicated. Like many other large houses in St. Petersburg, it was entered through a yard, and portioned off into separate flats, each inhabited by a different tenant; so that it was not without some trouble that I at length found the number I was in search of. I had barely time to ring, when the door was noiselessly opened by a tall, gaunt, pale-faced lackey in deep black, who looked (as I could not help thinking) as if his master had raised him from the dead by a galvanic experiment. I was ushered into a small cabinet, literally walled in on every side by ranges of books. The central table was heaped with piles on piles of maps, plans, diagrams, and manuscript notes; and in the midst of this chaos sat the Professor himself, in a black velvet dressing-gown, reading by the light of a shaded lamp.

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear sir," said he, springing up and shaking me warmly by the hand. "I was sure that I could depend upon you; and I am glad to say that I am equally certain of success in our proposed experiment. Rely upon it, the discovery that we are seeking will be made."

I inwardly thought that M. Tchoudoff might as well have spoken for himself, considering what a very subordinate part in the "discovery" was reserved for me; but I merely bowed, and expressed my satisfaction at being able to give him any assistance.

"Your assistance will be invaluable, I assure you," he answered; "and all the more so that, as I have already said, I know not where else I could have looked with equal

¹ This man, a respectable and well-known *habitué* of the library, actually carried off at different times, in the artfully contrived pockets of his loose coat, nearly 5,000 rare books and MSS., with which, but for the merest accident, he would have decamped in safety. He has been sentenced to transportation for life.

hope of success. But before we commence our experiments, allow me to offer you some refreshment."

He touched a small bell beside him, and the cadaverous servant reappeared with coffee and a plate of thin white cakes, which exhaled a peculiar fragrance altogether new to me. The Professor filled my cup, and remarked, as he held the plate towards me, "I find these sweetmeats rather good eating; the recipe is one which I myself brought from the East. In the course of your travels you have doubtless fallen in with them."

I replied in the negative, and fancied (doubtless it was only fancy) that I could detect in his face the faintest shade of satisfaction at my reply. As my host took his coffee cup, I glanced at the book which he had laid down. It was a copy of "The Coming Race."

"A very amusing book," I remarked; "but of course utterly extravagant."

"Perhaps not," answered the Professor, with a singular emphasis in his tone. "On the contrary, it is (in my opinion, at least) a very powerfully-drawn allegorical picture of certain changes which, sooner or later, must undoubtedly take place. I will not go so far as to assert that *all* the wonders ascribed to the 'Vril-staff' are to be received as truth; but I will confidently say that there is a large substratum of fact underlying the whole description."

For the second time I began to have doubts of the soundness of my new friend's intellects. That science has still vast discoveries to make, no one who has even a slight acquaintance with it in its present form can doubt for a moment; but when a learned man gravely assures you that the existence of a fluid which, "enclosed in the hollow of a rod held by the hand of a child," is capable of "shattering the strongest fortress, and cleaving its burning way from the front to the rear of an embattled host," is quite within the bounds of possibility, it is only natural to feel somewhat sceptical. In order to avoid the necessity of replying, I devoted myself to the Eastern sweetmeats, which had a peculiarly rich, luscious, almost intoxicating flavor, as new to me as their scent.¹ Perhaps I can best convey an idea of it by comparing it with that of the finest guava jelly. M. Tchoudoff now turned the conversation to classical subjects, and discussed, with the animation of one who had seen the things which he described, the grandeur of Egyptian monuments, the beauty of Athenian sculptures, the perfect military organization of ancient Rome. On all these topics his information seemed boundless; and the flow of his discourse, illustrated by the display of "antiques" such as the *savants* of the Imperial Museum would have perilled their lives to get a sight of, insensibly carried me away with it. Little by little there came over me what I may term the complement or sequel of the excitement which had seized me in the Imperial Library on my first meeting with M. Tchoudoff; and blended with it, now as then, was the feeling of being dominated by an overmastering influence. At length, hoping to shake off the growing oppression, I rose from my seat, and walked to the other end of the room, as if to examine the books on the farther shelves; and then, for the first time, I remarked a small round table, upon which lay a broken sword-hilt, a crumbling manuscript, and a rusty spear-head.

"These are the last additions to my antiquarian museum," said M. Tchoudoff, coming up to the table; "and I am now engaged in trying to find out their history. Perhaps you may be able to help me."

"I?"

"Yes, you may possibly find some clue which has escaped me; your eyes are younger than mine. Sit down and examine them at your ease."

I obeyed unsuspectingly; but scarcely had I taken up the sword-hilt (which happened to lie nearest), when the Professor, quick as thought, made several passes with his hands in front of my face, following them up by drawing a sponge dipped in some fragrant liquid across my forehead.

¹ It has been suggested to me that these drugs (for such they undoubtedly were) may have been partly answerable for what followed — a theory which I am not in a position either to confirm or to deny.

In a moment (a flash of lightning is not more instantaneous) I was seized with a terrible spasm of nervous convulsion, as if (to quote a famous passage) "every bone, sinew, nerve, fibre of the body were wrenched open, and some hitherto un conjectured presence in the vital organization were forcing itself to light with all the pangs of travail." This agony was succeeded by a brief period of unconsciousness; and then came a sudden sense of joyous vigor, of bounding and elastic buoyancy, as though I had in very deed awaked to a new life in which no pain or weakness could find place. And this was the scene upon which I awoke.

I stood in a deep, narrow gorge, on the shore of a dark lake, shut in on every side by mountains, whose higher slopes were shrouded in gray mist. I was arrayed as if for battle, and around me stood armed men, thousands upon thousands, with the crested helmet, and huge shield, and short broadsword of the Roman legionary; and beside me were the sacred ensigns that bore the initials of the senate and people of Rome; but armor and standards alike looked dull and leaden beneath the encircling dimness, and upon every face was an awful shadow, the shadow of approaching death. Then suddenly there burst from the cloud above us a clamor of countless cries blended into one — the shrill scream of the Moor, the fierce shout of the Spaniard, the deep bellowing war-whoop of the Gaul; and out of the ghostly mist broke a whirling throng of half-seen figures — stately men in gorgeous armor, wild figures in tossing white mantles, grim giants naked to the waist; and down upon us they came with the rush of a stormy sea. Then, through the whole defile, the battle raged and roared; the air was thick with flying darts, the ground miry with blood. Our men fell, rank on rank; the enemy pressed nearer and nearer. And my standard-bearer dropped at my feet, groaning with his last breath, "Caius Flaminius, the gods have forsaken us!" and my sword broke short in my hand; but with the hilt I still struck fiercely to right and left. And now a towering horseman came rushing at me with levelled spear; I felt a sudden shock — a fierce grinding pang — and then all was a blank.

I was walking slowly, with a roll of manuscript in my hand, along a broad open space (like the public place of a great city), thronged with noble sculptures, and goodly altars, and stately temples, and all the glory that still lingered in imperial Athens after the fatal day of Chero-neia. And around me lay the beautiful city, not as I had seen it in my waking hours, ravaged and marred by ages of ruin, but in all the splendor of its prime. To my left rose the bare limestone ridge of the Areopagus; to my right the rugged hill of the Pnyx, crowned by its semi-circular enclosure and tribunal of hewn stone, a council hall not made with hands, worthy of the great spirits that had tenanted it. In front the great bastion of the Acropolis rose up stark and grim against the sunny sky; and on its summit appeared the glorious frontage of the Propylæa, and the eight marble columns of the Parthenon, and the mighty figure of Minerva Promachus, with her crested helmet and brazen spear.

"Well, friend, how fares it with you?" said a grave-looking man, the foremost of several who were following me. "Are you ready to appear on yonder stage to-morrow, with all the men of Athens for a chorus?"

"I fear nothing," answered I; "and least of all do I fear that dainty coxcomb Æschines — to the ravens with him! But lo! here he comes, with all his chorus of frogs about him!"

A noisy group bore down upon us, in the centre of which was a man of handsome features, but somewhat tame expression, who halted just in front of me.

"Room!" he cried, sneeringly; "room for Demosthenes the thunderer, who shakes the earth with his words, and slays men with the breath of his mouth!"

As he spoke, there rushed through me a sense of overwhelming power, as though I could in very deed blast him

² A Strange Story, vol. i. chap. 32.

with a breath. I looked him full in the face, and he quailed.

"There will be room enough for me when *your* place is empty," answered I. "As surely as the gods look down upon us this day, shall you beg a lodging from the Persian ere many days are past."

As the words were uttered, I became unconscious once more.

I was marching in the ranks of a great host, armed and arrayed after the old Persian fashion, through a boundless desert, whose dull, brassy glare wearied the eye, with its grim monotony. To the farthest horizon there was no sight or sound of life; and we leaned upon our spears, for we were weary and disheartened. And suddenly, amid the quivering haze of intense heat that girdled the horizon there appeared a *dark spot*, which broadened, and deepened, and widened, till it overspread all that quarter of the sky. Then, in a moment, its darkness turned to fire, and came whirling towards us like a wave of the sea; and in the shadow of the coming destruction every man saw in his neighbor's livid face the horror that was written on his own. Then came a roar as if the earth were rent in twain, and a hot blast smote full upon us, and earth and air were shaken, and we fell to the ground like dead men.

"Rejoice with me, my friend!" said a voice in my ear, as I awoke to consciousness; and beside me stood the Professor, radiant with joy. "I have learned from you all that I wished to know. This sword is that of Flaminius, the Consul, who fell at Lake Thrasimene; this manuscript is the first draft of Demosthenes' Crown Oration; this spear-head is a relic of the lost detachment of Cambyse's African expedition. My great discovery is at length complete, and it is this: that certain exceptionally gifted persons can be stirred by the mere contact of any object to follow it back through all the changes of its existence, and read its history from the very beginning. Henceforth the annals of the early ages are a blank no longer; with the aid of this new science (surpassing mere clairvoyance as far as the cannon surpasses the catapult) we shall carry the torch of Truth through the darkest windings of the Past, and read all the secrets of antiquity. But I tire you, my friend, and you have need of repose. Once more accept my thanks, and pardon the trial to which I have subjected you; it was necessary for the advancement of science. Within a week I start for Turkestan on a scientific mission; but on my return we will, please God, pursue our researches to the end."

An hour later I was back at my hotel, in the first stage of a fever which kept me out of harm's way till my friend the Professor was well on his road eastward. With my consent we shall never meet again. As a reasoning and accountable creature, I object to being turned into a kind of dredger for the fishing up of sunken facts and traditions. I see the *Turkestan News* every week; and the moment there is any word of M. Tchoudoff's return I shall at once send in my passport, and betake myself to Japan, Mexico, or the North Pole, as chance may direct.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE banquet at the Guildhall in London in honor of the Shah is said to have cost not less than \$250,000.

MM. ECKMANN-CHATRIAN are writing a new story, "Une Campagne en Kabylie, recounted by a Chasseur d'Afrique."

GARIBALDI says that "the fall of the commune of Paris was a misfortune for the whole universe." Garibaldi has a queer idea of misfortune.

THE London *Figaro*, a comic journal, snubs "Eli Perkins" very neatly for attempting to get himself and his thin literary wares puffed in its columns.

VICTOR HUGO's "Roi s'Amuse," the performance of which at the Porte St. Martin Theatre has just been prohibited by the French government, had been eight months in preparation.

WE have all heard of the famous monthly poisoned dinner that used to be given by a Parisian doctor to patients who were weary of their life. According to the Paris *Figaro*, however, London is not without its organized suicidal system, as it possesses a Spleen's Club, composed of members tired of all the pleasures and cares of this wicked world. Every month a certain number are missing, who invariably throw themselves from the top of the various monuments in the English metropolis, "despite," adds *Figaro*, "the vigilance of the police." Some days ago the President anxiously inquired of a Parisian visitor if the Column Vendôme would be shortly resurrected. "Why?" was asked him. "Because I intend to devote myself to it as a New Year's gift."

THE directors of the Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne had been for some time past endeavoring to discover the author of certain robberies of mandarin ducks, etc., but without success. One night recently, the guard, who had been for several hours on the watch on the border of the lake, saw two white figures lean over the water, seize on the birds, and carry them off with marvellous dexterity. The keeper shouldered his piece, charged with small shot, and discharged it at the supposed thieves, one of whom remained on the ground. The guard approached, and to his great astonishment recognized one of the two large white pelicans of the Egyptian lakes, recently sent to the Garden by the Viceroy. This singular bird was carrying off two ducks in the deep pouch which it possesses under its beak.

"We have spoken, in a preceding number," says the *Journal du Havre*, "of an extraordinary discovery announced by *Galignani's Messenger* of Paris, it being nothing less than an agent destined to entirely replace steam. The importance of such an invention, which we need not dwell upon, made us feel bound, in the interests of everything relating to manufactures or the navy, to seek for more ample information. The inventors of this process are MM. Brachigny and J. Deschamps, domiciled at Rouen, 9 Rue de Sotteville. They pretend, by the aid of their apparatus, which works without coal or any other combustible, to replace the present machines, whatever be their power. Their invention, they say, is equally applicable to land industry and to navigation." It is probable that a few shares in this valuable patent might be secured at an advanced price.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: An accident occurred the other day upon the Hartz Mountains, the circumstances of which, as reported, are highly honorable to a young American concerned. This gentleman, Mr. Tatham, formed one of a party of student excursionists from the Prussian School of Mines, who had gone up to visit the spot well known as the Witches' Ball room, the same that Goethe introduces with such effect into his immortal drama. It proved nearly dark when they reached the chasm and looked down it. Unhappily one of the party, a German named Kräwel, somehow lost his footing, and was precipitated down the precipice at the edge of which his companions were standing, into the depth below, where all sight of him was lost. His comrades dispersed in search of aid, but it proved too late to do anything effectual before night completely closed, and their dismay was added to greatly when they missed Mr. Tatham, who was supposed to have perished in a vain attempt to rescue Kräwel. At dawn the other students were on the spot with plenty of aid, and to their surprise saw the gleam of a small fire far below in the chasm into which their comrade had fallen. It turned out that Mr. Tatham had managed to scramble down after the fallen man by the aid of bushes and rocks, and finding the object of his search, though terribly bruised, still alive and partly sensible, had tended him through the night, covering him with his own outer clothes, and keeping up a fire of sticks both against the cold and as a signal for aid from above. Although the height down which Herr Kräwel fell, or, more properly, rolled, is reported to be over 200 feet, he had broken no limb, and was making good recovery at the last accounts, thanks to Mr. Tatham.

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VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

[No. 7.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER I. (continued.)

THE man, who had covered up the lower part of his face with a thick comforter and had already edged away to the farthest corner of the stall, suddenly laid down his cup and walked quickly away.

"That's politeness!" said Carol. "Never mind: there's more for the rest of you. I say, Vaughan, just hand me your spare coppers: I'll pay you next time."

It was an unfortunate meeting, for by the time the coffee-merchant's stock was exhausted in the exercise of a charity for which Carol managed to get the credit, Harold Vaughan's intended cheap dinner had reached the limit of his means. There was nothing left but to fill his empty pockets with his pride, for the want of something more substantial.

"You are on the press?" he asked of the man whom he was disposed to especially dislike and despise.

"I on the press! You mean the press is on me. You might as well say Atlas, or what's his name, was on the world."

"Then you might happen to know of things—situations, I mean—that a man could fill, who, like me, can read and write and has some medical and scientific knowledge?"

"Situations? Hundreds—thousands—millions. Miles and hundred-weights of them. What do you want? A consulship—an inspectorship—from police to factories?"

"I'm not so ambitious. I only want something to do that isn't exactly picking oakum or breaking stones."

"I see. By Jove—just the very thing. Come with me—Brandon's off duty now, and I know where to find him."

"Brandon—who's he?"

"Didn't you meet him at the Oberon? He's just made editor of the *Trumpet*: I got it for him. They wanted me, but I like to work behind the scenes and pull the strings. He'll pay you like a prince and work you like a slave."

"On a newspaper? I've never written in my life—and as for newspapers, I scarcely even look at *The Times*."

"So much the better. Brandon will do the grammar and spelling—that's what he's paid for. Between you and I, that's what he's fit for. He's written books, but they never sold . . . Mr. Brandon in? Just going? All right: you needn't announce me . . . Brandon, I think you know my old friend Vaughan? Well, he's just the man for you: knows all about everything and can write like Byron—better than you, old fellow—splendid, by Jove."

"You want to join our new staff, Mr. Vaughan? I'm very busy now, so you must let me get over the ground quickly. What can you do? Have you had experience elsewhere?"

"None whatever. I'm only a man in want of a bad day's wage for a hard day's work. That's no recommendation, I know."

"It's not wise to say so, though. I've been in the same boat myself, and, now I'm out of it, I confess it's no recommendation in my own eyes. All the same honesty's not such very bad policy. But you have written, Carol says? I really read so little that it is nothing against an author's fame for me to be ignorant of him."

"Never a word."

"Just what I was saying," broke in Carol. "You don't want men to write fine English, you know: you want men who know all about everything."

"Certainly omniscience would be an advantage. But what is your special line? So long as you're not a failure in fiction like myself, or a failure in facts, like our friend Carol, I don't much mind what. Politics—reviewing—finance?"

"Certainly not finance. In fact I am ashamed of letting myself be brought here to take up your time. I am a physician, and all the knowledge I can boast of is what I picked up at Guy's."

"Yes—I forgot to say that," interrupted Carol. "The very thing—a physician: a man who knows man: science—coroners' inquests—lunacy—hospital scandals—cholera—sanitary reform—the Lisburn case—by the way, he knows all about that!"

"So does everybody; thanks to the *Trumpet*."

"Thanks to me."

"Yes, a nice story you told me, every word contradicted by Lord Lisburn's own lawyer."

"That's gratitude! I appeal to Dr. Vaughan."

"Who was not present," said Harold quickly, "and is no longer in the case, besides."

"Well—I like news, but I like discretion, too. By the way, were you ever in practice? You won't mind my asking you?"

The doctor saw well enough that he was being treated as a failure in his old profession, and a novice in his new. But his whole candidature for a place on the *Trumpet* seemed to him so utterly absurd, that he did not feel the least inclination to slur over his disadvantages. He felt that Brandon wanted to be rid of him, and he was ashamed of letting himself be brought there in the character of an impostor.

"Yes—for a short time at St. Bavons. But as there were more doctors than patients"—

"You're a St. Bavons man!" exclaimed Brandon, with a sudden change of manner. "You know Grayport, then, and Farleigh, and all that country?"

"Well."

The mutual influence of four or five people upon one another makes up but one fragment, even of their common story. A drama without side-winds and in direct influences from without is false to life, though it may be according to rule. I cannot, for the sake of dramatic unity, ignore the fact that Maurice Brandon had a story of his own, and that this side-wind had an indirect influence upon the prospects of Harold Vaughan. For the few who are sufficiently versed in family affairs to know how and why Maurice Brandon came to marry Rose Corbet of Grayport near St. Bavons—who chance to know how one who had in his time known failure far more bitter than Harold Vaughan, and had found life, and love, and sympathy in "all that country"—there is no need to say why "St. Bavons" was a magic word to him. For the many who do not know these things, I need only say that in naming St. Bavons, Harold Vaughan had lighted upon an "Open Sesame."

"Well, then," said the husband of Rose Corbet of Grayport, "I don't mind if I give you a trial. Only a trial, mind. Carol will say it's for love of his bright eyes—believe it or not, as you please. Bring me something to-morrow. Do you understand

pictures? Because you can go to an exhibition this afternoon. I don't want technicalities — anybody can do that who's been in town a season. I've got lots of that article. What I want is a man with no friends to puff up, and no friends' enemies to blow down — to say what he likes and doesn't like, and to give the great British public a few plain reasons in support of its own verdicts. I want you to put the talk of the galleries into good grammar, that's all, and to steer clear of technicalities and sympathies with particular schools. Common-sense and common English, nothing less or more. Above all, no pedantry; and say just what you really think about everybody, without the least fear of being wrong — the humbug's Carol's department, and the pedantry's my own. But I have no time to explain: you must catch my meaning, and I shall see if you do. You don't know any painters?"

"None."

"You don't know one school from another?"

"I don't even know what they are."

"Have you seen many pictures? Are you fond of them, as young ladies say?"

The straight line between Harold's eyebrows deepened. His recollections of pictures and of St. Bavons were not *couleur de Rose*, like Brandon's.

"I don't think I should be wrong in saying I detest them."

"Bravo! The very man for my outside critic. Go — here's a pass for the season — and detest as many as you please. Scatter the dove-cotes, but don't be a universal kite: when you see anything you think very good, don't stint your praise. Have no enemies, and no friends. When you've been long enough in the work to make friends in the profession, perhaps I'll let you loose on the musical world, and so on, till you have no more worlds to conquer. You shall represent the universal ignorance of omniscience. Carol already represents the omniscience of universal ignorance, and I hold the balance between the two to save you both from being found out in your blunders. I won't ask you to do your very best this time, but please to do as well as you can; and we'll talk business to-morrow."

"There — what do you think of that?" asked Carol, as they left the office. "Ah, there's lots of money flying about the world only waiting for people to open their mouths wide enough to ask for some. I see you're one of them that think you can't play the fiddle because you never tried. That's all humbug. Only stand up and flourish your fiddlestick boldly, and all the deaf people will think Paganini nothing to you. And between you and I, it's the deaf people that pay to hear. I explained all that to Brandon long ago. Blowing one's own trumpet's no good — it only sets other people trying to out-blow

you. No — flourish your fiddlestick, and always look as if you were just going to begin."

"I dare say you're right — though I can't say I admire the theory. But suppose one hasn't even a fiddlestick to flourish?"

"Then take a cart-whip, and flourish with that — that's criticism."

"That seems to be the very thing I have to do, according to my instructions. But may I ask — I have been thinking ever since I met you to-day — to what possible cause I can owe the good offices of so complete a stranger? Of course, I am infinitely obliged, but still" —

"Ah, you're thinking of nothing for nothing? *Homo sum — nihil alienum* — you know what I mean. By Jove, I saw you were the very man for an art critic the moment I set eyes on you. I'm never wrong: never made a mistake in spotting a man since I was born. Didn't I bring out Brandon? Didn't I bring out the Leczinska, who'll be at the top of the tree before this week's out? And do you think I did it because I cared for them? Not I. I do things because I choose, and like to stand behind and pull the wires. I've made a man a bishop before now: it's worth while to be my friend, I can tell you. You mayn't think it, but there isn't a man going who'd be exactly what he is if it wasn't for Denis Carol. And they all know it, too. And yet I'm the poorest man in Europe — yes, I, Denis Carol, who could be a millionaire any day if the fancy seized me. But I don't please: I hate money: I shouldn't be half the man I am if I wasn't poor. A pipe, a crust, and a garret — that's fortune. You think it's the rich that rule the world; not they: it's the men with nothing to lose. I wouldn't cross the road to pick up ten pounds a week, nor twenty. By the way, old fellow, now you're on the *Trumpet* you can do something for a friend of mine — that Leczinska girl. She isn't a bad sort."

"I don't know what sort she may be, but as you know, she is no friend of mine. Who is she — I mean off the stage?"

"Oh, the dearest girl in the world — a hundred a week, on my word of honor. They thought no end of her in Warsaw. You'll give her a lift, won't you?"

"I really don't see how."

"Never mind how — that's my affair."

"Well," thought Harold Vaughan, as he turned into the gallery, "I suppose I mustn't quarrel with my bread and butter. But is my whole life to consist of nothing but chances? No sooner do I make up my mind to follow medicine at St. Bavons than I find myself volunteering for the North Pole: no sooner do I make up my mind to go to the North Pole, than I find myself made art critic to a newspaper in London — the very last

thing on earth for which I'm fitted. But it's no good speculating any more. I will give in to destiny, and think myself lucky that fortune is at any rate determined that I shall not starve. As for Carol — no, I won't even speculate about him. And if I wake to-morrow and find myself a millionaire or a murderer — the two least possible things I can think of — I will be surprised at nothing. No — not if I become Claudia's husband."

Thus he jested with himself bitterly as at the butt of blindfold destiny, and then plunged into the mazes of his catalogue. The painter of No. 1 would have felt flattered if he could have seen how long the critic stood before it in apparent contemplation of its merits. But I doubt if when the critic passed on to No. 2 he had any definite idea as to whether it had represented a cabbage or a cow.

CHAPTER II. THE CURTAIN.

ONE day up and another day down: that had been Zelda's experience of the rolling world from the day she was born. To barter her bracelets for a crust of bread on Thursday and to ride in her own carriage on Friday was a pleasant contrast, but not at all strange. If the people of England had suddenly come round her and crowned her their queen, she would have accepted her election as part of an unintelligible but perfectly natural course of events: as not a whit more wonderful than being paid in pounds instead of pence for singing a song. It is only readers of history and biography upside down that are ever astonished at the wildest pranks of Fortune. Moreover, it is said that people never feel astonished in dreams, and the life of Zelda, if not literally a dream, was very like one.

And yet, when do we live more intensely than when we dream? It is among the visions of sleep, not among those of waking, that we grow old and white-haired. There are people who never dream, happily or unhappily for them, and such people never grow old. After all, the body claims at least half our care and thought when our eyes are open; when our eyes are shut, it claims nothing. In sleep, rage, love, despair, terror, shame, remorse, all the tumultuous host of the passions, take prisoner the unguarded soul. It is in a single night that men's hairs have grown white suddenly: never in a single day. Then we have no shield of common-sense to keep off ghosts, no friendly shelter wherein to hide from them. Our lovers and friends are far from us, though by our sides: we are alone in chaos. If any one will question himself honestly, he will find that no actual emotion has ever equalled in intensity the night fancies which he laughs at when he wakes, and mostly forgets by the end of breakfast-time.

It is something of this sort that I wished to suggest by piling upon Zelda's shoulders the burden not of one but of three lives. Of course I know that everybody has at least three lives, if not nine: but then in most cases the lives are all so inextricably fused and jumbled together that to say which is which is well-nigh impossible.

But hers was as distinct as those of three persons. In the first place—firstly, because most obviously—she was Mlle. Pauline Leczinska. She, that is to say, Mlle. Pauline, was a bundle of whims and caprices, that never slept and never dreamed. It was she that ate and drank, rolled about in her carriage, laughed a great deal, and enjoyed life after a fashion. It was she who had risen to her new circumstances like a sky-rocket, or rather like a captive balloon that has broken its cords. Finally, it was she, not Sylvia and not Zelda, to whom Lord Lisburn introduced himself for the second time.

Very different was the panorama which opened itself before him to the morning shadows of midnight brawls and drunken mischief in which Harold Vaughan had made his second acquaintance with Zelda. He fairly woke up one morning to find himself lying in a strange room; the nurse was away, and, in spite of his weakness, there seemed nothing for him to do but to proceed on a voyage of discovery—he was not one to throw upon memory any work that could be done with his eyes. He managed to dress, but to open the folding door was to him to open too soon the gate that leads to health from sickness. He had scarcely yet felt the floor, and his head was full of the unwholesome atmosphere of the back bedroom in which he had so long been imprisoned, so that the sudden change of light, air, and odor made his brain reel for an instant, and his feet unable to advance farther than the back of the nearest chair. He had been strong enough to escape from the nurse's kingdom, but was not yet strong enough to bear the atmosphere of any other. The first stage of convalescence, like the first struggle out of a fainting-fit, is itself a pain worse than the disease. All sorts of formless associations and recollections crowd themselves into a moment upon a brain incapable of coping with half of them. He to whom the open sea breezes had been daily food, suddenly felt himself ready to swoon, at the delicate fragrance of a few nose-gays, and at the feeble radiance of a London sun.

He made no attempt, after Harold Vaughan's fashion, to take in all the details of the new scene, and to bring them into unity with a single glance of the eye. As soon as the momentary giddiness was over, he was content to let his sight rest upon the various unconnected details with a sort

of languid and passive effort, which was half pleasure and half pain. The room was still in a state of litter, but the litter was no longer ungraceful. Wine-stains and blood-stains, and even dust-stains, had long ago disappeared. The mark of Aaron's knife in Golden Square was not fated to be so indelible as that of Rizzio's butchers in Holyrood. Everything made up a picture of still-life that would have driven a tidy housewife wild, but would have done a painter's heart good to look upon, for the sake of its brilliant contrasts and brilliant colors. All the furniture had indeed the unpicturesque fault of being brand new, from cornice to threshold; but its hues and materials were dashed in with a sublime contempt for the conventional proprieties of house decoration in all their forms. The lady of the bower, whoever she might be, had no more scruple about offending against all recognized laws of color, as they are understood by civilized people, than Nature herself has in painting sunsets and humming-birds. There were no half hues and tints that are ashamed of being downright colors; everything was uncompromisingly red, green, white, yellow, or blue. It was all as if a child or a savage had been given *carte blanche* at an extravagant upholsterer's. A sort of barbaric but healthy vigor had taken the place of taste; and the result, although bizarre, had accordingly a harmony of its own. Everything that could be bright was brilliant; everything that might be of gold was gilded so as to look like gold: even the tablecloths were of amber velvet, and the screens of peacocks' feathers. A thick Turkey carpet, of gorgeous pattern, was the plainest piece of furniture in the room, which moreover was remarkable for being crowded with wholly unnecessary things. Thus there were at least six clocks, all going, and all going wrong: there was Venetian glass enough to stock a shop with: inkstands without pens or ink; work-baskets without work; a dozen writing-desks; half a dozen mirrors; and any number of vases, many of them heaped up with mountains of fresh and faded bouquets, not ranged with any symmetry, but apparently allowed to walk about and use the tables and chairs according to their own whim or pleasure. The general arrangement of all the wilderness of toys was equally singular. The largest table was thrust into a corner, as if of no use but to serve as the couch of a large white cat, while its proper place was occupied by a grand piano, rising out of a billowy sea of ragged music that threatened to overwhelm it in time. There were no books and no pictures: under one of the wide-open windows was heaped up a pile of sofa cushions; in the other, a gay-colored foreign bird was pluming himself and chattering to the sparrows of the square, and a musical-

box was amusing the white cat with "*Du, Du liegst mir im Herzen.*"

It was odd to hear the poor little German waltz tune playing all alone to a white cat in the sunshine: but even that seemed to be somehow in keeping. Lord Lisburn let himself sink into a chair, and allowed himself to feel as though at least one foot of his had strayed into fairy-land. The scent of the innumerable bouquets began to steal into his blood, and to intoxicate his enfeebled nerves, so that he even began to forget that he badly needed bodily food. He was being surfeited with a feast such as people eat in dreams. Golden Square is never noisy, so that though the windows were open, none of the coarser sounds of London made their way in: the air carried with it no more than the faintest humming from the surrounding hive of human bees and drones. Presently Lord Lisburn's eyes began to see through the lids instead of between them: the smell of the flowers began to sound like a distant chorus of waves and voices, and the waltz tune to turn into a faint perfume. I am not sure that he did not fancy himself on board the *Esmeralda*, bound with a cargo of cats and peacocks for the North Pole. In a word, he began to doze, and finally went off into the calmest, healthiest, and most dreamless sleep that he had known since he was a child.

When he woke, it was with a start: He seemed to have dropped down from far-off skies, and come with force to the ground. He felt more weak than in the morning, and yet curiously refreshed. His eyes opened without an effort, and the first thing they noticed was trivial enough—the cat was gone. Possibly, however, it had but changed its shape; for the second thing that his eyes noticed was the presence of a companion in this nook of dreamland. It was a woman, of course; but that was all he could tell, for though she was dressed for indoors, her face was closely covered by a black lace veil. The musical-box was still playing the same tune over and over again, and as his sleep had been dreamless it seemed to him that the transformation of the white cat had been accomplished in about the space of a demi-semi-quaver.

His first impulse was to start to his feet; and he followed it as suddenly as his weakness allowed. She noticed the movement, and turned, but neither rose nor raised her veil.

Lord Lisburn had far too modest an opinion of himself to be shy, but on this occasion he certainly felt his tongue tied—partly, perhaps, from not having used it so long. But if there is one thing on which he piqued himself, it was upon being at home in all manner of strange adventures, and as this was about the strangest in which he had ever found himself, he felt that his rôle in life obliged him to be more than ever master of the situation.

"I am sure I beg your pardon with all my heart, Mademoiselle," he began, for the sake of saying something. "The fact is, I can scarcely tell you exactly how I came here: I am sure I don't know for certain where I am. Is it really true that I have been your guest for I don't know how long, without knowing it? I only wish I could think of some way to tell you how awfully ashamed I am of myself. Surely this is not the room where that row happened after supper? You must really forgive me, for to tell you the truth, I am not sure whether I'm on my head or my heels."

The girl sat still for a moment, and then, with a sort of running leap, threw herself down on her knees before him, and kissed his hand through her veil.

"There," she said, as she stood up again and drew herself back as if to have a good look at him: "now I'm better. So you were not to die after all."

"Not this time, thank God. And I must thank you too. How in the world can I thank you?"

"Thank me? Why?"

"How can you ask why? Haven't I been turning the whole place into a hospital, and made myself a nuisance to you for weeks? My only excuse is that I made sure they'd taken me back to the hotel. My whole mind seems like a blank. Have you really been taking care of me all this while?"

"Not at all I haven't. I wanted to badly, but first they wouldn't let me, and then"—

His face fell a little; he would have liked to think that he had been nursed like a wounded knight-errant by the lady in whose cause he had done battle.

"Well," he said, "you have been hostess all the same. But who were 'they'? I don't seem to remember anybody. Was it Vaughan?"

She shrugged her shoulders almost up to her ears. "No—not he," she answered. "I think I frightened him off."

"Who was it then? I don't suppose that old woman came out of charity."

"I'm sure I don't know what they were. There was the doctor they called Sir Godfrey, and my Lady Penrose was sending after you every day with broth and jellies; you couldn't eat them, but they were very good; the nurse didn't like them, so she used to give them to me."

"By Jove," he thought to himself, "I fancied a romance, and the heroine of it was only eating up broth and jellies. The little glutton! And how coolly she owns it, too. I shall begin to think she is the cat in good earnest. But has the cat had no time to change her face as well as her shape, that she keeps her veil down? And Vaughan—what can have happened to him?—I'm sure you were quite

welcome, Mademoiselle. So Lady Penrose has been doing the maternal, as usual; anybody else?"

"I don't know—I never used to see them, and nobody was let in to you."

"Then Vaughan may have called after all. But do you know that you could really do something for me—better than all the nursing in the world?"

"What is it? I should be so glad. It was so bad for me that I couldn't do anything."

"I'm afraid you'll think it abominably commonplace."

"Commonplace? What's that?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, it means something that certainly has very little to do with you."

"What is it, then? What do you want me to do?"

"Just to get me a crust of bread and cheese. I'm simply famished—and if you could ask for a glass of beer besides"—

"In a moment. But I'll give you something better than bread and cheese." And she ran at once to one of her sideboards.

"Not chicken-broth or jelly, I hope?"

"No—some real chicken. I always eat poultry, though somehow it isn't half as nice as when I used to catch them."

"Mademoiselle seems to be a *gour-mette*," he thought, not noticing her last piece of autobiography. "All the better, under present circumstances."

"And what will you drink? I'm afraid I haven't any brandy; but if you can manage with Moselle"—

"Manage with it? Why, do you think I'm an ogre, to offer me brandy at this time of day?"

"I thought men always liked brandy best. There—there's the fowl, and there's the Moselle." She placed the food, without a cloth, on an impracticable sort of work-table, pulled a knife out of a card-rack and a fork from a porcelain jar.

"I'm sure you will let me thank you now—if you did not visit the sick, you are certainly feeding the hungry. Shall I give you some wine?"

"No; I never drink anything but water, and sometimes coffee."

"Well, she doesn't drink—that's a relief," he thought to himself, as he threw himself upon the fowl. But his satisfaction with her behavior was of short duration. She took a good-sized cigarette out of an empty bird-cage, lighted it, and puffed it quietly as she looked at him. But although she thus allowed him to see her lips and chin, the veil still covered her eyes.

"I have surely strayed into the 'Arabian Nights,'" thought the imitator of Sinbad. "I can see the lady is not hare-lipped, and that is all. Does she intend that veil to serve as a challenge, or only to mystify me?"

I'm sure she can't want to hide her eyes; and if that is so, I suppose she is only waiting to be asked to show them."

He had barely tasted the wine, but the few mouthfuls of chicken that he had been able to swallow had got into his head, as often happens to too eager convalescents. As he seemed in for an adventure, he might as well make the most of it.

"That cigarette of yours looks very nice," he said. "Do you make them yourself? I think I'll join you. No; I won't have any more wine. And now," he added, after a few moments of returning sleepiness, "I'm going to ask you to do me another favor."

"As much as you like."

"Will you let me see if my hostess is really Mademoiselle Leczinska, or some fairy princess?"

"You mean take off my veil?"

"Please—unless you are a nun, which I'm sure you're not, or a Turkish lady, which I don't think you are."

"No; I can't do that."

"What—not grant me so easy a favor? Do you never let your face be seen? Is not that rather cruel?"

"There are things that ought to be seen, and things that ought not to be seen. My eyes are things that ought not to be seen."

"Why, what a mysterious person you are, Mademoiselle! Are you afraid of burning me up with a flash of lightning? I am quite strong enough to see a woman's face, I assure you."

"No—you have seen them once too often. You shan't see them again. There—that's enough of that."

"What—never? Why, the once that I saw them wasn't half enough. Come, just for one moment."

"Not for one."

"But"—

"Do you want to make me angry?"

"Yes, if that will make you un-veil. No, I don't mean that," he added, noticing real impatience in her tone. "But if you have any reason for hiding your eyes except that they are too beautiful"—

"They are hateful."

"Is that why?"

"I won't take off my veil—that's why."

"But do you never let people see your eyes—not even on the stage?"

"Never mind what I do on the stage. People must take their chance then, and I must take mine."

"Then it is only from me that you wish to hide? Then," he added, to himself, "it is a challenge, after all. I had better pretend not to care; I dare say she'll let her mask drop fast enough then." He was just at the age when men think that they understand all the tricks of women, and that they are able to play at cat and mouse with them.

"Well then," he said with the air of a man who did not care three straws

about the matter, "I suppose I must console myself with thinking myself in company with a kind-hearted Basilisk. Anyway you are first-cousin to the Sphinx: and I'm no hand at guessing riddles: I give it up."

"I'm glad of that—you don't know how unhappy you made me, talking in that way."

"Let's talk of something else: though if you use your voice, I don't exactly see what is gained by your shutting your eyes. Tell me first about that fellow Aaron. Has he been caught?"

"Not he!"

"Haven't the police been after him?"

"Oh, yes—they're after him. But that's another thing I don't want to talk about. I've done with Aaron."

"So have I, I hope. By the way, we were talking about Vaughan—I've sent for him. You and he have not been quarrelling, have you?"

"Quarrelling? No. But—but—"

"But what? Don't you like him? I'm sorry for that, for he's the best fellow in the world."

"I know that. But—don't let us talk about Dr. Vaughan." Her cigarette was out, and she tossed it away sharply, without looking to see where it fell.

"I wonder what she will talk about! Hang it, I must get her to say something. Well, I'll make another try before I'm reduced to the weather. Are you still singing at the Oberon?"

"Every night."

"And still in 'Sylvia's Bracelet'? That's splendid: I shall come and hear you again. And all these bouquets—I suppose they are your scalps—I mean your trophies?"

She looked round her room proudly. "Yes, I keep them all, as you see. There's just a hundred and forty-four. What comes next to a hundred and forty-four? I am learning to count from flowers. When I sit here among them all I feel that I am somebody: they all grow out of my singing."

"You don't throw them away, even when they fade?"

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

CHAPTER III. THE ROADSIDE INN.

THE blacksmith had ordered another jug of beer to moisten gossip, and had sat down to supper with John Giles, to talk about the stranger and his horse.

"I have heered," said the blacksmith, reverentially, "that such big blood 'osses as that there yonder do cost a'osses a fortin."

"Depends on what 'ee call a fortin," remarked John Giles, who had a dusty recollection that some one had told

him his brewers were worth a hundred thousand pounds. "A yoss can't cost a fortin, Harry."

"He do," replied Mr. Jinks, firmly; "my brother noo a mon as lived down away somewheres in Leicestershire, and as told 'un as how Sir Francis Burdett paid a matter o' seven hundred pound for a yoss they called 'Samson': he worn't such a strapper as this one, by all accaents," and the blacksmith hit the table with a thump. Every one talked of Sir Francis Burdett in those days, and his name was a household word from one end of England to the other.

"Why, that there 'oss's shoes an' his saddle an' bridle cost as much as I earns in six months," continued the blacksmith after a pause.

"You earns a good bit in six months," returned the landlord, unable to grasp a fact so unfamiliar to his experience. "A bit of iron an' a scrap of pigskin can't be wuth much."

"Them there shoes be made of gunbarr's, they be; an' the saddles come all the way from Ingy," said the blacksmith, who was unwilling to relinquish a marvel when he had got fairly hold of it, and liked to make it as wonderful as possible, just as he made a shapely shoe with his hammer and tongs.

Madge sat in a corner of the inn kitchen drinking in these words, and the blacksmith, becoming conscious, by the magnetic influence of sympathy, that he had a willing listener somewhere in the neighborhood, would have held forth much longer; but a steady series of snores, which began about this time to issue from the landlord, put him out in his narrative. The candle flared low in its socket at the same time, and warned him it was growing late; so he said "Good night," and went home to bed. John Giles, being then awakened by the sudden silence, got up, rubbed his eyes drowsily, and having muttered something about nine o'clock, toddled off to rest also.

The girl sat some time longer by the kitchen fire, thinking of she knew not what, but thinking very deeply. It was years afterwards that she became conscious of the thoughts which had passed through her mind as she sat that night with her neglected needlework in her lap, her eyes fixed on the pictures which grew out of the living coals, and which perhaps first aroused her torpid fancy. She must have been sitting there more than an hour when Tom Brown, with a lantern in his hand, thrust himself half through the doorway, and breathed hard. But the girl, apparently unaware of his presence, did not move, so absorbed was she in her waking dream. What had come over her since the morning? She seemed far away from him; there was something strange and distant in her manner, like that of one who belonged to another order of creation; and the honest fellow became conscious

of an inferiority he had never felt before. Still there was an infinite tenderness on his face which refined his coarse features, and gave an untaught grace to his movements, as he cautiously approached her, unwilling to intrude so mean a thing as himself upon her thoughts; but presently he spoke, and though what he said was very homely, his voice sounded kindly and firm, as that of a protector who would shield her from harm with his life, if needs were.

"I be fur to carry summut writ on peeaper into toun yonder," said Tom.

"Be ye?" answered Madge, impassively, and still looking at the fire.

"It be fur him as be up-stairs," continued Tom, jerking in that direction with his thumb; "an' it be matter o' a duzen mile on end. I sharn't be back afore marnin'."

"It bain't no odds," said the girl, still motionless and absent-minded.

"Ye bain't afeered, be ye, Madge?" inquired Tom, putting down his lantern. "If ye be, I wun't go. On'y say the word, I wun't go."

"What shud oi be feered on?" answered the girl, angry at being disturbed in her reverie.

"Nought as I knows on," replied Tom, scratching his head, as though unconvinced by his own reasoning; and he passed into the darkness outside. The sound of his clumsy steps, as he plashed through the storm, were heard for a few minutes, and then all was still, save the monotonous ticking of the Dutch clock on the kitchen wall, the chirp of the cricket on the hearth, and the hum of silence in the air.

Madge then remembered that she had not cleared away the stranger's dinner, and went to do so. She found him fast asleep in a large arm-chair, which had not been filled since her foster-mother's death. The dying embers smouldered in the grate, and the candles gave a fitful light as they burnt down in their sockets. She did not like to wake the sleeper, and stood for some time irresolute whether to stay or go away. The splendid appointments of a gentleman of fashion, belonging to a generation somewhat more magnificent than that which has succeeded it, were scattered carelessly about the room. The massive handle of his hunting-whip shone like pure gold, and the lash, which trailed along the oaken floor, was as white as a streak of snow. He had cut off the feet of his hunting-boots to make slippers, and thrown the tops aside. There they lay in the coal-scuttle, with their glittering silver spurs tossed all awry beside them. A gold watch, richly chased with a coronet and cipher in brilliants, and a massive chain, was on the mantel-piece, and it seemed to Madge as if these brilliants were drops of water. She tried noiselessly to wipe them off, and found that they were hard. Then she remembered that she had heard of diamonds, which were said to be of inestimable value, and

she looked at them with a girl's curiosity, turning them in the light and marvelling at their flashes. She was very near to him now, but he did not wake. One of his feet rested on the fender; the other was flung over an arm of the chair, and its slipper had dropped off. She had never seen such small feet, and she noticed, with a woman's eye for finery, that the stockings on them were of white silk. Still he slept on, and she grew bolder. She went to the table to see what he had eaten, and found to her astonishment that the fried bacon was left untouched, and that he must have managed his eels with a fork, for the knives were all quite clean. Then she looked again to see if he were yet awake, but he slept on, and she became fascinated as she looked. He was very stately and handsome, with his scarlet coat and pearl-gray waistcoat, and the blue silk neckerchief half untied about his neck. His long hair, black as a raven's wing, and worn in love-locks according to the fashion of the day, fell over a forehead white as ivory, and the rings on one of his hands, which drooped negligently beside him, glanced and sparkled like living things. The girl was spell-bound, and she could hear the beating of her own heart as she stood there, afraid to stay, afraid to go away, and by and by afraid to move.

If any observer, impressed with the theory of race, had been at the "Chequers" inn that night, he would have been struck by a certain resemblance which might be traced between this village girl and the young huntsman. He was dark, and she was fair; but there was a likeness in their features: the same short upper lip and almond-shaped purple eye; the same full, well-cut mouth and strong cheek, with a peculiar dimple on the chin, which was rather soft and weak in its outline. They had even the same tones in their voices, and the same tricks of movement. They had both the same small, haughty head, which they threw back at times in the same way; the same shapely hands and feet, the same nervous limbs. The finer generations of animals resemble each other in this way; why should not the finer generations of men and women? For, after all, their resemblance was only that which a noble work of art, brought to the highest pitch of perfection, may bear to another work of art equally finished; and yet this young man and woman, who would have seemed to a sculptor as ideal types of a splendidly matched pair, were a peer of England and a poor peasant maid.

At length the sleeper stirred uneasily in his chair, as though some careless dream had disturbed him, and he woke abruptly.

"What, Madge, my girl!" said he, passing one of his jewelled hands over those bright eyes of his. "Why, what's o'clock? I am afraid I have kept you out of bed to an unconscion-

able hour. By Jove! I declare it is nearly midnight. Bring me a candle, my dear."

She did not understand what he said to her. Her only idea was to escape, and she hurried away trembling. But he followed her, and caught her by the hand. "Madge, Madge!" he said. "You little bolter, what is the matter?" And, for the first time, the stranger eyed Madge with some of that complacency which Grand Turks are accustomed to bestow on maidens whom they delight to honor, and which was imitated pretty successfully in their dealings with country chambermaids by the young nobles of forty years ago.

She turned her eyes away from him at last, and felt ready to cry. He released her, and she felt vexed and ashamed of herself.

"Fetch me another candle, my dear," he said coolly, "and show me my bedroom. I must be up and away early."

She had never thought of that. She would have run a mile in the rain barefooted rather than return to him, yet she thought of his going away with a sharp pang at the heart.

The stranger observed this, for indeed he had a sharp eye in all that concerned the weaknesses of the adverse sex towards himself. He smiled, not unflattered that he should have brought down an inn-maid at a glance, neither more nor less than a titled lady at Almack's. Then he drew her near to him composedly, glided his arm round her waist, and said: "What a pretty girl you are, Madge! you must make the fortune of such a place as this. I give you my honor if I were a bumpkin I should be tipling stout down-stairs all day so as to have it drawn by you." He laughed with a gallantry which would have transported a countess, lifted her chin with his forefinger, and pressed a light kiss on her cheek. She quivered from head to foot, disengaged herself from his embrace with a stifled cry, and fled.

CHAPTER IV. DREAMS.

POOR girl! one of the many who have thought they could take care of themselves! What had she done that a whirlwind should sweep over her young life in this fashion? But for the matter of that, what has the wild rosebud done, which has asked of God nothing but a little dew and a ray of sunlight, and which the first gale blows torn and soiled into the clay? Madge had that rough knowledge of right and wrong which may lurk inborn in those who have been never preached to and never taught. She would have defended herself against the rude courtship of ploughboys or the ambiguous jests of tippy peddlers; but where was the training that could have steeled her against a being who was as unlike the other men she had ever seen as

day is opposite to night—a being who had paralyzed her faculties as lightning might do, blinding all her perceptions of good and evil, and leaving her no power of reflection or resistance? His voice was softer and sweeter than any woman's she had heard; his eyes were a magic in themselves; the practical arts of a wooer were so familiar to him that he could fill a poor girl's head with fancies as intoxicating as new-pressed wine. In struggles like these the conditions of the contest are not even. When Education is pitted against Ignorance, Craft against Simplicity, Strength against Weakness, Heaven alone can help the fallen.

That night, when everybody else in the house slept, Madge crouched in the darkness near the empty grate of the kitchen. The wind moaned weirdly outside as if in pain; the windows creaked in their leaden frames and the falling of the rain continued, ceaseless, monotonous, and hard. But Madge was absent from all present sights and sounds, and fell into a kind of trance, which was neither sleep nor waking. Why was it that for the first time in her life she now thought of her mother, and tried to recall an image she had never seen from out of the shadows that thickened round her? In the churchyard there were tombs and over the tombs grew flowers, and when the spring breezes gently stirred the waving trees, white blossoms fell in handfuls over the grassy mounds, whilst birds sang above as if nothing but joy and peace could inhabit the garden which old men called God's acre. And the parson said these graves were simply resting-places—soft beds where the weary lay in quiet till Christ came and led them by the hand to a kingdom where there was no labor and no sorrow. She wondered whether her mother was an angel and talked about her with the other angels, all in pure robes and crowned with gold? If she could only see her mother once—for a single instant—she who had never known a mother, she could whisper to her—something! For God would believe her mother. If He was angry with her now, He would know that angels can only speak the truth, and for her mother's sake He would take from her heart the load He had just put there, and which was crushing her—He alone knew how cruelly! Disjointed fragments of prayers came back to her recollection, prayers of which she had never before comprehended the meaning: "Our Father." "O God, our Heavenly Father." . . . God was something more than God then, and the punisher of sinners; He was Father! She staggered to her feet, stretched her hands in front of her and wailed: "Mawther, mawther! tell Him it was none my fault! He knows it wasn't"—then fell forward on her knees with her face against the ground and sobbed pitiably. . . .

Hours passed, and she had crept again near the fender, with her limbs numbed, her body trembling, and her fevered head resting on her curved arm. But the mists had somehow cleared. A soft music of bells rippled through summer air; there was a fragrance of roses; the bells sounded nearer; and birds soared chirping towards a sky so blue, bright, and warm! The church was before her; its doors stood open, and crowds were hurrying in, but they were not men and women. The graves seemed to have given up their sleepers, and spotless troops of angels, with the smiles of children, beckoned her to follow them to an altar shining with lights more than could be numbered. Then hymns uprose, first murmured, then slowly and sweetly swelling till they filled the church. Then other angels appeared with branches and lilies, which they strewed upon her path; and an unseen hand took hers and drew her to the altar where she had seen brides led, and where now awaited her, with a beam of welcome, the man who had fired her poor desolate soul with the passion of love. . . . She would have flung herself in his arms, but something restrained her, and they knelt together—she pledging herself to be faithful and obedient to him; he vowing to love, honor, and guard her all his days. And the while the bells chimed merrily, the organ pealed its holiest notes; and she, looking at herself, saw that she was arrayed in white like the others, for God had clothed her in his garb of innocence. . . .

How long she lay in that unconscious state, which is part death, part life, she could never guess; but during weeks and months afterwards she continued to start in her sleep, mingling the visions of this one fateful night with the indistinctly remembered reality. When she recovered her senses the darkness had faded. Two oblique rays of light were falling through the openings in the shutters; the wind had lulled, and the rain outside had ceased. A large cat, which had been prowling about in search of mice, started at her first movement and rushed away with a clatter over the coals in a corner, causing her to sit up on the ground terrified, and to utter a scream. But nobody heard her; and she pressed her hands to her aching forehead, to recollect where she was, and why she had come there. All she evoked was a dull throbbing at the temples; and she found her limbs cramped and racked with pain. Mechanically she rolled up a tress of her hair which had fallen loose over her shoulders, and incoherently repeated to herself snatches of the things she had dreamed, trying to sift them from the facts which had really happened. The effort was too much for her infant brain, unaccustomed to reason save on things actual and visible, and too weak to reflect much even on them. A stupefied and bewildered expression

settled on her face; and there she remained, sitting and hearkening tremulously to every sound, till she heard the first wagoner on the road draw up his team and shout for breakfast. It must have been nearly six o'clock in the morning then, for, upon the extreme edge of the horizon, towards the river, the autumn dawn broke dim and gray; and the wagoner complimented her for being afoot and about so early.

CHAPTER V. MR. SHARPE.

It may have been some two hours after this, that is, about eight o'clock, when there was a great commotion in the village. It was caused by the arrival of a four-horse coach, on which were seated five people; and such a coach and such people had seldom been seen in those parts before. It was a glittering painted thing with a dark blue body, almost black, and red wheels. It was drawn by three thorough-bred chestnuts and a gray. The gray went a little tender on his off fore foot, but made a smart appearance nevertheless. The horses had rosettes and streamers at their ears, and their harness jingled grandly as they tossed their heads and snorted along the road, lifting their knees up to their noses. They were driven by a shrewd-looking man, of some five-and-thirty years old, very clean built, and tight about the legs. He might have been a feather-weight when he was young, and now weighed at most eight stone. He was dressed in black from top to toe, save for a white neckerchief very neatly folded, confined by a horseshoe gold pin, and a scarlet under-waistcoat.

On the hind seat were two grooms, like the servants out of livery belonging to a great establishment. They wore short black coats, white cravats, buckskin breeches, and top-boots. They had cockades in their hats, which then really betokened that their master was an officer of the crown, and they were as neat as new pins upon a fair-day. The third person was an impudent lad, dressed in a drab jacket and overalls, with a Scotch cap on his head. He had a complete suit of horse clothing beside him, marked with a duke's coronet and the cipher "C. & R." He sat on the seat behind the driver, and amused himself by squinting and making faces.

Beside the driver on the box was a fat, oily man, who used a great deal of pomatum, and whose garments of many colors sat stiffly upon him, as though they had come straight from the tailor's. The small tips of his large jean boots were varnished, his white hat was glossy. He was varnished and glossy all over. His gloves were white and tight, his outside coat was white and loose, his inner coat was blue, with gilt buttons. There were two monstrous pins in his long flowered satin cravat, and chains of gold, fresh burnished, dangled all

about him. He held a cane, with an agate knob surrounded by garnets, in his great-coat pocket.

The coachman, who handled his cattle very neatly, brought them cleverly up before the inn door, and one of the grooms behind, swinging briskly down from his seat as they stopped, ran a few steps, touched his hat from habit, for there was no one near, and called out sharply, "Is the dook?"—

"All right, Bill," said the stud groom on the box, for that was the rank he held in a nobleman's household. "His Grace is here. There's the big bay hoss shaking himself among the ducks an' geese. Hi! girl, bring us some rum and milk. The wench looks like a ghost."

This last observation was addressed to Madge, who stared at the glittering equipage with feelings only known to herself.

The fat man in the white coat now descended nervously from the box, making his foothold ludicrously secure at every step, puffed himself out, put the knob of his cane in his mouth thoughtfully, and strutted into the inn parlor. Then he strutted out again, having found nothing.

"Where's the duke?"—he had just begun to say with some importance, when the stud groom glanced quietly down from the box at him, and observed in an under-tone, "There's his Grace looking out at yer from the winder, Mr. Sharpe."

The fat man seemed to grow smaller when he heard this, and his smug features put on an air of precipitate humility. He took off his shiny hat with a cringing air and bowed to the ground, while the young huntsman of the day before called to him in tones of astonishment and displeasure, not unmixed with anxiety, "Hullo, Sharpe, I thought you were at Doncaster. I told you to go yesterday."

"Game's up, your Grace. Tipster's lot had cut the grass under my feet."

"The devil they had! They must have used a scythe then, and I lose thirty thou' again with you confounded bookmakers. William, send up Lafleur with my clothes, and keep the team moving. I shall be down in an hour."

"All right, your Grace," answered the man on the box, touching his hat. "Mr. Sharpe, wake up Mussheer Leflore inside, will you, and tell the Frenchman to be off with the dook's traps, or we shall have something at our 'eds from that there winder in a jiffy."

Mr. Sharpe, thus adjured, went hastily to the coach window, and bawled "Moussoo Lefloor" till the startled valet roused himself and presently emerged with a carpet-bag, a dressing-case, and an India-rubber folding bath, with which he went upstairs. He was a very dignified gentleman, and looked like a minister of state, got up for an "at home."

"I say, Mr. Sharpe," now remarked

the stud groom in a low voice, flicking something off the near leader's ears with his whip, "we've bin and gone and hit the dook precious hard this time at Doncaster."

"A still tongue makes a wise head, William," said the fat man, lighting a fat cigar.

"What do I clear by the flume, Mr. Sharpe?" asked the stud groom, ruminating. "I've been a-thinkin' a good deal about that there public down at Epsom, since you put me up to it, and promised as how you would winter yer runnin' 'osses there."

"Never mind about the public just yet. That'll keep, that will, William. You've got a good place, haven't you? Well, then, slow and sure, that's yer motter."

"I don't complain, Mr. Sharpe; though the dook don't pay up as he might do, drat him! The young beggar owes me a year an' a 'alf's wages, an' there ain't no signs of his munney, as I sees. If it warn't for the corn-chandler and the saddler I should not have been able to put the pot on at the Derby this year, nohow. The coach-builder do say, says he, he won't give neither me nor Sam a rap till he gets his own brads."

"He be blowed," said Mr. Sharpe. "Go to my man, Riquetti, in Long Acre. He knows it's all right till I tell him it ain't. The young 'un must have some more wheels when he goes to town, and you can tell him Growler's things don't run light enough. He's sure to bite at that. None of them chaps can hold their nags together if they had a four-wheel furniture van behind 'em, but they're allis agog for light traps."

"I don't say no, Mr. Sharpe, and the dodge isn't so hard to try, is it? His Grace b'leaves anythink a'most as I tells him. It ain't very difficult to 'umbug him. But the gray mare she won't quite do, she won't."

"Why not?" sneered Mr. Sharpe. "You got your commission from Coper, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, Mr. Sharpe, and in coorse many thanks to you for that an' all favers. Only Lord George he was a-talking to the dook about her last Wednesday was a week; and a nod is as good as a wink. No offence, I hope, Mr. Sharpe?"

"Oh, dear, no, William. But what did Lord George say to his Grace about the gray?"

"His lordship said she warn't much good, onless for cat's-meat—that he did, Mr. Sharpe."

"And what did his Grace answer?"

"Oh, says his Grace, says he, I knows that very well, but old knife-blade won't do a bit of stiff for nuthink; and I thought he meant you, so I tells you on it, Mr. Sharpe. You got me my place, and I ham in dooty bound so far to do."

"Put stockings under her shoes,

William," answered Mr. Sharpe. "She'll go even enough till the dook wants another, and then, why, you'll always find Coper ready with a five-pound note a leg. That'll do, won't it?"

"That'll do, Mr. Sharpe: but yer see the mare jibs; and when they goes a bit okkerd, the dook gets hold of the whip, and my eye! how he do pay it into 'em, and hollers, he do, enuff to scare a flock o' sheep. We shall capsize all on us some day, and I might just fall a bit heavy, you knows, Mr. Sharpe."

"Take off her bearing-rein, William, and put the other up to the check. Keep the whip away from his Grace at startin', and take care the boys give her her head."

The conversation went on in this strain for some time, while the drag was moving slowly up and down before the roadside inn, till the huntsman's bedroom window was thrown open again, and M. Lafleur, in broken English, ordered one of the grooms, who were lounging against the sign-post, to call the coach, as his Grace was coming down.

During these proceedings Madge Giles had gone about the house like one stupefied by a narcotic. She could not realize anything that had happened within the last twelve hours, and did not know whether she was waking or sleeping. Mr. Sharpe had tried, with coarse familiarity, to joke with her, but she took no notice of him, and did not seem even to hear what he said.

Poor Madge did not drop, though her knees were weak and her eyes haggard. It is only the rich who can give way to their feelings in the privacy of a comfortable apartment, where cambric handkerchiefs are kept ready for tears, and a down pillow for an aching head. She had to light the kitchen fire and get breakfast ready, to sweep the house and feed the fowls; and she went about these duties, though her lip quivered with suppressed anguish and her heart felt heavy enough to burst her breast.

If she could only see *him* once more, thought the unhappy girl, she might bear her burthen better; but of that there seemed small chance. Directly the French valet had entered his room she was cut off from him as completely as if they were miles apart. One or other of the top-booted grooms was always running up and down the staircase, now with pails of cold water for the bath, now with jugs of hot water, now with boots and brushes; and all these things had to be taken down again and repacked in the coach, so that perpetual motion was going on at the roadside inn.

Towards nine o'clock, however, the bedroom door was dashed open with a bang, and a quick elastic step cleared the stairs two at once. It must be he who had stolen away her very self. She raised her hot, red eyelids, which

had been cast down before, and looked timidly out from the kitchen door. He was talking to Mr. Sharpe, with his back turned towards her, and she hardly knew him at first, he was so changed. He wore a dark-blue frock-coat, closely buttoned, a high napless white hat, and trousers of yellow cord. She had seen the uniform of the Cloudesdale hunt before, but she had never seen such a dress as this. She feared he had gone away as mysteriously as he came, till he turned round and smiled at her; and then she looked at him with one glance of mute appeal that was almost terrible in its pathos. Her face was of an ashen white, her mouth was parted, and the under lip drooped with so strange a likeness to his own, that Mr. Sharpe again noticed it, and turning away relieved his feelings by a prolonged whistle.

But the wild, mournful look of the girl, so fearful in its silent misery, fell unheeded on the callous noble. He patted her in a merry mood upon the cheek, and said gayly, "Madge, my pretty maid of the inn, pick me a flower for my button-hole as a keepsake."

There were some honeysuckles and late monthly roses in the inn garden, a legacy from the wealth of departed summer. She picked a rosebud for him and held it out with a hand parched by fever. He had already taken the reins when she brought it, and as he tried to put it in his breast, the leaders moved impatiently, and the rosebud fell broken to the ground. He had given her something as he took the flower from her. She did not know what it was. The next moment he was on the box.

"Let them go, boys," he shouted, and the grooms jumped away from the horses' heads. The gray mare backed and kicked viciously at the splinter-bar.

"Give her her head, your Grace," said Mr. William, the stud groom, quickly, and Mr. Sharpe clutched nervously at the rail of his seat.

"Where's the whip, William," asked the duke, losing his temper.

"It's slipped down behind your Grace," said Mr. William, who had purposely dropped it. "Tom, look alive, and fetch his Grace's whip, can't you?" One of the boys, who had just climbed up behind, winked to the other, thrust his tongue in his cheek, and threw himself down. Mr. William pretended he could not reach the whip, when the boy held it towards him, and swore some quaint stable oaths, which put the duke in a good humor. Just then, too, the leaders started off with a rush, and went over the hills and far away at a hand-gallop.

Madge gazed wistfully after the drag as it disappeared, and then, going up to her own room, she locked herself in, and cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry.

(To be continued.)

GREENWICH TIME.

NEVER had science a more pleasant retreat than Greenwich Observatory appears to be, this bright summer morning.

For all its pleasant aspect, however, the idea of exploring it is decidedly a formidable one. At the very entrance gates, one feels suddenly convicted of the most abject ignorance. Here are mysterious metal pins fixed on the wall for the determination of British measurements, and the question at once arises, What have these to do with astronomy? Then there is a great clock-dial on which the hours are reckoned from one to twenty-four, and which is popularly believed to be kept going by the sun.

Determined to clear the way as he goes on, the visitor makes these outer difficulties the subjects of his first inquiries on gaining admittance, and he discovers to his amazement that the very length of his trousers, and the cut of his coat, and the height of his hat have all been determined by measurements based upon the motions of the heavenly bodies.

A tailor's yard measure, it appears, bears a certain proportion to the length of a pendulum which, under specified conditions, beats accurate seconds of time, and seconds of time are determined by astronomical observation. If the tailor wishes to verify his measure, he has only to bring it to the Observatory gate, where he will find a standard absolutely accurate. As to the clock, it is an astronomer's clock, and astronomers know nothing of A. M.'s and P. M.'s; their calculations are sufficiently complicated without them. The notion that it is kept going by the sun is, it need hardly be said, a mere delusion.

On passing the outer portal of the Observatory, the visitor finds himself in an open courtyard, with an irregular pile of buildings on his left hand. Entering a low doorway in one of these, he is at once interested to discover that he is really at what may be considered the fountain-head of all our computations of time. The chief business of Greenwich, as all the world knows, is to tell us the time of day, and in this small and somewhat mean-looking apartment is the great telescope by which observations for this purpose are effected.

This instrument — the transit circle as it is technically called — is twelve feet in length, and its largest glass is eight inches in diameter. It is suspended by the middle between two massive stone buttresses in such a manner as to permit of its sweeping the sky in a straight line overhead, though it cannot be veered round to the right or left.

We have arrived, let us suppose, a little before noon; the sun is about to cross the meridian, and an observation is to be made. Shutters in the roof are thrown open, the great telescope is swung up and fixed in position, and an observer seats himself at the lower end of it. While we are waiting for the great luminary, let us take a peep through the instrument. All that can be seen is a number of vertical lines — technically called wires, though they are in reality so many pieces of cobweb — stretched across the field of observation at irregular distances. The centre one is the celebrated meridian of Greenwich, or at all events it represents it, and it is curious to reflect that from this centre line ships of all civilized nations, and in all parts of the known world, are reckoning their distances; that this little piece of cobweb is, practically, all that divides the world into eastern and western hemispheres.

While we are peering along the telescope, the drowsy tinkling of innumerable clocks is heard through the still summer air, and we begin to think that for once at least the sun is behind time. If not, then it seems plain that all the Greenwich clocks are wrong, a supposition which is quite at variance with all our traditional ideas of the place. On inquiry, it is gratifying to find that our faith in Greenwich timepieces is perfectly justified, and that it really is the sun that is behind time. The apparent motion of the sun, as everybody knows, is really the motion of the earth. Now the earth moves round the sun in a kind of oval pathway. When she is on either side of this oval her

motions are accelerated, and the sun will cross the meridian before he is due. Just now, however, we are at one end of the oval, and the earth moves slowly, and, as we see, the sun is behind his time. It is clear, therefore, that if the Greenwich clocks were to be regulated according to the time at which the lord of day puts in an appearance at this little cobweb, they would require constant alteration. They are, however, set to record the average time of his transit. This never varies, and twelve o'clock "Greenwich mean time" is simply the mean or average time at which throughout the year the sun crosses the meridian.

Let the observer now resume his watch at the instrument. What he has to do is to record the precise instant at which the sun's edge or "limb," as astronomers express it, passes that central "wire." In any single observation, however, he may be a little at fault, and for the sake of greater accuracy, therefore, he will note the instant at which it passes over all the "wires," and then strike an average between them.

Slowly the sun creeps up to the first line, and the observer lightly taps a little spring attached to the telescope. The second "wire" is reached, and again the spring is tapped, and so on throughout the whole of the seven or nine webs employed in the observation.

This spring is connected with a telegraphic wire extending to a "chronograph" in a distant part of the building; and in order to understand the method of recording the observation, we will now follow the telegraphic signal, or, as imagination is even swifter than the telegraph, we will imagine that we have reached the "chronograph" first, and are there ready to receive the signals.

Accordingly we find ourselves in a queer little chamber, in which the most prominent object is a very beautiful specimen of a clock whose pendulum, instead of oscillating backwards and forwards, swings round in a circle, thus producing a motion perfectly uniform and unbroken. This clock is revolving the "chronograph," which consists of a cylinder around which a sheet of white paper has been strained. While we are watching this revolving barrel, we see the observer's signals come. A little steel point, which is travelling over the surface of the paper, is in electric communication with the spring attached to the great telescope; and every time the observer taps the spring, this little travelling point pricks into the paper, thus recording that the sun has just crossed a "wire." This in itself, however, would not be a record of the time of transit if it were not that another little steel point, which is in connection with a galvanic clock in another part of the building, has previously marked the sheet of paper into spaces representing precise seconds of time. On the completion of the observation the paper may be removed from the cylinder and affords a permanent record of it.

Nothing perhaps, throughout the Observatory at Greenwich, is calculated to strike the visitor with greater astonishment than that galvanic clock to which reference has just been made. There is nothing very remarkable in its appearance, but the work it accomplishes renders it perhaps the most wonderful clock in the world, and certainly the most important one in England.

In the first place, as we have seen, it plays an important part in registering observations. Besides this it regulates several clocks within the Observatory, as well as the large one already referred to outside the gates; one at Greenwich Hospital Schools, another at the London Bridge Station of the South-Eastern Railway, another at the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and another in Lombard Street. Once every day it telegraphs correct time to the great clock tower at Westminster; it drops the signal ball over the Observatory, another near Charing Cross, and one at Deal; it fires time guns at Shields and Newcastle, and every hour throughout the day it flashes out correct time to each of the railway companies. All this is accomplished as it were by the mere volition of the clock, and without any human interference whatever. Every morning it is corrected by an actual observation of a star; and thus, without being aware of it, do we every day start

our trains, and make our appointments, and take our meals by the motions of the heavenly bodies as observed and recorded during the preceding night.

We now proceed to one of those curious little domes surmounting various parts of the Observatory. Here we find an instrument devoted entirely to the study of the moon. Observations of the moon are of immense importance to us as a nation of navigators, inasmuch as she affords the means of determining longitude at sea. Her motions however, from various causes, are of an extremely complicated nature, and it is very necessary that she shall be observed at all times, and under all circumstances. But with the transit circle, the instrument first noticed, it is plain that the moon could be observed only when she is crossing the meridian, and not always then. Some five or six-and-twenty years ago, therefore, Sir George Airy, the present Astronomer Royal, designed the "Altazimuth," and since then the importance of Greenwich as a lunar observatory has been just about doubled.

With this instrument and the transit circle the Observatory might do all that, strictly speaking, comes within its province. The whole duty of Greenwich, as defined by Herschel, is "to furnish now, and in all future time, the best and most perfect data by which the laws of the lunar and planetary movements, as developed by theory, can be compared with observation." Mensurative astronomy for practical purposes is the great business of Greenwich.

The Great Equatorial telescope was mounted about sixteen years ago, under the direction and from the plans of the present Astronomer Royal. It is the largest instrument in the Observatory, and of its kind is one of the finest in the world. Its object glass, which is thirteen inches in diameter, and has a focal distance of eighteen feet, alone cost £1,200. The most curious feature in this telescope is the clockwork arrangement by which it follows any object under examination. It is used, as already intimated, chiefly for what may be called gazing purposes—such, for instance, as the scrutiny of the marvellous eruptions on the surface of the sun, or of the mountains of the moon, and it is often necessary to continue such observations for hours together. It is plain, however, that if an observer is examining the face of the sun, the motion of the earth will gradually bear him and his telescope eastward until the great luminary is lost to view. He will steadily creep out at the western side of the field. This is obviated by the operation of a clock driven by falling water. This powerful piece of mechanism is connected with the great iron framework supporting the telescope, and just as the earth creeps round from west to east, the telescope and all that pertains to it is borne round from east to west. Thus, so far as the motion of the earth is concerned, the sun, moon, or stars as seen through the Great Equatorial will appear to be perfectly stationary.

We have now seen all the more prominent features of Greenwich Observatory, though there yet remain innumerable objects of the utmost interest—rain gauges, anemometers, hygrometers, and thermometers, placed in all kinds of positions, and under all kinds of conditions. In one room are something like a couple of hundred Government chronometers, placed here for the purpose of being regulated, while in a building apart from the Astronomical Observatory is a Magnetic Observatory, established for the purpose of ascertaining and recording the various phenomena of the magnetic currents of the earth.

A FLIGHT FROM THE INQUISITION.

ARCHIBALD BOWER, whose singular experiences of an Italian inquisition in the last century we propose to narrate, was a native of Scotland, being born there about the year 1686. When only five years old, he was sent over by his parents to an uncle in Italy. In that country his education was entirely conducted, and he became so great a proficient in learning as to be appointed, when yet very young, to various important scholastic offices. Eventually, he was

made Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the college at Macerata. Here was established an inquisition, the constitution of which may be gathered pretty accurately from Bower's own account.

The Holy Tribunal, he says, consisted of an inquisitor, who was president of it, and twelve counsellors. The latter were chosen by the inquisitor either from among the ecclesiastics or the laity, but were always men eminent for learning. They had a salary of about two hundred pounds per annum each, and an apartment in the inquisition house, where the inquisitor resided. There were in addition great privileges and much honor to the counsellors, besides a certainty of good preferment. The offences coming under their cognizance were purely those against the faith or practice of the Church, and these were generally very trifling—such as doing or saying anything disrespectful with regard to saints, images, relics, or the like. When any person was accused before the inquisitor, a council was summoned, always in the middle of the night. If any happened to be absent, their place was supplied by a notary—for all trials must be in a full court—who made known to them the crime, without naming either the informer or the criminal.

On an accused person being apprehended, he was confined seven or eight days without the least glimpse of light or any other sustenance than a little bread and water once a day. After that time was elapsed, the court was summoned for the trial. A notary attended, to write down all the accused should say, and a surgeon to feel his pulse, and tell how much torture he could be made to bear. The machines and engines for torturing being all fixed, the prisoner was brought, and without ever having been told either his offence or accuser, or having had the least liberty to expostulate, he was exhorted to confess his guilt.

Any account of the tortures and punishments inflicted would be superfluous, for they are well known. We pass on to Bower's personal narrative. While Professor of Rhetoric in the college, he was, by favor of the inquisitor, appointed to a vacant office of judge, which, looking to emoluments, was considered a good preferment. Speedily, the horrid scenes he was compelled to witness shocked his feelings. His sense of justice was outraged, and he wished himself well out of the position into which he had unfortunately fallen. For three years he was projecting his escape, and revolving in his mind every possible method of effecting it. But when he considered the formidable difficulties with which each of them was attended, and the terrible consequences if he failed in the attempt, he was held in suspense. At last an accident happened which confirmed his resolution, but at the same time gave the inquisitor an opportunity of trying him to the utmost. A person who was his intimate friend was accused to the inquisition for saying something irreverent regarding the Carthusian friars, and, by orders of the inquisitor, Bower was directed to arrest him. It was a dreadful trial of feeling, but he executed his commission. The inquisitor said the next morning, when Mr. Bower delivered the key of the prison and told him that the gentleman was there: "This is done like one that is desirous at least to conquer the weakness of nature."

After this, no one will be surprised that Bower was determined to effect his escape from an office so ill-suited to him. It was a most desperate undertaking, but the manner of it was all that now occupied his thoughts. He resolved to ask leave to go to Loretto, and for that purpose waited upon the inquisitor several times. Conscious, however, of his own design, whenever he attempted to speak, he feared the words would falter on his tongue, and his very confusion betray him, and he was some time before he preferred his request. At last one day, being in familiar converse with the inquisitor, he came out with it at once. "My Lord," said he, "it is long since I was at Loretto; will your Lordship give me leave to go there for a week?" "With all my heart," was the reply. Having all his matters in readiness, including his valuable papers (among which was the *Directory*), he ordered a horse to be at his door early the next morning. When the horse came, he

carried his portmanteau down himself, and fixed it to the saddle. He carried two loaded pistols, in case of emergency, being resolved never to be taken alive.

The plan he had laid down was to take all the by-roads into Switzerland. Four hundred miles must be traversed before he was clear of the pope's dominions; he knew the road for barely half the distance. When he had travelled about ten miles without meeting a soul, he reached a place where two roads met, one leading to Loretto, the other the way he proposed to go. "Here he stood," to quote his own words, "some minutes in the most profound perplexity. The dreadful alternative appeared now in the strongest view; and he was even tempted to quit his darling project as impracticable, and so turn to Loretto. But at last collecting all the force of his staggering resolution, he boldly pushed his horse into the contrary road, and at that instant left all his fears behind him." It was in the month of April that he set out. In the first seventeen days he did not go one hundred miles, so terrible were the ways he was obliged to take among mountains, thick woods, rocks, and precipices; generally no better path than a sheep-track, and sometimes not that. Whenever Bower met any one, which was but seldom, he pretended he had lost his way, and inquired for the high-road, to avoid suspicion. For he well knew that as soon as they missed the papers he had carried away with him, or had any other reason to suspect his flight, expresses would be despatched in every direction where it might be expected to gain tidings of him. Every possible method would be used to effect his capture. As appeared in the sequel, the expresses were actually a hundred miles in advance of him in a very short time. During these seventeen days he supported himself with a little goat's milk, got from a shepherd, besides some coarse victuals he was able to purchase from people whom he met on the road, principally wood-cutters. His horse was fed with what grass could be found, his sleeping-place being always chosen where there was most shelter for himself, and a liberal supply of grass for the poor beast. At the expiration of this time, having tasted hardly anything for the last three days of it, he was compelled to strike into the high-road, and enter the first house he came to, which happened to be a post-house, with only one small room, where gentlemen stayed till their horses were changed. He begged the landlady to give him some victuals; but looking about, he saw a paper posted up over the door, which contained the most minute description of his own person, and offered a reward of eight hundred crowns to any one bringing him alive to the inquisition, or of six hundred crowns for his head. This was terrifying enough, as there were two countrymen in the house. He tried to hide his face by rubbing it with his handkerchief and blowing his nose; and when he got into the room, by looking out of the window. But one of the fellows presently observing: "This gentleman does not care to be known," Bower thought there was nothing for it but to brave it out; so, turning to the speaker, he put his handkerchief in his pocket, and said boldly: "You rascal! what do you mean? What have I done that I need fear to be known? Look at me, you villain!" The man made no reply, but got up, nodded his head, and winking significantly to his companion, they went out together. Bower watched them from the window, but a corner obstructed his view for a few minutes. In a short time he espied them with two or three others in close conference. This foreboded no good. Not a moment was to be lost. He drew out his pistols, put one in his sleeve, and with the other cocked in his hand, marched to the stable, mounted his horse, and rode off without saying a word.

Fortunately, the men wanted either presence of mind or courage to attack him, for they certainly recognized him by the description given in the advertisement. He was now again obliged to seek refuge in the woods, where he must soon have been famished, had not fortune once more stood his friend. At night, when he was almost fainting, he met with some wood-cutters, who supplied him with excellent provisions. He wandered for some time through paths in which he rendered his horse more assistance than he received, being obliged to clear the roads and lead him.

As night advanced, he laid himself down, in a disconsolate condition, having no idea where he was or which way he should turn. When the day began to break, he found he was on a small eminence, where he discovered a town at a distance, which seemed of considerable extent, from the number of steeples and spires which could be counted. Though this was some satisfaction to him, yet it was not unaccompanied with fear, as he knew not what place it was, and he might incur much risk by going into the high-road to inquire. However, he advanced as fast as he could, and asking the first person he met, was informed that it was Lucerne, the residence of the pope's nuncio, to and from whom all the expresses concerning the fugitive must have been despatched. This road, therefore, not suiting his views, he left it the moment his informer was out of sight, and once more betook himself into the woods, where he wandered for some time longer, oppressed by hunger and cold, and perplexed with uncertainty whither he should go.

One dismal, dark, and wet night, he could neither find shelter nor ascertain where he was, nor what course he should pursue; but after some time perceiving a light a long distance off, he attempted to proceed towards it. With some difficulty he discovered a track, but so narrow and uneven, that he was forced to put one foot before the other in the most cautious manner. With much labor he reached the place from which he had seen the light: it was a miserable cottage. He knocked and called until some one looked out, and demanded who he was, and what brought him there. Bower replied that he was a stranger, and had lost his way.

"Way!" cried the man; "there is no way to lose!"

"Why, where am I?"

"In the Canton of Bern."

"In the Canton of Bern? Thank God!" exclaimed Bower, enraptured.

"How came you here?" said the man.

Bower begged that he would come down and open the door, and he would then satisfy him. He did so. Bower then asked him if he had heard anything of a person who had lately escaped from the inquisition. "Aye! heard of him, we have all heard of him! after sending off so many expresses, and so much noise about him! Heaven grant that he may be safe, and keep out of their hands!" Bower said that he was the very person. The peasant, in a transport of joy, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of delight in her face; and making one of her best courtesies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, but she could not; and Bower not understanding Swiss, she was obliged to make her congratulations in pantomime, or by her husband as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him: "If they had had a bed for themselves, he should have had it; but he should have some clean straw and what covering they possessed."

The good man hastened to get off Bower's wet clothes, and wrap something about him till they were dry; the wife busied herself in getting ready what victuals they had, which they regretted were no better than a little sour-kraut and some new-laid eggs. Three of these were served up with the kraut, and he made a comfortable meal; after which he enjoyed what might properly be called repose, for it was quiet and secure.

As soon as he rose in the morning, the honest Swiss and his wife came to know how he had rested. The good dame was dressed in her holiday clothes. After breakfast, the husband set out with him to direct him on the road to Bern, which was at no great distance, but first insisted on returning with him a little way, to show him the road he had taken on the previous night. He now became aware of another great danger which he had escaped. He saw that he and his horse had passed a fearful precipice, where the breadth of the path would scarcely admit a horse, the sight of which made him shudder. His host went with him for several miles along the road to Bern, and then left him with a thousand good wishes.

At Bern, Bower inquired for the minister, to whom he made himself known, and received from him as hearty a welcome as from the Swiss, with the addition of a more elegant entertainment. He was advised to go forward the next morning to Basel; for, though protected from open violence, he was unsafe from secret treachery. From Basel a boat sailed at stated times to Holland, and was usually crowded with desperate characters, fugitives from their respective countries for all manner of crimes and offences. This conveyance seemed to afford the most expeditious mode of getting to England. Bower was received kindly by the minister at Basel, to whom he was recommended by his friend at Bern. During the two days preceding the sailing of the boat for Holland, Bower kept close quarters, and equipped himself in a manner suitable to the company with which he was about to associate, putting his proper clothes into his portmanteau, of which, as he was instructed to be particularly careful, he made his seat by day, and his pillow by night. Being obliged to leave his horse, which was endeared to him by the hardships it had shared with him, he was determined to place it in the hands of a kind master, and presented it to the friendly minister, who promised that it should be ridden by no one but himself; and that, when it became old or infirm, it should be comfortably maintained.

Disgusting as he found the company on board, he was compelled to regret the necessity of leaving it, in consequence of the vessel having sprung a leak, which obliged the master to put in at Strasburg for repairs, which might detain him a fortnight. To stay there was impossible. Bower, therefore, took off his shabby dress, in which he was disguised, at the first inn he saw, and concealing it beneath the bed, stole out with his portmanteau to a tavern, from which he sent out to engage a place in the stage to Calais. For the first two or three days of his journey, he heard nothing concerning himself, which induced him to hope that the news of his escape had not reached France; but he was soon undeceived. For the last two or three stages everybody was full of it. When he came to the inn at Calais, the first persons he saw were two Jesuits, with the badge of the inquisition—a red cross—upon them, in a room with several other officials, appointed to take care of the high-roads, and to apprehend any criminal who was making his escape. This was an unpleasant prospect, and Bower immediately hastened to the water-side to ask when the next boat sailed for England. He was told, not till the Monday following; it was then Friday. He turned to a waterman, and asked him if he would carry him across in an open boat, offering a liberal reward; but the man, and others to whom the same request was made, declined. He soon became aware that he had made a false step, as every one about began to take notice of him, feeling sure that he was a person of great consequence, bearing most important dispatches, or else a criminal eager to elude justice. When he reached the inn, finding the room where the Jesuits had been unoccupied, he inquired of the woman who kept the house what had become of the good company he had left there.

"Oh, sir!" said she, "I am sorry to tell you, but they are up-stairs searching your portmanteau."

What course to pursue, he could not determine. By water, he knew he could not escape; and in order to get through the gates, he must pass the guards, who, most probably, were prepared to intercept him. If it were practicable to secrete himself till it was dark, and attempt to scale the walls, he was unacquainted with their height; and if detected, he was ruined. The dangers he had surmounted now aggravated the terror of his situation. After weathering the storm so long, to perish within sight of the desired haven was a distracting thought. Whilst engaged in these sad reflections, he heard some company laughing and talking very loudly, and listening at the door, he found them to be speaking English. He rushed into the room, and recognizing Lord Baltimore, whom he had seen at Rome, desired the favor of a word with him in private. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, with one pistol cocked in his hand and another in his sleeve, was

increased by Mr. Bower's request, accompanied by his determined air. Lord Baltimore desired him to lay down his pistols, which he did, begging pardon for not having done so before. On being informed whom he was, Lord Baltimore proposed to the company that they should rise up, and taking him in the midst of them, try to cover him till they could get to his Lordship's boat. The scheme succeeded: the boat was near; they got to it unobserved, and rowed about two miles to where the yacht lay, in which they had come for an excursion. The wind being fair, they soon reached Dover, where he was safely landed, on the 11th July, 1732.

A long time afterwards, being with the same Lord Baltimore at Greenwich, a message came to him that some gentlemen wished to speak with him at a house close by the water-side, where was a passage to the river from a summer-house in the garden. Lord Baltimore asked who could want him, and recommended Bower not to go. But he, not wishing to be thought afraid, determined to investigate the matter. Two armed servants, however, attended him; but when he and his guard reached the house, no one there would own to having sent for him.

The hero of the above story afterwards procured an appointment as keeper of Queen Caroline's library, and died in 1766, aged eighty.

CLUBS AND CO-OPERATION.

"You ought to belong to us, old man," said Honeydew, as we at last came to coffee and curaçoa, after a long but delightfully discriminated dinner, which I am bound to say was as nearly perfect as possible, from the eggs to the apples—that is to say, from the oysters to the ice-pudding.

I was dining tête-à-tête with Honeydew at his new club, the Acropolis. It was a new club necessarily to him and some six hundred members; for it had been established only a few months, and had not passed the period—common to all such institutions in their infancy—when their merits form a prominent subject of conversation among those frequenting them. It was with pardonable pride in the resources of the Acropolis, doubtless, that Honeydew had made a point of developing them unusually upon this occasion, and I am bound to say that the wines were well worthy of the viands. The sherry was a little too dry for me, so was the champagne; but men will have them so in these days, and both were admirable wines. The hock and the claret could not be made to err in this respect, and were beyond all praise. I could see that Honeydew was pleased with my approval of them, marked in the most practical manner, and it was when the coffee and curaçoa succeeded, that he revealed the current of his thoughts, by saying:—

"You ought to belong to us, old man;" adding, "let me put you up."

I expressed my thanks for the proffered honor, but elected to reserve my decision; intimating that I was already a member of several clubs to which I never went, and that I should like to be off with one or two old loves before being on with a new one.

There was a little hesitation as to whether we should go and hear "the best thing in Opera Bouffe that had been out for a long time," or ascend to the region above, where weeds and flowers do not promiscuous shoot, as the weeds have it to themselves. Agreeably charged with wine as we were, we found ourselves more disposed to talk than to listen (degenerate are play-goers in these days!) and after some gentle dalliance, on the question being formally put, the weeds had it.

So I mounted the velvet pile of the palatial staircase to the apartment indicated, while Honeydew transacted pecuniary business at a high desk in the corner of the room. This, I may here remark, is an ungraceful necessity when a man has guests, and one which should be avoided. In some clubs it is usual to postpone the settlement when hospitality is being dispensed, though in contravention of the

rules. To be sure Tom Ransack — who has since gone to the dogs — used to abuse the privilege considerably. His normal condition was to be without money; and you always knew when he was particularly impecunious by seeing him entertaining a tableful of friends at the Junior Sybarite — had he dined alone he would have had no excuse for not paying his bill. It is curious, by the way, to observe what stringent restrictions seem required to keep a society of gentlemen of unblemished honor in order. To look at the ordinary rules of a club you would suppose the members capable of committing the most atrocious crimes.

The smoking-room of the Acropolis differs advantageously from many smoking-rooms I know by being less severe in style. Its velvet couches and mirrors, and ornamental aspect generally, relieve you from the too common impression produced by these places, that they are penitentiaries where you are sent to indulge habits unfitting you for respectable society. I took my seat upon a vacant couch beside its attendant table — a comfortable article of furniture, by the way, which did not look as if it would overturn at your slightest movement — and was joined in two or three minutes by Honeydew. As he entered the room his eye seemed to catch some object in my rear, and he shied, just like a horse, turning three quarters right-about, as if preparing for a retreat. He did leave the room, indeed, but in a careless manner, giving me a look which I understood.

"What the deuce is the matter?" I asked, when I joined him on the landing outside.

"It's that awful bore, Buzwell," said Honeydew. "You actually placed yourself at the table next him — within the shortest range of his batteries, where every shot would have told. We should scarcely have escaped alive. But you knew no better — come this way, old man."

And Honeydew marshalled me to the extreme end of the apartment, placing the longest possible distance between us and the enemy, from whom we were sheltered, too, by several groups of guests. While our seltzers were coming, my friend explained to me the monster's peculiarities.

"He has as a rule only three subjects of conversation, — eating, drinking, and smoking, — and these he takes up regularly, one after the other, uniting them in one discourse. He has always had a grievance that he cannot obtain his pet pleasures to perfection at reasonable rates; and, lately, he has discovered what he considers the weak points of club management, and will occupy the whole evening in proving to you that every committee in London ought to be hanged."

As he spoke I saw an expression of horror come over the face of Honeydew, and was not long in understanding its cause. Turning, I beheld a portly gentleman, slightly bald as to the head, the hair on his face cut with military precision, bearing an aspect generally of softened ferocity, and looking as much like a major of the old school as a man can look. It was, indeed, the dreaded Major Buzwell, and — horrible portent — he carried in his hand a coffee-cup!

It was all up. He had carried our garrison by a coup de main, and surrender was inevitable. Seating himself at our table he began to talk — I need scarcely say upon what subject.

After "compliments" — occasioned by his introduction to a stranger — he proceeded to hold forth without ceremony, addressing us both indiscriminately, something in the following fashion: —

"I've told you before, and I tell you again, that it's all nonsense to talk about the comfort and economy of clubs, as at present managed. There is not a club in London where you can get a decent cutlet and pint of wine without paying for it more than you would be charged in any restaurant. And in the restaurant, remember, when you pay for your cutlet, you are paying rent and taxes, upholsterer's bills, gas bills, servants' wages, landlord's profits, and for everything necessary for the enjoyment of your cutlet and wine in peace and quietness. At a club all these accessories are supposed to be covered by your

entrance fee and annual subscription, and you are told that you get your eating and drinking at cost price. Cost price! A pretty price it costs the members! Yes, — I know what you are going to say, — you can at least get lunch here at a reasonable rate. I know you can, and men can make it their dinner if they like to dine on cold meat before four o'clock. But if there was not an awful waste of cold meat — as of everything else — this could not be done, and what members save one way, they lose in another. Waste — I should think there was waste, and well there may be. A set of men who may be good enough at bawling to a battalion with the help of an adjutant, or dabbling in stocks or politics, but who know nothing of household management, are set to work to control a secretary, and a steward, and a host of cooks and waiters, and to take care not only that we have everything at proper market rates, but that we make the best use of everything when we get it. Of wine they do know something as a rule; but the wine merchants can get the better of them for all that. Do you mean to tell me that the hock I had down-stairs at dinner, is the same wine as the sample tasted by the committee, which they found so good as to be actually cheap at the price? Of course not, and it's the same with half the wine laid down. I don't mean to say that any of our committee are in league with the wine merchants, but such things have been heard of, and I could tell you some pretty stories of the kind, only of course you know them as well as I do. I need scarcely tell you that most new clubs are set up by wine merchants, just as public-houses are set up by brewers; and in that case, having the custom secure, they can mix their wines if they please. When remonstrances are made, things are improved for the time, and members who know exactly what to order may get well supplied. But the inexperienced men get let in considerably.

"It is well, you say, not to be at the mercy of one merchant. Well, take a club where the cellar is supplied by three or four. A man who only occasionally uses the club gives a dinner to a few friends. He knows no more of wine, we will suppose, than three fourths of the men who pretend to know everything. In particular he knows nothing of the carte, so he asks the waiter what he recommends. The waiter has always a favorite wine merchant, and of course his wines are those recommended. Do you mean to tell me that the waiter has not a good and substantial reason for his preference? But that's only of a piece with the entire system? There is not a tradesman employed who does not pay for the custom he obtains, and this payment is necessarily added to the price of the articles he supplies. A committee will of course find out this sort of thing now and then, and somebody gets dismissed; but the sort of thing goes on for all that. If a secretary complains of a steward for practices of the kind he very likely gets no thanks. The steward has his answer, and the secretary is probably placed in an invidious position as to his motives in seeking the dismissal of an apparently faithful servant. Sometimes a secretary or manager will ask a tradesman — say a butcher — for discount for ready money. I know the answer returned in more than one case, a derisive reply that nobody gives discount to clubs, that no tradesmen can be found to do it. One man I know made a facetious proposal to allow two and a half per cent., as if that was of any use! And one went so far as to concede ten per cent.; but it was soon found that ten per cent. was added to the bills before being taken off, and who was the gainer by that? The very men, too, who are most firm in refusing fair discount are the most liberal in their percentages and tips in an underhand way, for it is by these means that they secure the custom of the house. Otherwise, they know very well that the first opportunity would be taken to complain of them, and to transfer the patronage elsewhere. You may depend upon it that nothing of the kind occurs at a hotel or restaurant — unless, indeed, it be on the limited liability principle. The proprietor knows his own interests and looks after them; and I know it as a fact, that hotel and tavern-keepers uniformly refuse to take servants who have been in clubs, on the ground that they are demoralized, and unfit for an establishment

that has to be worked at a profit. I tell you, sir, that the club system is always an extravagant one, and in too many instances is made up of gross jobbery.

"A new club, as often as not, is originally evolved from the moral consciousness of a gentleman about town who has nothing to do — say a half-pay officer — half-pay officers without private fortunes are capable of anything. He finds a solicitor who knows somebody who has a site, or, it may be, a house ready built. An architect is probably required, and he is sure to turn up punctually. A wine merchant is certain not be far off; and an upholsterer, you may be sure, is faithfully to the fore. All these people use their connection to get a nucleus of members; you may be sure that they all get something more than their professional emoluments; and the club commences its career with a cheerful debt. Entrance fees and subscriptions of course come in; but these are found insufficient for the purpose. Then there is a whip round; then a hundred or two of rather mixed members are taken in without entrance fee; then there is another whip; then more touting for additional members, and so the game goes on. Sometimes a club tides over its troubles and becomes safely established; but the majority of new speculations of the kind go to the wall after a year or two. There are a set of men going about — of sufficient ostensible position to bear description in a list of names — who belong, I really believe, to every new club that starts.

"As for the tips to servants, of course they are added to the price of the articles sold; but that is not the chief objection to them. If the cook is in the pay of the tradesmen, how can he complain if he is furnished with coarse meat, skinny fowls, or inferior fish? He has to take what he can get, and his masters suffer.

"Of course all this kind of thing makes the tariff of prices to members much higher than it ought to be — higher, as I have said, than that of any restaurant; but will you believe me if I tell you that all the dear dinners and lunches we have here (I suppose here because I know it is so elsewhere) are actually supplied at a loss? Here is a statement" —

Honeydew and I winced when Major Buzwell drew a paper from his pocket — being talked at is bad enough, but being read at is intolerable. But we could no more stop him than the Wedding Guest could stop the Ancient Mariner.

"Here is a statement which I have had drawn up from trustworthy sources, concerning the expenditure of clubs. According to their own accounts, twenty clubs at the West End collectively spend upon their provisions and beverages no less than a quarter of a million a year, which is at the average rate of about ten pounds for each of their twenty-five thousand members. Taking a tradesman's ordinary profit to be five-and-twenty per cent., the custom of these twenty clubs must be worth two pounds ten shillings a member a year; and this sum would render practicable a reduction of from one fourth to one third the present rate of annual subscriptions. There is now shown in most West End clubs an average deficiency in their provision accounts of about one pound per member per annum. It is usually said that this is caused by the cost of keeping the servants; but the real reason is bad management, for the members are charged quite enough to leave a good margin for profit, and there are clubs in which a gain upon this account is actually made, and that with very moderate tariffs. Yet at some West End clubs, the loss upon the provision account comes to nearly two thousand a year.

"This is what I say then — let there be a better and more economical system in the purchase of supplies, and most of the clubs would be quite as well off as they are, with half their present rate of subscriptions; while those who owe money could very soon pay it off. Here is an instance. A club I happen to know has a debt of eight thousand five hundred pounds. It has something more than thirteen hundred members, paying a subscription of seven guineas; and its loss on the provision account is nearly a thousand a year. I have calculated that by a system by which it saved the tradesman's profit upon the provisions supplied, and counting these at the rate of two

pounds ten a member a year, the club would find itself more than four thousand pounds in pocket, and be able the first year to remit half of its rate of subscription, or pay off half its debt.

"I have spoken as yet only about economies in the coffee-room supplies; but there are plenty of things, such as fuel, chandlery, stationery — most things in fact — which might be made to figure as profit instead of loss. I have included these general items in another calculation which I have made, and applied it to the case of a club (which I could name) with fifteen hundred members, a subscription of from eight to ten guineas, thirty thousand pounds debt, and a loss on provisions of nearly two thousand pounds. Its expenditure for provisions and other supplies amounts to between sixteen and seventeen thousand pounds. Now if five-and-twenty per cent. could be saved on this amount, and the loss on provisions be prevented, the concern would benefit to the extent of some six thousand a year — a sum equal to one half of its subscriptions or one fifth of its debt.

"You doubt the possibility of saving the five-and-twenty per cent.? Read the last published accounts of the Civil Service Supply Association, and you will see that, after securing for its eighteen thousand members a reduction in the price of articles purchased amounting to twenty per cent., there still remains a net five and a half per cent. profit for the proprietors — that is to say, the purchases being four hundred and sixty thousand, the sales four hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred, the net profits, after paying six and a half per cent. for working expenses, are twenty-seven thousand six hundred a year. You suppose, then, that I wish to introduce the coöperative system? Of course I do. It is introduced, however, already — a club being essentially a coöperative body — and my object is to carry out the principle to its logical extent. It is absurd for us, say, to get our supplies from tradesmen open to all the world, at retail prices made higher by the demoralization of our own servants. What is to prevent us from going into the wholesale market, and putting all the retailers' profits into our own pockets? This applies to five hundred things besides provisions; but, as regards the last, I admit that each club might send its purveyor down to Billingsgate, Leadenhall, or any other markets they please, without any special organization. But what would be the consequence? They would very likely bid against each other and increase the cost of the articles purchased. Why, then, should the clubs not be made members of a coöperative store? No existing store could supply them, even if it would. And you must remember that they have no butcher's meat, fish, poultry, game, butter, milk, eggs, vegetables — all of which a club requires daily in large quantities. To do any good in the way of reform, the clubs should combine and establish a great coöperative store of their own. They are nearly all in the same neighborhood, and might have their supplies close at hand; and one purveyor could then do the whole business on a monster scale. There is no reason why the stores should be limited to provisions and beverages. If the principle holds good for one article, it holds good for every other. Nor is there any reason why the privilege of employing the stores should be limited to clubs in their corporate capacity. Every member might enjoy the same advantages for his personal profit and convenience, thus increasing the custom and the wealth of the association. I know a limited liability hotel that was saved from bankruptcy by adopting a system of the kind, and now pays a large dividend to its once hopeless shareholders. But I've told you before, and I tell you again — the fact is, we are fools for going on in the way we are going."

The major here made a pause, and puffed at his cigar ferociously, by way of vent for his emotion. Honeydew and myself had by this time been talked into an utter abnegation of will. We were dull, spiritless beings; lost to pride, ambition, even self-respect; abased as hereditary bondsmen — as the slave who has lost the sap of manhood. Such is the degeneracy which comes over the noblest minds under the enthralling boredom of a dominant spirit like

that of Major Buzwell. We could not choose but hear; and from a healthy power of discrimination or dissent were reduced to such abject acquiescence as is expressed by "Yes," "Indeed," or "You don't say so." And all this time we might have been hearing "the best thing in Opera Bouffe that had been out for a long time," or talking any amount of congenial buffoonery between ourselves.

As people on the verge of starvation can be restored only by slow degrees, we could not immediately regain our intellectual force when Buzwell make a pause; but quailing under his determined glance, listened to some clenching reflections.

"If club-management is not wrong, I say, how is it that taverns can sell cheaper than clubs and make a profit, while clubs make a loss? And how is it that while so many hundreds of men are clubless in London, many of them with their names down and waiting for years to be put up at existing clubs, nearly every new club formed for their accommodation fails for want of funds? The fact is, they have funds amply sufficient for their purpose; but nothing, except enormous capital, can stand against the waste and extravagance which—I told you before and I tell you again—has grown into a system, sir, a system, which it is my intention to put down."

Whether Buzwell will keep his word or not, I cannot say; but if not, it will not be for want of trying. He pays no homage to things any more than persons. He is the sort of man who would "speak disrespectfully of the equator" on small provocation; and I have heard that he was, a short time ago, very severe even upon such an august institution as the Cape of Good Hope. Speaking of the supercession of the Cape in its relation to India, by the Suez Canal, he turned fiercely upon a meek man who ventured to praise its climate, and said, "Sir, the Cape of Good Hope has had its day—it has retired into that obscurity from which it ought never to have emerged."

After this there is every chance that such an institution as the system of club management will not be safe from his attacks; and I must say for Honeydew and myself—and in justice to the major—that as we two walked out together into the free air of St. James's Street, we half forgot the infliction we had suffered, recovered our intellectual vitality, and agreed seriously that there was an immense deal of truth in what the old bore had said.

POOR JOHN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

VII.

EVERYTHING was confusion at Vale Lodge. Even the quietest wedding creates frantic excitement if there are only a couple of women to get up a fuss together. Nelly Deane's wedding was to be a very quiet one; but all the little household seemed to have gone mad over it. Mrs. Foster was in ecstasies, and even Jane and Laura seemed to catch the general fever, and joined in the excitement. The house was full of preparations for the great event. Portions of the trousseau were scattered about in all the bedrooms. A dressmaker from Westford and the lady's-maid were hard at work from morning till night, and parcels from London shops came down by every train. The most tranquil person in the whole house was the bride-elect. Nelly felt as if she were in a dream—as if she were somebody else, and not herself. John was to come down the next day, and she rather dreaded his coming; she seemed to take such a slight interest in all that was going on, she half feared he would find out how little she cared about it. A sort of apathy had settled upon her. Her past life seemed dim and distant, her present life unreal and shadowy.

Mrs. Foster pursued her all day with cups of tea and injunctions to lie down and rest.

"I am not tired, Mrs. Foster. I have done nothing to

tire myself; it is very kind of you to bring me the tea, but I don't think I wanted it," Nelly would say.

"Oh yes, my dear, pray drink it; it will do you good."

Tea is always supposed to be an infinite comfort to young ladies on the point of being married.

About three o'clock that afternoon one of the servants gave Nelly a little note. She slipped it into her pocket without looking at it, being in the midst of a consultation with the dressmaker, and forgot it. But by and by, when up-stairs in her room, she remembered it. As she broke the seal she turned suddenly faint and cold, and then the blood rushed back to her face, and the room seemed to swim round. It was some minutes before she could sufficiently control herself to be able to read what was written. This is what she read:—

"For God's sake, Nelly, come and say good-by to me! I will wait all the afternoon for you in the old place by the stream. I must see you again before you go from me forever. Do not be so cruel as to refuse to come. If you will only grant me this, I will go away abroad and never cross your path again in this world if I can help it. It is the last thing I will ever ask of you. Come to me, I entreat you.
A. T."

So he was there waiting for her now! A great joy surged up in her heart even to think that he was so near. How was she to help going to him? and yet would it not be a dire breach of her troth to John? Then there came a wild longing to see him again. She had smothered it away safely as long as he was far away and she heard nothing of him. But now, with his note in her hand and he waiting for her not a mile off, she could not keep it down any longer. "Let me but see him this once, and then never again!" she cried out aloud. And one question she put to herself: "Am I strong enough to see him, to hear his reproaches, his entreaties, and yet to keep true to John through it all?" Yes, she thought she was. She looked out of window; it was nearly four o'clock; the short winter daylight was drawing in already, an evening wind was sighing among the bare tree-tops, and the sky was gray and lowering. The time was slipping away. If she was to go at all, she must go at once; it was the last day to herself. John was coming on the morrow, and then it would be too late. Nelly hesitated no longer; she put on a small felt hat, and wrapped a thick plaid shawl round her shoulders, and went down-stairs. In the hall she met Mrs. Foster.

"Going out, my love?" she asked.

"Yes; I think the air will do me good; I am going for a walk," said Nelly, getting hot and feeling terribly guilty.

"Very well, dear; you look flushed, but don't stay out too long, it is so damp to-day."

Nelly nodded and went out. She walked quietly down the drive and out at the gate, but once out in the road a great gladness came over her; she forgot everything in the world but Arthur, and that she was going to see him. "My love, I am coming to you!" she said in a joyful whisper; and bending her head down and her slight figure forward against the evening wind that blew in her face, she sped onwards as fast as her swift feet could bear her, towards the old trysting-place in the wood.

Very much about the same time on that January afternoon the London train was steaming into the little wayside station three miles off, and John Foster got out on to the platform.

"Did you expect the carriage, sir?" asked the porter, touching his cap. "I don't think it is here, sir."

"No, William; I have come down a day earlier than I intended. I shall walk home. How can you get my portmanteau over to Vale Lodge?"

"There will be a cart going, sir, with some packing-cases in an hour's time; that could take your luggage, if that will do, sir."

"Yes, that will do very well; good night, William."

"Good night, sir; and I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you and your lady off next week, sir!"

"Thanks; I have no doubt you will," answered John Foster, as he started off at a brisk walk in the direction of Vale Lodge.

It was a damp, chilly afternoon; the roads were wet and muddy, and pools of water lay in the deep ruts—not a nice afternoon for a country walk by any means. But John Foster was not in a mood to find fault with the weather or with anything else that night. He was a very happy man. Everything in life smiled upon him, for would not Nelly be his wife before another week had passed away? He walked along smiling as he pictured all sorts of charming visions to himself: Nelly blushing and trembling by his side, all in her bridal white; Nelly tripping along by his side across the sands of the Cornish coast; Nelly sitting by the fireside in the cosy evenings in his London home, greeting him with her bright eyes when he came back tired from his day's work, or pouring out the steaming tea with her pretty white hands. How charming these pictures were! As he thought them over, John Foster fancied each more delightful than the other. And she would be so pleased to see him to-night, he thought, one day sooner than she expected him. He could fancy how her face would brighten with pleasure when he walked in. And then he fell to wondering anxiously whether a certain plain gold ring he had brought down with him would properly fit her slim white finger. In the midst of these grave reflections, John Foster stumbled into a puddle. "How shockingly muddy these roads are!" he exclaimed. "By the way, there is a short cut near here through Northley Park; I have half a mind to go by it; it will save me a good mile of this muddy road, and I dare say I shall not be prosecuted for trespassing. Yes, here is the gate." He turned into the park, along a narrow footpath that led for some distance across an open undulating greensward dotted with fine elms; then, with a sharp turn to the left, it entered the deep dark woods for which Northley Park was famous. The short winter afternoon was beginning to wane, and the deep shade of the thick-tangled trees made it seem darker than it really was. John Foster strode along rapidly over a thick carpet of brown rustling leaves, but the wind, sighing and creaking among the naked branches above his head, drowned the sound of his footsteps. After he had gone on some time he fancied he heard voices in front of him.

"Some of the keepers, I suppose," muttered John to himself; "I dare say they will take me for a poacher."

As he drew nearer the voices died away, and then suddenly he heard them again quite close to him; and this time he recognized that there were two, a man's and a woman's, and he could fancy he saw some figures standing close together under the gray shadow of the trees. Half a dozen more steps brought him within hearing. The persons, whoever they were, had been speaking low, but suddenly there fell upon his ear a voice clear and sweet, a voice that struck into his heart like a sharp cutting knife, a voice that paralyzed him where he stood into an awful deathlike stillness, for it was the voice of his bride, his Nelly. In a moment he had taken it all in; his eyes, getting accustomed to the gray light, or sharpened possibly by the intensity of his anguish, saw it all as plainly as if it had been the clearest daylight.

Saw her slight drooping figure—saw her sweet upturned face, her dewy eyes, her trembling lips, her clasped hands, and saw—great Heaven, with what unspeakable horror!—Arthur Temple holding her close upon his heart.

"Arthur, Arthur!" cried that voice he knew so well, but with a ring of misery in it he had never heard before; "Arthur, do not make it harder for me to bear!"

And the man's voice, hoarse and choked, replied, "My darling, my dearest, I must speak; it is my last chance. How can I let you go from me like this? Have I not told you what sorrow you are laying up for yourself? Can I bear to see you sacrificing yourself for this false, this mistaken idea of what is your duty—of what you blindly imagine to be right?"

"It is right—I know it is. Never once in all these weeks

since you left me have I repented, Arthur; never once. Do you think I should be happy, even with you, if I were to be false to John? I have done wrong, I know, in meeting you here to-day, only I had such a longing to see you once more; but when I do not see you I feel quite strong and able to bear it; and when you are away from me, and a little time has passed, and you go back to the pleasures and duties of your world, you too will forget by degrees."

"I cannot forget; I do not wish to forget!" he interrupted passionately. "What world is there for me that does not contain you—what world where you are not, where your voice can never be heard and your smile be never seen? Oh my darling"—and there was a deep sadness in his low pleading voice—"my darling, is life so rich in happiness that we can afford to throw love away? You have your fate and mine in your hands; what is done to-night can never be undone. Think, Nelly, never again as long as life shall last can you and I meet as we meet here to-night; never again must I hold you in my arms or kiss your sweet face; never again through all the long years from youth to age—think how slowly they will wear away—years that would be all too swift if we were together. Do you think we shall be able to bear it, Nelly? Had we not better face a little bad repute now—a broken troth, an ugly name or two cast at us for a light offence—lest worse befall us by and by? My darling, have you thought of all this?"

She leant her face upon his arm, weeping bitterly.

There was a moment's silence, a moment of breathless suspense to the lover who held her to his heart—to that other lover also who stood apart, leaning pale and haggard against the tree that sheltered him.

Did either of them know her well, I wonder? Did they know of that mixture of weakness and of strength, of tenderness and of steadfastness, that made up in Nelly Deane a woman at once most unflinchingly true and most infinitely lovable? I do not think they did; those tears that appeared to them both to be but a sign of her weakness—a token that she was yielding—what were those tears to her?

She wept because she *could not* yield—because she believed every word he said to be true—because she partly foresaw that the battle would have to be fought by her over and over again, and that neither now nor hereafter could she ever give in to him or lay down her arms before the man she loved above all men.

"Nelly, my dearest, speak to me."

"How can I speak to you, Arthur, except to break your heart?" she answered, lifting up her tear-stained face. "I cannot do wrong that right may come. I must do what is right at all risks. You cannot think how good John Foster is to me—don't frown, dear. To you I know he is only a fortunate rival, but to me he has been the best friend I have in the world. He was so good to me when my daddy died; he offered me a home with his people and his own large heart to love me. I see now that I should not have taken it, because I did not love him, though I thought I did at the time, and ever since he has been so generous, so considerate, so kind to me. What should I think of myself if I were to do such a base, dastardly action as to betray him now at the last minute, when he is only just reaching the reward for all his goodness! No, Arthur, I cannot do this. You and I must part to-night forever. Oh, my love, do you think that it is a small matter to me that I must give you this pain? Do you think that anything—husband, or life itself—can ever be so dear to me as you are? And yet, not even for you, Arthur, will I break my troth with John."

She ceased, and Arthur Temple answered not; he only held her nearer and nearer to his heart in the hopelessness of his despair.

They felt, those two men who heard her, that here indeed was a woman to be trusted unto death, to be loved above life itself.

"And do not imagine, Arthur," she continued after a moment's silence, "that because I give up my love I shall have nothing left me to live for; there is always duty left to one, and I am not sure," she added, looking up at him

with a smile, "I am not sure that my duty will not bring me more happiness than my love has done. I do not at all believe that love is the best part of life."

Arthur Temple had ceased to urge her. He felt that nothing he could say now would move her; he only held her to him and looked down into her face with an eager gaze, as if he could not sufficiently study the features that would soon be so utterly lost to him. With gentle force she withdrew herself from his arms, keeping one of his hands in each of hers. She could not trust herself to speak to him now save one faltering, trembling word:—

"Good-by, Arthur."

She bent down and kissed the hands she held one after the other, slowly, lingeringly, with a touching humility, as if to pray him to forgive her the grief she had brought him, and then without another word, without another look, she turned and left him.

With a smothered cry he sprang forward to follow her; but she half turned and beckoned him back: and then he struck aside suddenly into the wood in the opposite direction, and the thick trees and the evening shades hid them both from sight.

But down on the damp cold ground, with his face among the dead and rotting beech-leaves, with the evening wind moaning on around him and the pitiless trees ever clashing on above, lay John Foster, fighting, struggling fiercely, with the agony of his soul, lest it should gain the mastery and he should die of it.

VIII.

She did not love him! With her own lips he had heard her say so. She had never loved him! It had been all a delusion from the very beginning. She would marry him because he had been kind to her and she was grateful, but not because she loved him.

By and by John Foster raised himself, stiff and cold, from the ground where he had cast himself in the first agony of the blow, and sitting down on the stump of a tree began to face his position like a man. What was he to do?

And then there came to him a temptation so subtle, so overpowering, that surely it must have been a suggestion of the evil one.

Why should he do anything? Why should he not let things be as they were? Nelly was content to marry him. Why should he not hold his tongue, and take her to himself, and trust to time and his own love for winning her heart to himself? Nothing need be said. Nothing would be changed. He had only to go home as usual and let the marriage take place. If she were willing to be his wife, was his to be the hand to push away this great happiness? Could he give her up now—now that he had set his heart upon her? Good God! what would there be left in his desolate life without her? And then he seemed to hear her clear sweet voice and simple earnest words again:—

"There is always duty left to one. I do not at all believe that love is the best part of life."

He remembered her sorrow-laden words. Her tears, her face of misery, and a deep-pitying tenderness came into his large heart, and that dire temptation spread forth its black wings and fled far away, never more to return. For the love of a man who has attained to middle life is tenfold more unselfish than the love of a young man. If it has lost somewhat of the first fire and fervor of youth, it has gained infinitely more in intensity and depth. To John Foster, who knew that the desire of his eyes was taken away from him forever, the thought of his own sorrow was less in his mind than the thought of hers, who was even now weeping with the despair of youth. An intense pity, a longing to comfort her, filled his soul. Even if she had been ready to sacrifice him to herself he would have loved her still; but how true, how noble she was!

"Poor little child! poor darling!" he said softly to himself. He felt no anger towards her, but only an intense and yearning tenderness. What was he to do? he asked himself again. And clear and distinct before him appeared the answer to his question. He got up and

began to walk homewards; then, suddenly turning aside, he struck into a path till Northley House, dimly lit up at one or two of its many windows, came into sight. Then he seemed undecided, and turned away from it only to turn back to it again. Once more he faltered, and almost fled ere he finally reached the house and rang the bell with an unsteady hand.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you, sir," said a footman, opening the door.

"I can't see any one to-night; I am very much engaged," answered Mr. Temple, without looking round.

But presently the man came in again: "The gentleman is very anxious to see you, sir; he says it is very important."

With a muttered oath Arthur Temple jumped up. "Show him in, then, and be quick about it," he said impatiently; "one never can be let alone for a minute."

Some one came in. There was only one lamp in the large dark room. Arthur could not see plainly who it was. The stranger came up to the table with his hat still on his head. The light fell upon him, and then Arthur saw that his face was ghastly pale, and that it was John Foster. The two men looked at each other for a minute in silence, only the table with the lamp between them.

"What do you come here for?" said Arthur Temple roughly. The sight of this man was almost too much for him—coming here in his wealth, as it seemed to him, to pry into his poverty. "What do you want?"

"I have come to speak to you, Mr. Temple," said John Foster, in a low, measured voice—"to speak to you of Nelly Deane."

"What of her?" said Arthur fiercely. "What have you to say of her? You have everything and I have nothing. Can't you let me alone?"

"That is not as I understand our respective positions, Mr. Temple," said John Foster bitterly. "It seems to me that you, who have her heart, are rich, whilst I"—

"What makes you say that? how do you know?" said Arthur, turning quickly upon him.

"I have been an involuntary witness of your late parting with Miss Deane in the wood," said John quietly.

Arthur started.

"Mr. Temple, I know not how, or when, or by what arts you have stolen away from me the love of the woman who was to be my wife. Whether in this matter you have been blameless, or most wickedly and treacherously guilty"—

"As God is my witness"—interrupted Arthur in a hoarse voice.

"Say no more. I do not wish to hear, I do not wish to know. If you are innocent, I forgive you; if you are to blame, I will not be your judge. That has nothing to do with what I came to say. What concerns me is, that Nelly Deane does not love me, and that she does love you—that I shall not marry her, and that you must!"

"Stop!" cried Arthur haughtily, whilst the hot blood rushed to his face. "What are you thinking of? Do you suppose Miss Deane is to be bandied about between us like a bale of goods? What has her loving me to do with it? If you have overheard our last interview, you have heard enough, doubtless, to understand that she has deliberately chosen to marry you, and to reject me. Good God, man, cannot you be satisfied with that?"

"No, Mr. Temple, I can not be satisfied," said John Foster gravely; and then he came round the table and laid his hand on the young man's arm. "You must marry her, Temple," he said again.

"I will not accept a wife against her will, as a gift from you," said Arthur hotly, shaking off the other's hand from his arm.

"Arthur Temple, cannot you forget yourself and your pride for one moment, and think only of her who is equally dear to us both?" he said, and his voice trembled as he spoke. "Do you suppose it is for your advantage or your benefit that I have come here to-night? As far as you are concerned, I would rather never have seen your face again; for you have wrought me a grievous evil. Do not let us bandy words together. What you and I have to

think of between us is the happiness of the child in whom both our lives are bound up."

Arthur Temple was softened. He sat down, and shaded his face with his hand.

"Pardon me," he said humbly; "I have been desperately miserable. I hardly knew what I was saying. What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing but to make her a good husband; to love her above all things, and guard her as your greatest treasure."

"You need not tell me to do that."

"Do you understand clearly that although my dearest wish up till this evening has been to make her my wife, that from the moment I heard her say with her own lips that her heart did not belong to me, I lost the desire to marry her? I tell you now what I am going to tell her, that I do not wish to—that I will not—marry a woman who does not love me."

His voice was so quiet and grave that Arthur Temple looked up at him with amazement. Was this man made of flesh and blood, he wondered, or had he possibly never cared for her?

"Can you have loved her indeed, to speak of giving her up so quietly?" he said.

"I—can I have loved, do you ask? Good heavens, I wonder whether a man of your age can have the faintest idea of what love is at mine! It is just because of my love that I give her up. Come what may, my darling must be made happy. What does it matter what becomes of me?"

"Forgive me, Mr. Foster," cried Arthur.

But John Foster walked away to the other side of the room, and came back again before he answered.

"It is best I should not speak too much, Mr. Temple, of how much I love the woman who will be, I hope, your wife. Besides, I did not come here to speak of myself, but of her. She who has known so well how to do her duty by me shall not find that I too cannot do what is right by her. What I wanted to ask you was, whether you have any lady relations whom you could send Miss Deane to stay with for awhile, because I do not think she could stay with my mother. I do not think it would be pleasant for her when—after—the engagement to me is broken off. You have an aunt, I believe?"

"Unfortunately she is abroad; but I will find some one."

"Another thing," said John Foster, hesitating a little; "you will not think it strange of me to ask it; but if you could let a little while elapse before—before—your marriage"—

"I understand, Mr. Foster. Of course she would not wish, I know, to hurt your feelings in any way."

"No, it is not that. I am not thinking of myself; but, you know, the world is so ill-natured and uncharitable. I should not like things to be said of her, or hard words to be flung at her fair name, as they might be if it was too sudden."

"How unselfish and thoughtful you are!" burst from Arthur's lips almost involuntarily.

"I have nothing more to say," said John. "I had better leave you now." He moved towards the door; but when he reached it he turned, and said suddenly in a changed voice, "Do you think you could give me a bed here, Temple? I—I—don't feel as if I could go to Vale Lodge to-night. I have a worse task than this before me to-morrow, and I am very tired."

His voice sounded weak and broken. Arthur Temple flew to the bell with a flush of pleasure.

"My dear fellow, of course I will. Here, tell Mrs. Church to get a bedroom ready for Mr. Foster, and he will want some dinner sent up to his room at once."

John Foster feebly protested; but Arthur was so grateful to him for wishing to stay, and so anxious to wait upon him, that he could not refuse to allow himself to be taken care of; besides, he sorely needed rest and refreshment. And so this strange, eventful day came to an end; and John Foster and Arthur Temple rested that night—though neither of them slept—under the same roof.

IX.

A harder task before him!

Aye, indeed. Walking slowly down from Northley House to Vale Lodge the following morning, John Foster said to himself that he had rather face exile and death than that dark-eyed girl who was still ready to be his wife. He asked himself as he went along—what he would have died rather than ask of Arthur Temple—how it had all come about, when it had happened, that her heart had been diverted from him and given to this other man.

He called to mind all the incidents of his acquaintance with her. How he had first gone down into Cornwall to spend a fortnight's holiday with his mother's cousin and his daughter, whom he had not then seen for years; how in place of the small, dark-eyed child he remembered seeing years ago, there met him in the doorway this tall, beautiful girl, with her fearless, simple glance and her strange, outspoken ways; how he had begun to love her from the very first, because he had never seen any one like her; and how, though at first she had not seemed to care for him, yet at the last, when her father's sudden death had crushed her young heart down with sorrow, she had clung to him as her only friend, and allowed him to comfort and soothe her, and whisper words of love to her.

Clear as daylight John Foster began to see that he had made a fatal mistake. With her mind all bewildered and scared with the suddenness of her loss, with her heart all bleeding and her nerves overstrung, Nelly had accepted his love, scarcely understanding what it was that he offered her, and at a time when she was incapable of judging of her own feelings. He had offered her a home and affection, and the poor friendless child, not knowing where to turn for either, had caught at the offer gladly and gratefully.

But she had not loved him. He had been in some way dimly conscious of it even then; but he had not chosen to see it, and then he had made so sure of winning her whole heart to himself in time.

But what seemed the hardest and most incomprehensible to him was how and when this other love had crept into her heart, just when he hoped that she was learning to love himself.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

SIXTEEN years ago—in the June of 1857—a fair was being held at Ljungby, a small town in the maritime district or laen of Kalmar in Sweden. Ljungby lies at a distance of about two hundred miles to the south of Stockholm and immediately to the north of Karlskrona. A fair there is in many respects very much like a fair anywhere among country towns or larger villages. Booths are erected upon some open space in impromptu lanes of canvas and hoarding. Flags flutter, cheap ware, toys, cakes, gilt gingerbread, dolls, trinkets, are displayed in profusion. There is a roar of voices, interrupted or accentuated every now and then with the sound of laughter, the rattle of drums, the chime of some choral song from a drinking-tent, the stentorian voice of a showman vaunting the attractions of his entertainment and announcing that the performance is about to begin. It was in the midst of just such a merry Babel as this that, exactly sixteen years ago, in the Swedish burgh already mentioned, a little girl, prettily bedizened, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and rather slender in her proportions, hushed the crowd into silence by stepping to the front, bearing in her left hand a violin and in her right its bow. She was not yet quite fourteen. She was of the very humblest parentage. Her father was a poor laboring-man of Wexiö. But the child thus strangely born to him as though she had been some fairy changeling, soon enough turned from the cygnet to the swan—sooner by far than the Ugly Duckling familiar to us all in the beautiful apologue of Hans Christian Andersen. When other little ones would have begun to prattle, she began singing,

though with an artless grace that said just as plainly as the laureate, —

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

Charming though her features, from her earliest girlhood she could not have insisted with the saucy maid in the ballad, when —

"'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said."

For her voice was that, also, quite as much; and her bright intelligence, her rare intellectual gifts, her genius, in a word, far more than her dulcet singing and her beautiful countenance both put together. Here, in effect, was a veritable *lusus naturee*. Here was a pearl of priceless value and of lustrous splendor, found, as it were, in an oyster-shell in a dust-bin. A nettle by the wayside had blossomed for once an asphodel. Out of a sparrow's nest had flown a "light-winged dryad of the trees," with the song of the nightingale and the plumage of the bird of paradise. The horny-handed laboring-man's daughter at Wexiö warbled by instinct — played equally well, according to her fancy, upon wind and stringed instruments. Flute in hand, she needed no hints like those dropped from the lips of Hamlet when offering the recorders to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern — "Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music." With the perforated tube at her lips, she was from the very outset, as one would say, a born flutist. So, also, it might have been said in her regard, directly her sensitive nature had become accustomed to the familiar handling of the wizard bow of strained horsehair, with which the violinist makes his (or her) weird incantations. She fingered the tightened catgut and waved her imperious wand almost from the first with a subtle mastery over many of the resources of that wondrous art — the supreme and in some respects unapproachable art of the violinist. To the accompaniment of her own playing, moreover, on the strings of the instrument nestled under her chin, she would sing — as she did, in point of fact, upon the memorable June day here referred to in the fair at Ljungby. The nobly-syllabled words and their running accompaniment resembling the duplex effect of Paganini's playing as described by Leigh Hunt where the latter says, —

"Some twofold strain,
Moving before him in sweet going yoke,
Rode like an Eastern Conqueror round whose state
Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar."

That day in the rustic fair near Kalmar was, in truth, especially memorable for the poor Wexiö peasant's daughter, for among her audience was a Swedish gentleman of great influence, as well as of rare sagacity, the discoverer of this flower that but for him might just possibly have been —

"Born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Honor to his name — a name henceforth sealed in the amber of Christine Nilsson's fame, as that of Mr. F. G. Tornérhjelm. As he gazed at the girlish figure, as he watched her graceful movements and listened to her evidently untutored performance, he was filled with amazement. Here, indeed, in the person of this unsophisticated child, of this mere itinerant musician, was one who could —

"From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Touched by her voice, her beauty, and her many rare and most exceptional gifts both as a vocalist and as an instrumentalist, he resolved upon rescuing her at once, if possible, from her career as a vagrant performer. To this end he took upon himself the responsibility of seeing to her education. He found, upon inquiry, that the pretty child was literally, as we have said, the offspring of a poor

working-man of Wexiö, a man in the very humblest circumstances.

Christine Nilsson had been born not far from that inland city of Sweden, at Wederslöf, on Thursday, the 3d August, 1843. She had shown from the first an instinctive love of, or rather passion for, music. As we have said, she had somehow learnt to sing, to play the flute, and to play the violin. Carrying her fiddle with her, child as she was, she was already earning her livelihood by going from fair to fair, by attending one popular out-door entertainment after another. From this perilous life she was, now, sixteen years ago, happily extricated, in the midsummer of 1857, by her benefactor. Mr. Tornérhjelm had her at once placed at school in Halmstad, on the Kattegat. Thence, he had her removed to the great Swedish capital of Stockholm. And there it was that she came under the instruction of Franz Berwald. Subsequently, with a view more especially to the completion of her musical education, she was sent to Paris, where she was placed in turn under the tuition of Masset and Wurtel. Strictly speaking, before going to the French capital to that end, Christine Nilsson, in the early part of 1860, had made her first appearance on the operatic stage at Stockholm. Her real *début*, however, in its full value and significance, the occasion upon which she actually stepped to the very front in the glare of the footlights as a great European *cantatrice*, was later on in the following autumn. This was on the evening of Saturday, the 27th October, 1860, when the new prima donna appeared at the Théâtre Lyrique as Violetta in Verdi's opera of "La Traviata." At the close of every solo the stage was a *parterre*. When the curtain fell at the end of each act she was recalled by acclamation. The finale was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm rarely awakened among the ordinarily captious and certainly fastidious Parisians. The triumph achieved by the *débutante* was such that, upon the morrow of it, she was pledged to a three years' engagement. Her instant success was more than confirmed by her subsequent impersonation of Ophelia to M. Faure's Hamlet in Charles Louis Ambroise Thomas' masterpiece. The lovelorn and distraught heroine of the Danish tragedy as impersonated by her took those ordinarily the most phlegmatic fairly by storm. Nilsson was accepted with one acclamation by the Paris opera-goers as an object of almost unmeasured admiration. It was not until the season of 1867 that London was allowed to judge as to the merits of the new soprano — this later, and, as some said, greater, Swedish Nightingale. Her appearance in London was only delayed until then by reason of her engagements. Once heard at her Majesty's, her victory was as complete as that gained by Julius Caesar, at Zela, over Pharnaces. For some time previously the popularity of that great lyrical establishment had been declining. It was revived by her upon the instant as at the stroke of an enchantress. For all that, as it even now seems to us, it was by an error of judgment — not in art, but in taste — that she made her *début* at her Majesty's, as she had done seven years previously in the Théâtre Lyrique as the heroine in "La Traviata." By an odd announcement on the part of Mr. Mapleson, the opera chosen for her first appearance at the great theatre in the Haymarket was so selected, it was said, "by desire." No wonder an intimation so entirely out of place was pointed at upon the instant with a finger of derision. Unwelcome though the character naturally was, and is, and, as we will hope, always must be among any refined assemblage of gentlemen and gentlewomen, it was impersonated by Christine Nilsson with such consummate modesty and delicacy throughout, that while, as a work of art, doing violence in that way to anything like truth to nature, it wielded over every hearer and beholder a very spell of fascination. As a rendering of the part, it followed the lead rather of Madame Bosio than of Madame Piccolomini. It was the victim exclusively, and not the bewitcher as well, who was represented. The fresh and youthful voice, with its wonderful range or compass and its astonishing flexibility, did the rest in rousing the usually impassive audience into an out-burst of enthusiasm. Every one present, more-

over, recognized in the new-comer something at least of the nameless charm of Byron's Zuleika —

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."

That first season of hers in London had not far advanced, when, on Saturday the 15th June, 1867, the Violetta of yesterday appeared at her Majesty's as the Margaret to Signor Gardoni's Faust in Gounod's *capo d'opera*. When the opening scene discovered her, with her fair northern face and yellow hair, seated at the spinning-wheel, it was like seeing revealed to us, under the opaline light of fairyland, the very Gretchen of Goethe, the Margaret of Margarets. Lifted up on the crest of the wave, so to speak, the new prima donna found herself during that very season not only the Queen of the Opera, but—in Mayfair, in Belgravia, in Tyburnia—floating down the *via lactea* of fashion among the *crème de la crème*. And it was with a marvellous grace that she held her own, perfectly from the outset, in private society, among the haughtiest ladies, by whom she found herself thus suddenly surrounded. Perfectly well do we remember, upon the morrow of one of these more exclusive gatherings, being told by one of the most fastidious observers of his generation, that he had taken her in to dinner overnight, that there were three duchesses present there at table, but that she—the peasant's daughter—was the greatest lady of them all. An interval of little more than ten years only had elapsed since, as a vagrant minstrel of thirteen, she had been singing to the treble of her own violin in the rustic throng and clamor of the fair at Ljungby. And yet here, already was the world at her feet, and that too under an aspect the most alluring and intoxicating. Within that narrow interval of time her powers had in every respect developed. Her education had been in no way simply professional. The child of illiterate parents, she had, with astonishing rapidity, perfected her skill as an accomplished linguist. Beyond her own native Scandinavian—German, French, English, Italian were at her full command in conversation. When, in the following season, that of 1868, she appeared for the first time in London as Lucia—through her bridal dress, which had been contrived under her own supervision by Mr. Worth, the then autocratic Mantalini of the Parisian *grandes dames*—her exquisite taste in costume was recognized even by one of her most implacable depreciators.

Persiani and Jenny Lind might have surpassed her in vocalization in this particular opera of Donizetti's, but, under no circumstances, could either have ever approached her in her impersonation of the exquisitely beautiful Lucia di Lammermoor. Her triumphs this year, that is, in 1868, were achieved on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Mapleson's company having, in the interval between her first and second season, been burnt out of her Majesty's Opera House in the Haymarket. In some respects, moreover, she was under certain disadvantages at that time in the instance of one or two of the artists with whom she was then associated. Her Margaret, for example, was worthy of a better Faust than was presented by Signor Ferensì. Nevertheless, the success achieved by her during that second season was, in literal truth, something extraordinary. The shattered fortunes of her Majesty's she very signally helped to renovate. Whenever she sang the house was crowded, in spite of all the attractions of Covent Garden. The effect produced by her was profound. It has since proved lasting. It has throughout been eminently well-merited. Fortunately for her, happily for her hearers, she had been taught in the best school. Her voice, too, had in itself that sympathetic resonance which, to northern ears, at any rate, is far beyond the softer pathos of the south, her management of it at the same time being, in its intonation, of incomparable purity and accuracy.

During the summer of 1869 Christine Nilsson's concerts were especial attractions in London. She interspersed, to the surprise of many, among the operatic fragments she had chosen in them for the display of her powers, noble *morceaux* from the oratorios in which her breadth of sing-

ing and her tender feeling were surprisingly conspicuous. This was particularly manifested in "Angels ever bright and fair," as well as in her grand articulation of "Let the bright seraphim," to the celestial trumpet obligato. As affording a yet further revelation of the ample scope of her powers, the fact is certainly worth mentioning that, during the autumn of that same year, 1869, she sang in another of her concerts that choicest *bijou* in Thomas' "Mignon," the daintily delicate romance, "Connais-tu le Pays?" There was a delay in Christine Nilsson's reappearance during the following season, that of 1870, but it was a delay of only three days, and was attributable simply to those east winds which are acceptable exclusively, we should presume, to a pachydermatous poet like the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Announced for Saturday, the 7th of May, she really appeared for the first time that year on Tuesday, the 10th of May, the character impersonated by her being the Lucia of Donizetti. Her rendering of the part throughout had gained in power, her seeming identification of herself with it being especially remarkable. Her Lucia was ably seconded by the Edgardo of Signor Mongini. The contract scene carried everything before it. The mad music was given with an effect that was simply electrifying—closing with a sort of crescendo-climax with "Ardon gl'incensi." On Saturday, the 14th May, and subsequently on the 17th and 19th, she appeared with marked success as Alice in Meyerbeer's "Roberto il Diavolo." The song-bird was preening her wings, however, for a higher flight, one that carried her soon afterwards right across the Atlantic. Tempted beyond the ocean upon a tour in the United States, Christine Nilsson passed the winter of 1870 and 1871 in America with a success in some respects unparalleled. During her comparatively brief stay there, while giving a series of performances at Boston, at New York, and at other cities of importance, she realized within a few months a fortune fully equal to that accumulated during a much longer interval by her countrywoman, Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. Within less than a year, in fact, she amassed fully thirty thousand pounds sterling. At the close of her brilliant and wonderfully lucrative successes in America, Christine Nilsson returned to the lyrical stage of Europe and to the concerts of Mayfair in the summer of 1872. On Tuesday, the 28th May, she resumed her place upon the boards of Drury Lane, the then temporary home of Her Majesty's, in the part in which she had first been introduced to the music-loving Londoners. The French tenor, Capoul, was the Edgardo to the well-remembered Violetta of Nilsson, the bloom, the grace, the charm of which latter impersonation, however, appeared in some measure to have been rubbed off, defaced, or deteriorated by reason of her having come in contact with the American audience. Otherwise, the thrice-welcome *cantatrice* was in many respects visibly improved, physically, even, as well as histrionically. In her perfect mastery over the *mezza voce* her singing was recognized as matchless. The reputation accorded to her was not only proportioned to the reputation she had acquired before her departure, but to the regrets created among her audience by her absence. She was recalled again and again, to find the stage carpeted with flowers. A week afterwards, namely, on Wednesday, the 5th June, she gave a concert in London, in which, by her varied efforts, she appeared to be bent upon surpassing all her former evidences of versatility. During that one afternoon she sang "Angels ever bright and fair," from Handel's oratorio of "Theodora." She sang, to the flute obligato of M. de Vroye, the mad scene from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." To the violin obligato, charmingly arranged by M. Gounod, and exquisitely performed by Madame Norman-Néruda, she sang the "Ave Maria" based on Bach's Prelude. Added to which, she took part with Mr. Santley in the duetto "Tutte le Feste," from Verdi's "Rigoletto," and with Mr. Sims Reeves in the "Mira la bianca luna" of the *Maestro* Rossini. Few among her audience were in any way aware of what must have been so vividly in her own recollection that afternoon, that, but fifteen years before, she herself might, with M. de Vroye's flute at her pretty lips, and

with Madame Néruda's violin upon her fair shoulder, have played, as a mere girl, the accompaniments to the words she was now singing, in the pride of her womanhood, as a soprano of all but unrivalled preëminence. When the ball was first rolled to her feet, at Paris, she was content, for awhile; at the Théâtre Lyrique to sing second to Madame Caroline Miolan-Carvalho. Times were changed, however, and she with them. The fumes of the incense she has since then been breathing have had for her an effect so far intoxicating that, at rare moments, they have elicited a display of *hauteur* otherwise incomprehensible. Yet, for all that, this peerless child of the people has been so true to her own order, and to her high calling as an artist, that, instead of marrying some grandly-titled personage, she accepted as her husband, in obedience to the simple dictates of her heart, and not of her ambition, an accomplished gentleman of the middle-class of society like M. Rouzeaud.

Since she originally stepped upon the Italian stage, first at Paris, and afterwards at London, in 1860, at the Théâtre Lyrique, and in 1867 upon the boards of her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, her course has been marked in those two great capitals by a series of triumphs of a wholly exceptional character. Several of her finest impersonations, those she has, in a more notable way, made peculiarly her own, have grown in beauty and in perfection alike upon her audience and upon herself. Her Margherita, for example, she never seemed to have played, or even to have "looked" in any respect so superbly as when, on Saturday, the 8th June, 1872, she first appeared as Goethe-and-Gounod's Gretchen to the Faust of M. Capoul, and to Signor Rota's sardonic embodiment of the arch-fiend Mephistopheles. If for a moment now and then she betrays any passing carelessness, *eh bien!* has she not a right to? For, is it not Tasso himself who has sung in his "Jerusalem" that to those who are friends of nature, of love, and of the heavens, negligence itself is at times a perfecting art?

ARTISTS AND CRITICS.

THE condition of art in England, about the middle of the last century, could not be described more contemptuously by foreign judges than it has been by native critics. If Fuseli pronounced it "contemptible," Barry called it "disgraceful," and Constable "degraded." Bright promise of improvement, however, was showing itself. Gainsborough was at work, barely known, in Hatton Garden; Wilson was about to challenge fame in another part of the town; and Reynolds was, as Mr. Fulcher remarks in his "Life of Gainsborough," "passing through the ordeal of Hudson's studio."

Meanwhile, the first effort made about this time to promote art, by teaching artists, was of the drollest and, it might be said, most impertinent quality. It was, in fact, a most singular attempt made to direct, or misdirect, the public judgment, namely, by the establishment of a committee of taste, consisting of artists and laymen, who took upon themselves to state to professional painters how they should employ their talents, and to the public what and how they should admire or condemn. When Wilson returned to England, in 1755, and commenced his glorious yet disastrous career of painting landscapes and swallowing porter, this committee dispatched Penny to Wilson, to notify to him as delicately as the delegate could, that if the new candidate for fame and fortune desired to accomplish the ends he had in view, he must change his style for the lighter one of Zuccarelli! Now Zuccarelli had himself, when Wilson was in Italy, commended the English artist for the elegance, simplicity, truthfulness, and originality of his style. Wilson was at his easel when Penny arrived with his message from the committee of critics. He listened, while he went on working, with a cold scorn, but he gave a short, hot answer to the message, as was his wont when ruffled, and the committee never ventured to try their powers on him again.

Six years later, Walpole published his "Anecdotes of Painting," (1761.) Adam Smith subsequently asked Hearne if he had read these lives of English artists. "No," replied the old antiquary. "Walpole has written three octavo volumes about them, and we have not had a single painter." Gray was much of the same way of thinking as Hearne. Good designs, he thought, and creditable engraving from them, belonged only to Italy. "Here, they are woful, and beyond measure dear."

The public, too, felt their ignorance and helplessness to such a degree, they were so incapable of exercising any judgment at all, and were so bewildered by the critics, that in 1764, they, in various forms of advertisements, or of letters addressed to harassed editors; implored, before they went to sales and such exhibitions as then existed, for "a few previous instructions in the polite arts, to know what they should and what they should not admire."

The public continued to be misled, now hither now thither, often judging right, yet finding themselves at issue with the critics, till 1774, when a new Solomon sprang up to judgment, and announced in the papers that it would be *his* business "to point out both the beauties of the master and the disgraceful imitations of the dauber." A rival critic in the *London Post* took another line. He scornfully described all other writers on art as "Grub Street scribblers," who knew nothing, or, at all events, only how to find fault. This amiable gentleman said in the *London Post* that he should confine himself to discovering and holding up to notice only the merits of contemporary artists; but unfortunately, he stole his opinions from the Grub Street writers whom he affected to denounce. Another, professing to make "fair and candid remarks," under the signature of "Dilettante," pronounced the "Lady Cockburn and Children," by Reynolds, to be beautiful in composition, admirable in grouping, and natural in action; but then he did so at his peril. "Guido," another critic with a pseudonym, was permitted, in the same paper, to call "Dilettante" an ignoramus, and to inform the public that Reynolds' so-called "delicious picture" was "crowded, unnatural, and inconsistent." "Dilettante" reeled beneath the blow, but "Observator" rushed to the rescue, and in a letter from the *Smyrna Coffee House*, indorsed all that "Dilettante" had advanced. Various sharpshooters appeared in the columns of the papers, fired their little shot, and disappeared. Then came the affected, the prudish, and the facetious critics, who complained of Cipriani's "Andromeda" as "deficient in *embonpoint*;" spoke of Bacon's figure of "Minerva" as "too *petite* for the goddess of war;" cried *fiel* upon Cosway's "Europa" as "not a decent subject for public exhibition," and said, in reference to Kirk's medal of Lord North, that "The head is by no means so well struck off as it might be to the satisfaction of the public"—which was intended for the most ferocious satire.

After a year's rest, the Art Critics became harder to please than ever. In 1715, Nollekins was told that in his bust of the Irish Primate there was "too little of the manner of Guido;" while Tomkins, the *protégé* of Lord Fife, was reproached with having *too much* of the manner of Claude! The facetious critic turned up again when noticing the landscapes by Mr. Towne, who was informed that he "had *countrified* his views with some judgment and taste." Carver, an excellent scene-painter, and a good artist generally, was charged with imitation; but a critic, under the style and title of "Fabius Pictor," asked the oracular question, with reference to the skilful Irishman, "Whom could the artist imitate who is himself confessedly imitable?" There was something of the Green Isle in that query, and there was a flavor of the same quality in the sale catalogues of the time. In one, of pictures sold by Christie, two subjects were entered in his catalogue—one as "*A She Boar* defending her Young!" and the other as "Neptune attended by Tridents!" But knowledge and power of appreciation were slowly growing, and there was a general cry of exultation at the dozen portraits exhibited by Reynolds this year, and at the assurance they seemed

to bring with them that an end had come to the "long line of ladies with a rose 'twixt the finger and thumb," and that gentlemen "with a hat under the arm" belonged only to the canvas of the past. On the same subject, Walpole wrote to Mann (April 22, 1775):—

"I dined to-day, at the Exhibition of Pictures, with the Royal Academicians. We do not beat Titian or Guido, yet, Zoffani has sent over a wretched 'Holy Family.' . . . He is the Hogarth of Dutch painting, but, no more than Hogarth, can shine out of his own way. He might have drawn the Holy Family well, if he had seen them in *statu quo*. Sir Joshua Reynolds is a great painter, but unfortunately his colors seldom stand longer than crayons. We have a Swede, one Louthembourg, who would paint landscape and cattle excellently, if he did not in every picture indulge some one color inordinately. Horses, dogs, and animals we paint admirably, and a few landscapes well. The prices of all are outrageous, and the number of professors still greater. We have an American, West, who deals in high history, and is vastly admired, but he is heavier than Guercino, and has still less grace, and he is very inferior."

Of Reynolds' twelve pictures in the Exhibition of this year, four were full-length portraits of Lady Dysart.

In a year or so a foreign critic was among us, making observations; and in the year 1777, the Abbé Coyer came over to England for the second time, to take notes of what he saw. This sharp-sighted and amiable foreigner reported English painting to be decidedly inferior to English sculpture, which he found very bad indeed. "England," he writes, "can only reckon three or four painters—Hayman, to whom she owes the large pictures which adorn the grand saloon at Waux-Hall; Hogarth, Hygmore, and Wils, who have painted scenes of taverns, markets, and fairs. Nevertheless, their fame has never extended beyond sea. In Europe, no one speaks of 'the English school,' as they do of the Flemish or the French schools. However, let us not forget Thornill who was employed by Queen Anne, because she could get nothing better." After a visit to the annual Exhibition that year, he tells us that he looked for historical subjects, and saw "only landscapes, miniatures, and above all an affluence of portraits to satiety. The solitary historical pieces that attracted attention were by Louthembourg, a German known in Paris, and by Angelica Kauffman, a native of the same country. If," adds the critical abbé, "a few large works by the moderns win admiration in London, they are the product of foreign pencils. Such is the 'Aurora' by Mengs, at Northumberland House, and the 'Gods in Council,' by Battoni. At the present moment, the first national painter, the President of the Royal Academy, is Reynolds. As he devotes himself exclusively to portraiture, we must suppose, for his honor and the honor of England, that it is a matter of taste."

Truth and error are here mixed up together. Hayman, who had died a year before the abbé wrote, was indeed considered the best historical painter England had hitherto produced, but his works fell in the public esteem when the graces of Cipriani came to be contrasted with the coarse design and execution of Hayman. Of the trio Hogarth, Highmore, and Wills, whom the abbé ties in a leash, as artists of no extended fame, who painted only subjects of low life, the writer must have known but little.

It is not to be disputed that the popular taste about this time was not able to appreciate the artists who labored to gratify and improve it. The taste of country gentlemen is happily alluded to by Deborah Woodcock (in Bickerstaffe's "Love in a Village"), who had worked the Creed and Ten Commandments in the hair of the family. "It was framed and glazed and hung over the parlor chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house."

If the artist improved, it cannot be said that the critic made equal progress on his side. Criticism still expressed itself in rude or eccentric phrases. Reynolds had several pictures in the Exhibition of the year 1779. Of the beautiful "Hope," the newspaper critic said that he found "something in the formation of the lower parts which gave disgust;" of Reynolds' "Portrait of a Lady," the same

writer expressed his ignorance "why this lady should choose to be drawn at a high window, as it does not discover anything formed by the Graces." The President's famous "Lady with a Child on her Back" was even less tenderly treated. "She looks," said the critic, "in everything but dress, like an Irish or Welsh mother on her journey."

In 1780 the "Royal Academy of Arts" held their first Exhibition in new Somerset House, which was then not quite finished. The Great Room was at the top of the building, and the Exhibitions were held there rather more than half a century—1780–1838. Among the adornments of the new Royal Academy, at Somerset House, was one which occupied the centre of the ceiling in the library. It was the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the spectator beheld "Theory, sitting on a cloud, darting her eye through the expanse, and holding a scroll in her hand, on which is written, 'Theory is the knowledge of what is truly Nature,'" which is but a doubtful definition of a *sort* of knowledge which is confined solely to speculation, and stops short at, or before, practice. The ceiling of the Lecture Room was another field on which some of the first artists of the day had vied with each other, and it was said of Angelica Kauffman that at the four corners she had "exerted the very utmost of her powers." One taste of her quality was given in a figure of "Study, sitting at a Chess-board;" and another sample was furnished in a figure of Painting instructively occupied in the very absurd and fruitless work of "borrowing her Colors from the Rainbow."

It is worthy of note that hitherto these pictorial displays had not been called by the name by which they are now known. In 1783 Walpole, after calling Barry a mad Irish painter, but allowing that if the artist was wild and extravagant he was not without genius, referred to the "Expositions" of pictures. Writing to Mason in 1783, he alludes to Barry's pictures in the Adelphi (which he had not then seen), "but," he says, "I am dabbling my eyes with euphrasy and rue, and propose to treat them with it" (a vision of immortality) "to-morrow. I must astringe my mouth too with alum, lest I laugh and be put into purgatory again myself, as I was for the same crime when I first saw Barry's Homeric Venus standing stark naked in front, and pulling herself up to heaven by a pyramid of her own red hair. I had never seen or heard of the man, and unfortunately he stood at my elbow. To punish me for that unwitting crime he clapped me into his book on painting as an admirer of the Dutch School, which others have blamed me for undervaluing. I suppose he concluded that if I laughed at bombast-frenzy I must dote on the lowest buffoonery."

Walpole does not seem to have entertained a much more favorable opinion of British art than the Abbé Coyer had done, some years previously. "My brother, Sir Edward," he writes to Mann, "said that we have so many miracles in painting and music that they cease to be any miracles at all. I confess, in the former, I see few that attain the degree of doctor. Of the other I am no judge."

The professional judges, for the most part, *pooh-poohed* both painters and paintings. They were not sensible of the loss England had sustained by the too early death of Gainsborough, in August, 1788. But, whatever the art-critics may have thought of the quality of contemporary painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds began to see that an English School was growing into life and power. Gainsborough had only been a short time in his grave, at Kew, when the President said in a lecture delivered before the Royal Academy—qualifying what was intended for prophecy by a modest *if*—"If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name."

It is a noticeable fact that, as art and artists became vigorous, the critics waxed in strength also. The "slashing" critic was exceedingly lively in the year 1790. He had much to say on the works of the foremost men in the Exhibition of that year. The modest critics of 1780 were dead

and buried. A new race had succeeded, and they came before the public with a loudly-lashing whip, a war-whoop, and an affected scream of derision. One of these critics, who stepped forward to enlighten the public on art in the year 1790, first squarely planted himself before West's "Genius calling the Arts and Sciences," and he said: "To my thinking, Genius looks as if he thought dancing was the most useful of all the sciences," and accordingly he is "about to give the Arts a sample, *à la Vestris!*" Of Fuseli, this same worthy person remarked, "He would have made an excellent poulterer, he has such a happy knack of twisting arms and legs about without any regard to fractures or dislocations." In front of Romney's picture, the "Infant Shakespeare attended by Nature and the Passions," this rude fellow committed a double offence. "The face of the child," he said, "is not such as will please the ladies, for it is not intended to represent an infant Gany-mede, but an infant Shakespeare!" He was not more reverent in his treatment of Louthembourg's "Christ appeasing the Storm," but he allowed that the Duke of Clarence, who knew as much about a picture as he did of the Ogham hieroglyphics, delivered himself of the finest compliment that criticism could pay to Louthembourg's work, by his exclaiming, with a *professional ardor* that delighted the hearers, "Their danger would have been imminent if they hadn't got the Saviour o' the world aboard!" The religious feeling of the Prince had its influence on the critic, who, after praising Cosway's "Christ in the Garden," and expressing his delight at "the substantial representation of the allegorical cup," said, with commendable gravity, "One of the angels appears to pass it from him, as too powerful for the situation of Christ — like a physician who revokes a prescription which he finds too potent for his patient."

Occasionally the critic divided himself into two, to increase his powers of illustration by way of dialogue between himself and his other self, a supposed critical friend. Thus the imaginary couple paused to contemplate Lawrence's portrait of Miss Farren. "Very like, 'pon 'onnor!" cries one; but the other ridicules the idea of a lady in furs walking over primroses, as being a confusion of seasons, and he remarks, after the mild fashion of his times, "Why, what a son of a — of a painter this must be!" His friend entreats him to be content with the accuracy of the likeness. "Oh, damme!" cries the critic, "look to the furs and the primroses!" Then, there was the historical Scripture picture of "Solomon and Sheba," painted for the Duke of Norfolk. "Solomon is dressed, by G——," says our charming friend, "by an English advertising *friseur!*" With equal impertinence, but in somewhat better taste, one of the speakers remarks that the painter has put the Duke of Norfolk's head on Solomon's shoulders, and expresses his opinion that it would have been better if the artist could have placed Solomon's head upon Norfolk's shoulders. Again, he affects to echo the public expression, when he says of the "Brazen Serpent" that "it is something in Scripture or else in the Revelations." "Ah!" rejoins the *alter ego*, "I know nothing of these matters!" and so he passes away, with a laugh at the public, a sneer at religion, and a feeling of pride at his own ignorance.

This free and easy style must have been popular, or it would not have prevailed so long as it did. The President, West, was as long its victim as any one. Among his pictures exhibited in 1791, were an "Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise," and "Satan after the Fall." On the former the critic merely said: "If Adam and Eve bore the smallest similitude to these figures, they were certainly driven from the Garden of Eden for the same reason that a pair of chimney-sweepers would be driven from a drawing-room." Of the fallen Satan it was said, with a strain at jocoseness, that "He looks a d——d thing; indeed, but not at all like the Devil!" West also had his "Conversion of St. Paul," in the Exhibition of this year. The criticisms on this accused him, by implication, of dishonesty. The success of the artist was acknowledged, but the same subject, it was added, had been treated by many great masters, and West was blessed with a very good memory.

There was so little notice taken of the progress or the

quality of the Fine Arts in England at the beginning of this century, that in the prospectus of the *Examiner*, issued in 1802, the public favor was sought on the ground of "trying to do a little better" in this matter. It was pointed out that England had, at last, her own school of painting, and that inattention to its claims was the more singular when "we have artists like West, who claim every merit so much admired in the old masters, except, indeed, that of being in the grave; and that a youth named Wilkie has united Hogarth with the Dutch school, by combining the most delicate character with the most delicate precision of drawing." It is added that "*An artist will conduct our department of the Fine Arts.* If he does not promise for his taste, he promises for his industry. He will be eager," says Leigh Hunt, whose pleasant hand is recognized in this document, "in announcing to the public not only the promiscuous merits of exhibitions, but those individual pictures which deserve to engage the public attention singly, those happy rarities which, like the 'Wolfe' and 'La Hogue' of West, and the 'Village Politicians,' 'Blind Fiddler,' and 'Steward receiving Rent,' of Wilkie, almost create eras in the history of painting."

Very true; but in ten years the new teachers had not deeply influenced the public mind for the better. Of the opening of the Exhibition in 1802 a magniloquent critic writes: "The portal impediments (!) were removed, and the eager crowd hurried up the staircase with as much alacrity and avidity as if they were going to witness the execution of a fellow creature."

True artists have never feared honest judgment. Opie thought there might be too many painters, but that there could not be too many critics in a public qualified to judge.

Opie recognized the advantages of honest criticism, however severe. Were it not for such expression of censure, and for certain difficulties, before the surmounting of which no man could claim to be called "artist," the profession, he thought, would be crowded by pretenders to that name. He illustrated his meaning by an apt story; it is in one of his lectures. Two highwaymen were cantering over a heath, within sight of a gibbet. One of the gentlemen of the road uttered an imprecation against the silent machine, but the other, dissenting from his friend's view of the case, remarked, "There is nothing better for us than gibbets; not that I mean to hang from one, but if it were not for gibbets, everybody would turn highwayman, and qualified gentlemen like you and me, who take to the road, would be ruined."

It was to a remark made by Reynolds on this subject that Johnson replied, "The world has nothing to do with the difficulties of a man's art." To which "The more's the pity," cried sympathizing Goldsmith. But Johnson said "Nay," and added, in the very spirit of Opie, "If, sir, arts were not obnoxious to idleness every idler would aspire to art; and then, sir, neither would Reynolds be eminent, Goldsmith be preëminent, nor Sam Johnson be supereminent. No, sir, these things be best ordained as they be."

Among the men who have taken up the profession of artist, in addition to that for which they were educated, was the Rev. William Peters, one of the most celebrated of the Prince of Wales's chaplains. Mr. Peters preached to, and also painted, the Prince. We have all seen the portrait in the Freemason's Hall. In his clerical capacity, Mr. Peters painted an "Infant Soul borne by Angels to Heaven." But in his purely artistic capacity he painted Venuses, and gained thereby the name of the English Titian. His recumbent "Lydia" was covered with a gauze, which the witty critics called "episcopal lawn." Then the reverend artist designed arabesques for the Opera, and he painted some of the ceilings of Carlton House. The critics thought he would "fail in the sky," it was so long, they said, "since he had looked towards heaven." When he married, the newspaper wags indulged in a license of remark that cannot here be illustrated; and when he subsequently obtained preferment, the gossip of the day ran in type, to the effect that the reverend gentleman was collecting all the "luxu-

rious wanderings" of his pencil, and was destroying them without scruple. The critics were as severe on his master as on himself. They had an opportunity (in 1810) of assailing two birds with one stone, without killing either. In the exhibition of that year there was a "Portrait of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales at a Review, attended by Lord Heathfield, General Turner, Colonel Bloomfield, and Baron Eben; Colonel Quentin in the distance; by J. S. Copley, R. A." As if Copley was not then well known and appreciated, the critics proclaimed a "be it known" string of paragraphs, to the effect that the artist who had devoted "the flattering curvettings of his pencil" to an attempt to portray the heir to the throne was "a republican by birth and education." His father was designated as "an exemplary clerk in the parish church of Salem, Massachusetts, where some fourscore years since, in the extravagance of a pious fury, they burnt a philosophic cooper at the stake, because he had the necromantic sagacity to make two tubs out of one butt." How could a man thus sprung catch the airs and graces of a prince and fix them on canvas? To do the critics justice, however, they had fair play for satire against the republican artist for his outrageous flattery of the Prince, who was then nearly fifty years of age, and whom the republican by birth and education was courtier enough to represent a score of years younger. Copley has given a youthful expression to a face "where," said the critic, in a burst of fine writing and sad compliment, "dignity will ever remain as long as the frail tenure of life is cognizable, but where youth, alas, must never sit again."

The "bold Yankee" was then taken to task for his horse on which the Prince is mounted, and which seems to have wicked republican tendencies likely to develop themselves in giving his Highness a *spill*. It must have been a singular animal, "flinging its limbs about in all directions," and preventing the greatness by which the steed was bestridden from looking half the "gentleman" that the world poetically accounted him. But the critics comforted themselves in the circumstance that the group accompanying the Prince were "true gentlemen, reflecting as much brightness on him as he can radiate on them." Even Colonel Quentin was not excepted. "Had we seen any of the Four-in-Hand gentlemen in the distance," said one highly moral critic, "offending heaven and earth with their folly, we should have angrily invoked the rough and decisive powers of Boreas to have blown them and their cattle into the stable together." Such was the awful tone of the stupendous critics of the year 1810.

In 1811, when West was recommending to the artist of his day "correctness of outline," anonymous writers recommended in addition to English artists indefatigable industry. There was a complaint of lack of finish in the delineation of youth, grace, and beauty, even in the works of the most celebrated contemporary artists. These were accused of painting portraits and cabinet pictures in the style of larger pieces that are drawn broadly, hung high, are seen from afar, and escape examination in detail. Contemporary artists were censured for coarseness of execution, and the violence of contrast which brings one or two faces into the light and leaves all the rest in the shade. Titian, painting in the open air, reproduced natural light and aerial atmosphere; but on an English corn-field, painted in a room darkened everywhere but from an upper source, there was "the illumination of a cellar." The apprentices of the old masters were under a severe discipline which led to perfectness of execution:—

"When we have learnt to rival in execution the artists of former times, we shall find that figures taken from English nature, and subjects taken from English poetry and history, will also acquire a celebrity and a recompense equal to those that were enjoyed of old. How Westall rises in popularity as a painter!—because he borrows from native beauty the idea of his favorite features and forms."

So wrote the art critic of the *Monthly Review* in June, 1811.

To return to the Prince of Wales and his limners, one of

the latter was thus spoken of in the *Times* of 27th September, 1818:—

"If we had any weight with Sir Thomas Lawrence, we would entreat him to add to the merit of his beautiful portraits that essential one of resemblance. In general his pictures have scarcely a shadow of likeness; witness his last portrait of the Prince Regent, who was represented not as a staid and manly prince of fifty-five, which his Royal Highness really is, but as a mere foppish youth of twenty-five, who had no cares but of wearing his regimentals sprucely. Sir T. Lawrence should recollect that a flattering painter seldom survives the objects painted, and that a lasting character in art, as in everything else, must have its basis in truth. Who cares a jot now for Sir Godfrey Kneller, the favorite of kings and queens?"

The above may close the samples of the criticism which prevailed for about half a century. Let us now listen to the tones in which artists criticised their fellows.

Early in the reign of George the Third the press complained of the ungenerous criticism of one artist on the works of another. The unsuccessful had no mercy for their better qualified and more fortunate brothers. When Stubbs won admiration as an animal painter, he was called "stable boy" and "adventurer" by some of his colleagues. And the perception of the latter was complimented by a remark in the press to the effect, that, "Dealers in Irish linens may speak to the quality of canvas, but not to the colors upon it."

Of all the ungentle critics of a brother's craft Fuseli was the most ungentle, and he was the most disingenuous in praise of his own. Seeing a gentleman looking at one of Fuseli's early exhibited pictures, the artist, assuming the layman, remarked, "He must be a wonderfully clever fellow who painted that picture." The gentleman recognized the speaker, and went on his way smiling. Fuseli's judgment on Reynolds amounted to this: Reynolds was unequal; occasionally he was unsurpassable, but then most of his pieces were inferior. Lawrence, on the other hand, was invariably excellent. Fuseli accused Nollekens of stealing Fuseli's ideas, and Nollekens answered by recrimination. Rough words, meant for wit, but falling far short of it, passed between them. Fuseli was fond of rough and rude judgments. "Bring me," he one day said to his servant, "my coat and umbrella. I am going to Mr. Constable's." This was said in allusion to Constable's spotted and showery pictures. Some of the spots and flakes might have been well spared. They were against Constable's own theory of the composition of a picture, namely, that its parts were all so necessary to it as a whole, that it resembled a sum in arithmetic; take away or add the smallest item and it must be wrong. Fuseli was as severe on the dead as on the living. When Northcote was once praising Browne, Fuseli broke out with, "Browne! Browne! We've had enough of Browne! Let us talk of Cipriani, who is in hell!" His well-known reply to the observation of a student, that he had completed the drawing which he showed to Fuseli, without once using a crumb of bread to erase a faulty line, bespeaks the man's character: "Buy a twopenny loaf, and rub it all out."

Northcote was more generous. Perhaps the most perfect of Gainsborough's works, executed for George the Third, was the one that was the most difficult to paint with effect, namely, "The Royal Family in the Mall"—a work which excited the admiration of Northcote. There are straight walks, straight rows of trees, a central group of the royal and formal family, and people sitting in line on straight benches; a line everywhere abhorrent to nature. The painter's genius turned all the obstacles to aids. Northcote could see neither formality nor stiffness where everything was in a motion and a flutter like a lady's fan. "Watteau," as he enthusiastically said, "is not half so airy!" because Watteau's was a stagey nature, while that of Gainsborough was of the wholesome outer air of God's own world.

It was in the presence of Wilson that Reynolds made the remark, "Gainsborough is the first landscape painter in England." To which Wilson smartly rejoined, "No, Reynolds, Gainsborough is not the first *landscape* painter,

but he is the first portrait painter in England." Sir Joshua, when more maturely weighing the merits of Gainsborough, asserted that his landscapes did not belong to poetic art. Leslie, on the other hand, thought poetic art had as much to do with the beauty and fragrance of nature as with the classical incidents in the landscapes of Poussin and Bourdon. He saw as much poetry in Burns' "Mountain Daisy" as in the laurels round the brow of Cæsar. If ever landscape was poetical on canvas it was Gainsborough's. So Leslie thought. Constable could not think of one picture of Gainsborough's without tears in his eyes. "With particulars," said Constable, "he had nothing to do. His object was to deliver fine sentiment, and he fully accomplished it."

Wilson had the exquisite pleasure of being praised by an artist to whom praise was universally awarded. In Vernet's studio some Englishmen were giving flattering testimony to the great French master's works. "Don't talk of my landscapes," exclaimed Vernet, "when your countryman Wilson paints so beautifully!" The power that Vernet praised Zuccarelli discovered. The latter made of an indifferent portrait painter something more than a mere English Claude. "English Claude!" said Barry. "Claude painted nature's littlenesses; Wilson paints her broadly, adopting the features that should most attract attention." In Barry's idea, Claude's groups were things apart from the scene in which they were set. Wilson's were a portion of the composition. Wilson was a classic, Claude a mechanic. The first a Hercules, the second an eunuch. The Frenchman was the historian of landscape, the Englishman was the poet. Barry runs to the very top of the scale when he says that Wilson's landscapes afford the happiest illustration of whatever there is of fascinating, rich, precious, and harmonious in the Venetian coloring, both as to hue and arrangement. Wilson himself was much less poetical when speaking of the landscapes of Barret. "Eggs and spinach!" comprised the brief but significant criticism.

It is hardly credible that there should ever have been a time when Cuypp's pictures were little valued in England. It is said that they were not understood, that people could not comprehend the light, which he was the first artist who ever painted. When a Cuypp was once knocked down in a London auction room for a trifling sum, Wilson remarked to Beechey, who was standing near, "Well, the day will come when Cuypp's pictures will bring the prices which they ought to bring, and so will mine." It was the expression of honest conviction, fully justified by realization of the prophecy. And very speedily justified too; for at a sale in 1792, ten years after Wilson's death, a landscape by Cuypp was sold for one thousand guineas. All good men rejoiced that taste, judgment, and money, were equally abounding.

While Reynolds quietly said of Ramsay, that he was the most sensible of all the painters of that time, Northcote ecstatically praised his portrait of Queen Charlotte, in which, homely as she was in face and carriage, there was a certain elegance, and the plainness was not vulgar. "She had a fan in her hand," said Northcote of this portrait. "Lord! how she held that fan!" It was Northcote's judgment that Ramsay's execution was not equal to his conception, and that his promise was always short of his performance.

Soon came the time when Rogers confessed that England had a greater number of moderately good painters than ever, but neither a Reynolds nor a Hogarth. He congratulated England, however, on having, in Turner, "a first-rate genius in his line." Rogers found, in some of Turner's pictures, "a grandeur which neither Claude nor Poussin could give to theirs." Turner himself was not an infallible judge of other masters. He held Rubens, as a landscape painter, to be deficient in nature! Rogers answered by pointing to a "Forest Scene," by Rubens, which hung in Rogers' room. "The foreground of it," he said, "is truth itself."

The best trait in Turner's character was his total abstinence from disparagement of the works of his rivals and other contemporaries. When David Roberts exhibited

his first picture, "The Front of Rouen Cathedral," at Somerset House, Turner pointed it out to Allan, with the remark, "Here is a man we must have our eye upon!" On another occasion, when Turner was on the Hanging Committee, and his brethren suggested "no room" for a meritorious picture by young Bird, Turner looked at it, and thereupon declared that "come what may, the young man's picture must have a place." He was told, again and again, that it was impossible, through lack of space. Turner then silently moved away, took down one of his own works, and hung young Bird's in its place. There was, of course some caprice in his conduct with respect to other artists. At one time, after the pictures were hung for exhibition, he heightened the brilliancy of a work of his own, that it might not suffer side by side with a glowing piece from the bright and graceful hand (which too early lost its cunning) of Geddes. Yet, in another year, he temporarily changed the golden sky of his "Cologne," to a dun color, lest two portraits by Lawrence, on each side of it, should be killed by the contrast.

Then Turner's generously truthful criticism of Girtin well merits being kept in remembrance. "If poor Tom Girtin had lived I should have starved," was one of his remarks, full of homage. Not less was there in Turner's speech on looking at one of Girtin's drawings: "Never in my whole life could I make a drawing like that. I would have given one of my little fingers to be able to make one like it." In similar spirit Turner exclaimed, on seeing a marvellous effect of light in a Cuypp, "I would give a thousand pounds to have painted that!" But, he said, as he gazed admiringly at another glowing copy of God's glorious work by the same artist, "They would have called that too warm if I had done it."

Collins, who was one of the severest censors of his own pictures, and who never forgot Calcott's respect for the "man who never reminded you of the palette," held Haydon to be superior to the great painters of the Venetian school; equalling them in color, and adding to that at least a desire to attain every greatness of every other school. Collins thought Haydon's "Judgment of Solomon," painted at seven and twenty, was, for color, tone, and sublimity, the most perfect modern picture he had ever beheld. In his own branch of art Collins judged less favorably of the efforts of some of his contemporaries who cared less than he to study nature. Their works he catalogued as "cottages and cattle in a painting-room," and "a thunder-storm, raised in the artist's study." Of Wilkie he could never be sufficiently laudatory. Of that artist's "Penny Wedding" he declared that in depth of tone and richness of color it was equal to Ostade. Wilkie, on his side, is said to have always spoken "in a manner truly Christian" of the works of his contemporaries—which is a manner open to explanation. His frankness and freedom from jealousy were delightful.

It is, however, to be noted that Collins sometimes secured the true light and shade on figures in his landscapes by grouping dressed dolls in a large box, and copying them. His son, however, is careful to say that these figures "were seldom finished till they could take their tone and sentiment from a large extent of completed landscape around them."¹

We have alluded, in a previous page, to the banquets of the Royal Academy. Those of the present day are not at all like those of the olden times. There was more hospitality in that time than now; there was certainly more jollity; fewer guests of "rank" or "quality," more of those who were supposed to partake of neither.

Some of the scenes at those primitive banquets were curiously illustrative of the social manners of the period. A contemporary writer to the newspapers furnishes this droll picture of what occurred in 1775: "Dinner being over, and the usual complimentary toasts to the king and royal family being given, Mr. Barretti, the celebrated author of 'The Fall of Man,' etc., without even so much as acquainting the stewards with his intention, which he had a right to do, got up and pronounced, with all that veneration

¹ *Life of Collins*, p. 219.

with which foreigners treat the name of kings, the following fulsome compliments on his majesty's birthday. It was written by a countryman of his own, whom he had introduced, and who had the modesty to sit transported at the rehearsal, whilst the rest of the company treated it with that silent contempt which such foreign assurance deserved." The whole thing is "delicious"—Barretti's offensive déed, "which he had a right to do," the introduction of a friend, as if the meeting had been a "free-and-easy," and the silent contempt with which the company listened to what few, if any of them, understood—an *Italian sonnet*! It was worthy of the society which nominated Boswell to conduct its foreign correspondence, and discovered afterwards that he was unacquainted with the Italian language.

Boswell himself figured at one of the subsequent dinners, that of 1791. The company had sat down at half-past five, and had been in the full tide of enjoyment till nine, soon after which period about thirty persons were left "to enjoy the delights of the bottle." All went flowingly on then, till "Bozzy" and Sir William Chambers seemed to have volunteered something musical. Whatever it may have been, it is thus referred to in contemporary reports: "Bozzy's inharmonious chanting to the worthy 'Knight of the Polar Star' proved the signal for general discord, and a grand crash of bottles and glasses proved a characteristic *finale* to this annual entertainment. What the offensive uproariousness of the exhibitors could have been at the dinner of 1769, it is impossible to guess, since such a scene as the above is described as characteristic of the more refined Academicians of 1791! Of those present, Peter Pindar said that—

"Each of them that wondrous man excelled,
Who beat a butcher's dog at eating tripe."

Perhaps this scene led to at least some change in the invitations issued; for, in recording the dinner of 1793, the papers state that every guest but two, on one side, the table was a peer; that every noble had two servants to wait on him, and that nearly every artist had one. Some members of the royal family were generally among the guests. After all, there never could have been such an assemblage of superhuman excellence as met together at the dinner of 1812, although no royal prince was present. "Except that failure in dignity," say the papers, "the Royal Academicians were encircled with nearly every sort of uplifted thing in the empire that was heir to virtue, wisdom, or honor." Happy Academicians! But occasionally the celestial guests showed themselves of very mortal mould, and not without provocation. It was the rule of the stewards to consider as unable to attend all who neglected to reply to the invitations; fresh summonses were sent to other guests. But often the uncourteous guests who had not acknowledged the receipt of the invitations would make their appearance; accommodation and provisions alike ran short, and the hungry and weary friends of art celebrated the occasion by a general "row."

PEASANT PILGRIMS.

(FROM A FRENCH LADY.)

I LIVE in a rather out-of-the-way rural district in the centre of France, which enjoys, however, the very great advantage of being within three hours by railway of that remarkable little town of Paray-le-Monial which has of late years become so famous for its connection with the beatified Marie Alacoque, and to which so many thousands of pious pilgrims are gathering from all parts of France, and even from foreign countries, to celebrate the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It has occurred to me that an accurate little picture, painted from nature and on the spot, of the manner in which the pilgrims are recruited, might have some interest for your readers at a time when every effort is being made to give to these pilgrim-

ages the utmost possible religious and political significance. When I first heard the subject mooted in the quiet valley in which I live, it was for me a matter of much interest and speculation how the promoters of the pilgrimage could get into the heads of our peasantry an idea so abstract as the devotion to the Sacred Heart. I was far indeed from imagining the infinite resources of a determined will in combination with that particular kind of intensely local influence which we call in this country *L'influence du clocher*. We possess in our neighborhood a little woman, of a "devouring activity," who inhabits the principal house in the village, a building with a little old tower, crowned with a pepper-box roof, which gives it an appearance awakening feudal associations. Unfortunately for Mme. Tarbi, the little lady in question, although her father was a considerable land-owner and a deputy, he did not bear the indispensable *particule*, and as for her husband it is perfectly well known among all the aristocracy of this neighborhood that his most active years were passed in the degrading pursuit of commerce. This being so, Mme. Tarbi, notwithstanding the pepper-box to her château, and the dignity of an easy fortune, has always found it impossible to work her way into the true and pure aristocracy of the land, which will not abandon its high principles even in favor of a worthy and most persevering little woman who has many admirable qualities to recommend her. There cannot be a doubt about her orthodoxy; she is energetically, enthusiastically *bien pensante*, yet even such orthodoxy as hers, though useful, is not enough. It is one of the requisites for aristocracy, but it does not include all the requisites. When she perceived that the pleasing activities of aristocratic society were denied to her, Mme. Tarbi felt much embarrassed by the superabundance of her own energies. She received, indeed, a few bourgeois of the neighborhood and the members of her own family; she managed her household, and managed it vigorously and well; she pruned her trees, planted her flowers, worked tremendously at her sewing machine, minded the dairy, taught her children; yet all these duties proved insufficient to fill the hours between five in the morning, when she rose, and 11 P. M., when she sought a well-earned rest. Be it observed, in passing, that Mme. Tarbi never reads anything, not even a newspaper, for is not reading a waste of time? The hours she spares from her household are given to the poor and the sick, by which at once her heart is gratified and her influence consolidated and extended. Still there remained a surplus of energy unexpended, and you may well believe that the propaganda for the pilgrimage could not have fallen into better hands. No sooner had Monseigneur the bishop of the diocese issued his charge in favor of the pilgrimage, no sooner had our parish curé read it in church and commented thereupon, than Mme. Tarbi put on a charming toilette, took a parasol, and commenced her holy work. My own maid happened to be in a farmhouse just when Mme. Tarbi called there, and from her account you may judge of the arguments used.

"It appears, madame," she said to me that evening, "that they are going in a pilgrimage to the country of Sainte Marie Alacoque; but it is not for that saint, it's for another that was in the same convent with her." By this other saint she meant the Sacred Heart, and this is all they know about it. She continued: "It's to pray for peace; and it will cost ten francs." "Well, but Jeanette," I answered, "what is the good of praying for peace at a time when we are at war with nobody?" "Ma foi, madame, I know nothing about it; but Mme. Tarbi said so." "At all events," said I, "ten francs seems dear for our farmers' wives, and there will not be many there at that rate." "Oh, but there will! Mme. Tarbi said that everybody had his name put down, and that it was better to give ten francs to God than to see the communes lost altogether." This notion of an investment at high interest seemed to me a real stroke of genius on the part of Mme. Tarbi, and I now began to understand her success. In the evening I went to call upon the farmer's wife, being curious to know what she had decided. She, too, gave her ten

frances, and went on pilgrimage, but with another object. "Ah, madame!" said she, on perceiving me, "is it, then, true that we are going to have a year of famine?" "I have heard nothing of the sort, and I see no signs of it." "Ah, but Mme. Tarbi has told us that the Bon Dieu was very angry at us, and that He had frozen the vines and the fruit to show it." "Why is the Bon Dieu so angry with us?" I inquired. "Ma foi, madame," she went on, "I know nothing about it, but Mme. Tarbi says that it's plain enough to be seen by the frost, and that if we don't look sharp and pray together in a pilgrimage, all the good things of the earth will be lost, and we shall have a year of famine."

Here she ended, on which I observed that ten francs was not too much to give to save all the crops, and was not so dear as an ordinary insurance. "But who," I inquired, "has told Mme. Tarbi that the Bon Dieu was so angry with us?" "Ma foi, madame, je n'en sais rien," she says that so long as we have no Government, things will not go well." "That's it, Toinette; you see you are going to make a pilgrimage to ask the Bon Dieu for a king." Her husband had just come in, and he exclaimed rather angrily, "What do we want with a king? Why cannot they let us alone? They say things cannot go on as they are doing; but we've nothing to complain of. We sell our beasts and our grain just as well as if we had a king. It is not the king who buys everything, is it, madame? I will not let thee go to the pilgrimage, dost thou hear?" "Toinon," she answered, "I durst not remain at home when the others go; what would they think of us? It never does any harm to pray to God, and sure enough I shall pray for the crops and not for the king; what does it matter to me?" "So that's why Mme. Tarbi preaches to people; she's just been to talk to François, who wasn't over-pleased. François is not a fool; he has been to Paris, and he can read in any sort of a book, so he said to the lady, 'It's a queer sort of pilgrimage, that is, in a railway. My wife once went on a pilgrimage for our little Toinot who had a fever, and he couldn't be cured, and we had four girls and only one boy for a plough. Well, she did all the distance on foot, with bare feet. That was a real pilgrimage, but as to pilgrimages in railways, I don't believe in them. There will hardly be time enough to pray to God.' "That is not necessary," said his wife; "the lady says that the intention is enough." She went to the pilgrimage after all, because, as she herself explained it, "she had not ventured to refuse Mme. Tarbi, who had sent brotha to her little girls all the time that they had the measles. The poor," she added, "ought always to submit themselves to the rich, because they may need their help at any time, and if these pilgrimages do no good, at any rate they do no harm."

A girl who comes to sew in my house told me that she did not think there was much piety in putting on one's finest clothes, and in going about the country to eat in the middle of the fields as one does at village feasts, but she would go to the pilgrimage all the same, so as not to lose Mme. Tarbi's custom, for Mme. Tarbi employs her frequently. In addition to these means of influence there are subscriptions for poor women who are *bien pensantes*, but have not the means necessary to pay their fare, yet are pleased with the notion of a day's holiday which costs nothing. The lady patronesses themselves find a great deal to interest and occupy them, in the choice of banners with their designs, colors, and emblems, and the great questions, who will arrange them, who will carry them? The banner itself is one of the strongest incentives to zeal on the part of ladies like Mme. Tarbi; for it is only when they have been able to get together a certain number of faithful followers that the ecclesiastical authorities (wise in their generations) permit them to carry a banner at all. Mme. Tarbi, after counting the number of her adherents, exclaimed, with triumphant joy, "Nous aurons une bannière!" which, in fact, was one of the principal objects of all her praiseworthy exertions.

There are, indeed, many reasons why these pilgrimages are a charming occupation. The ladies plan long beforehand the great matter of the toilette, in what costume they

will place themselves at the head of their several flocks, and they compare lists in order to ascertain which lady patroness will lead the largest number of the faithful. Nevertheless, in spite of all her indisputable skill, it seemed to me that Mme. Tarbi went rather beyond the bounds last Sunday, and that she deluded herself considerably about the sentiments of her vassals when she considered it becoming and opportune to deliver a speech to them all on coming back from mass, to make them perceive what good results might be expected from the pilgrimages by the fruits already borne by them. "You see," she exclaimed, "that God is already becoming favorable to us, since He has caused Thiers to fall, and has put in his place an honest and pious man like Marshal MacMahon. It is the beginning of the benedictions which the Divine Goodness is about to accord to us, and we may soon hope to have a Government." A general and chilling silence received these words, for the feelings of attachment towards M. Thiers which had already taken root in the breast of the French peasant have been considerably augmented since the change of Government by the fall in the price of cattle which immediately followed the accession of Marshal MacMahon, for which, of course, in some mysterious manner, he is held by the peasantry to be responsible.

Our farmer's wife came to see me on Monday evening, with a disappointed look, and informed me that a cow for which she had received an offer of 550 francs when M. Thiers was President, was now unsalable at 400 francs, and then she inquired whether Mme. Tarbi would make her pay ten francs all the same if she did not go to the pilgrimage. "There cannot be a doubt of it," I answered, "if your name is written down." Then she answered, sighing, "If I pay my ten francs I may as well have some amusement." And these are the sentiments with which people go on a pilgrimage in this country!

FOREIGN NOTES.

AFTER having heard Nilsson sing, the Shah sent her a diamond bracelet. Who wouldn't—like to?

THE whistle is to be substituted in the French army for the bugle when the troops are engaged in skirmishing. During the recent war the whistle was found to act very well in the free companies, whilst the calls on the bugle revealed too much to the enemy.

It has been decided to erect a bronze statue of the late John Stuart Mill in some public site in the city of Westminster, and to devote the rest of the fund raised by the "Mill Memorial" Committee to the foundation of scholarships in mental science and political economy, open to both sexes.

A BLOCK of stone from Easter Island, Polynesia, has been deposited in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. It represents the head of an idol, rudely carved, and weighs three tons. Of the nose, which is a yard in length, a French critic remarks, with more force than elegance, that it would take the mainsail of a 50-ton yacht for a pocket-handkerchief.

THERE is a movement on foot in Paris to do away with the wearing of gloves. It is argued that as a small hand, like a small foot, is generally the sign of aristocratic descent, there is no reason why it should be concealed within a vulgar integument, where the fingers of the Faubourg are on equal terms with the horny ones of Belleville and Montmartre.

THE English papers announce the death, at the age of eighty-five, of Captain Frederick Robertson, late of the Royal Artillery, and father of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton. Captain Robertson entered the army in 1803, and was embarked on board the Victory when Nelson's fleet took troops on board at Barbadoes, and went in pursuit of the Toulon squadron. He also served with the land and naval forces on the coast of America in 1813.

ENGLISH students of the history of precious stones have been all in a flutter of excitement since the Shah arrived, owing to the rumor that he had brought with him some jewels of great antiquity and value. Here, it was hoped, would be a chance of

discovering some of those engraved emeralds and other priceless stones which are mentioned by classical writers, and which, having disappeared since the breaking up of the Roman Empire, are supposed to have been carried eastward, and to have found their way first into Timour's hands, then into those of Nadir Shah, who plundered the Indian capital of Timour's descendants; and then into those of the Kajar princes, who have acquired the kingdom of Persia. The Shah seems, however, to have preferred showing his jewels to ladies to letting them be examined by experts, and it is now said that he had only one engraved gem with him, and that it was in Arabic. All the rest of his jewelry is described by a disappointed and indignant archaeologist as "mere modern rubbish."

THE light wit for which the French nation is remarkable is noticeable in the whole literature of Parisian trade-circulars, puffs, and advertisements, and even in the arrangement of the articles in shop-windows. In one of those *passages* which always attract foreign visitors by their glittering display of *articles de Paris*, was a linendraper and hosier's shop in which, just before the assumption of the Imperial dignity by Napoleon III., a bust of the President was displayed, adorned by an Imperial diadem composed of a shirt-collar with the points sticking up. The effect was irresistibly suggestive, notwithstanding the homely nature of the crown. A firm in the same line of business in the Passage de l'Opéra has now made a grand coup by the simple expedient of emblazoning his shop front a day or two ago with suns and lions *d la Persane*. The bait took; three of the Shah's attendants entered the glittering trap and gave what a French journal calls "a pyramidal order." No doubt by this time the boulevards are blazing with suns and swarming with lions with a view to attracting the buyers whose orders take so symmetrical a form.

A CLEVER trick has lately been played by one of the London police detectives. It is a frequent practice for the men-servants in large establishments to lay the dinner-table early in the afternoon, and as the windows are usually open at this period of the year, thieves have in several instances effected an entrance thereby, and cleared off all the plate. One afternoon a detective called at a house in a fashionable neighborhood, and on the door being opened he said he had come to warn the inhabitants that a good many plate robberies had taken place. "All right," said the servant. "But is it all right?" replied the detective. "Oh, yes, I left the dining-room only a few minutes ago." "Well, there would be no harm in making sure." So rather scornfully the servant went into the dining-room, and then scorn gave place to dismay. The man was ready to faint, for every spoon and fork had vanished. The detective then quietly opened a carpet-bag which he had with him, and revealed to his gaze the missing articles. The detective had himself got in at the window and swept off all the plate. It was rather a dangerous experiment for him, but a very instructive lesson for Jeames.

ONE of the smallest and in some respects most curious of the many scientific societies in London is the Aeronautical Society, presided over by Mr. James Glaisher, F. R. S. At the meeting of this society, two rather important steps of progress were reported. One is that by M. Dupuy de Lome, who sends information that by means of a screw worked by eight men, in a balloon weighing altogether four tons, he has been able to cause the balloon to deviate twelve degrees either way from the direction in which the wind was blowing. This, as the chairman remarked, would enable one to send balloons into Paris as well as to get them out. A step in the direction of motive power, combining strength with lightness, was exhibited in a small machine occupying less than a square yard, in which steam was got up by the use of gas in less than two minutes to a pressure of 100 lbs. on the square inch. The machine weighs only 40 lbs., and is of four-horse power. On the same principle it was averred that another engine could be made of 100-horse power that will weigh within 700 lb. One is ordered for a balloon that has been constructed for the Aeronautical Society of Vienna at a cost of \$6,000.

THE Goethe literature has just received an important addition in the shape of three large volumes of correspondence, edited by Professor Bratanet, of the University of Cracow. One of these is entitled "Goethe's Correspondence with the Brothers Humboldt," and contains a long series of letters ranging from 1795 to 1832, exchanged chiefly by Goethe with William von Humboldt. The German notices speak of it as worthy to be compared, in point of general interest, with the famous Schiller and Goethe correspondence. The other two volumes are published as "Correspondence on Natural Science," and embrace the twenty years of Goethe's life between 1812 and 1832, when

he carried on a most voluminous correspondence on scientific subjects with various writers and students of more or less importance. Some of these, indeed, are names so little known even in Germany that the editor finds it necessary to extend his work to the inquiry as to who they were, and in what order they wrote to the sage of Weimar. Of the more obscure writers, it is evident that many were altogether unknown to the great man they addressed; and, though he has expressly left their letters to him as materials for publication, the compliment seems rather a doubtful one, as a number of them were certainly never answered nor even acknowledged.

THE *Globus* publishes a curious article on the various derivations which have been suggested to account for the name of the German capital. According to Süssmilch and Frisch, Berlin is a diminutive of *beere* (berry); Frisch also thinks it might be a diminutive of *baer*, which is Low-Dutch for a water-dam. Others hold that Berlin was originally called *Barlein* (little bear), because Albrecht der Bar (the illustrious) founded it in 1140. Bissel says that Berlin is a diminutive of *perle*—a pearl. Karl Braun thinks that the word is Slavonic, and means a ford. Dr. Riecke, on the other hand, believes that it is of Celtic origin, and derived either from *biolinn*, a ferry, or from *bairinn*, a dam. Bullet holds that Berlin is a compound of the Celtic *ber*, a curve, and *lin*, a river. According to Mahn, it is derived from the Celtic *pair*, a willow, and *llyn*, a wood. Victor Jacobi thinks it comes from the Slavonic *pri*, near, and *lin*, a hill. Klöden says Berlin is a Wendish word signifying "an enclosure." Others derive it from the Slavonic *bor*, a wood, and *vola*, a field; others again from *bor* and *glin*, clay. The *Globus* thinks the best derivation of all is that given in a pamphlet, which has just appeared at Benthien, by Dr. Beyerdorf. This writer argues that Berlin is named after its founder, Berla, as Stettin is named after Stita, Czernin after Czerna, etc. There are several places in Germany called Berlin. Two squares in Halle are called "Great Berlin" and "Little Berlin" respectively; there is a place near Nordheim called Berlin, and there is a Berlin at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; two lakes near Wittstock are known as Great and Little Berlin; a village near Eutin is called Berlin, another in Meckburg Berlin, and a town near Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Berlinchen.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Household-ers who are laying in their stock of coal for the winter will do well to study the moon, which is believed in some quarters to exercise no small influence on fuel stacked or stored at certain seasons. The Skye correspondent of the *Cornish Telegraph* mentions that during the fortnight which began on the 10th of June the people of Skye were busy stacking their peats and securing their winter firing, being anxious to complete the operation while the moon was waning. During the fortnight commencing on the 24th of June, when the moon was crescent, no real Skye man would stack his peats for any consideration, believing that unless stacked under a waning moon the peats will give neither light or heat when burned. "A power of smoke" is all that can be expected from peats stacked under a crescent moon. In Skye the crescent is called "fas," and the wane "tarradh," and under these two terms the moon not only exercises a great influence over peats but also over many other things. In some parts of the Highlands sheep, pigs, and cows are only killed in the "fas," as meat made in the "tarradh" is supposed to be good for nothing but "shrinking" when in the pot. There seems to be some mistake on this point. In former days it was the "waning" and not the crescent moon that was supposed throughout Scotland to have an evil influence, and the same opinion was held in Scandinavia and Germany. It is of course possible that some change may have occurred of late years in the conditions under which the moon affects our interests. All that we know for certain, however, is that the price of fuel does not wane with the moon, and that fortunately the moon does not increase with the price of fuel, for if such were the case lovers could no longer walk by moonlight with any sense of privacy, and however much we might suffer from cold during the daytime, owing to a scarcity of fires, we should be blistered to bits by moonshine during the long winter nights, when, with a moon occupying the biggest portion of the heavens, the heat would be insufferable.

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

[No. 8.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER II. (continued.)

"I LIKE to see lots of faded ones : they make things seem ever so much longer ago."

"You won't always think that," he said, with all the wisdom of six-and-twenty. "And how do you like England?"

"England? Oh, you mean London? I don't much care. I'm treated very well. I should like it better if there was room to breathe in."

"I feel that too. You like the country, then? I think we should agree—I'm never myself, except when I'm on the sea. I shall soon be with my wife again now." He used his favorite metaphor less from habit than from a wish to see what effect it might have upon her. But he was disappointed again—it simply had no effect at all. So he was obliged ignominiously to explain. "I mean my yacht, the *Esmeralda*. If it had not been for that fellow Aaron, I should have been half-way to the North Pole by this time. Not but what I should have lost a pleasant adventure, so I ought to be grateful to him after all. Have you made many voyages? I know that prima donnas think nothing of a voyage round the world."

"Do they? Oh, that would be the best of all! I get so tired of sitting still. I've never been on the sea."

"What—not when you came from Poland?"

"Oh, that was nothing; I mean"—

"I know: you don't call being in one of those beastly steamers sailing; no more do I."

"And are you really going all over the world?"

"I'm going to try and get where nobody has ever been before."

"How I wish I was you!"

"There's something in that girl," he thought. "Well, I've found something that she can talk about at last."

"Something that I like to talk about," he meant to say, but his confusion of persons was only natural. Without any more beating round the bush, he plunged at once into a lecture upon Arctic possibilities that called the color to his face and would ensure a certain amount of sympathy even from those who cared nothing for his hobby.

Nor, for once, though the experiment was dangerous, did he run any risk of being thought a bore. Zelda peeped out through Mlle. Leczinska, and really enjoyed her feast of new and unheard-of wonders. Indeed she even outstripped him. He touched upon the fancy that the Earthly Paradise may be situated beyond the walls of eternal ice and snow: she seized on the idea at once, and would not hear of its possibly being untrue. She was receiving her first lesson in the poetry, not of emotion, but of fancy, and many a man who has once been a child can remember to his last hour the moment in which this revelation came to him. Lord Lisburn, in his talk, was neither poet nor orator: but both poetry and eloquence are comparative, and both were unknown worlds to her. Her own vocabulary was too small, like her knowledge, to enable her to do more than express wonder and admiration; but this was enough for her Homer. It was not wonderful that the earl, though better read in a desultory way than most people, and an author besides, thought her the cleverest, most intelligent, and best informed woman that he had ever met with. He only wished that he had "*Sinbad*" in his pocket to give her a presentation copy there and then.

Sir Godfrey Bowes would probably have shaken his head over this premature energy on the part of his patient. But it was still early, and his daily visit was not due for some hours to come. Mlle. Leczinska was a thoughtless nurse: she knew nothing about illness or of the difference between being and seeming well. So on this couple of grown-up children drove, through a paradise of Esquimaux, seals, sea-kings, sagas and songs. Indeed, there was no reason why the conversation should ever come to an end, seeing that everything was new to Zelda from the beginning. Of course she did not understand half she heard, but this made it all the more fascinating. Nor was she behindhand in teaching Lord Lisburn a few things that were new even to him. To her, those wonderful countries of his were above all things the dwelling-places of stranger beings than even the Hyperborean Islanders.

"And that," he wound up, "is the farthest point that any ship has ever been known to sail to."

"Ah!" she said, "and beyond that,

you say, is that wonderful place that no one has ever found. But it seems to me everybody has forgotten something."

"What is that?"

"You have said nothing of the guards. How are you to get through them?"

"What guards? There are no living creatures there but bears."

"You mean those dancing creatures? But they're no harm. I knew a bear once, and he was as friendly as could be. No; I mean Egin."

"Egin? And who in the world is he?"

"And you so wise? Why, the King of the North Wind—where else should he be? He's not as bad as some of the others, they say, and he's often helped people who know how to rule him."

Lord Lisburn was more polite than Harold Vaughan had been under not dissimilar circumstances. "Why," he only asked, "do you mean one ought to take holy water, as well as beef and biscuit?"

"Don't talk in that way, please. I don't know about holy water; but I know that people have been torn limb from limb."

"What, do you really believe in demons? I shall begin to think you are a witch, and that is why you hide your eyes."

"Oh! don't speak of my eyes."

"How can I help it! That's your fault, not mine. Well, if I come across the King of the North Wind, I shall be prepared. Anyway, he can't be a tougher customer than my friend Aaron."

"I wish I could tell you what to do. I only know that he rides upon a dragon and wears a crown, but is sometimes like a child; and if you can make him like that, he'll do you more good than hurt, and tell you where to look for gold. His spirits are like snakes, and make a noise like bulls."

"You don't mean to say you've seen him?"

"No; but he's been seen by them that know how to make him come. I wish I knew."

"I wish you did, with all my heart—I'm sure I don't. But are you really in earnest?"

"What—don't you know it's as true as the stars in the sky? Do you believe only what you see?"

"As you are so serious, yes, I do. But who on earth ever taught you all this nonsense—I mean all these things?"

"Of course you can't know what I know; you're not—but never mind. Who taught me? Why, who taught you what you believe?"

"I would give anything to see your face; I would believe in the King of the North Wind, dragon and all."

"I am not wise myself; but I have lived with them that are. Look at me, so that I can see you well. I thought so; you are running into fearful danger, unless you are warned."

"Of course I am running into danger; I don't think I could live out of it. But are you a fortune-teller?"

"I am nothing. But it will be mad to go among the demons, you who laugh at them, and without a wise man."

"Is that all? Oh, then you may make yourself easy: I'm going to take a very wise man, indeed."

She shook her head. "I doubt you know a wise man when you see one," she said gravely.

"Thank you for the compliment. But I think I know one—I mean Harold Vaughan."

"Harold Vaughan!"

She started so suddenly, that a suspicion leaped into Lord Lisburn's brain.

"Yes; why not? Don't you think him a wise man?"

"I don't think anything of him," she said with a toss of head that almost shook her veil down. To his own astonishment, he felt as though one corner of his heart had been touched by the tip of a cold finger. But, as he was not the least in love—how should he be?—the suspicion that the finger-tip might belong to jealousy, was too absurd to be recognized.

"I'm sorry you don't like Vaughan, though. He saved my life once," he went on, defending his friend from an attack that had never been made, "and is a first-rate fellow. He'll make a name, and I'm proud to have him. I wonder why he doesn't come, though? Perhaps he was out—by Jove, do you know I've been boring you for three whole hours? I wish you'd give me another glass of wine; what a baby I feel. Never mind, I shall be all right when I'm on board again. And now—will you do one thing for me before I go back to my own room?"

"Anything, if I can. But"—

"Please, no buts."

"I've been thinking. I told you that I'm not wise; but I know people that are."

"Lucky girl that you are! Well?"

"I don't know what you're going to ask me. But if I do something for you, you must do something for me."

"Anything, and without a but."

"You promise? You swear it?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"You must swear it, or it won't do."

You say you believe in something; swear by all you believe."

"If it will satisfy you—very well, I swear it, as long as it is neither to believe in Egin, or whatever his name is, or to give up the North Pole, or to"—

"No; it's nothing you can't do. You swear it?"

"Juro."

"Is that your oath?"

"I can't do more, except give you my word of honor, and that I've done."

"Attend to me, then. I can see some things, but not all: and when it comes to ruling the great ones, I'm blind. You may say what you like; but there's more in it than bears and icebergs, to keep brave men, all with different stars, from finding their way. I know the stars; but it wants stronger than me to help the stars against the evil ones."

"Well?"

"You're attending? Now I know of one that knows everything. When I used to be with Aaron"—

"A pleasant companion you must have found him, I should think. But—before you go on—I know so little about your profession—had you been singing with him before you came to England?"

"For years. I don't know how to tell you what I want to say. Can you keep secrets—from everybody, I mean?"

"I hope so, though I don't like them."

"But from everybody—even from your own right hand—even from Doctor Vaughan?"

"I shall be proud of your confidence, Mademoiselle." His knowledge of womankind taught him that to be told a secret from which another man was to be definitely excluded was a special token of favor. And so, perhaps, it may be, as a rule. He had not yet learned that in such matters exceptions outnumber rules by a million to one.

"I will trust you. I've not always been Mlle. Leczinska—I haven't always been a Pole."

"I see—your stage name and your stage country."

"I suppose so."

"Is that part of the secret?"

"That is the secret. No; don't ask me questions. I'm going to tell you only what I please. Do you know a big town—a long way off from here?"

"I know many big towns, a very long way off. Do you mean in England?"

"It's not over the sea. But it stands on a river that runs between rocks: the river runs into a great river: there is a large church: there are big ships and sailors: there are women there who wear bonnets like that coal-box: there are trees in the middle"—

"And you can't think of the name?"

"I don't know the name. But you must go there, or else send."

"Without knowing where? There are hundreds of such towns, though I don't quite understand about the bonnets."

"But you have sworn to do it."

"I know that; but can't you make my going a little more easy? You say that it's not across the sea; how far is it? Which way is it? Do you know any place near?"

"No—there's a place called the Old Point Hotel, and the Royal Arms."

"Have you been there yourself?"

"You are not to ask me questions. You are to do what I tell you."

"And having found a place with ships and public-houses"—

"Whenever Aaron was there he used to go and see the Wise Woman. He would never let me see her"—

"Then you have been there? Who in the world is Aaron?"

The ever-ready anger came into her voice. "Do you want me to tell you lies? Every time I answer a question it shall be a lie."

"Forgive me, pray. I won't ask you another question."

"He never let me see her: I think he was somehow afraid. But I've heard of her from others than him. She was a great *Rani*—a queen."

"Do you mean to say—a queen of what? A queen of gypsies?"

"I don't understand you. She is a queen. She is called Lady Margaret: but you won't find her that way."

"And what does she do?"

"I tell you what I have been told—what is true. She is not common. She came from over the sea. I have heard Aaron talking about it often with old people: he'd never let me listen, but I've made believe to be asleep, and heard it all without my eyes. She was never a child like I have been, but came as if from the very stars, ready-made. She lived with great people, not like us, and wore rings and satin. It's awful to think of, but they say she'd killed a child for the great devil. It's no wonder she's got to be wise, and she never laughed nor cried. Now she lives all alone by herself in a big house, and makes gold, and whatever she says is true."

"Why, she is a real witch—and this is the nineteenth century! Is it possible that there are such things still?"

"She knows how to rule the great ones: how else should she make the gold? I could tell you all sorts of things I've heard—only it's not lucky to talk about those things. You must go to her."

"I should be only too happy to unearth a live witch. Are you quite sure that you are not one as well?"

"You must ask her everything."

"What—about getting to the North Pole?"

"You have sworn it. And whatever she tells you, you must do."

"I doubt no more whether I am on my head or my heels," Lord Lisburn thought. "I am most certainly not on my heels. What on earth does it all mean? I am in London, and yet in a room that looks more like Bagdad. I am talking to the veiled Isis, and have sworn to visit an unknown country to ask a witch who sacrifices children to the devil how to get to the North Pole in spite of the King of the North Wind. No one would believe me if I pledged them my honor. And the worst of it is that I feel my wits giving away. Oh, if I could only manage five minutes alone with the dumb-bells! Is it the effect of that confounded glass of Moselle? Or is it delirium? This is London, this is the nineteenth century, I am I, twelve times twelve are a hundred and forty-four. No, I won't give in. Puss never walked in boots—the Fisherman never caught the geni. If she would only lift up her veil! Am I mad or is she?"

He forgot one thing in his catalogue—the sweet soft voice that spoke as if its natural language was an enchanted song. Not even the wildest nonsense could sound like itself when spoken in such a tone. I have not dwelt on this theme, nor will I. Words deal with thoughts: they are as powerless of themselves to denote tones as they are to depict hues. What is to be said when a voice does not make people think but simply feel? Women's voices are for the most part like their handwriting—as conventional and as devoid of meaning or character. They all say the same things, great or little, with the same inflections and in the same tones. When a woman does not speak from the ends of her teeth, but from the chest, that is to say from the part wherein the heart lies, we receive the same impression as when we welcome handwriting from a woman's hand free from loops and angles, from thin upstrokes and thick down. She may not be lady-like, but she is sure to be a lady: she is more likely to be gentle than genteel.

This, however, is to keep still within the limits of thought. Zelda's voice must be suggested by a fable, if merely out of revenge for its having suggested so many.

"I never hear any music," complained an envious beech-tree. "I hate the birds: they worry me." Suddenly the soft breeze went down, and his own leaves and branches no longer rustled and stirred. "Ungrateful wretch that I am," he exclaimed: "I never thought I heard a note, and all the while I was feeling the sweetest music in the world."

That is why Zelda's voice, while she was speaking, must be left alone. It was not thought about, but only heard.

"Then you will go?" she asked, after a pause—rather impatiently, considering his condition of body.

"You have bound me to go. Only promise in your turn that you will tell nobody of my fool's—of my errand?"

"Whom should I tell?"

"But I must find out first where I am to go. And when I am there, how is this Wise Woman, as you call her, to be found? I suppose you would hardly advise my advertising in *The Times*?"

"Let me see. Do you know a place called Newmarket, where they have races?"

"I should think I did."

"That is on the way."

"Well, that's something. Do you know the next towns?"

"Canterbury—that was one place after Lincoln. And before Lincoln there was—let me see—Winchester: but I can't tell you any between Winchester and Norwich, except Shrewsbury. And it was a very long way from Norwich."

"Rather a roundabout way from Newmarket to Norwich, isn't it? You can't help me much, that's clear." Here was a straightforward difficulty to be attacked—that put him on his mettle, in spite of the absurdity of the whole affair. It was almost as good as looking for the Pole itself. And then the quest was imposed by a voice worth obeying, though no influence was rained from any eyes.

"Here goes, then," he said, with his rather boyish laugh. "The route's no use, but I'll make sure of the description. You haven't a scrap of paper? Never mind; I dare say I've got something in my pocket. Ah, what's this? That'll do—the card to Lady Penrose's ball. That's no use now, thank fortune. Let me see; river—big church—ships—women with coal-scuttles. Trees in the middle. Two inns—royal arms. And now it's time for my favor. I want to hear you sing. I've been good, haven't I?"

"You are too good. I love you, What shall I sing?"

"How can I tell you what to sing? What was that you sang in 'Sylvia's Bracelet'—that song by Abner? I never heard anything like it, and I've been everywhere. I suppose," he thought cunningly, "she must take off her veil to sing."

But she did no such thing. "Well, a bargain's a bargain. The song isn't Abner's, all the same; I know which you mean. But I've been learning much better things lately—I only sing my old nonsense to myself now. Just listen how I can shake—There!"

"Brava! But I'd a great deal sooner hear you sing to yourself, if you don't mind."

"Lucas would scold me fearfully if he knew—but I don't care for him. And yet—No, don't ask me to sing that song now."

"Is that how you think my promise ought to be kept?"

"The devil! No."

He would have been still more bewildered could he have seen what images that now historic song of hers called up before the *prima donna* as she translated into the language of her grand piano the flourishes of Bob the Scraper. Ever since the night of the *début* she had steadily refused to sing those unlucky words. But there was no help for it—Lord Lisburn had fairly bought it, and she had nothing to do but begin.

"If I, so mean, were royal queen
Of England, France, or Spain,
Sceptre and crown, I'd throw them down,
So I might sail the main!"—

"Brava!" again cried the sailor earl.

"For a sailor lad my heart has had
That sails upon the sea,
And mirk or glim, I'd sail with him
If he would sail with me."

Lord Lisburn was too intent upon the full contralto, fuller and richer by far than when Harold Vaughan had been stopped by it on his path of life, to hear a knock at the door. "I should think he would sail with you," he said enthusiastically, "if that's how you ask him."

"If he, the last before the mast,
To whom my heart is true,
Were o'er them all made admiral,
And captain of the crew—
Through evil name, through sin and shame,
I'd sail the wide world's sea—
Fall foul or fair, I would not care,
If he would care for me."

It was not without reason that Lord Lisburn had boasted of his love of danger. It was with good cause, I hope it is clear, that he laid claim to the title of gentleman. But never in all his wanderings had he been in greater danger than now of what people would consider a breach of the maxim that *noblesse oblige*. It is true that he was enfeebled by illness, and by the strange excitement of the last few hours—that, as he had owned to himself, he was, morally speaking, not standing upright on his heels. The few now living who may have heard the voice of Mile. Leczinska will partly guess what I mean, but even they did not fully know the voice of Zelda. Not even Harold Vaughan or the boors of St. Bavons had heard that: it was reserved for Lord Lisburn to hear the first-fruits of the grafting of art upon nature. She was even surprised at herself at the sudden heat which seemed to have come out of it and through it while she sang. Lord Lisburn was as far out of her mind as if he had been in the flesh at the North Pole. But if he was nothing to her as her vague fancies chased each other unconsciously through every nook and corner of her mind's maze, this foreign actress, who smoked and swore and bewildered him with her caprices and extravagances, was gradually beginning to exercise a strange fascination over him. The veiled face, the sweet and penetrating voice, more musical

even in speech than in song, the outlandish surroundings, the wild ideas, the sympathy she had shown with his own life and aims, and which he naturally extended to himself, certainly did not tend to drive the remains of fever from his veins. The words "I love you," though he was not so vain as to take them literally, had nevertheless not fallen on barren ground. He felt as if the song had acted like an elixir, to make him well and strong—as if there might be a worse fate in the world than to take her at her song's word for the queen of the Esmeralda, through foul and fair, mirk and glim.

Instinctively, he felt that he must do something to make the Siren of the enchanted chamber raise her veil.

"If he would care for me,"

was still in his ears and turning into something more than melody, when the knock that he had not heard at the street door was repeated on the door of the room. He started, and did not notice that Zelda, whose fingers still lingered on the keys, started more than he.

"Come in!" she cried; and started once more to see that her old song had called Harold Vaughan to her side again. The coincidence was natural enough, but no coincidences seem natural in Fairyland. Harold Vaughan had come at the first summons from Lord Lisburn, and arrived to find his patron—so it looked to him—in strange company, considering all the circumstances from a rational point of view.

He hesitated, as well he might, before the veiled lady and her strange room. But he had not followed the course of the dream, and his arrival was like the entry of common-sense into Fairyland. Zelda got up from the piano, and without a word went into a corner of the room and curled herself up among the heap of sofa cushions.

"Ah! I thought you'd come, old fellow," said Lord Lisburn, flushing up to his forehead. "But I'm dead tired. I'll go and lie down in the next room—you can talk to me there. You're real, anyhow."

The doctor took his hand and then his arm.

"I never hoped to find your lordship well enough to sit up—all the better; you can change your quarters the sooner. But do you mean to say that Sir Godfrey lets you sit here in this horrible atmosphere of flowers?"

"This is not my room; I've not been out of bed till to-day."

"And you ought to be in bed for a week to come."

"Come, old fellow, it isn't fair to hit a man when he's down. You're right though, I dare say. Thank you, Mademoiselle—for your song, I mean. You will not be very angry if I find my way here again, in spite of your flowers."

But she only curled herself more

deeply in her sofa cushions, and answered not a word. As soon as her visitors had passed the inner doors, she crept back to the piano and began to hum her song to herself, very softly, over again.

She was scarcely in the middle of her first stanza, however, when she heard the doctor speaking to her.

"Pray keep your piano quiet, Mademoiselle," he said; "I have made Lord Lisburn lie down; do you want to drive him into a fever? You have already let him throw himself back a week at least, if not more."

"How dare you speak to me in that way? I have not put up my veil a moment. This is my room and my piano, and I'll do as I please."

"Let her go on," said Lord Lisburn faintly from within. "It doesn't disturb me at all. It does me good to hear some music."

Harold Vaughan closed the door. "I think we had better understand one another at once, Mademoiselle," he said. "There is clearly some mystery about you. Of course it is nothing to me, you will say, and in one way it is nothing. But I hope I am not such an ungrateful brute as not to feel that what concerns Lord Lisburn concerns me. I suppose there is no need to beat about the bush with you; men in my profession and women in yours are people of the world. And I cannot get rid of a strange fancy that we have met before. You are now a Pole, I know, and a famous actress; it seems insane to think you were ever an English street-singer. But am I right in thinking you were not christened Pauline, but by the stranger name of Zelda? Is that why you hide your face from me?"

"Never! I don't know the name."

"I have never seen you—if you are not Zelda—except in some disguise. If you are not Zelda, you will have no objection to lift up your veil."

"I won't lift up my veil."

"Well, then, it is as well you should know all that I have it in my power to tell Lord Lisburn."

"Oh, you may tell him what you like—it's nothing to me."

"So you say."

"I do say so. What do I care? He won't believe you. And if he did, what should I care?"

"The world thinks you would care a great deal."

"Who's the world? You mean the people that hear me sing?"

"Contempt for the world has a very graceful look, Mademoiselle, but you must have learned as well as I that the world never submits to be despised."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Surely you do."

"Then you mean nothing?"

"I see. It suits you that Lord Lisburn should be compromised?"

"Compromised?"

"Don't you know the word? Well, you can't pretend to misunderstand me if I speak plain things. To judge from

appearances, it will no doubt please you to hear that people say all that can be said of a woman who remains, all by herself, to nurse a young man who is ill at her lodgings, especially when the woman is an actress and the man is a peer."

"All that can be said? Where's the harm? Ought I to have turned him out like a dog, when he was hurt for me?"

"No; but if you cared for your own reputation you would have gone elsewhere."

"Cared for what?"

"Which do you mean—that you don't care for it, or that it isn't worth caring for?"

"I mean neither—nothing. You are too wise for me. I don't know reputation nor compromise. Why should I go? Why should people care where I live, or what I do? I sing for them and they pay me: that's all. If you mean anything wrong, it isn't true, it couldn't be; and if there was, it's nothing to them. I'm as free to do what I like as they, so long as I keep myself from them, and let nobody touch me."

Harold Vaughan, in spite both of his profession and his professions, was not quite so much a man of the world as to feel instinctively when people were speaking truth and when falsehood; he had had to deal with but two women, of whom one, as he believed, had been false to him, while the one before him, he felt sure, had lied. Nor was he, like Lord Lisburn, ready to be carried away by the romance of an adventure. But even he caught himself admitting the suggestion, "Can this possibly be the most incredible innocence that man or woman ever heard of?" But he was angry with himself for such treason to common-sense.

"Well," he said, "of course I can't control Lord Lisburn; I have no right even to advise him. But I shall advise him, whether I have the right or no, and will take the consequences."

How could he read what was really occupying her whole mind? Nothing was in her thoughts but an all-absorbing horror of his identifying her with Zelda. She would have gone to the stake rather than have confessed it—at least to him. She did not in the least comprehend why he cared about knowing it: she only knew that he did care, and that was enough. After all, what was the first spur to her theatrical ambition but the hope without a conscious motive, that she might be Zelda, the beggar girl, to this great man no more? What she felt towards him was more like awe than love—an unborn passion that might become love, but that might also become hate with equal likelihood, for in hearts like hers, which have never known the full taste of either, the two most opposite passions are in their outset curiously akin. Hate and love are at all events so far alike, that they make us

single out one person from the world, and care supremely about what he thinks of ourselves. If Zelda had been afflicted with the curse of self-analysis, she would have learned much from her bitter disappointment at the little effect of what she considered the magnificence of her surroundings had seemed to have upon him. But, at the same time, she was impressed by their not having sufficed to conceal her from his penetration.

No; anything was better than that he should think of her as she hated to think of herself. He had impressed on her the test of the veil: it must be undergone at the risk of exposure, even at the risk of the working of the Evil Eye.

"Who is Zelda?" she asked suddenly.

He lifted his shoulders contemptuously. "Nobody," he said. "Only a girl who brings mischief to all she comes near."

He could see her tremble from head to foot, and she stamped on the ground—that favorite gesture of hers, that seemed to imply everything at once without words. She felt almost goaded into using the power of which he had now twice accused her.

"Will you believe me if I let down my veil?"

"I shall see."

"Then see!" she exclaimed, tearing off the lace, and showing him two eyes glowing like fire. Could that passionate, beautiful woman's face be that of the beggar of St. Bavons? He was astonished out of his suspicions, and his own eyes, as if ashamed, literally went down before hers. No; if this ever had been Zelda, it was Zelda no more: she was right there. He had never seen a face like this before, and his recollection of special features had grown dim—thousands of women have dark faces and black hair. In the flash of the moment he was about to stammer "No," when his eyes, in their fall to the floor, caught sight of something at her feet, which her sudden movement had caused to drop from her bosom.

He stooped down, picked it up, and held it before her. She was more than answered—it was the gold watch that Harold Vaughan had lost on Whit Monday.

CHAPTER III. THE PASTEBOARD CASTLE.

HAROLD VAUGHAN threw a few shillings away that evening to hear the pickpocket in her role of *prima donna* at the Oberon, not as critic, but as spectator. He thought she sang badly, but as the popular favorite was applauded to the roof, as usual, he set down his judgment to his own want of knowledge. Carol was hanging about, of course, in his usual mysterious capacity as unattached manager of everything and everybody.

"There!" he said, when in the

course of his ubiquity he had dropped for a moment upon Harold Vaughan. "Only to think all that would have been thrown away if it hadn't been for me. Isn't she splendid?"

"I dare say she is: but I believe I've heard as good in a public-house before now."

"You dare say? Why, there's two hundred pounds in the house, if there's a penny—what can you say more? That's art, if you please. By the way, you're an art critic now, thanks to me. Who do you think had better do her portrait? Of course I know all the painters, and could make them do anything, but just think about it, will you—somebody that could carry out my own ideas? By the way, too, we must have some new anecdotes about her—the old ones are getting stale. The Polish business did very well, but rather too well: there are three more Polish *sopranis* already, two of them English and one Irish, and a Miss Brown or something, who failed two years ago as an Italian, is going to come out brand new as a Circassian. We can't give her a change of country, I suppose, or I'd outbid the Circassian with a Chinese. I suppose it wouldn't be safe to say that she's going to be married to a certain young nobleman under romantic circumstances? One might hint that she's a duchess in disguise, or that somebody has committed suicide for her, or made her a present of the biggest diamond in Europe, or that she has escaped from Siberia, or poisoned three husbands, or supports an aged grandmother—any would do: perhaps I'll give them all a turn. I think I'll take the grandmother first: it touches people. It's the touch of nature. She shall be blind and deaf, and saved Napoleon in the retreat from Moscow. Any old story of Napoleon does for a peg: everybody will think it's true, so long as there's a name in it they've heard when they were babies. Keep the ball rolling—that's the game. Hush—pray don't talk so much: it's very odd wherever I go how people always look at me. You won't come behind? Good-by, then: I'm going to have a talk with the Leczinska," he added, very loudly, so that everybody within ear-shot might hear.

It is impossible to exaggerate the agony that the inopportune discovery of the watch had brought upon Zelda. The knowledge that she had been allowing a castle to build itself in the air came to her simultaneously with the collapse of its foundations. To be found out in a theft did not mean to her what it would have meant to anybody else in her position. It carried neither moral shame nor social fear. It never came into her head to connect the idea of sending for a policeman with Harold Vaughan, and if the thought had occurred to her it would not have come in the shape of fear.

She was a woman hopelessly alone in a world that she could not compre-

hend. All the fire of nature was within her, hungering after an outlet. Had she been a heaven-born artist, it may be said, would she not have thrown herself heart and soul into the career that had been given her by Carol and destiny, and therein found the satisfaction that art, according to commonplaces, bestows upon those who follow her for herself, and not for her reward? Possibly: and yet there might be the divine fire in her, and it might only be a torment to her, all the same. To be an artist one must surely know what art means. From Lucas, Zelda had learned that art means the deliberate practice of pedantic rules. From Carol, she had learned that art means the readiest way of getting money. From Abner, she had learned that art means performing his own music and no other. Finally, from the great public, the highest court of appeal, she had learned that art means an occasional evening's amusement. It was not likely that she, to whom the books of history and experience were sealed, should be wiser than they, and she regarded her solitary indulgences of her natural musical instinct as so many follies. She was bound to be false to her genius, and to bend it into a machine for getting all she could out of a world that, except as an enormous gathering of gulls, was nothing to her. That she succeeded so marvellously was of course owing to higher qualities which she could not contrive to crush or conceal. But as she could not possibly suspect this, and as none of her guides, philosophers, or friends had ever uttered in her hearing or out of it a single noble word, so she was compelled for want of knowledge to despise her own genius, and to find an outlet for the demon within her in less wholesome ways.

No wonder that the whims and caprices of the *prima donna* were without end. Foolish admirers admired and encouraged them, common-sense people sneered at them as affectation or charlatanism. They were neither. But then neither did whims and caprices provide an outlet: they were but palliatives, and symptoms that she needed one. They were simply moral issues. But her banker's book and her bouquets were real: as real existences to her as Harold Vaughan. Perhaps all alike were dross and dreams, Harold Vaughan and all. The real Harold Vaughan was most assuredly no hero, save to her. It was not his fault, however, that a girl chose to regard him through a prism. Not even yet will I call this love, for love, like art, requires an element of conscious knowledge. It was rather the worship of an idea, which a larger soul had somehow chanced to find growing out of itself, and to have transplanted into a smaller. I suppose everybody must worship something or other, if only a common clay fetic: and large souls have a curious tendency to worship the small—it is but human na-

ture to feel drawn to what is most unlike ourselves. So much the better, in spite of the apparent waste and bitterness. The soul, too high to be worshipped, worships: the soul too small to worship, is worshipped. The smaller is ennobled, and the greater ennobles, so that both gain in the only fitting way, but as it is better to give than to receive, so, as is most due, the greater soul is the greater gainer after all.

So out of these three poor corner-stones, a bank-book, a bundle of bouquets, and a blockhead—it was Vaughan himself who had given himself the title—the threefold Zelda, Sylvia, and Pauline had built up her mansion in the air. The petals of the bundle became leaves of the book, and the leaves of the book became stones of the bridge that would lead everywhere, even to such a star as Harold Vaughan.

What the end was to be had not even begun to shape itself in her mind. The whole story was with no more visible beginning or end than the bridge of trap-doors in the vision of Mirza. She had never tried to look forward beyond the next sunset since she was born: and as her life was confined to the present, so was it all the more intense. Her unconscious life implied the idea of some future or other, and of course it was to bring happiness: without intense hope, intense life is a contradiction in terms. And here at last enters her third life, in which she was not Pauline, not Zelda, but Sylvia. She could not act the same part night after night without to a certain extent confusing her own identity. This was one result of her unrecognized genius, but it was also the result of the intensity with which she lived every hour, in whatever form it came. It was not that she made deliberate comparisons between her life on and off the stage. But she never quite ceased to be Sylvia, even when she was most simply Zelda. The great situation in the last act, where the heroine has her foot upon the necks of all her enemies, was the grandest ideal of human life that had ever been presented to her—indeed the only consistent and intelligible ideal. This was the thirst which the discovery of the watch had only increased by destroying every reasonable hope of satisfaction. She was almost in the mood that leads us to move fiends to our purpose if the benignant powers refuse to be reconciled.

CHAPTER IV. THE GREEN-ROOM.

THE failure of the energetic search of the police after Aaron Goldrick reflected less discredit upon their intelligence than lookers-on supposed. As there had been no inquest, much necessary evidence had never been brought to light. Lucas had kept back as much as possible for Mlle. Leezinska's sake, and Carol for his own,

so that the only connecting link between the great theatrical manager they were looking for, and the vagrant gypsy, whom they were not looking for, was the squint of which they had never been told. So it happened, unfortunately for justice, that his solitary undisguisable mark stood Aaron in good stead. It would never have occurred even to a second Vidocq that a man with such a note of identification about him could be a man of whom no such note had ever been reported.

Some part of his security, however, was no doubt due to Aaron's own cunning. He knew that every sea-port and every exit from London would be watched, so it was clearly his safest policy to remain among the streets until time enough had passed to make everybody sure that he had not escaped. He had plenty of money about him for immediate needs: he required no indoor lodging, and no food but what the pavement could supply. As soon as the search narrowed and the police turned their attention to the ground at their feet, he could easily walk out some afternoon and tramp his way to where a thousand pounds were still waiting for him in a house where he might hide comfortably till the whole affair was blown over.

He gave himself plenty of time to mature his plans, and found them not unpromising. His rôle of respectability, limited as it was, had been a hard strain upon him, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he breathed once more the free air of outlawry. Except for gold's sake, the old hand-to-mouth life had been the best after all. He had not even lost the golden goose whom he had chosen to call Zelda: he flattered himself that he could still collect eggs enough to feed both his pocket and his revenge. He had not failed to recognize her ambition to become a great lady and to free herself from his clutches, so that his silence would be something worth buying. He argued in this way, if it is lawful to reduce the instincts of genius to logical forms: "If Margaret will still go on bleeding, I can get Zelda to pay me at least half her earnings to say nothing. If Margaret holds me to my bargain after giving me the thousand pounds, I shall have the thousand, and Zelda will still pay. If Zelda won't pay, she'll buy my secret, and I shall get the reward besides. Faith, I shall live like a lord—'tis but chousing the Gorgios, after all. It's them the stuff comes from, and what's Mag's is mine, and as I meant to go halves with Zelda, Zelda ought to go halves with me. Considering what her keep and training have cost me, that's but fair."

In short, while to go under water without leaving a circle upon the surface is generally considered an impossible feat of dexterity in a civilized country, for Aaron, who belonged to a republic within a republic, nothing was more simple. His chance meeting with

Carol, though it was a good test of the sufficiency of his general disguise, he accepted as the signal for its being time to make his plunge for a thousand pounds, and to come up on the other side so soon as the hunt should pass by. He had considerable fear of a visible policeman, but he had none of that hunted sensation which is supposed to be a criminal's worst punishment. As long as all things went well without, all was well with him within. His first precaution alone was enough to ensure his safety. He walked across country until, by following a track whereof half was evolved from wide local knowledge and half from a sort of cat-like sagacity, he found congenial quarters and comrades under a rugged tent in a Surrey lane.

It is men like Aaron Goldrick who are masters of the human situation. You might toss him down where you please, but you could no more overturn him than a round ball. It was not so much that he fell upon his legs like a cat, as that he could stand as well upon one part of himself as upon another. Strip him stark naked and cast him upon a desert island, and he would manage to play heads and tails for covies with the sea-gulls, if land-gulls were not to be found. Put a noose round his neck, and he would cheat the hangman. He was only out of his element when fettered with the aids that most men need to climb. If his incessant rolling gathered no lasting moss, it was not without result: it was his nature to be round and smooth and slippery, and to revel in rubbing the moss off other stones as he rolled, rather than to gather any of his own. His delight was in trying to grow rich rather than in being rich, so that to be forever at the bottom of the ladder was no disappointment to him—it was merely a concentration of hope and energy. There are many such men whom it is the fashion to call failures. The born Bohemian, whatever his rank, race, or condition, is no more a failure than the self-made man: he fulfils his nature, and what self-made millionaire can do more? The only failure is the man like Harold Vaughan, who wishes to be what he cannot be—not the man like Aaron Goldrick, whose pleasure is in being at one with his destiny. Honesty and respectability are so far from being invariable guides to success and happiness, that if the very thought of either of them had entered what for the sake of courtesy must be called his soul, he would have been the most miserable of men: and if happiness is in truth our being's end and aim, he can scarcely be called worse than others for seeking it after his own lights. In spite of all appearance to the contrary, he was only more successful than others—that is all. It is well to remember that there are people with whom the respect of the world and a safe haven of honor and competence are so far from being good things, that to preach

to them of the blessings of honest thrift and a good conscience is much the same as to talk of etiquette to a baboon.

But this opens a wide, perhaps dangerous, abyss, into which I have no desire to fall. Still, everybody knows the story of the Scotch minister who, after having exhausted his whole litany, wound up with praying "for the pair De'il — naeboddy prays for the pair De'il." He was no devil's advocate because he, in his simple mind, was the first to discover the infinite possibilities of human charity. Lord Lisburn liked sailing in a yacht, Aaron liked cheating: but as pleasure and impulse were at the root of both pursuits, how can such words as "better" or "worse" be applied to either, except in those ethics of expediency which charity should scorn to entertain? With some men and women, to say "They are made so" is to say all: they are no more capable of longing for unrevealed light than they are capable of remaking themselves.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

CHAPTER VI. DESERTED.

MADGE was not seen again till late in the afternoon, when the inn had resumed its usual aspect. Honest Tom Brown, wondering at her absence, and the cold dinner without potatoes which was the inevitable result of it, could not get rid of an uneasy notion that something had occurred which was unknown to him. But he was an ignorant and inarticulate fellow, not a chatterbox even in his cups, of which he drank but few, and having been up all night, he was not altogether sorry for an excuse to lie down in the hay-loft, and have a good sleep. He was tired with his twenty-four miles' walk to Dronington and back, tired with watching for her fruitlessly, and when he got up she was about again. She did not indeed speak to him, or to anybody else, and she looked as if she had been crying; but since yesterday he could not muster up courage to talk to her. So he mooned about in and out of the house, and backwards and forwards to the stables, thinking that all would come right in good time — an axiom with which many a dull man has been fain to comfort himself under dismal circumstances.

In the stable was the lame hunter; and the mite of a boy in a drab jacket and overalls, who had been rubbing its sprained leg and bandaging it by turns since morning. He had also swathed the horse up to its eyes in the clothing he brought with him, and having drank about a gallon of strong ale, the small boy and the big horse were about to set off together.

"He's still lame as he was afore, old stick-in-the-mud," remarked the

small boy to Tom Brown; "but I've prumissed my old 'oman to be 'ome for supper; so we're off, and Red Rover can get hisself right arterwards."

"Ye mawn't go miscallin' your mawther that loike," said Tom Brown.

"My old 'oman ain't my muther, now then, stoopid," answered the boy, indignantly. "She's my missus."

"Ye baint' above a matter o' ten year old, an' ye got a missus?" asked Tom Brown, in much amazement.

"I'm risin' sixteen; fifteen last selliger," said the boy. "I knows it, cos it's the big day at Doncaster."

Tom Brown subsided after this information, though probably his private opinion was not much altered by it, and presently the short boy, who might have been any age between twelve and fifty, if judged from his appearance when closely examined, led out the tall horse and prepared to set off upon his journey.

"Who be yure maister, and wheer do 'un live?" inquired Tom Brown, with friendly interest, as they took leave of each other.

"Walker, up a street," said the boy, trying his latest acquirement in squinting; and tucking the horse's bridle under his arm, he began whistling "Nancy Dawson," and went about his business with the lame horse hobbling after him.

Nothing happened for many days after this at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh. It was a lost, out-of-the-way place, lying twelve miles from the nearest market town of any importance. The land in the neighborhood, which was not very good for agricultural purposes, belonged to two or three great proprietors, and the sub-agents who collected their rents lived at Dronington. The inn was the best house in the village, and there was not a person in it but the curate, Mr. Mowledy, who ever subscribed to a newspaper or read a book. Even Mr. Mowledy had been for some time away in the north, and his duty was performed by a hasty parson, who rode over from Dronington at a brisk canter every Sunday, and kept his horse waiting at the "Chequers" while he hurried through a single service. It did not much matter; there were seldom more than half a score of bumpkins, chiefly old, who went to church at all, and they understood nothing of Mesopotamia, about which this hasty parson preached to them from an old mouse-eaten stock of sermons he found at the rectory. The rector himself had been a hard-riding, six-bottle man, who had got into debt and disgrace. He had not seen his parishioners since his insolvency, and had never at any previous period concerned himself with their education or culture; and Mr. Mowledy received but £60 a year for filling one of the richest benefices in England as best he could upon so meagre a stipend.

There was none of the frightful poverty of populous cities, no hideous beggary with unheeded sores at Wake-

field. The people did well enough, and got plenty to eat and drink. They had a very prolific breed of ducks and geese, which they sent with butter and eggs to market once a week. Most of them had a pig and a cow; those who had not, worked contentedly for those who had. But there was probably not a more ignorant or ill-taught place in England. Long ago Mr. Mowledy had tried his hand at a school; but the blacksmith, Mr. Jinks' father, and the wheelwright, who led the community, did not care to take their children from work to learn their letters; and John Giles, of the "Chequers," knew that Madge had too much to do at home to go dangling after the parson's heels. So by and by all hope and ambition, perhaps all desire to improve his cure from that point of view, died out of Mr. Mowledy's mind, and he let things take their ancient, immemorial course.

He came back from the north a little older and more dejected than he went; for his brother and only relative, who had held a small living on the borders of Northumberland as locum-tenens for the patron's son, had died during his absence; but there was no apparent change in him. He preached wearily twice every Sunday, and once on Wednesday evenings, after his return, and his spare congregation was increased by Madge; who looked very pale and thin, but listened to him reverently without understanding much of his discourse.

He soon noticed the girl's regular attendance on his ministry; and the heart of the lonely man warmed towards her. He had scarcely more than the wage of a servant; he had no prospects of advancement, no respect for himself now. He could not ask any lady to share his penury, and if he could do so he knew of no one to ask. He might, however, take Madge to his desolate cottage, if she would go. She was a busy housewife, and would make him a good helpmate. There would be nothing to shock her feelings, or estrange her heart in his meagre fortunes. He would love her very dearly, and she would make his home bright with her presence. The girl had good natural abilities. She might be taught enough book-learning to make her a pleasant companion upon winter's evenings when their work was done. He knew she was thrifty and sweet-tempered. He only forgot that he was forty-nine years old and she not twenty.

It was one evening early in November that he spoke to her first. He even fancied she was waiting for him, and looked kind welcome from her large, soft, purple eyes; but that could only be imagination, overwrought by solitude. The hoar-frost was on the ground, and the landscape seen from the stile near the village church, where he met her, was very tranquil and lonely. There was a path that led on through some meadows to the

rectory, beside which stood his own forlorn cottage; it had been built by a former more prosperous incumbent for his gardener. He walked beside Madge through these fields, where the black-bird sang his loud good night, and the wren and the speckled thrush were busy with the hedge-berries. It was she who spoke first, and she asked him, in a sweet, grave voice, if he would write a letter for her.

Mr. Mowledy, though surprised at this request, promised readily to do so, thinking in his own mind that it might refer to some brewer's or distiller's account which was overdue, and then he walked silently on beside her. He was a learned man, was Mr. Mowledy, and had taken honors at his college. He might have done well in the world if he had had more energy, or less conscience. But he let one opportunity after another glide by him in the race of life, and never overtook them or tried to do so. And here now was this gentleman and scholar abashed in the company of a village girl. If she had cared for him, if he had met such a woman once in the heyday of existence when his blood was young, if even yet she had felt or could have felt one spark of love for him, he might have been helped out of his difficulty. A word or a look would have done it, and the pent-up tenderness of his gentle heart would have overflowed. But most girls are cruel where they are indifferent. Their eyes are closed, their ears are deaf to the concerns of all except those who can win their affections; and Providence has willed it so in mercy to mankind, that our wives and mothers may be entirely our own. So Madge, having said what she had to say, never more cast a glance at the parson, but went on absently breaking dried twigs from the hedges, and listening unconsciously to the carol of the birds.

They parted when they reached the road. The moon had just risen, and shed a quivering light through an old elm-tree, of which the topmost branches were dead and withered. A wagon toiled slowly up a hill, a dog barked in a farm-yard close at hand.

"Good night, Miss Margaret," said the parson, with a faltering voice. It was the only time he had ventured to address her.

"Good night, zur," said the girl, and she too passed away from that good man's life unwon.

CHAPTER VII. A WOMAN'S WAY.

THAT evening, after John Giles was gone to bed, Madge began to sing over her needlework, and when Tom Brown came in with his lantern to see that all was well before he went to sleep in the hayloft, she spoke kindly to him and asked him to have a jug of beer, as in old times.

She drank some of the beer herself, and when Tom asked her to sing his

favorite song over again, she sang it so readily and so sweetly that his rough coarse nature was quite melted. Then she led Tom to talk of the boy in drab overalls and the big horse that had been left behind by the strange huntsman; who had never more been heard of after he had left the inn that October day, now two full weeks ago. She never spoke of the huntsman himself, feeling with true feminine instinct that the subject was not agreeable to her kinsman. She seemed to be bent on pleasing him, and succeeded so completely, that he told her all about the urchin and his imprudence over and over again. She was especially anxious to fix the name of the boy's master and the place of his residence in her memory, and went over it several times with Tom, laughing as she did so; and asked him to tell her if she had pronounced it right.

"Ees," repeated Tom, for the twentieth time. "Maister Walker, up street, wor his neame and bidin' pleeace, it wor."

When Madge had clearly ascertained this fact, the conversation went on less smoothly; and, as Tom was just going to say something about "fairings" and "true lovers' knots," which had more or less reference to a ribbon she was sewing on a cap, she sent him away to draw another jug of beer, and when he came back stumbling from haste on the way, she was gone.

The next day also, while John Giles and the ostler were busy, she called to a pedlar, who had never passed that way before, and civilly offered him a crust of bread of her own baking, and a tempting slice of cheese with his beer. The pedlar, nothing loth, went into the kitchen when thus bidden, but observed that he had had a bad day and earned no money.

"There baint' nowt to pay, maister," said the girl, smiling slyly, and then she asked if he could write. The pedlar said he could "off and on," and surmised that she wanted a letter written to her "bo." She took his banter quite good-humoredly, and, as pen, ink, paper, and envelopes (then recently invented) were all ready to his hand, he wrote, with many strange contortions and grimaces, some words she told him. They were few words, and he did not take long about it. When he had finished, he inquired with an impudent leer what direction he should put upon the letter; but she took the closed envelope, and hid it away, after which she looked quite unconscious, and would not say another word to him. So he got huffed and angry, shouldered his pack with a surly look, and went about his business.

In the dusk of the evening she slipped out, while John Giles was drinking with the blacksmith and the sexton, and she had sent Tom Brown to get some flour from the mill, situated a long mile from the inn. After walking briskly through the glebe

meadows, where she was not likely to meet anybody, she rang at the parson's gate and dropped a courtesy to that gentleman as he came in some embarrassment to meet her. Mr. Mowledy had only an old woman, who slept at home, to wait upon him; and she had left, as Madge knew, an hour ago, so that he was quite alone.

Having courtesied again, she took the pedlar's letter from her breast, and asked Mr. Mowledy, with her father's duty, to address it.

Mr. Mowledy put on his lightest pair of blue steel spectacles, which he had purchased at an optician's shop in the City when summoned three years before to see his rector, in order that he might not appear at too great a disadvantage in her eyes; and then mildly demanded the name of her correspondent. She replied demurely that his name was "Walker."

"And his Christian name? It is always better to write that, in case of mistakes," observed Mr. Mowledy, wishing perhaps to prolong the interview with his parishioner as long as possible.

The girl hung her head.

"I mean," said Mr. Mowledy, who feared he might not have explained himself with sufficient clearness, "his baptismal appellation—the same which was given him, as to all of us, by his godfathers and godmothers. Your name is Margaret; mine is Marmaduke," added Mr. Mowledy softly, and he blushed.

Now Madge had heard both the stud groom and Mr. Sharpe call the stranger "Duke," so she courtesied again, as Mr. Mowledy pronounced his name.

"That be t' neame, zur."

"What! Marmaduke?" exclaimed Mr. Mowledy. "Dear me, it is an uncommon name, too. Don't you think so, Miss Margaret?"

"Duke, or maybe Dook, be t' neame, zur," persisted the girl, afraid to let the sound leave her ears lest she should lose it.

"Marmaduke," again repeated Mr. Mowledy, blandly, and, after further explanatory discourse, the reverend gentleman put the information he received, with his own knowledge of geography and nomenclature, together. The product was no usual thing. Madge took away her letter addressed in a scrupulously careful and legible manner,—

*Mr. Marmaduke Walker
(Dealer in fermented liquors),
Upper Street,
Islington,
near London.*

When the village was asleep that night, she posted it unseen, and unsuspected. Mrs. Jinks, the postmistress, felt sure it was a letter from the parson, and spread a rumor that he kept a bottle or two of spirits in a snug place for private use. So she told Madge, who said, "Lauk-a-daisy me,"

not knowing whence the scandal came. Who does know when the grim, scoffing thing called rumor first spreads its agile wings, or whence it comes, or whither it speeds so fast? Dr. Porteous, the rector, heard it in the rules of the King's Bench Prison; it was whispered to the bishop of the diocese by the Dean of Dronington's widow. The magistrates laughed about "the curate's sly bottle" when they met at quarter sessions, and one of them, a jolly good fellow who had been in the navy, made a song about it, putting it to rhyme with "throttle," and singing it to a roaring chorus after a dinner at the "Crown," where the worshipful and loyal gentlemen refreshed themselves in company at the termination of their judicial labors. Mr. Mowledy was the only person for twenty miles round who never heard it at all; for rumor has a great deal of humor in it, for all its gravity, and keeps prudently out of the way of contradiction.

CHAPTER VIII. FOUND DROWNED.

DAY after day passed by for nearly a fortnight, but no letter addressed to the village inn, ever arrived from Mr. Marmaduke Walker.

Madge watched for the postman as he passed through Wakefield-in-the-Marsh every morning in his donkey-cart, in hopes that he would stop at the "Chequers;" and once, when she thought he looked her way, she held out her apron, but he only stared at her and jogged along upon his round.

She seemed to pine visibly away during this time, and to have no care or pride in herself. The curate watched for her in vain as he walked from the church through the glebe meadows, taking always the same way home to his little cottage with a hope that he might meet her again, almost painful in its intensity; and though he had composed a sermon on a text taken from the thirty-ninth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, especially to ascertain her views upon the subject nearest his heart, she never came to hear it; nor did she go at all to church any more. When Tom Brown shuffled into the kitchen of an evening, he found nobody there. She got dinner and supper silently ready for John Giles, and set it in order upon the white deal table duly scoured; but she never tasted the good food herself, and her voice was never heard now singing about the house. She passed most of her time locked up in her own room. But nobody, except Tom Brown, took any notice of her. John Giles had his meals and his beer as he was accustomed to have them, and nothing but an earthquake would have roused his fuddled intelligence. Even a convulsion of nature would have found him with a brown jug in his hand, and he would only have set it down, to take it up again after the shock was over. The blacksmith, who had been

slowly making up his mind to marry Madge at some time or other, indeed looked about him now and then after he had finished his beer, as if he missed something, but he was not sorry that matters should bide as they were for a bit longer.

Tom Brown was the only person who knew that there was anything wrong, and he tried in uncouth ways to serve or comfort her. When she came down-stairs, after moaning for hours to herself, she would find the hardest part of her work done. He kept the fire burning, swept the hearth, drew water, and put the kettle on ready for her tea, which she drank eagerly, taking hardly anything else. When one of the customers called for her, he answered, and made some mumbling excuse which served the purpose well enough. One day he brought her some apples, which he knew she liked, and another he walked to Dronington for an orange. She found them on the table beside her tea things, and left them untasted. She appeared unable to bear the daylight, and never went outside the door as she used to do. She would stand with her face turned from the window, and her arm resting on the high kitchen mantel-piece; if spoken to, she answered without moving. All her clothes hung loosely on her: she had become terribly thin and wan. She started at the least noise, and once, when Tom Brown came in unexpectedly and looked her full in the face, she shrunk from him as though she were afraid. She avoided him more resolutely after that; watching with a beating heart and frightened eyes lest he should catch her unawares again.

Her favorite occupation when alone was to open a large carved oak work-box which had belonged to her foster-mother, and take out one by one the upper-leathers of a pair of top-boots, a dried rose-bud, and a strip of flimsy paper. She was never tired of looking at these things, but would rock herself in her chair, with her clasped hands on her knees, and wail over them. If she heard a step on the stairs, or any one called for her, she would hide them hurriedly away, and with trembling limbs and a ghastly face, assure herself that her occupation had not been discovered.

It was about the tenth day after the letter to Mr. Marmaduke Walker had remained unanswered, that a great change came over the girl. She rose very early in the morning, and toiled throughout the day without ceasing. She arranged all her cupboards, and the presses where the household linen was kept. She washed and put away all her glass and china, and carefully attended to everything that had been neglected and wanted setting to rights. Before she went to bed she raked out the kitchen fire and laid it afresh, spread the cloth for breakfast, and cut some slices of bread and butter, to

be ready for John Giles when he got up. She bade good night to Tom Brown very kindly, drew some beer for him herself, and opened the door for him when he went out to his hay-loft over the stables, closing it loudly after him and bolting it. Then all these things having been done in order, and the whole house thoroughly swept and garnished, she went to her room with a strange, absent air, and opened her work-box once more. But she did not cry over it now: there was only a sad, resolute expression in the girl's eyes; and after silently contemplating her worthless treasures for an hour or more, she opened her window and looked down into the road. She could see clearly, for the moon was at her full, and nothing was stirring for a mile around. The bat and the fieldmouse only were abroad; and the low hoot of an owl coming from the ruined rectory was the solitary sound which broke the stillness of the night. Not a dog barked, not a light was seen in a cottage, not a watcher kept vigil at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh. She remained for some ten minutes, looking anxiously from the window, and having satisfied herself that she was unobserved, she threw a shawl over her head, so as to conceal her features, and went quickly and noiselessly down-stairs. She had thought of everything. The bolts, which had been cleaned and oiled that day, slid smoothly back at her touch; the door turned easily upon its hinges, her bare feet fell unheard upon the hard ground. She went on walking very fast, turning neither to the right nor to the left, till she came to the mill-stream, at a place where it was very deep and rapid. Then she stopped, and knelt down by the waterside, and prayed with a smothered sob; after which she cast a startled glance hastily round her, and listened like some hunted animal. A fish which leaped out of the stream had disturbed her, and there was a far sound of wheels, but it died away and all was still. It was only the night wagon, slowly passing on its way to Dronington, and when it had gone there was not a human being who could hear her brief cries and her short struggles. She went then to the river's brink, took her shawl from off her head, and tied it closely round the skirt of her dress in a tight knot, so that she could not move her legs or feet, and she let herself fall headlong into the swift-flowing water. A loud splash, one natural effort, with uplifted arms, for life, and all was over. She was borne fast down stream.

CHAPTER IX. NIGHT LINES.

THE reverend Mr. Mowledy had one delight on this sublunary sphere of unrewarded merit. He was fond of fishing. He might have had some difficulty in reconciling a sport so cruel to a tender conscience, but he

reflected that Simon Peter, and Andrew his brother, with James and John the sons of Zebedee, were all fishers, as well as divines; and by the first rules of sound doctrine, that which they did unproved could not be considered wrong without heresy, by an orthodox clergyman of the Established Church of England; on the contrary, it was worthy of respect and imitation. Mr. Mowledy was so merciful a man that he practised the fisherman's art with as little pain to the fish as their case allowed; but he was also a logician and a casuist. He reflected that he might be a humble instrument in the hands of Providence, selected to wage war against the order of Apodes, who ruthlessly devoured snails and other harmless living things alive, prowling greedily about in the darkness beneath the waters to satisfy the lust of conquest and the sin of inordinate appetite. If Mr. Mowledy took them captive and slew them while trooping on these bloodthirsty expeditions, it was only the usage of lawful warfare, and he could not be viewed, even by the Apodes, if they reasoned candidly on the subject, in any other light than as a champion and defender of the helpless.

The head is always the dupe of the heart; and as Mr. Mowledy's delight was angling for eels, he was sure to find a comfortable excuse for so doing; indeed it is among the advantages of learning that it enables a man to discover many excellent and conclusive arguments in favor of his wishes, and to confound his opponents who have seldom studied the subject so deeply.

Moreover, Mr. Mowledy caught the eels gently, with a ball of string twisted into nooses, which got into their teeth as they marauded about in search of prey. He did not torture them with hooks. There were some worms impaled upon the string. Truly, Man, however, is a rational animal, and will not be balked in pursuit of pleasure by a second obstacle which turns up unexpectedly after he has overcome or thrown down the first. Mr. Mowledy thought long and patiently before he found a solution to the difficulty of the worms. But he would not give it up, and ultimately satisfied his intelligence that it was a convenient and proper custom to take them by stratagem, or a garden spade, and apply them to the use of man. For man has dominion over all the creatures of the earth, and more especially the worm, which is a species of the serpent,—it is plainly so called in the Swedish tongue, and that has much affinity with the Anglo-Saxon or pure English. Now, the serpent is an accursed beast, whose head is to be bruised by the heels of all who are born of woman. There is enmity between the serpent and the whole human race; not the enmity of passion or prejudice, but a just and perpetual displeasure enjoined by the law. In destroying worms or serpents, Mr.

Mowledy was only carrying into execution the mild sentence which had been passed upon them for the heinous offence of having brought about, by craft and subtlety, the awful expulsion of mankind from Eden, caused the woman to bring forth her children in sorrow, and man to eat only of bread in the sweat of his face, till returned in wrath to the dust, from out of whence he was taken.

Neither could it be urged that the conduct of worms or serpents since the Fall had been such as to merit any remission of their punishment. They had evinced no signs of repentance. They had accepted battle with mankind; they undermined and cankered all his works, they consumed his substance, overthrew his palaces, made leaks in mighty ships, eat up his very records, and feasted finally on his remains. They are notoriously the infernal brood of Satan, undergoing, as Linnæus and other naturalists declare, no metamorphosis; having no eyes nor limbs nor bowels of compassion nor future existence. Their name is a synonym for that remorse which gnaws and torments the wicked, for decay and sickly grief, for beings debased and despised, for worthless things which work men ill by slow, sure, secret means.

Thus Mr. Mowledy having fully argued out the case of the worms with himself, they being absent in contumacy, he had no more scruples touching their impalement; and when his duty to his parishioners had been performed in such wise as we have seen, he humbly trusted that he might be permitted to sit still half the night now and then in a punt, for piscatorial purposes.

Mr. Mowledy was intently watching his lines on that November night when Madge had fled from the inn, and probably thinking how fine a dish of eels he might send her on the morrow, for he had heard that she had been ailing. The spot where his punt was made fast was not unfavorable for such a subject of contemplation. It was a dark deep pool behind the mill, and now lay deep in shadow, untroubled by the brawling stream which rushed turbulently above and below it. Ground-bait being also deposited there in considerable quantities from the dust of the mill, and Mr. Mowledy being on good terms with the miller, this pool was his favorite piece of water. November nights, however, are cold and comfortless; so towards one o'clock the worthy gentleman, who never suffered his favorite pastime to interfere with more important things, bethought him that he had some of his flock, who lived a long way off, to visit on the following day, and that a little sleep would be needful to fit him for the labors of his calling. Therefore he first began to disentangle the strings and worms at the end of his lines, and then slowly to roll them up for another occasion. It was not

short or easy work, because he had nobody to help him, and his fingers were half frozen. The string stiffened almost as soon as it came out of the water and slipped through hands made clammy by contact with the eels. The loops of his lines, moreover, caught in weeds and projecting roots of trees, which had thirstily thrust themselves into the stream. So he was glad when it was over and he could unfasten his punt to go home before the day broke. He was just about to do so, when he heard a sudden plash, as of a body falling from the opposite bank, a few yards above the mill; and immediately afterwards a motionless human form was borne rapidly by him on the swift-flowing waters. The full moon shone very brightly on the upturned face of a young girl, as it sunk and rose again, dashed about by the eddies; and Mr. Mowledy's heart stopped—smote with a sudden and awful anguish—as he recognized the pale features and golden hair of her who was all the world to him. In a moment he had plunged into the mill-stream, and struck out lustily. He had been a strong swimmer in his youth; a Winchester boy and an Oxford man, he was always fond of the water, and now his old practice stood him in good stead. Making rapidly on beyond the spot where the body had sunk, he trod the water and watched till it rose again. Then he dived gallantly for it, caught it midway as it went down, and bore it to the nearest shore.

He was not a bad physician, this obscure country parson; and he was aware that when a person is submerged under water, suffocation ensues, not in consequence of the access of water to the lungs, but merely from the exclusion of air, and that if breath could be once brought back to her she would live. He knew also that as she had not been more than three minutes in the water, and had not been immediately submerged, there was good hope, if the means of restoration were at hand; and failing them, he could only do his best. Now the men of the mill had long gone home, but the mill stood open, and there were still some embers of a fire which had been left burning for him by his friendly parishioner; so he carried the girl quickly thither, threw his large boating-cloak and such wraps as he had with him over her, and did all things needful, till her fluttering breath gradually returned, and Madge, opening her eyes, looked wondering around her. In less than half an hour she was completely restored to consciousness; and, having been so short a while in the water, was able to return home.

The good gentleman, with the innate delicacy and chivalry of a Christian mind, forebore to ask her any questions; and when she would have given him an explanation he stayed her softly, and sought with words of true and lofty charity to calm her

trouble, be it what it might — to raise her up again in her own esteem, as a human soul, precious to all the world in the possibilities of the future, to him, a minister of the church, most precious, most revered. A cardinal speaking to an empress had not chosen better, simpler, or more respectful language. When the color gradually came back to her cheeks, and he saw that she was recovered, and quite quiet and resigned in manner, he knelt down, bidding her in solemn accents to do likewise, and prayed fervently in the brief and affecting words familiar to him through years passed in bearing consolation to the afflicted of his congregation: —

"O Lord God, who hast wounded us for our sins, and consumed us for our transgressions, by thy late heavy and dreadful visitation, and now, in the midst of judgment remembering mercy, hast redeemed our souls from the jaws of death; we offer unto thy fatherly goodness ourselves, our souls and bodies, which thou hast delivered, to be a living sacrifice unto Thee, always praising and magnifying thy mercies in the midst of thy church, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

And having prayed thus, giving to the Most High the glory of her miraculous preservation, he rose from his knees and blessed her mutely, forbearing to intrude on her when he could no longer be of use, and contenting himself by watching her unseen when she left the mill, lest she should faint or fall down by the way. But she arrived safely at her home, about two hours after she had quitted it, and passed unquestioned through the open door into her chamber, where all was still.

CHAPTER X. WHAT HAPPENS.

MR. MOWLEDY was very ill for some days after he had bravely rescued the drowning girl, and it is one of the many inexplicable things in this world, that heroic actions are seldom performed with impunity. His wet clothes had avenged themselves on him for their untimely ruin, and struck him down with an unseen blow, which brought on fever and ague, leaving him to reflect, in that condition, that Virtue is verily its own reward.

Meanwhile affairs at the "Chequers" resumed their former aspect, and went on absolutely as if nothing had happened. Madge did not recover her cheerfulness for long afterwards; but she went about her work, and seemed to take a pleasure in it, or to find relief from bodily exertion. She was peaceful enough if left alone, but sullen and even defiant if any one interfered with her. Several times also she asserted her independence in express terms, which troubled John Giles not a little. She reminded him that she was not his daughter, that she was naught to him, nor he to her, but a friend, and she added that she was

minded to earn her own living and to see the world. She expressed a desire to take service in London town, and asked the brewer's man, when he came with his gigantic horses and his casks, if he knew of a place for a hard-working girl "anywhere," it did not matter in what house or city. He answered that he knew of no such place, and that it would be uneasy to come at on account of the hardness of the times, which ever gives and ever will give a short and civil reply to an unwelcome request; and he told her, being nudged thereto by Giles, that she did not know when she was well off. Then she turned to Tom Brown, in her restless desire to be gone, and ordered him to find a place for her, begging him with sighs and tears to lose no time about it.

The poor fellow thrust his knuckles in his eyes at the bare thought of losing her, and besought her in his rough way to tell him if any of her neighbors had given her occasion to be angry, that he might right her with his fist and tongue. He would give them a piece of his mind, he confidently said (he did not think how small it was), and thump them into their senses. It is the English plan, and not an evil one; for sense compelled by blows is wondrously discreet and modest.

But she said nothing in return. She seemed subdued and sad. Indeed, she was becoming perplexed and half distraught in her trouble. She had tried, she alone knew how desperately, to put an end to it, perhaps by death itself, if her secret could be known, afterwards by flight. Both means had failed her; and, like a bird caught in the toils of the fowler, now she fluttered in a passion of fear and woe, now cowered timidly and ceased to struggle.

So it happened that when Tom Brown came into the kitchen that night, the girl's feelings were dull and blunted with overwear. She was not ill, but she was weak and listless. Her poor honest working hands hung down beside her, and she could no longer collect her thoughts. She felt a little light-headed, and wondered in a hazy, half-unconscious way, whether she should ever be like the idiot girl who went about with straws in her hair last harvest.

She took no notice of Tom Brown, but let him sit down by the fireside and talk to her as he would. He looked like some good watch-dog keeping guard over her, and his rude speech was little better than a well-meaning growl, coming from a faithful heart, which would have bled or broken to please her.

"Madge," cried the simple fellow at last, and there was a natural pathos in his coarse appeal, "Oi can't a stond it no mawer. I'll go an' list for a sojer an you yun't tayk oi wan oi axes yow. Oi'd ha' mayd yow a honist mon an you wud wed. An' thow ut bain't fur t' bee, thar be a mattur o' twentee pund I ha' seaved oop — doee tayk t' blunt. I' be onder t' hyrick yunder."

The good lout shook and blubbered like a boy as he spoke, for he was in grim earnest, and he took up his lantern to leave her forever; when she, with a scared aspect and mien like that of one interrogated while walking in sleep, asked him what he would have of her; and when he told her again and again, till she understood his meaning, she cried and wrung her hands till the blood started between the nails of them.

He stole gently up to her with untaught affection, and talked to her in homely phrase of the childhood they had passed together, and of the many times and oft he had held her on his knees as a little mite no bigger than his arm; till first she smiled, betrayed into forgetfulness for a moment by the deceiver Memory, and then she sobbed convulsively, answering him in gasps. Any one, she said, might wed with such a thing as she was, if they had a mind for their bargain. The parson, the blacksmith, or he. It was all the same to her. She only wanted a morsel of bread, and could work for it. She thanked God for that. She would be beholden to nobody. Her voice as she spoke was sometimes hard and even fierce, sometimes hushed and supplicating. She hardly seemed to know what she was saying, and her mind wandered from one subject to another. She told him she did not care what became of her, or of him; and that she did not like him, or ever could like him; and then she clung to his arm, and went into hysterics.

By and by she was quite worn out and as weak as an infant. He pressed her again in plain words to wed with him, and she submitted passively, saying little; but before they parted it was settled between them that he might have the banns put up on the following Sunday. She confessed that she had attempted to kill herself, but would try to make him a true wife if he could forgive her; and she thought she had told him all, while his dull comprehension suspected nothing. She was but an inarticulate village girl, and he an ignorant country bumpkin. Such mistakes sometimes occur between more lettered people, and few shall read the mysteries of the soul through the dark glass of language.

An hour before she had fought angrily against the joyless fate which pursued her so unrelentingly. Now it had overtaken her, for better or for worse she was humble and submissive to it. The strife was over, and she had yielded. She warmed Tom Brown's beer, spiced it with nutmeg, and put a roasted apple in it, as she used to do on holidays before the stranger huntsman came. She lit his lantern when he went away, and kissed him as she bade him good night. Then she walked quietly, with dry eyelids, to her room, and slept soundly the sleep of utter exhaustion.

(To be continued.)

CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY.

"WANT a husband, miss? only threepence!" was the extraordinary question we heard put to a young lady, waiting to cross a bustling London street. The querist was an impudent young tatterdemalion, who, as he spoke, flourished a bundle of papers before the eyes of the astonished damsel. The rascal was pushing the sale of a journal unique in its way, an organ "specially devoted to the promotion of marital felicity," and the relief of the "thousands of marriageable men and women, of all ages and conditions, capable of making each other happy, who have no chance of ever coming together either in town or country," thanks to the restrictions imposed by "the cold formalities of society and the rigid rules of etiquette." We suppose this odd literary venture has proved a success commercially, seeing that it has managed to exist for a couple of years, during which time some eight thousand candidates for matrimony have made their wants and wishes known in its columns. Whether marital felicity has been promoted thereby is another matter, upon which we must be content to remain ignorant.

Interesting as this publication may be to its contributors, who pay for the pleasure of seeing themselves in print, it is rather monotonous reading for outsiders; still an analysis of its contents may prove amusing, since we have the editor's assurance that the ancient institution of marriage excites universal interest among the human family.

After striking out duplicates we find a month's issue of our matrimonial organ containing five hundred and forty-eight advertisements. Two hundred and ninety-four emanating from would-be wives, and two hundred and fifty-four from would-be husbands. Let us give the ladies precedence, and begin with the two hundred and thirty-three unappreciated maidens, who have grown desperate, waiting in vain for the coming man. That rogue Cupid must have gone sparrow-hunting to the neglect of his proper business, for so many connubially-inclined spinsters to be sighing for mates all unregarded. These unwooed ones are of various conditions, and of all ages, from sweet seventeen to forlorn forty; eight being yet in their teens, fourteen just out of them; sixty-three have not seen more than five-and-twenty summers; sixty-one count from twenty-one to thirty years; sixty-two from thirty-one to thirty-nine; while nineteen confess to forty, and eight have passed beyond. Fair maidens stand to dark ones in the proportion of three to two, but black hair would seem to be at a discount, for only one raven-locked lady is to be found among them. It is from no want of charms that these poor ladies are left out in the cold. Oblivious of the copy-book maxim about self-praise, five proclaim themselves beautiful, eight write themselves down very handsome; twenty-three are, according to their own accounts, handsome, sixteen very pretty, and the same number pretty without the very. Fifty-two tell us they are good-looking, nine are nice-looking, and seven fine-looking. Eight are attractive, two prepossessing, twenty-nine of good appearance, one is stylish, and one fascinating. Some are accomplished, some brilliant musicians, some clever needle-women, some highly educated. Others make parade of their connection with first-rate families; few forget to declare their amiability and affectionate disposition; some pride themselves upon being domesticated, and all are evidently strong in the belief that they will make excellent wives.

Nineteen-year-old Madeline bemoans her want of money, but hopes that want may be compensated by her "string of virtues," said virtues being thus enumerated: "medium height, golden hair, blue eyes, merry disposition, not at all sentimental, very musical, sings well, also a good house-keeper." A good home and five hundred a year is the price put upon her charms by Augusta, who has no money nor any expectations of any. She is thirty-five years old, five feet nine inches in height, fair complexion, auburn hair (natural color), a very good figure, is good-looking, very accomplished, well-bred, and domesticated. She has always moved in good society, but having hitherto lived a

retired life has had few opportunities of marrying. We suppose Augusta's high breeding would not allow her to admit that she was "on view;" but she does much the same thing when she finishes up with "now in London." Another lady, of twenty-eight, tired of her solitary, secluded life, wishes to meet with a man able to appreciate a warm and loving heart. Unfortunately she is without money, but if good looks and pleasing manners, combined with accomplishments and domesticated charms, would suffice to afford satisfaction, she feels quite sure she would make her husband the happiest of men and envied by all his sex. There is something very pitiful in the following appeal: "Wanted, a husband, by a spinster, aged thirty-eight, without money, and not good-looking. Should this meet the eye of any gentleman wanting a wife, and in a position, and generous enough to take one with these disadvantages, the editor can give address." We fear the editor would not be overburdened with applications for an introduction to this disconsolate dame, when so many well-dowered ladies are in the matrimonial market, to say nothing of heiresses in prospective. Some, who are waiting for dead folks' shoes, announce the fact in a heartless complacent fashion. An only child, a sweet thing of twenty-two, says she will come into "a large amount at the death of her parents;" the dark-eyed daughter of a rector "has money, and will get more," when the rector lies in his churchyard; and the highly educated, very fair, very pretty, very jolly Miss Lucy displays her jolly disposition by stating that in addition to the two thousand pounds she will receive at her marriage, four times that amount will be hers upon the death of her father, "who is now seventy-five."

Actuated by the hope of inspiring the pity akin to love, or perhaps thinking a bride's value enhanced by the absence of mother-in-law, no fewer than forty-three enter the matrimonial lists as orphans. A goodly proportion of these lonely ones are provided with worldly gear. Rosa, aged twenty-six, not pretty, but very fascinating, has a small landed estate and six hundred a year to bestow upon a gentleman of undoubted respectability. Eva, aged thirty-four, with a pleasing face, slight figure, in perfect health, blessed with an active happy temperament, who does not dislike the country but hates everything false, false hair included, would make a devoted wife to a man of piety, culture, humor, and means. A sufficiently good-looking orphan of forty-two desires to win a gentleman of good position, "her parents being dead," a rather superfluous bit of information. Another mature orphan, owing to forty-four, boasting a pleasing face, a good figure, with temper to match, could be happy either travelling or settled down, and believes she would prove a good wife to a kind, elderly man, gentlemanly in mind and manners, with sufficient means to enable them to enjoy life together.

Sixty-one widows, ranging in ages from nineteen to fifty, are anxious to enter the holy state again. A beautiful widow of nineteen, fair, tall, accomplished, and highly connected, who knows she is very affectionate, might surely wait a little longer; perhaps her impatience is explained by the fact that she is one of the five relicts who are silent as to their property qualifications. The remaining fifty-one have one and all something besides themselves to offer, a little money, a small income, a nice residence, a good house, or a snug private property. One tempts men with two thousand pounds and a large property hereafter, another gilds the pill with "about twelve thousand," and a third owns a splendid home in the country, without encumbrances, although we should think a wise man would carefully ware widows who apply that hideous term to children. He would be far better off with the highly-connected young widow, who is considered pretty, clever, and amusing—a merry weed-wearer who quotes Scott's lines:—

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou;

And thereupon observes "she does not deny that she

might at times realize the two first lines of the couplet quoted above, but she can assure any gentleman willing to make the experiment, that she is certain to be true to the conclusion." Some of these feminine appeals may have been inserted for the fun of the thing, no doubt; the majority appear genuine enough, but we cannot believe in any "Lady Charlotte" being reduced to the ignominious necessity of putting her daughter up for public competition in this style:—

"MATRIMONY. — A lady of title, with an only daughter just nineteen, is wishful to see her well settled in life. She is considered attractive, and will have twenty-five thousand pounds when of age. Gentlemen of social position and ample means only treated with."

The unorthodox method of obtaining a wife, by advertisement, is sanctioned by the examples of twenty-five clergymen. Most of them are Church of England curates, having a penchant for well-educated ladies of thirty or thereabouts; but an active, energetic, healthy, Presbyterian clergyman, fond of riding or driving a good horse, who his female friends say would make one of the best and kindest of husbands, offers himself to any sensible, kind-hearted, and good-looking girl with a thousand pounds in cash, or an income of fifty pounds a year. This paragon, unluckily, has at present to live upon a hundred and twenty pounds a year, and we fear is a wolf in sheep's clothing, if, indeed, he be not identical with that clergyman of the Presbyterian Church who has lately figured before an Old Bailey jury for indulging in a plurality of wives, obtained with fatal facility through the medium of a journal devoted to the promotion of conjugal felicity. It is to be hoped the captains, majors, colonels, and officers on the Indian staff who employ the same means, do so for honest purposes; but we sadly mistrust the intentions of the young barrister of accomplished education, engaging manners, unexceptionable habits, genial disposition, good appearance and position, who has the entrée of the best society. He does not seem such a genuine article as the teacher of mathematics, about to furnish a quiet country-house, and wishing to "take to himself one of the daughters of Mother Eve, for better or worse, as the event may prove;" or the tall tutor, of excellent figure and warm affections, who has an opportunity of establishing a lucrative school, and seeks a lady of education and some means willing to coöperate in the venture. Three physicians, in good practice, and twice as many surgeons, make up the tale of medical matrimonial aspirants. Art is represented by a solitary individual, and literature by a gentleman standing five feet nine and a half inches, with dark hair and beard, holding a leading position on a weekly paper in an interesting district thirty miles from town; said leading position being worth a hundred and twenty pounds per annum, which should prove an irresistible temptation to a fair lady of thought, culture, and means, who would find him a man who could thoroughly appreciate her merits.

Ladies of an agricultural turn of mind may possibly find a man just suited to them among the five gentleman farmers, and the three farmers who are not gentlemen. Merchants are more plentiful, the most notable of the twenty-three being a Lancashire bachelor, of plain and simple tastes, a religious, but by no means ascetic, cast of mind; who has set his heart upon winning the hand of a warm-hearted English country lady, but stipulates that she "must have head as well as hands in domestic affairs, and, above all, piety is indispensably requisite." Four civil-engineers, nineteen tradesmen, a few clerks, a manufacturer, a commercial gentleman, three respectable young men, and one who is highly respectable, set forth their matrimonial desires in plain, business-like fashion. Eighty-seven bachelors, who would be Benedicks, call themselves gentlemen. Some appear to have nothing but their gentility to support them, and want a wife who would take that office on herself. Some are country gentlemen with estates of greater or less value. One has a splendid residence, a carriage and pair, and a good income; another has three thousand, and another eight thousand a year.

Even two English noblemen come into the open market for wives. Both are in the sere and yellow leaf, one being between fifty and sixty, and the other exactly fifty-five. The latter evidently thinks his age will be forgiven him for the sake of four thousand a year, and a thousand a year for his widow as long as she lives. Another old gentleman who has no handle to his name is still more explicit, announcing that he can secure a good jointure to his widow, as well as provide for a family.

Among the two hundred and fifty-four connubially-disposed gentlemen, only eleven have experienced the happiness of married life. With the exception of one who insists upon a tiny waist and pretty little feet, the widowers are less particular about personal attractions than their bachelor brothers. These latter cannot be accused of undervaluing themselves. Tom, a respectable mechanic, modestly hopes to gain a lady possessing means. An Oxonian, having a nice home and three hundred a year, wants a good-looking wife, a thorough lady in every respect, and with some money. A Roman Catholic gentleman, with a handsome, intellectual face, looking ten years younger than he is, of regular habits, and decidedly literary tastes, desires a Roman Catholic wife, but she must be nice-looking, good-tempered, with some money of her own. A dark, good-looking Yorkshireman, of pleasing, unassuming manners, doing a lucrative business, will not be satisfied unless the lady has at least five hundred a year to bring her unassuming groom. A very good-looking bachelor of thirty-six will not strike his flag to any lady owning to more than twenty-seven, and then only if she be tall, dark, handsome, accomplished, good-tempered, careful, domesticated, and has some money. A gentleman of three-and-twenty, of first-rate family and name, who is considered good-looking, and a very fair amateur violinist, seeks a young lady of his own age who can marry him for love—a gentle hint that he has no money. He might just as well have spoken out like the young fellow who, premising that he is dark, slender, and of an easy disposition, but has "no money, no prospects," expresses his wish to share the lot of a young lady of comfortable independent means. Another young gentleman, revelling in bachelor luxury upon two hundred a year, will not dispose of his sweet self to any but a lady of fortune. An old bachelor of fifty-five describes himself as worth actually only a thousand pounds or so; but in character one of the richest of men, whose mind is, perhaps, superior to his means, since he has a fine sense of propriety, and a taste for education. He wants an intelligent, domesticated wife, who must be religious, as he is thoroughly so himself. This modest man concludes, "This is worthy the attention of any lady willing to accommodate herself to the particulars."

A young foreigner of distinguished family, with bright hair, blue eyes, nice complexion, and five hundred a year, wishes to find a fair companion among the daughters of Albion. He is not the only foreigner harboring that desire. A foreign gentleman of good birth, well-built, and of distinguished appearance, a great favorite with the ladies, but unfortunately possessed of but moderate means, wants a wife who could supply the deficiency. A well-educated German, not rich, seeks an independent lady with a good yearly income, who is fond of music and prefers the country to large towns. A resident of Brussels, speaking English, would have no particular objection to a Protestant widow, willing to assist her husband in his business. Then we have a French gentleman of old family and large estates, another with a moderate income, a third very loving, good-tempered, and musical, who would return to Paris, if agreeable, and a fourth who says, "He is a French noble gentleman of thirty, considered as good and young looking, well tasted, good heart, serious but lively, highly connected and educated, middle size, who would live in England, if agreeable; he talks four languages, gets a little income, but afterwards would receive more than twenty thousand pounds, expected of relative. He wishes to marry, and open correspondence with, an English lady under twenty-six, pretty, of small feet, highly educated, daughter of a wealthy and respectable manufac-

turer, from whom she would yet receive a same warranted fortune." An American, about to establish a business agency in London, wishes to marry an English woman of means; a Chicago lawyer, worth five thousand dollars, wants an English girl with a like amount of cash. The tall and handsome son of a physician of the highest standing, boasting a well-proportioned figure and dark, luxuriant moustache; an author, poet, and musician; connected with the most distinguished families in St. Petersburg, Paris, Washington, and New York; who has travelled all his life and knows the world well, deigns to offer his delectable self to any refined lady of means, loving poetry, music, and the fine arts, and not objecting to the formalities of society — age no object! Here is another American specimen. An American, thirty-one years of age, five feet seven inches high, fair, blue eyes, dark-brown hair, and of good family, with five thousand pounds capital in business, yielding an income of fifteen hundred pounds, would like to correspond with an English lady of between eighteen and twenty-five, of medium size, with black hair and eyes, good form, amiable disposition, and possessing some property yielding an income; but that is a minor consequence, if she possesses those other attractions loved by all true men (pure-hearted, and all that makes her one of God's noble women). All letters will be answered, and cartes returned when required, and confidence in every case, with future to decide the likes and dislikes.

How far the marriage rate of the United Kingdom has been affected by the establishment of the new means of intercommunication between the sexes, we cannot tell; but of one thing we feel no doubt, that not a few of its aiders and abettors have bitterly regretted they ever heard of its existence.

TURKISH GEORGIA.

"A HANDSOME but worthless nation." And with these words Gibbon summarily dismisses the Georgians from his pages.

Poor Georgians! With all due respect for the great historian, I cannot but feel inclined to dispute the propriety of the latter epithet he bestows on them, were it even for nothing else than the correctness of the former. Beauty and goodness had once but a single name, common to both in the most copious of all languages, the expression of the noblest of all minds; and Greek philology, like Greek philosophy, however high fantastical at times, had the most often a true foundation deep in the nature of things. Is indeed fair without so often foul within? or is not the outside form rather more generally a representation, a reproduction indeed, and a consequence of the inner being? There are, I am well aware, many wise adages to imply the contrary; but we may remember that personal beauty, rare, in all truth, even among women, is yet rarer by far among men, the makers of these wise adages; and it is not foxes alone that have called unattainable grapes sour before now.

But to leave generalizations, and return to our Georgians, such as they are this day. Business, whether of the state or not, has made me more than once a looker-on among them, and given me ample opportunity for judging both how far they still deserve their hereditary reputation for physical beauty, and also how far they merit the uncomplimentary adjectives bestowed on them, not only by Gibbon—who from the very vastness of his scope may easily have been obliged to content himself occasionally with comparatively scanty or superficial information on some points—but even by other more special writers.

Large allowance should be made when we criticise races which, owing chiefly to a misfortune of geographical position, and the dangerous contiguity of more numerous and more powerful neighbors, have for many ages received and borne a foreign yoke till its impress, for good or evil, has been fairly stamped into their shoulders. Bad luck may have more to do with the fact and its consequences than bad deserving. It is no blame to Croatia that it is ruled

by Austrian administration; nor, if guarantees fail them, could Luxembourg or Belgium be held responsible were they swallowed up in the German Empire. What can a little fish do in the presence of a big one but be eaten by it, and, according to Sidney Smith's wise recommendation, try not to disagree with it?

Now Georgia has for centuries past been that little fish; or, to use a comelier metaphor, an unarmed, fallen, and wounded man, over whose prostrate body Turk and Persian have, generation after generation, fought their fierce frontier strife, till Russia coming in gave the duel a Midshipman Easy, or triangular, character. Not, however, an equilateral one, but illustrative rather of the old axiom which sends the weakest to the wall; Persia, undoubtedly the feeblest of the three combatants, having to give up her hold on Georgia altogether, while Turkey, a little—but only a little—stronger, managed to retain a curtailed portion of her prey, of which, however, the lion's share naturally fell to the lion of the partitioners, namely, Russia.

With that larger share, now known as Russian Georgia, I have for the moment nothing to do. It is indeed to its inhabitants that Gibbon's antithetical notice chiefly refers; but they, since the historian's time, have undergone a great change, that of Russification—a process likely in many ways to render them at once less worthless and less handsome. It is rather of the smaller section I now would speak, that yet included—though for how long to come may well be questioned—within Turkish limits, and hardly at all changed by the lapse of the last century. This is "Gurjistan," or Turkish Georgia, a country rarely visited, and more rarely described; even for the Osmanlees themselves, its present masters, it is all but a "terra incognita," and to that very circumstance it chiefly owes what interest it possesses.

In a misgoverned and declining empire like that of Turkey, where administration is only another name for fiscal exaction, and where the presence of the ruler is chiefly made known by the diminution and decay of those he rules, the thoughts and investigations of the traveller are apt to be directed to the past rather than to the present, to historical relics rather than to actual life. Palestine explorations, Assyrian excavations, Ephesus diggings, and the like, while they bring to view the splendors of former ages, discover no less the nakedness of the modern land. It is among the dwellings of the dead, not of the living, that men go in quest of monuments and bones. Indeed, of all the vast territories which by the grace of God, and the forbearance of neighbors, own the Sultan's rule, Egypt is perhaps the only one of importance that has a present to speak of; and a "Village Life on the Nile," or the like, can be read, if not with the same eagerness as a description of the Theban marvels, or the graceful relics of Philæ, yet with tolerable interest. But when we come to Syria, and even more to Anatolia, our view is fixed wholly on the past; and the Ottoman tent, pitched amid the ruins of a score of shattered civilizations, only attracts our eye by its incongruousness with the memories around.

Yet here again some local exceptions may be found: in spots where the Stamboolee footstep has not been deep enough impressed to stamp all life and vigor out of the land; where something still remains of national energy and type, to arouse sympathy for the present, and allow hope for the future. One of these is Turkish Georgia, or Gurjistan.

Reference to any atlas will show that the extreme north-eastern horn of the Ottoman Crescent half embraces the Black Sea on its inner edge; while its outer curve rests partly on the newly-defined Russian frontier, partly on the great inland tract that was once Armenia.

The angle thus formed is occupied by Gurjistan—a name expressing the long-maintained nationality of its inhabitants.

It is a noble region; few more so. Lofty mountains, granite the most, intersected by deep and well-watered valleys; vast and virgin forests of oak, beech, chestnut, ash, pine, and fir, all of luxuriant, often colossal growth; great sweeps of rich pasture-land; flower-enamelled mead-

ows, jotted with great trees, and overhung by peaks and precipices beyond the imaginings of a *Salvator Rosa*; while the thunder of the waterfall mixes with the ceaseless roar of the full torrent from below; the beauty of the Apennines and the grandeur of the Alps in one. Wherever the soil is cultivated — scratched, I might say — there springs up from it a half-wild abundance of crops and fruit, corn, barley, vines, orchard-growth; while the frequent traces of ancient but abandoned mines — what is not abandoned under Ottoman rule? — bear witness to the wealth of metal, copper, zinc, iron, lead, and silver, beneath the surface. Snow lies on the towering peaks of Karkhal Dag, near the sea, and of Kel Dag, close to the Russian frontier, each of them above twelve thousand feet in height, all the year round; while in the garden-like valleys of Liwaneh and Showshet, immediately below them, the apricot and the peach ripen, and the clustering vines only need a more skilful care to rival those of Burgundy or central Italy. Rice-fields and mulberry groves, where silk is reared, line the river-courses.

Such is the country through which I wandered for several summer weeks, unrestrained in the liberty of my way by the prescription of roads, for the best of all reasons, that not a single road exists here; and the tracks, even where undeservedly dignified by the name of horse-paths, are all as nearly as possible like each other in roughness, steepness, narrowness, and every other unroadlike quality. Indeed, for about half our rambles we had to lead our horses by the bridle; as keeping on their backs while at such angles, and along such razor edges as we continually had to traverse, was out of the question.

But before we lose ourselves in the mountain labyrinth, let us halt a little under those green spreading walnut-trees by the rushing waterfall among the rocks, and do introductory honor to the Muse of our time. Her of statistics, or at least of precision and detail.

Of the three districts which compose the main of Gurjistan, one, that of Liwaneh, lies along the lower valley of the Great Chorok stream, the *Harpagus* of *Arrian*; it is the only one which enjoys the honor of possessing a town, the town of Artween, which, with its eleven hundred houses, besides baths and mosques, but no schools, clings to the rapid hill-side slope leading down to the river, exactly at the point where it first becomes navigable for boats, some fifty miles distant from the sea. The other two districts, Showshet and Ajarah, lie farther east, the former inland, the latter approaching the coast. Two smaller tracts, Keskeem by name and Chorok-Soo, belonging the one to Liwaneh, the other to Ajarah, complete Gurjistan proper; which numbers in all about four hundred villages, and two hundred thousand inhabitants, male and female. Whosoever desireth more information of the kind, is it not written in the Book, the Blue Book of Consular Reports? Seek, and it will be found.

"A race of men" — I quote once more from Gibbon — "whom nature has cast in her most perfect mould, is degraded by poverty, ignorance, and vice." For the inhabitants of Turkish Georgia this is only too true; yet, situated as they are, it could hardly be otherwise.

Poor, ignorant, vicious, handsome Georgians! I am fond of them, and cannot help being so; good-looking, that they certainly are, men, women, and children, in no ordinary degree; a fair, bright complexioned, light-haired, long-haired race, tall, lithe, and with all the mountaineer grace of bearing; cheerful, too, conversible, sociable, though wild, careless, out-of-elbows, lawless, scapegrace; yet such as have evidently in them the making of much better things, had they only a chance. But of all the hundred and one nationalities under the Ottoman incubus which has a chance? The best off are those who are the most left to themselves; and who in consequence, if they do not grow richer, do not at any rate grow much poorer: if they do not get better, do not either get considerably worse.

Their dress is very characteristic. It is a mountain dress, admirably adapted to the country they live in; trousers loose above, but tight-fitting as garters below the knee to the ankle; and light open jackets, fancifully em-

broidered and braided; the ordinary color vandyke brown; the stuff itself home-made, warm, and strong. Their linen, too, is home-made; every cottage has a small patch of flax belonging to it. Turbans are unknown: the head is covered by a cloth hood, of the same material as the jacket, with two long pendant strips on either side, which at need are folded across the chest and round the neck, forming an excellent "comforter" in cold weather; in warm, they are wrapped round the hood itself, so as to give additional protection against the heat of the sun. Hood and strips are decorated with simple braid, or silver, or gold, as the age, or circumstances, or vanity of the wearer may direct. Round his waist every Georgian wears a leather belt, often curiously worked with brass or silver, from which hang a gourd-shaped powder-flask, silver-mounted, a little brass bottle, containing oil for the gun-lock, a complicated cord or thong, said to be for binding possible captives, but as useful in many other ways as a schoolboy's ball of twine; and in the girdle are invariably stuck a long double-edged knife or dagger, and one or two huge silver-adorned pistols. In the hand or over the shoulder is a single-barrelled gun, long, bright, brass-mounted, with a flint lock; this the Georgian never fails to carry with him, and to make good use of, for he is an excellent shot, and hares, wild goats, and other game are plenty in the mountains.

Very picturesque, too, and curious are the Georgian dwellings. Nominally classed in villages, but in fact standing each house alone, the existence of a hamlet is only made known by stray patches of cultivation, two or three springs and running channels of crystal-clear water, and, somewhere or other within a circuit of a few miles, a group of walnut-trees, and under its shelter a large square wooden building, the sides resembling an exaggerated bird-cage, the eaves and porticos outpassing those of any Chinese temple; the whole being a mosque, but reduced to its most simple expression, without minaret, apse, or adjunct, except a few wooden benches or trunks of trees laid horizontally near the entrance, the ordinary meeting-place of council or gossip. The houses, too, are like the mosque in their exuberance of porches, open galleries, and overhanging roof-eaves, a style of architecture suggested by the only building material now used, wood, from the foundation posts in the ground, to the wooden shingles that do duty for tiles on the roof.

This was not, however, always the case; for the whole district is jotted over high and low with the ruins of stone-built churches and castles, belonging to former times. Not Byzantine in any respect; the Georgian architecture, whether ecclesiastical or secular, comes much nearer to the later Roman, as we see it in Southern Europe, and looks as if it had been first borrowed directly from those models, and afterwards developed itself with certain peculiarities of its own.

Thus, for instance, one of the Georgian castles, that which guards the passage of the Chorok River at a place called Gönieh, is absolutely Roman in outline; so much so that the best idea I can give of it, is by comparing it with the camp-ruins now called Borough Castle, in Suffolk. Like it, the long lines of wall, some twenty feet in height, and from five to six in thickness, enclose an open square of about a hundred yards each way; only the materials, instead of being alternate layers of rough stone and brick, are here stone only, but united by a cement little or not at all inferior to that of Roman use. The towers, too, squat and almost solid, four on each side, besides those, somewhat larger and higher, at the angles, are square instead of round, and in height slightly overtop the wall. Four gates; and over the principal one, to the west, a Georgian inscription, which my ignorance disqualified me from deciphering; though for this the villagers consoled me by saying that it was not the original one, which had been defaced by Sultan Selem, when he conquered country and castle near four centuries ago, but of recent date, and put there by some private hand not long since. But a more palpable imitation of a Roman fortified camp than this stronghold I never saw.

Much more mediæval in appearance, with its broken battlements, narrow loop-holes, bartizans, and fragments of high towers, is the important fortress of Chikanzir, to give it the Georgian name which has superseded the more euphonious Iris of Arrian's time, where it frowns from its lofty storm-beaten cliff, on the same line of defence farther east. Tradition ascribes it, as it does the majority of the many castles in the neighborhood, to Queen Tamar, who ruled over Georgia in the twelfth century, and who here, they say, took refuge when flying from the Byzantine arms, and made a brave and successful stand. History does not, I believe, confirm these details; but, which is much more to the point in popular estimation, the footprint of Queen Tamar herself does. In fact, at the base of the cliff, and occasionally washed by the sea when a strong westerly gale drives up its heaped waters on the coast, I was shown, on a huge granite slab, deep imbedded in the sand, the impress, clearly defined, of a naked human foot, long and delicate like that of a woman, but deeply indented, and of darker color than the rest of the stone. A curious freak of nature. Others will have it that it is the miraculous memorial of a Greek or Georgian priest, fleeing from Mohammedan persecution; while the more zealous Mohammedans, not to be outdone, claim it as a relic of some nameless saint of their creed, who by the efficacy of his preachings converted the neighborhood to Islam. So all unite in venerating it; and I myself, who have seen the impress of fancied footsteps on the Mount of Ascension, on the Sakhrab of the Mosque-transformed Temple, on the pavement of the Roman "*Domine quo vadis*" near the gate of San Sebastiano, and others, can bear witness that this one of Queen Tamar, though by no means the most celebrated, is by far the best of its kind among them all, and certainly not the least authentic.

Between those two styles, the earlier or Roman, and the later or mediæval Georgian, are several, so to speak, transition castles, not unlike in construction those called Lombard in Northern Italy. Here the principal feature is a huge square, or slightly oblong tower, fifty or sixty feet in height; its walls are massive, and pierced with small square holes, and a window or two; the summit crowned with large battlements. The materials are stone, partly hewn and partly rough, with cement of a quality inferior to that used in the earlier buildings. Wherever the tower is not rendered inaccessible by the steepness of the rock on which it is built, out-works, divided into courts inner and outer, are added; the walls are low and thick. The castle entrance is always near an angle, and double, leading by a winding passage into the courts, but the keep itself has often no door; the only admittance being a window from which a ladder, ten or more feet in length could be let down or drawn up at will. Indeed, in one of the finest specimens of this kind, which I visited among the wild mountains of Hamsheen, where the Georgian frontier touches that of the kindred, but hostile Mingrelian province of Lazistan, I found that the entire castle, keep, out-works, and all, could only be approached by a break-neck scramble over a couple of fir-trunks, cast by the peasants across a chasm in the rock where once a draw-bridge, now long since vanished, had probably been. The donjon tower was in this instance about seventy feet high, and eighteen square; its position on a giant pinnacle of rock, piercing from among the dense woods around, while the torrent river foamed and roared hundreds of feet below, was grand beyond description. But no tradition attaches to the castle, nor could I discover any commemorative inscription; its date is attested by the style alone.

Smaller castles, too, of what may loosely be called the feudal type, abound in Gurjistan, built at different periods by the semi-independent Emeers, or princes, as it is the fashion to translate a title much better rendered by "baron," and some of comparatively recent date. These half dwelling-places, half fortresses, which in general appearance bear a certain family resemblance to the ruined strongholds of the Rhine, are to be found everywhere perched each on its abrupt or isolated height at the entrance of some valley, or overhanging a narrow defile; their form is

picturesquely irregular; their battlemented walls, turret, and tower, more remarkable for massiveness of construction than for architectural or engineering skill. Strange apocryphal legends are attached to most, and "Kiz-kaleh," or the "Maiden's Tower," is a common appellation. One such, which attracted my notice by the unusually elegant proportions of its lofty keep, had long, I was told, been occupied by an Amazonian princess—women figure frequently in Georgian stories—who, finding herself hard pressed by savage besiegers, and having lost the greater part of her garrison, stipulated for the lives of the remainder; and then ordering the gates of the castle to be flung open, cast herself headlong from the battlements into the abyss below, rather than incur the dangers peculiar to a captive of her sex. Name and date, of course, unknown. More ferocious, but unfortunately more historical, are the tales told of the grim ruins where the round watch-tower Artween castle looks down over a sheer precipice of nine hundred feet perpendicular to the rushing waters of the Chorok below. Here, scarce a century back, a savage chief established himself, whose delight it was to force his prisoners to leap from the topmost turret. Poetical justice—let us hope justified in this instance by fact—represents this Georgian Adretz as receiving a similar treatment from his captors.

But rich as Gurjistan is in architectural monuments of this class, it is singularly poor in its relics of ecclesiastical buildings. Most of the churches hereabouts seem to have been, like the mosques of the present day, either constructed wholly of wood or at least roofed with that material, and thus to have disappeared almost simultaneously with the religion that they represented. Here and there a colony of Armenian monks—for of Georgian monks and ascetics we find no trace, probably they were as rare under the old symbol as Georgian Mollahs and Muftis are under the new; nations change their creed more readily than their character—had established themselves, and have left some specimens of their not ungraceful nor undignified art; but of Georgian churches proper, I do not think that more than a dozen ruins are to be seen throughout the entire region. Four or five of these I explored, and in all the apse, or east end alone still was or had been vaulted roughly enough; the nave or body of the building had evidently been covered with timber. The arch, where it occurs, is generally pointed; the scant ornamentation on the door-posts or around the windows consists of shallow-eared Runic knots, or a conventional vine-pattern. What, however, distinguishes these Georgian churches, such as they are, from any others with which I am acquainted in the East, is a square belfry tower, forty or fifty feet high, placed at, and united with the west end, while the principal entry, contrary to Greek usage, is on one side of the edifice, so that the whole bears a strong likeness to an old village Norfolk or Suffolk church. Belfry-towers are rare things throughout the East, but when they do occur they are always, except in Gurjistan, separated altogether from the main building, like the famous Campanile at Florence. A fine example of the kind is afforded by the Byzantine church, now a Mosque, of St. Sophia, at Trebizond, the work of the Emperor Manuel I. in the thirteenth century, where the square tower, with its open lantern a-top, is full seventy feet in height, and stands at a distance of forty paces from the western porch.

Of the process by which this numerous, amiable, and fairly intelligent population was severed from Christendom and incorporated into Islam, no record remains. This much is certain; that a hundred and fifty years ago, according to their own statement, and even later I should think, judging by the comparative freshness of the church ruins in a climate where damp, heavy rains and snow, and a vegetation rivalling the luxuriance of Yucatan conspire to hasten the work of disintegration and decay, they were all Christians. It is equally certain that at the present day, they are all without exception Mohammedans. No compulsion, no invasion even, is either mentioned in history, or alluded to by tradition; and, which is stranger still, no extension of the Turkish empire was then taking place

eastward; on the contrary, it was rather losing ground. Could the dread of Russian encroachment, first felt along the northern Georgian frontier about that time, have driven these tribes to seek closer alliance and protection with the Turks by means of religious union? Possibly their Christianity sat as lightly on them then as their Mohammedanism does now. They themselves have a story that a very eloquent preacher, and holy man, came among them, and converted them all to Islam by his sermons. "Nonsense," said I to a young Georgian beg, who had told me the tale with a very creditable amount of gravity, "that can never have been the cause. You know as well as I do that no Christian becomes a Mohammedan, and *vice versa*, except it be from fear of imminent danger, or hope of material advantage. In the absence of these, the finest sermons would convert nobody; and as to proofs and miracles, you are aware that the two creeds are much on a par." He laughed, and answered, "Of course there was some motive of the other kind, but of what it was we have no record left."

In fact, for about fourteen centuries, from the days of Chosroes and Justinian, down to our own time, this mountain group has resembled an island, round which the eddying waves of frontier war have raged almost without ceasing, but have never wholly overflowed. Byzantines and Persians, Turkomans and Byzantines, Turks and Persians again, Russians and Turks, have all fought around them, retreated, or conquered; while they, secure in their almost inaccessible labyrinth of ravine and crag, have taken no more share in the strife around, than by making or repelling an occasional foray; and, when victory had declared itself for the one or the other of their belligerent neighbors, paying as little tribute and obedience as possible to their new suzerain, whoever he might be.

To the Osmanlee Sultan, the "Padishah" of the Mohammedan world, so long as he was content to rule them after their own fashion, that is, through the medium of their own born chiefs and begs, the Georgian Muslims were at first attached with proper neophytic fervor. Of this they gave repeated proof during the many wars, or, one might almost say, the one long war, which from the close of the last century to the middle of this, burned or smouldered along the land-line, and ended by giving the entire Southern Caucasus, with its fair plains adjoining, to Russian dominion. All this time the Mohammedan Georgians on the south and west kept up a guerilla warfare, less ferocious, but hardly less persistent, than that maintained by the Circassian tribes on the east and north. But when the Ottoman government changed its type from semi-feudal to bureaucratic, and administration merged in mere organized fiscal extortion, with the governing Pashas and other Stamboolee officials for its agents, the old spell of loyalty was broken, and Georgian eyes are now more often and more longingly turned to Tiflis than to Constantinople.

Indeed, without a degree of provincial tact which a pseudo-centralized government can hardly be expected to possess, this state of things was, sooner or later, inevitable. From the noblest beg to the meanest peasant there is hardly a Georgian who has not relations, or at least clansmen, under Russian rule across the frontier, with whom he is in constant correspondence of visits made and returned, and from whom he learns the transterminal existence of a state of prosperity and progress which he cannot but feel contrasts bitterly with the poverty and ignorance to which he himself, the Osmanlee subject, is condemned. For, in spite of frontier-guards, passport regulations, and military "cordon," mutual intercourse between Russian Georgia and Turkish Gurjistan is constant and intimate; nor does difference of creed, or, officially speaking, of nationality, much impair the sympathy of a common origin. "Blood is thicker than water" with the clansmen of the east as with the clansmen of the north. It is amusing enough to see, as I often have, a Russianized Georgian, in big, clumsy boots, long-skirted coat, and dirty forage-cap, enter the rickety but carpeted divan of a Mohammedan kinsman, who in the much more picturesque, but less civilized-looking dress of Asiatic fashion, rises to embrace him. It is Burns'

Cesar and Luath over again; and there is no want of cordiality or respect on either side.

Meanwhile the attachment of the peasantry — the devotion would be an exacter word — to their own hereditary chiefs or begs, though shorn of their feudal rank and mulcted of their ancestral lands, is strong as ever; indeed, the measures taken by the Ottoman government to weaken it, have had a contrary effect, by supplying a new tie between nobles and people — that of common dissatisfaction. Both classes have certainly a sufficiently long list of grievances against their black-coated Stamboolee masters, whose conduct is such that it can often be only explained by a settled determination to alienate the affections of these frontier tribes, and to drive them straight into the arms of Russia, who, for her part, is ready enough to receive them.

A Georgian beg, one of the most influential in the land, and chief of an important border clan, had, after much brave guerilla fighting against the Russians in '55, at last thrown himself, with several of his followers, into the besieged fortress of Kars, and did his duty manfully in its defence. When, after the events with which all are familiar, the place surrendered to famine, the beg — I purposely abstain from names — and his men became, of course, prisoners of war with the rest. Thus they remained four or five days; but when the time came for marching the captured garrison off to Tiflis, or other secure places in the Caucasus, the Georgians were, on the contrary, set free; the Russian general declaring, with a polite generosity that might have been a useful lesson to some other generals nearer home, in a more recent war, that his hostilities regarded the regular troops only; and that the beg and his clansmen being irregular, he held them non-combatants, like any other peaceful inhabitants of the Turkish Empire, and consequently not liable to the penalties of war. With this he dismissed them, disarmed of course, but not even under parole, to go home, or wherever else they might think best.

The policy, as well as the humanity of this conduct is evident enough: but it is difficult to perceive either the humanity or the policy of the Turkish government, which as soon as the war was over, rewarded the beg's services by a fine and imprisonment, on the ground that he must have been in treasonable correspondence with the Russians, otherwise he would not have met with such lenient treatment at their hands.

"Upon my word," said the beg to me, "had I been minded to betray the country to the Russians, I should have had no need of underhand doings: for there was not a man among the villagers who did not wish it, and I do not think the Turks could have done much to hinder us just then. But after all," he continued, "I have reason to be more satisfied with them than with the Russians; for the former, at least, by shutting me up in prison, paid me the compliment of showing that they considered me a person of some consequence; whereas, I never felt so small in my life as when the Russian general told me to go free, without doing me the honor of sending me under guard to Tiflis, and evidently implied that he did not care either for my having fought against him, or whether I might not fight again in the future."

Let us pay this gentleman — nobleman I mean — a visit, and see how he lives in the mean while.

It is mild summer, and the beg has left his winter residence in the thick woods, some twelve miles distant from the Russian frontier, and has gone, as his wont is, to pass the hotter months of the year under canvas amid the mountain pastures beyond the pine range, where at a height of between eight and nine thousand feet above the sea — his winter house is at the moderate elevation of four thousand — he looks after his numerous herds, and holds a kind of open court, much frequented by all the chiefs from the districts around, far and near. We, his visitors, are a large party, begs, aghas, and "delikans," or "wild-bloods," *i. e.*, dashing young bachelors, some pure Georgian, others half-Georgian, half-Turkoman, by race. As we ride up the steep grassy slopes I notice, at a height of

more than seven thousand feet, where even the July air blows keenly, and where no peasant now would venture to winter it from October to April, the ruins, or traces rather, of two large villages, and a stone church, an indication amongst, I regret to say, many similar, that the climate of these regions—as, I believe, of some other longitudes—has gradually but notably cooled during the last few centuries; though whether from a general diminution of solar heat, according to Professor Thomson's alarming theory, to culminate in the realization of Byron's ghastly dream, or whether owing to some transpositions of land and sea in our Northern hemisphere, to take Lyell's more consolatory view of the matter, I do not pretend to decide.

At last we have reached the top; the brisk air, so different from that of the heated valley below, has in a manner intoxicated our horses, who, instead of showing weariness after so hard a climb, are squealing, neighing, rearing, bounding; it is all the riders can do to hold them in. Before spreads a wide undulating table land; it reaches for miles and miles away, till it slopes off eastward into Russian Georgia, and westward sinks into the hollows of Showshet, where dwell the loveliest, but not the austere women, and the handsomest, but not the most virtuous men of Georgian race. Far north, its downward dip is clothed with forest to the fever-stricken coast of the Black Sea. But right in front of us is a tent, large and black, with three or four smaller tents on a row behind; these are evidently for women, attendants, and domestic life, while the large one is the "salamlik," or general parlor, of the beg himself. Close by a little granite ridge cuts knife-like through the turf; and from under it wells out a spring of water, crystal clear, and icy cold.

The beg, whose ancestral possessions equal in extent Lincolnshire at least, and whose word even now, let who may be the official governor, is law over the whole frontier land, rises and comes forward to greet his guests. What a splendid head he has. I have seen something of the kind among the demigods of Greco-Roman sculpture. Advancing age has deprived his form of the supple activity which gave it a grace remarkable even among Georgians in youth, but has hardly diminished his passion for horsemanship and every form of bodily exercise. To this he adds a degree of mechanical skill that a trained workman might envy. For one friend he himself, unassisted, manufactures a beautifully wrought sabre, blade and hilt; for another a pair of pistols; for a third a silver-mounted clarionet. Then he sets to work on the construction of a sailing-boat, and when finished, sails it on a cruise of discovery all over the great mountain lake of Childer, close by, sounding everywhere to determine what the real depth of the water, commonly said to be unfathomable (but he found it, as he told me, twenty-seven fathoms at most), may be; and whether the traditional city, said to be submerged beneath, is really there. Besides these amusements come farming, building, planting, sheep-breeding, cattle-tending, horse-rearing, and even—in which he has done wonders—road-making; and yet, various as these occupations are, the result falsifies the common saying about such attempts, by proving him master, not of none, but of all. Lastly he is—be the nominal Governor of Osmanlee creation who he may—the ultimate tribunal of appeal throughout the whole eastern half of Gurjistan; the arbiter of disputes, director of councils, social and political head of the little nation.

Begs and not-begs, noble, gentle, or simple, we are seated in the tent; its hangings are of silk, beautifully embroidered, and still bright in color, the youthful labor of the chief's aunt, who died a few years since at the respectable age of ninety, or thereabouts. Coffee is served round for form's sake; then wine, spirits, and a sort of fruit-luncheon appear; and with a remark that "a tent is liberty-hall, and there is nothing to hinder our enjoying ourselves as we choose," the beg sets the example of jollity in word and deed. In rush half a dozen children, four boys and two girls, one of the latter a real beauty, their ages between fifteen and five; these are the younger ones

of the beg's numerous family; the elder sons are looking after the farms elsewhere. The biggest of the boys here present, a fair curly-headed lad, takes up, at his father's orders, a book of Persian poetry, and begins translating it off into fluent Turkish: I hope the version is a correct one; if not, I cannot rectify it. Two other pretty boys perform a clarionet duet, on instruments of their father's making, selecting an English air—at least they tell me it is one—in my honor; while the smallest imp turns somersets, stands on his head, and goes through other gymnastic feats. The girls sit on their father's knees, or tease such of the guests as they are familiar with. Other visitors drop in, some on business, some on amusement; the day goes merrily by. But before the last slant sunbeams have died off the height, a huge wood-fire is lighted before the entrance of the tent, a necessary precaution against the keen cold outside; a plentiful supper is served; and drinking, with talk and music, resumed till midnight. Georgian Mohammedanism is not very deep in the grain; besides, the event, coming sooner or later, of Russian annexation, has already cast its shadow before.

Yet our host, and several others now under the same canvas, fought bravely, and adventured freely the lives which many of their kinsmen lost, on the Turkish side, fifteen years ago. Now not one of them would draw a sword. "We mean to look on and enjoy the fun," say they, when questioned as to the part they would take were another war to break out between the empires. Perhaps this might not really prove their line of conduct, if put to the test, for men do not always keep to what they have forecast when the crisis actually comes; but there is no doubt that these words do very correctly sum up their present feeling.

Indeed it would be hard to say why they should think or feel differently. The Ottoman government has taken away their past, and offers them no hopeful future. Besides, how abstain from comparing their own condition with that of their kinsmen on the other side of the frontier close at hand? The contrast is suggestive and seductive in one.

"Well, about myself I do not care so much," says the beg, as after long talk we sat, surrounded by horizontal sleeping figures in the red glare of the heaped wood embers by the door; "my career has pretty well wound itself up; but what on earth am I to do with these boys of mine? The estate is not much, hardly enough as matters go for the elder ones; the rest would become mere peasants, no better than those around them. Trade? That is not in our line; we know nothing about it; besides, there is none here of any kind. The army? the navy? you know what the average run of officers is in the Ottoman service; besides, my children, because they are mine, would be ill looked on, suspected, kept back in every way. How even am I to give them a decent education? where put them to school? At Constantinople?—I would rather see them dead than exposed to the chance, the certainty, of the taint of Osmanlee vice in that city. And if not at Constantinople, where? You will allow," he concluded, with a kind of laugh, "that the position of a Georgian noble in the Turkish empire is a pleasant one; very."

As the chiefs, so the people. And it is for this reason that I have dwelt somewhat at length on the fortunes, ways, and words of an individual; because, with no great modification, they are not only personal but general; and one may, to a certain extent, be taken as sample of all.

The Georgians are fond of agricultural labor of every kind, and skilful at it; and with a temperate climate, averaging that of central Italy, and a fertile soil, there is nothing, except the fatal administrative blight, that renders all landed property in Turkey unproductive and almost valueless, to hinder Gurjistan from rivalling or even excelling the fruitfulness of Imeritia and the gardens of Kutais. But what most distinguishes them is their skill in handicraft. Guns, pistols, swords, daggers, embroidery, silver-work, the staple articles of manufacture among a semi-barbarous people—for all these Georgia holds the

first rank in the Anatolian market; and the primitive simplicity of the tools employed enhances the cunning of the worker's hand. Pity that it should not oftener occupy itself with more useful objects; but this defect, rightly understood, is not so much attributable to the artificers as to their surroundings. But for trade and commerce the Georgians show no aptitude, not even for shopkeeping; and the few shops — I do not think there are two hundred throughout all the villages — in Gurjistan are invariably kept by strangers, mostly Armenians, who come for a few months of speculative profit, and then go away again.

Nor have they — and this is of good augury for their prospects of civilization — any turn for a pastoral life; their flocks and herds are indeed numerous enough on the grassy mountain slopes, but they are invariably tended by hired Koordes. The Georgians have many of the instincts of a settled, none of those proper to a nomad race.

Social, fond of dress and show, of song and dance, of gatherings and merry-makings, of drink, too, and, I regret to say, of gambling, they are but indifferent, though proselyte Mohammedans, and the "revival," so marked in its increasing intensity among the Arab, the Indian, and, to a certain extent, among the Turkish and Turkoman races, has little or no existence in Gurjistan. Perhaps too they feel the eventuality of reunion under Russian sway to their Christian kinsmen across the border, too near a probability to allow of much zeal for, so far as they in particular are concerned, the decaying fortunes of Islam. "We ourselves shall live and die Mohammedans, but our children may become whatever suits them best," is a common saying among them. It is also, so far as I know, peculiar to them among Muslims; certainly, I never heard the like of it elsewhere. The few Mollas, Muftes, and the like in Gurjistan villages are, like the shopkeepers from without, generally from the more earnest sea-coast of Lazistan, or the bigoted neighborhood of Trebizond.

Of Georgian morality, in the strict sense of the word, "least said," is, I fear, "soonest mended." Little indeed, among a people so situated, could be looked for, and little is to be found. While the men are habitually out in the fields, or clambering the tall beech-trees to look after their favorite bee-hives — the honey of Gurjistan is first-rate — niched high up in some forked branch among the pale green shades, the women at home have it all their own way, and it is too often the broad one. Not rarely too these, what we may charitably term faults, coming in collision with justly aroused jealousy, result in tragic crime. Many instances, needless to repeat here, were told me. In one village an entire family had been exterminated; in another, the brothers of the faithless wife, after fatally avenging the family disgrace, had turned brigands. This feature of Georgian character has however not only its black, but, such is human nature, its brighter side; a rank weed crop may give hope of a fruitful soil beneath; a polished marble slab more often covers dry bones only.

Besides, law there is none to speak of, and every man, every man-child even, is armed. Schools, too, except a very few — a dozen at most throughout the whole breadth of the land — of the most primary kind, do not here exist, and there are no teachers in Gurjistan but Need and Passion, no lessons taught but the spade, the sickle, the loom, the forge, the knife, and the ever-loaded gun. As for government — the official or Ottoman government, I mean — it recognizes no obligation towards its Georgian subjects, except that of taxing them, and collecting their taxes; a difficult task the last, it must be allowed, in mountains like these, where armed collectors have generally to be sent for the work, and whence they do not always return.

It is easier to pull down than to build up, to destroy than to restore. Latter-day Sultans have broken the links, clumsy ones it must be admitted, yet effective, which bound society together under the semi-feudal authority of the local begs, and have substituted nothing but tax-gatherers and tithe-collectors in their stead. Only in out-of-the-way frontier districts like Gurjistan, far from Constantinople, and almost inaccessible to the official Effendee tribe, some-

thing of the old administration yet lingers on, powerless for good, powerful for evil. Shorn of lands, wealth, title, and except what the habitual respect of the peasants may still secure him, position, a Georgian beg is much too weak to compel order, though often strong enough to excite disturbance; enforce the law he cannot, break it he can, and does.

Hereditary rivalries, village-feuds, robberies, kidnapping, murders, all have here, as chance or circumstance may direct, almost unrestrained scope; the Ottoman, or Stamboul, government cannot put them down, and there is no other authorized power left to do it. In fact, when one wanders through these thicket-tangled paths, deep glens, lonely defiles, and dark forests, one wonders, not that deeds of violence and blood are sometimes done, but that they are not more frequent; not that Gurjistan travelling is considered venturesome, but that it is possible.

This is, however, chiefly among the natives themselves; a stranger has little to fear, a European least of all. The hospitality given — and it is always to be had for the asking — in one hamlet, usually implies a kind of safe-conduct as far as the next, and so on to the end of the journey; and European wayfarers in particular are covered by the ægis of a salutary fear of after-inquiries, and penalties all the more dreaded because unknown.

In fact, during my long roving in Gurjistan proper, my own personal experience only records one adventure of the robber or brigand class; I mean, in which I fell in with such. It was in the Ajarah region, the wildest corner of this wild land; and if I record it, I do so because the situation, though it was not exactly pleasant at the moment, was intensely picturesque; so picturesque indeed as almost to neutralize any disagreeable sensations that the incident might otherwise have caused.

The valley was such a lovely one; high mountain walls towering up to the sky in a mass of fir and beech above, and thick undergrowth below, all in the fullest, brightest leafage of summer, but now darkening with the first transparent shadows of a calm summer evening, and the rapid twilight of the South. The path, narrow and rough, led alongside of a torrent, till it came to a corner round a jutting mass of rock, where another large and deep mountain stream crossed it from the right, while between precipice and water a clump of huge walnut-trees spread out their wide branches, and deepened the gloom of the glen. A spot of exquisite beauty; but one in which it was awkward to fight, and impossible to try running away.

We had yet half an hour or so to go before we could reach the village where we intended halting for the night; but, enchanted with the scene around, I was riding slowly, with an armed attendant, a Trebizondian, in front, and a couple of negroes, with a native peasant, to bring up the rear.

But just as we turned the rock, the thought struck me, "What a splendid post for an ambush!" and at the same instant my horse — a Turkoman bay — started, snuffed uneasily about him, and would have stopped. I urged him forward, but with difficulty. Suddenly two men, dressed in country cloth of that vandyke-brown color which of all others is the least distinguishable at a distance among open-air objects, started up right in front, each presenting a shining long-barrelled gun, while two others simultaneously appeared, like toy figures set loose by a spring, from among the bushes alongside, and a third pair as promptly took post on the farther bank of the torrent opposite, thus making six long guns, and all levelled, not to mention knives and pistols, of which each man had a pretty little arsenal in the girdle.

One of the men, a fine, tall young fellow, as indeed they all seemed, came up to my Trebizondian guard in advance, and took hold of his bridle; another approached me, but observing that I put my hand on a knife in my belt, fell back; perhaps he thought I was going to draw a pistol, which would certainly have been the better weapon, but in fact I had none about me. However, the Trebizondian had, only he was too much frightened to use it, and, like a

fool and a coward as he was, began to parley. This of course encouraged the would-be robbers, who now closed in, and matters began to look serious, when the two negroes, who now came up from behind the rock, perceiving that something was wrong, spurred forward, one with a pistol in hand, the other with a large drawn knife, and shouted out so savagely, that the Georgians, taken by surprise, fell back. We were now four—five indeed, reckoning our peasant guide, but he, though armed, seemed inclined to keep out of the way, a friendly neutral, of all characters the most provoking to combatants. However, three of us had arms ready, and appeared inclined to use them; the Trebizondian, too, began to pluck up heart, and grow fierce. Hereon our assailants gave up, and retired into the thicket, leaving the ford open. That they might better see how little account we made of them, I called to them to stop, and asked how far it was yet to such and such a village, and whether we were on the right way. Two of them turned round, with villainously sulky faces, then thought better of it, and saying "All right, not far on," hurried off after their companions. By this time night was setting in, and in a few minutes more it was quite dark. Fortunately some peasants of the hamlet we were going to having heard somehow or other of our approach, came to meet us with flaming pine-torches, and piloted us to our lodgings, which else we might have had some difficulty in finding.

"It was all a mistake; if the lads had known who you were they would never have meddled with you," was the apologetic remark of our host that night. I think he was right; anyhow, though I remained a fortnight more scrambling up and down the Ajarah glens, and fell in with plenty of armed peasant bands, none of them again formed themselves into so scenic a group as that which gave such a peculiarly Georgian character to the wild valley in the still summer twilight.

Too much stress, however, should not be laid on defects which are accidental in a people, and the result rather of circumstances than of inherent disposition. An ill-governed frontier will seldom be found free from brigandage; nor can much respect to law be expected where law is, in a general way, equally unpromulgated and unenforced. To revert, not for proof's sake, but illustration, to a simile already employed, the very abundance of the weed-growth in the Georgian character, seems to warrant the hope of a fruitful and better crop, were the soil properly tilled and guarded. Something of the kind—much, indeed, by comparison—has already taken place in the neighboring and kindred Russo-Georgian provinces of Imeritia and Gourul. And could the great and kindly historian of the "Decline and Fall" have added personal acquaintance with the inhabitants of Turkish Gurjistan to historical research, he would, I think, while confirming the epithet of "handsome," have, with me, effaced, or at least modified, that of "worthless."

Indeed, though certainly little disposed to close with the invitation—one so often made in half-savage countries, and to me always most melancholy, because, like the vague clutch of the drowning man at less than a straw—to remain and take up my abode among them, yet when I quitted the Georgians and their land it was with something of regret, and more of pity. Fortune has used them hardly in the past, and their future is at best doubtful. In "Prometheus Unbound" Shelley's Asia is hopeful as fair; and the fairest of her children ought, were the noble day-dream of the poet anything but a dream, to be of right the most hopeful also. But truer, I fear, though sadder is the Spirit that speaks by the same voice in a later dream that has, for the Ottoman empire in Asia as in Europe, a much wider application than the "Hellas" of which it bears the name.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to the dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past—
Oh might it die or rest at last!

POOR JOHN.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

IX. (*continued*).

"AND she would have loved me," added John bitterly to himself, "if only she had been let alone."

A sort of white wet mist was in the air, the ground was sodden; there was not a breath of wind, not a chirp of a single bird, only the occasional splash of a heavy raindrop from the branches under which he passed. A turn in the road brought him within sight of Vale Lodge. The house seemed to him to look forlorn and deserted; the windows were all shut, and only a wreath of blue smoke curled lazily up into the heavy air.

John Foster strode quickly on through the hall into the drawing-room, where his mother and sisters rose with an exclamation of pleasure at his arrival. He noticed with a shiver, that paper parcels and scraps of finery lay about on the table. He knew well enough what they meant.

"Where is Nelly?" he asked, striving to speak in his usual voice, and with his usual manner.

"She is in the library. Shall I call her?"

"No, thank you, I will go to her," he answered, and then he lingered a minute or two. For Nelly's sake, it behooved him to be careful lest he should excite their suspicions. He said a few indifferent words about the weather, and his luggage that had been sent over from the station. And then again he said, "Well, I shall go and find Nelly; where did you say she was?"

"In the library, John. She is a little tired; she is resting."

As he opened the door, Nelly turned and rose to meet him. Even as she came forward he noticed that she was pale, and that her eyes looked as if she had not slept; but she smiled brightly and bravely, and put her face up for his usual greeting.

But John Foster did not kiss her; he only took her hand into his, and said gently, —

"My dear child, I want to have a talk with you."

"What about, John?" said Nelly, smiling still.

He drew her towards a chair, and sat down near her, still holding her hand, and looked at her, but said nothing.

How very fair she was! Had she ever seemed to him so lovely as at that moment—a prize so well worth keeping, as now that he was about to give her up!

"What is it, John? What have you to say?"

"My poor little girl," he said, with a sort of fatherly tenderness, "I have come to tell you that I cannot let you sacrifice your happiness for me."

"John!" she turned faint and pale.

"Don't be frightened, my dear; you see I am not angry with you; but I have found out—never mind how—that you have mistaken your feelings for me, and that you care for Arthur Temple more. Is it not so, Nelly? Do you suppose, love, that I want to marry you if it is to make you miserable? or that I wish for a wife who cannot give me her heart?"

With an exceeding bitter cry, she fell on her knees before him, clasping her hands together.

"Oh, John, who told you this? Never say it again. I would have died sooner than that you should have heard this."

"My poor child," he said sadly, "it is far better I should know it now than later; for if you do not love me"—

"But I do love you!" she cried. "Could I be so ungrateful as not to love you, my best, my kindest friend? Look here, John, if I have done you a wrong, forgive me now silently, and never speak of it again. I will devote my whole life to you. I will be the best, the truest wife to you"—

"Hush, my dearest," interrupted John, laying his hand on her lips, "you do not know what you are saying. All that will not give me your heart, which alone I want."

"How miserable I am!" cried Nelly, wringing her

hands. "I seem born to bring nothing but sorrow to every one I love."

Then John Foster took her suddenly in his arms; all his forced calmness, all his fortitude gave way, and in a rough, broken voice he cried, —

"Why, oh, why did this man come between us to steal your heart away! My child, my pet, I think I could have made you happy, if only he had let you alone."

"It was not his fault," whispered Nelly; "I have behaved so badly to him, John. He did not know that I was engaged to you till it was too late; and I was so wicked, I let him go on till he got to love me. But, John, I will not give you this great sorrow; I will marry you if you will let me."

How hard it was! How strong the temptation was to take her at her word, and keep her for himself! No one, not even Nelly, ever knew how hard was the fight which John Foster fought within himself that day.

He pushed her away from him almost roughly, and twice he paced the length of the room with rapid step before he could sufficiently command himself to answer her.

"It is impossible, Nelly. If I were to marry you now, I should be doing you a grievous wrong; and we should neither of us be happy. You must cease to think of me as a lover, dear, and I must be your brother instead, and you must let me give you my advice. Nelly, I have seen Arthur Temple since I — since I found this out" — She looked up in sudden surprise. "And — and — I think it will be better for you to go and stay with some friends of his for a little while — his aunt, I think; and then, by and by, dear, I hope you will become a very happy woman."

Then there came upon Nelly a thought of all the shame, all the publicity, the gossip, which this sudden breaking-off of her marriage would bring upon her.

"Oh, John," she cried, "I can't! I can't do it! What will your mother and sisters say to me? How shall I ever hold up my head again?"

"Don't make yourself unhappy, dear, I will see to all that; no one shall speak a word against you. Go up to your room now, and I will tell my mother and the girls of — of this change. No one shall blame you. I will not mention Arthur Temple's name."

"Oh, John, how can I ever thank you enough for your goodness?" she said humbly.

"By letting me be your friend always," he answered. He stooped down and kissed her forehead, gravely and quietly, as her father might have done; then he opened the door for her, and she went up-stairs.

Ten minutes later, John Foster sauntered into the drawing-room again.

"My dear mother, I have something to say to you. You need not go, girls; what I have to tell concerns you all. I have broken off my engagement with Nelly." A cry of amazement burst from all three. "Yes," continued John, in a set, measured voice, as if he was repeating a lesson by heart, "I see now that I had made a great mistake; you were all quite right, and I was quite wrong. Nelly Deane would have been a most unsuitable wife for me. I have been thinking this for some time back, and now I have decided to break with her before it is too late."

"Did I not say so from the first?" cried Laura, triumphant.

"She was never good enough for you," said Jane.

But his mother was silent.

"Yes, I see you are right," answered John, and his brow contracted a little, as if he was in pain. "She is too young for me, and too — too" —

"Too badly brought up, and unladylike, and unmannered," cried Laura.

"Hush, Laura; say no more of it. It is all at an end, and — and you had better write and put off everything at once." He turned to leave the room, but Mrs. Foster said suddenly, —

"Stop, John." He turned towards his mother. She had risen from her chair, and stood leaning with both hands upon the table, looking at him. "If I die for it,

John, I must do my duty to you. It is quite true I did not like your engagement to Nelly Deane. She is all that you say; she is badly brought up and untrained, and too much of a child to be a suitable wife for a man of your age. If you remember, I was anxious to teach and to train her at first, only you would not allow me to do so. But an engagement is an engagement, John, and though you have been a good son to me all your life, and I have never had a fault to find with you, it is my solemn duty to tell you now that you are behaving very badly to Nelly Deane."

"Mamma, how silly you are! We ought to be thankful that John is well rid of her. Conceited little minx; I hope she will die an old maid!" said the sweet Laura, spitefully.

"That has nothing to do with it, Laura. What I want to show your brother is that he is treating Nelly Deane very ill. The child is devoted to you, John — any one can see that — and besides, only think what people will say of your conduct!"

"People may say what they like of me, mother," answered John in a strange, rough voice. "I don't wish to hear a word more about it; write and put off the wedding." And as he went out from them, John Foster felt that he loved his mother better than he had ever done before, and that he was nearer hating his sisters than was quite consistent with Christian charity.

"I shall save her from a single unkind word," he said to himself. Then he went out to the stables and ordered the chaise to be got ready, and while the coachman was putting the horse to, he said, —

"I am going back to town instead of being married, Simpson. I came down to have this wedding stopped. We men must be allowed to change our minds sometimes, as well as the ladies. Don't you think so?" with a ghastly attempt at a joke.

The man looked at his master in surprise and said nothing, but upon his return from the station he went into the servants' hall and told what he had heard.

"Well I never! Here's a scurvy trick Master John has played to that nice young lady — gone and throwed her over at the last minute — says he's changed his mind. I wouldn't have believed it of him, that I wouldn't — it's quite shameful!"

"And there's to be no wedding?" cried the maids.

"Not a bit of it; he's gone and jilted of her, that's what he have done!"

"What a awful shame!"

"Poor young lady!"

"And all her clothes is ready too!"

"Never put no trust in the men," said cook sternly to the younger maids.

When John Foster reached the station he made the same little speech to the station-master, with the same pitiful joke about men changing their minds; so that before nightfall there was not a creature who had ever heard of the Fosters in all the country round, who did not know that Mr. Foster had jilted that pretty Miss Deane in the most shameful manner.

But John Foster went back to his work almost happy — he had done something for her more than her favored lover could do, for he had saved her fair name from reproach.

When Nelly crept timidly down from her bedroom at dinner-time that day, expecting to find coldness and resentment, she was bewildered at the reception she met with. The servants flew to wait upon her with the most marked attention. Laura and Jane, it is true, only looked at her curiously and said nothing; but Mrs. Foster came to meet her, and folded her arms round her, and kissed her.

"My poor, poor child," she whispered, "I will be a mother to you all the same;" and she kissed her again and cried, not knowing what else to do, for she could not blame her own son to her in words, she could only show her sympathy by kindness. Nelly did not know what it meant, only in some way she understood that John had made it all smooth for her, and that no word of reproach was to be cast at her.

And she was very grateful to him for that, and also for going away himself, for the sight of him would have been very painful to her. She did not know quite what was to happen to her or what was to be done with her, only that Arthur Temple was in time to take care of her. So she waited on through several strange, silent days with Mrs. Foster's gentle, subdued sympathy to soothe her, and with a great gush of unspeakable gladness hidden deep down in her heart.

X.

When John Foster had left Northley Park to have that dreaded interview with Nelly Deane, Arthur Temple sat down and wrote first to Lady Wilmer. He told her briefly the history of his love for Nelly, and begged her to come home as soon as she could, in order that his betrothed might find a temporary home with her.

And then Arthur laid down his pen and hesitated.

"I wonder if she would?" he said to himself doubtfully. "She is a kind hearted little woman, and I can think of no one else. I think I will risk it;" and then he sat down again and wrote a second letter.

Early the following morning that second letter lay on the tray of a little Sevres china breakfast service in a pink-and-white dressing-room in Mayfair.

It lay there unheeded till half-past ten o'clock, when Mrs. Hetheridge, in the most fascinating of dressing-gowns, all pink and white too, strolled lazily in.

"Any letters, I wonder? Ah, one, and it does not look like a bill, for a wonder." She broke the seal languidly. "Ah, it is from Arthur Temple; can it be a proposal after all?" Her cheeks flushed with anxiety as she hastily read the letter.

"MY DEAR MRS. HETHERIDGE,—I am sure you will forgive the sudden way in which I left town without saying good-by to you, when you hear what it was that took me away. And now I am writing to ask of you a very great favor, which nothing but your extreme and invariable kindness to me warrants me in doing. The truth is, that I am engaged to be married to a young lady who, in agreeing to be my wife, has so much forfeited the good-will of the relatives she has been living with, that she is no longer able to make her home with them. As she is an orphan, and has no other relations she can go to, I am obliged to place her under the care of my own people. I have written to Lady Wilmer to come home at once, and what I want, my dear Mrs. Hetheridge, to ask of you is, whether you will be so very kind as to invite her to stay with you for a week or two—I do not think it will be for longer—until my aunt is able to come home. I cannot help thinking of the many happy hours I have spent in your society, and hoping that you will be as good a friend to Nelly Deane as you have always been to

"Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR TEMPLE."

When Mrs. Hetheridge had finished reading this letter, she sat down and drummed her fingers up and down on the table.

"That's what I call a cool young man!" she said at last. "Well, that card is lost to me, and I made so sure of its turning up trumps; it's a great bore! Clara Hetheridge, I wonder what will become of you! What a pity I wasted those slippers! How I wish Charley North had only a little money! If he had but two thousand a year I would risk it, and marry him; he is a much better fellow than Arthur Temple—always was. What am I to do, I wonder, about this girl? I suppose I had better make the best of it, though she has stepped into the shoes I wanted. At all events she will be bound to ask me to stay at Northley by and by; that is the least she can do." So the widow, being a woman of the world, did not waste her time in useless regrets; the game was up, and she must resign herself with a good grace. "I made a good fight for it at all events," she said to herself, as she drew her writing-case towards her.

"Dear Mr. Temple," she began, for she reflected that it was safest to write so to a man engaged to be married; "you never can tell who they may show their letters to."

"DEAR MR. TEMPLE,—I am so *delighted* to hear you are engaged. I have *always* wished it so much. I am *longing* to see Miss Deane. Of course I shall be *delighted* to have her here, and I am *proud* of the confidence you have reposed in me. I am sure she must be a *dear darling*, and in every way *worthy* of you. I enclose an invitation to her to come to me as soon as she can; please give it her with my *love*, and tell her how much I *long* to know her.

"Yours very sincerely,

CLARA HETHERIDGE."

So Nelly Deane received an invitation to stay at the widow's house, enclosed in a letter from Arthur, who begged her to accept it.

One morning she bade farewell forever to Vale Lodge and its inhabitants—without much sorrow, but with a little regret at leaving the scene of so many tears and so many hopes. She was sincerely sorry, too, to part from Mrs. Foster, who had been very kind to her of late. The old lady quite sobbed at parting with her.

"My dear," she said, "I am glad you have other friends to go to—it is best so, perhaps, it would be too painful for you to stay here; but if you ever want a home, you must come back to me. I owe you something, Nelly, for John has not treated you well."

"Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Foster, John has been only too good to me," cried Nelly, who could not imagine why, in all that had happened, John should be thought to blame.

"Ah, well, my love, you are a good girl to say so. God bless you for it!"

And so they parted.

At the London terminus Nelly was met by Arthur Temple—they had not seen each other since that sorrowful parting in Northley Wood—and it may be guessed with what joy they met again, and with what gratitude to him who had sacrificed himself to make them happy.

Nelly Deane stayed a fortnight at the little house in Mayfair. Mrs. Hetheridge puzzled and amused her; her little affectations and *minauderies* struck her as partly astonishing and partly comical; but she could not help liking her for her coaxing little ways, and her affectionate manner to herself.

And then one fine morning, home came Lady Wilmer from abroad, brimming over with satisfaction, half wild with delight. If Arthur had been engaged to an Ojibbeway she declared she should have been charmed with her; but how could she fail to be delighted with this tall, lovely girl, whom Arthur brought up to her so proudly!

"She is perfect—quite perfect, Arthur," she exclaimed to her nephew. "She will be the rage next season when she is your wife. I shall present her myself, and I insist on ordering the whole of her trousseau."

For the modest outfit which had been thought becoming for John Foster's bride was at once pronounced to be totally unfit for Mrs. Temple of Northley. But Nelly was not married till the following May; neither she nor Arthur would consent to their wedding taking place a day sooner; and it was only when Easter had come and gone that Mrs. Foster received a quiet little letter from Nelly, entering into no particulars, but simply stating that she was engaged to Mr. Temple.

All that time Nelly spent with Lady Wilmer at her house in Dorsetshire—all except one happy fortnight when Arthur joined them, and they all three went for a trip to Cornwall, and revisited the old home and the apple-tree and the red cliffs, the sight of which she had once thought was the only pleasure life had left for her.

She had plenty of pleasures now; and if ever any young woman ran a risk of being spoiled by being made much of, Nelly Deane certainly did at this period of her life.

At last there came a bright morning in May, when the hawthorn was covered with silver bloom, when the lilacs and violets were flinging their sweet fragrance abroad, when the birds were singing and the sweet spring sunshine

was streaming in showers of gold, that Arthur Temple and Nelly Deane stood side by side in the little ivy-covered village church, and became man and wife.

But long before that day arrived Mrs. Hetheridge had been abundantly rewarded for her forbearance and hospitality to Nelly. One day, in the beginning of April, she received an excited note from her old love, Charley North:

"MY DEAREST CLARA, — I am the happiest man alive! My uncle and his only son have been drowned, bathing; you will see it in the papers. It sounds unfeeling, but I cannot be sorry or pretend to be, for I have come into *everything* — £4000 a year and the Lincolnshire property! The only bar between us is now removed: you will not hold out any longer now that I have money enough to give you everything you can wish for. I am coming up to town at once to entreat you to be my wife. I shall be with you almost as soon as this letter.

"Your devoted and adoring CHARLEY NORTH."

The widow was in ecstasies. How thankful she was now that Arthur Temple had escaped the little snares she had laid for him! For, as she said, she had always liked Charley the better of the two.

The only person in all this who was utterly bewildered was poor Madame Dentelle. She was paid her £300 and she was busy making Mrs. Hetheridge's trousseau and Miss Deane's at the same time, so she ought to have been quite satisfied; but which of these ladies had been originally destined to become Mrs. Temple of Northley, and whether they had changed lovers, or how it came to pass that they should occasionally drive to her door in the same brougham — to come amicably together and look at their finery — was a puzzle that she was never quite able to solve to her dying day.

There is but one more person to speak of. How did it fare with John Foster all this time — noble, true-hearted, generous John Foster, toiling alone in his musty chambers, with his law books and his papers around him, and only the thought of his Nelly's happiness to comfort him in his desolation?

It cannot be denied that all these months were very terrible to him; they were a daily, hourly struggle, which he could in no way get rid of. But by and by he had a note from Arthur Temple, telling him that the wedding-day was fixed, but not asking him to come. It would have been but a cruel mockery to have done so.

He sent back a letter full of loving wishes to them both, with a handsome diamond cross for Nelly, with his love. And then, when the day had come and gone, John Foster felt better.

But he did not see Nelly again till she had been married two years; and then she wrote and begged him to come down to Northley for the christening of her eldest born, asking him to be his godfather.

John Foster went. And when he had seen Nelly's face beaming with happiness, and heard the ring of perfect content in her clear sweet voice, and when little Johnnie's fair head had lain against his breast, and his baby fingers had clasped themselves round his own, John Foster kept aloof no longer. From that day he came to them often, both in London and at Northley, and the 'Temples' house became his second home.

No old bachelor ever grew to be such an abject slave to infantine tyranny as John Foster did to Johnnie Temple and as years went on this slavery increased rather than diminished.

It was a fine sight to see John Foster, gray-haired and portly, crawling about on all-fours with Johnnie Temple on his back flourishing a whip over his head, and shouting frantically, "Kick me off, godpa; kick me off, or I will beat you!" Which singular order would be instantly obeyed by the steed, the small rider coming down head over heels amidst roars of laughter.

He was so jealous, too, of the other children; for Nelly had two more besides Johnnie; nothing would induce

John Foster to admire either of the others. "They are not fit to hold a candle to Johnnie," he would say gruffly; for Johnnie had his mother's eyes, and was his godson! Could any other child be worth looking at?

And so the years went on, and John Foster forgot his pain, and his heart was neither soured nor embittered by his old sorrow, but rather was it enlarged and softened; for was it not Nelly's child who, with his sweet eyes and loving ways, crept into that great empty heart, and filled it full, even to overflowing?

DIAMOND-DIGGING AT PNIEL.

It was late on a summer's afternoon that I first saw Pniel, the eldest of the South African diamond-diggings. Ten days and eleven nights we had been jolting up from Cape Town, packed like slaves in the Middle Passage, drenched with perspiration, our ankles swelled, a prey to flies and fleas and dust. In two hundred and fifty hours of such travel, we had thrice enjoyed a brief luxury of bed; first at Ceres, for three and a half hours; again at Schinderspan, seven hours; and again at Victoria West, five and a half hours. Eight "square meals" had been offered us in ten days — two breakfasts, three dinners, and three suppers; the calls of appetite we had satisfied between-whiles with potted meat, sardines, *bilongue* or dried flesh, boer-bread, coffee, and miscellaneous articles. Two great mountain passes our lumbering wagon had climbed; five or six streams it had crossed, and one mighty river, the Orange; two deserts also, the Karroo and the Gouph. Of perils and panics endured in seven hundred and fifty miles of such journeying I shall not speak, but of a truth the diamond-digger earns his reward.

The night was very hot, for November in Cape Colony is our English July. The sandy plain which overhangs Pniel wore a reddish glow. For miles we had seen the great Vaal River barring our course, but of the far-famed camp no token met the gaze. At length, as the wagon jolted on, we saw the tops of trees upon the further bank of the stream, and then the rocks of Klipdrift, crowned with houses, of which the iron roofs shone red. Pniel itself lies under the steep hither bank, invisible until one gains the very edge. An earthquake in a crowded town could scarcely cause confusion more chaotic than is spread before the eye — a house stands here, a tent there, mounds and holes everywhere. Of the street designed when first the camp was "regulated," not more than forty yards remain. There is scarce room for Jardine's famous hostelry, a wooden building, roofed with corrugated iron. Hanging to the end of this is the canvas house of a certain doctor. Beyond, the roadway ends in a monstrous pit, sunk by enthusiastic diggers, and those who would reach the river must turn into footpaths right or left. The soil of Pniel is a deep red sand. Heaps and embankments of this lie on every side, as far as one can see from the elevation of our cart. Great boulders are regularly piled up, like fortifications, or lie in broken hills. On each few feet of level space — rare, indeed, are such building-sites — a ragged tent, or hut of branches, stands with bleary-eyed men lounging full length inside. Two hundred yards down the slope, between the crests of stony hillocks, between the trunks of lofty willow-trees, the Vaal reappears. Long purple shadows fall from mound to mound; the dirty tents burn orange; the sky is all aflame; our river runs like blood. In the sublimest glory of an African sunset I take my first view of Pniel. Visions of fortune are in the eyes of all of us, as we leap from the wagon, and stretch our swollen limbs at the door of Jardine's Hotel.

The hotel, though full of humors, must be dismissed with a brief acknowledgment of many kindnesses from its host. It did not suit my purse to remain long under its roof; and by the third day I was owner of a small bell-tent, costing me six pounds ten shillings at auction; a table and chair, three pounds; two picks, two spades, a sieve, a crowbar, two zinc buckets, four yards of rope, a gridiron, a

stretcher, mattress, and blanket, and a frying-pan, four pounds five shillings in all. There was likewise a "cradle," such as we use at the river-diggings, which I got cheap for five pounds; also a dog, purchased to defend the diamonds I was going to dig, but he ran away the same night. Total expenditure, eighteen pounds fifteen shillings; a reasonable outfit, but a serious demand upon a capital of one hundred and fifty pounds. After some search, I found a space about fourteen feet square, not too far from the haunts of men. It had already borne several occupants, the ashes of whose extinct fires lay deep in the middle of it; what space, indeed, for half a mile around, but had borne a tent, in the great days, scarce four months ago, when sixteen hundred tents whitened the ruddy gorge, and five thousand diggers reared those piles of stone, and dug those deep pitfalls? Upon this little platform I raised my canvas, assisted by a friendly Kaffir, man-of-all-work at a drinking-shop near by.

Thoughtful study of such information as could be obtained in Cape Town had determined me to risk my fortune in one of the deserted diggings, Pniel, or Gong-Gong, or Cawood's Hope. It was disputed at no hand that their wealth is not half extracted. The easier work, and the fabulous return of "dry" digging, had enticed thousands from their camps when in a fair way of winning fortune. I was resolved to make no such mistake. At the dry diggings, my hundred and fifty pounds would be laughed to scorn; at Pniel, judiciously expended, it should be the sure foundation of an independence. Such accounts of fever and misery came from New Rush and Dutoitspan as made even me, a very old campaigner, almost dread the thought of living there; Pniel offered me a river at my door, pleasant shade of trees, and a constant wind to fan the burning air. I was alone too; not over-strong in health. In those crowded treasure-pits across the *veldt*, life is too hard and too exciting, death too common, for the unfriendly stranger to command notice when broken down; every other tent there could tell a tale of noble patience and self-sacrifice, but not exercised on behalf of the stranger. For these reasons I had determined to stay by the river; heartily I wish that resolve had never been broken.

There was no difficulty then, in November, 1871, nor is there now, in receiving a "claim" at Pniel. Over all the labyrinth there were scarcely a hundred men at work, where thousands had been jostling each other four months ago. But I was anxious to buy a "proved" claim. The vagrant habits, the ignorance, and the constitutional distrust of the *boer* digger, frequently offered great chances to a man of ready wit. A *boer* gets tired of working; and besides, he cannot believe in diamonds, though daily selling them at a heavy price. Things might have gone well, but for the leviathans of New Rush and "the Pan," who would not leave us Pniel folks in our contented poverty. They came swaggering across our *veldt* from their dusty pandemonia, riding thoroughbreds, or mounted in snowy carts bounding behind six horses. They swaggered at our Jardine's in broadcloth coats, buckskins, and English top-boots, pushing us rightful owners into the corner amongst the miscellaneous objects of our Jardine's trade. They swaggered down to our river, stopping to point out to their swaggering friends some hole half filled, and to say: "That was my claim, boys. Haw, haw, haw! Didn't I sweat at building that dirty wall; curse every stone in it! And what d'ye think I found in the blank hole for six month's work? So many, and the biggest so much, and haw, haw!" "Can't think how these Pniel chaps get along," says another. Says a third: "They fish for a livelihood in their blessed river!" And so the party goes laughing down to bathe. Oh, the New Rush men maddened us sometimes with their rowdy boasting, and nightly uproars, and furious gambling. They were peaceful folk upon the diamond-fields in my time; but not once nor twice have I seen them challenged to fight for no other cause than the insolence of their visitors.

It will easily be believed that to keep one's head cool in such an atmosphere was difficult. I began to reproach my-

self with laziness, or want of luck, or over-caution. In this mood I crossed to Klipdrift, on the twelfth day of my residence. Klipdrift, though never very profitable as a digging, is the most substantial of all our camps. It has not less than twenty, maybe thirty houses of brick, some of them quite large. I have seen flowers growing at Klipdrift. But the population cannot exceed five hundred souls. Though so inconveniently situated, for the broad and dangerous Vaal River divides it from the colony, and from all the other diggings, this camp has been selected by Cape Town wisdom as the metropolis of our new annexation. In November, 1871, the thriving little settlement had not yet digested its astonishment and delight at this news. In the rough and rather disreputable canteen which stands on the cliff, a group of *boers* and diggers were disputing the merits of the Keate award, a subject on which both were equally ignorant, no doubt.

I paused to ask the origin of this dispute. It matters little on what subject you begin a conversation yonder, the current and the end of it is surely diamonds. The group dispersed, and left me with the stalwart bar-keeper and one guest. This was a small, red, wiry man, sunburnt and weatherbeaten, puckered with wrinkles, bleary-eyed, as a working digger should be. The sleeves of his flannel shirt were rolled up to the shoulder, displaying arms seamed and livid with the skin disease we call "river" or "Hebron boils." Of what color once had been his hat of felt, his shirt, or his moleskin trousers, tucked into long boots, no man could tell, for they were stiff and coated with the red Pniel earth. A belt of canvas, garnished with many pockets, held at his back a butcher's knife. He sat upon the greasy bench, of home carpentry; and before him, on a board smoothed with dirt, stood the filthiest of all glasses, containing a turgid compound of *poutak* wine, "cape smoke," and home-made ginger-beer, called in our camp parlance a "pickaxe." This old sinner, with crafty face and hands deformed, seemed to be the very *doyen* of diggers.

We had not talked three minutes before he spotted me. "You're a new chum, I take it?" he said. And thereupon the old wretch began his incantations. I was too late in the field; all good claims were occupied. It was idle to expect the discovery of new fields. There couldn't be a diamond in South Africa outside of the present river-diggings, and the four dry camps, New Rush, Dutoitspan, Old de Beer's, and Bultfontein. Hadn't every *kopje* for fifty miles round been prospected? Why, he himself had spent hundreds of pounds in opening up a line from Pniel to the Mod River. Oh, I didn't trouble myself about new fields? Showed my sense there, anyhow. But what was a poor chap to do? He reckoned I hadn't over much money, or I'd have gone through to the dry diggings like other fools. Right I was to stop by the river. Claims were selling at New Rush a hundred to five hundred the foot-breadth, and that chap was done who bought at the lower price.

"Young man," exclaimed the wretch, opening his eyes and hands, "d'ye see me afore ye? Look at me. I'm the chap as prospected the New Rush—I did! Ask the *baas* there!—ask any one you meet; they'll tell you it was old Jim Peebles who prospected the New Rush. Look'ee here!" From a pocket of his dirty belt he pulled out a round tin box, designed to hold percussion-caps. It was three parts full of diamonds, which he poured from hand to hand in a dazzling cascade. "There ain't a many; I don't say there is. I sorted out double o' this at New Rush in a fortnight. But look at the quality—no dry-dug rubbish about that lot. River-stones, every one! Was it likely, having such a claim as this, to come from, I'd quit it for the New Rush? No, sir!"

And so on. No need to pursue the course of the swindle. It was excellently carried out. I was not so young as to run off at scent. More than a week passed before the word "sale" was mentioned, and then the proposition came from me. Most ingeniously arranged, and worthy a larger prize, was the evidence that accidentally turned up to convince me I had a real good thing in old Jim Peebles' claim.

Jardine himself, the soul of honesty, told me — what was quite true — that the man had made a fortune, colonially speaking, and had for some weeks been anxious to sell and retire. I cut the story short, for it is a sore one with me now. I finally bought the claim for seventy pounds, two thirds of my remaining capital.

I could scarcely sleep that night, for thought of the prize so cleverly won. How much more prudent had been my course than that of my fellow-passengers, who had gone direct to the Eldorado. Six months hence I shall be following, with such a bag of gold as will enable me to buy a first-class claim — a claim where fortune is a certainty, where one may calculate on half a dozen gems per day. The money so earned I shall reinvest in diamonds, or other speculations. I shall make, as others do, cent. per cent. per month; and in two years' time I shall return to England, a comfortable man. So inspiring were these reflections — not unreasonable, mind you, had the foundation been more sure — I leapt from my mattress in a fever of delight, and opened the tent door. It was a little after five. The sun already stood above the horizon, and the metal roofs of Klipdrift glittered above its trees. Of palest green was the sky, without a cloud upon its arch. The tall willows before me wore a golden glory on their heads, whilst their feet lay in misty shadow. Vapors curled upward from the river, in which a score of diggers were noisily plunging. Each tent and mound upon the higher land threw a long blue shadow beside it. Even whilst I watched, the golden aureole of the trees crept downward. The shadows shortened, shortened. The swiftly flowing river began to sparkle. The green died out from the sky, changing to turquoise blue. A sun-ray struck my face like a breath of flame; and my first day of a digger's life was fairly in.

"Baas!" exclaimed a voice beside and below me. I looked down, and saw, squatted on his haunches, my friendly Kaffir. He was a Zulu, but taller than the average of his race. Black was he as the nigger of ancient romance, woolly headed, with large eyes, nose well shaped, but lips immense, shielding a marvellous row of teeth. No statue of a demigod had finer or more graceful limbs than had my "boy" Charles.

"You've bought claim, baas," says he; "you want Kaffir for work. What you give Kaffir?"

"Sixteen shillings a month," I said, "and the usual allowances."

"You no get free Kaffir for that," my Charles replied, shaking his head with emphasis.

"I can't afford more," I answered resolutely.

"No more?"

"No more!"

"Then you got buy Kaffir! How much you give buy Kaffir?"

"A pound," I said, knowing that Charles meant I must employ an agent, who, for a certain premium, would procure me a Kaffir at my terms. (N. B. — No questions asked.) This business was largely in the hands of Zulus, who took advantage of each other, just as we white men did. But Charles laughed scornfully at my pound. I finally agreed to double the sum, on condition that the "boy" should be found by evening, and with a guarantee that he should be not less stout and healthy than my brawny Charles. Meanwhile, the two-pound premium was lodged with Jardine. All day I potted about my claim, which lay close to the river-bank. There was a great tree over it, which I longed to root up. I knew there were diamonds under that tree; but diggers' law is very strict about timber, and I dared not violate it. The claim had been excellently worked, and its stones and boulders cleared away, or neatly built into a wall to support the mass of earth. My ground, of course, was thirty feet square, not more than half of it yet open. The deepest part might be eight feet below the surface. I took my pick, and gave a stroke or two, just to try what manner of work this might be. Within an inch of the floor, I struck a monstrous stone, which gave me two hours of the heaviest possible labor, in a heat supertropical. But there is a wild excite-

ment even in the fatigue of diamond-digging. It was with regret I left off, as evening approached.

At the door of my tent squatted Charles, alone. "Where is my Kaffir?" I shouted, whilst yet afar off, mad to think that another day should be lost.

"He come to-morrow morning faithful. Give me him pick and bucket. He be at work before baas out of bed."

I handed over the tools, plunged in the river, dined at Jardine's and turned in at eight o'clock, to sleep as I had not slept for years. Earliest dawn found me awake, very stiff, but light-headed almost with expectation. I hastened to the claim, stopping only for a cup of coffee at the nearest canteen. There, plain enough, was a burly Kaffir, working with bar and pick. He looked up. It was Charles again — Charles wearing the broadest of Zulu grins.

"What's this?" I asked angrily.

"Me your Kaffir, baas," says he; "give me briefie to Mr. Jardine after breakfast, and he pay me two pounds."

"Sold again," said I to myself. But never did I regret that investment, for my man was a treasure. By the bye, Charles was his Zulu name wofully abbreviated. Correctly pronounced it was Chaw-aw-aw-aw-les — five syllables at least, and signifies, I believe, a white bull.

Very heartily we set to work at our claim, breaking up the lime-cemented mass of pebbles, and heaping them in the midst for washing. There is no mistake at all about the fact that diamond-digging on the river is as hard work as can be; but I have no space to dwell on these points. When a reasonable heap of pebbles and earth was dug out, we carried it in buckets to the cradle. This machine, an excellent invention, begotten by necessity, contained three floors of zinc, perforated in holes of decreasing size. The "stuff," as we call it, was bucketed on to the topmost floor, water poured on, and the machine set going. In a certain time, which varies according to circumstances, the earth and small stones work through, and only big refuse lies on the upper floor. Over this refuse you throw a careful glance, for people do find diamonds too big to pass the first perforation, aye, every day some one finds such a treasure, and pitches it away. The same with the second floor. The third floor, when washed quite clean, you carefully take out, and pour on the "sorting-table," where, scrape in hand, the baas digger passes it under review. What delightful moments has he in the beginning, whilst the excitement is fresh! What lovely pebbles he collects, agates of all beautiful hues, carnelians, tourmalines, peridots, garnets, corundums of crystal. Hundreds of them, all wet, and gleaming, under a South African sun, as no gems gleam, he puts aside, with a loving thought of nieces, daughters maybe, far away in chilly England; but the hard realities of this, as of other lives, come on him, and the bag is thrown away, some luckless night, as lumber. There are no such jewels in the world, to be mere pebbles, as the refuse of our wet diggings.

In this manner I worked with Charles. It took us four days to make a pile of "stuff" sufficient to justify a "sorting," for our claim was very full of boulders. On the fifth day we began to wash in the shadow of our tree. Whilst engaged with the very first washing, old Jim Peebles came to bid me good-by. He was off to the colony, in his own wagon, with six span of superb oxen. I suppose old Jim Peebles had made not less than ten thousand pounds in eighteen months. He seemed much amused at the excitement under which I was working; but I only laughed at him, and rocked my cradle harder. I took out the top floor, piled with glistening agates, looked it over with superstitious care, and pitched it down the bank. Old Jim Peebles seemed yet more amused. I took out the second tray, filled with smaller stones.

"Come," said old Jim, pulling at his pipe, "it's a first-class claim for the river; but we ain't at New Rush. No fifty carats in Pniel."

"No," I replied, with some difficulty in speaking; "but this tray would not let a five carat slip through. And there's the proof!" — holding up a dull white marble, almost round, and scratched like ground glass.

"That!" he answered, taking it, whilst his red face turned

dirty white ; " that's no diamond ! " and he pitched it down the slope.

I had not indeed thought it one. The gems I had mostly seen were dry dug, clean in their angles, dazzling almost as cut brilliants. But by the old man's face I knew mine to be a diamond. I rushed after it, and he after me. I slipped amongst the shingle, and fell on my back. He passed, and bent down by my feet. There was not a moment to lose. The man's face said murder ! Lying on my back, I kicked with all my force, and rolled him down to the water. He got up, bleeding and savage, but I was up before him. We glanced at each other for an instant, and then he staggered off. But it was not till I called Charles, and set his Kaffir eyes to work for an hour, that I found my diamond. It was an eight and a half carat — a superb stone — and I sold it for seventy pounds.

That was the first and last gem I found at Pniel, though I worked the claim till the end of February. Old Jim Peebles had " jumped " it only a fortnight before on the chance of selling it to some greenhorn. I was the greenhorn.

GRETCHEN.

BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening when the drinkers left the " Swan." Theodore followed with the rest, and went down the silent village. All the little windows were being closed, and the good housewives might be heard crying in the darkness, as they closed their shutters, " Good night, Orehel ! good night, Grédel, good night ! "

Then all became silent, and Theodore was left alone in the dark street — gazing, listening, dreaming, whilst the countless stars twinkled overhead, and the trees rustled along the roadsides.

How many things does night reveal that escape the eye and the ear by day ! Hark to that distant murmuring ; look at that cat, half-seen, darting along there through the deep shadows. Listen to that bird, chirping so softly that the marten on the watch for it can scarcely hear it.

Theodore loved the night ; he went a few paces, paused, turned around, and listened attentively. He recollected the words of the weaver, as he gazed up at the sky, " Keep thine heart with all diligence."

But when he looked once more at the earth, when he inhaled the sweet odors of autumn — the new-mown hay, the brown leaves of the trees — then he thought of Gretchen, pretty Gretchen, so blooming and fair, with her large eyes of liquid blue, ever lighted with the sweetness of smiles — her bright and merry laugh. How beautiful she then rose to his thoughts, and how fast his heart would beat ! He could see her tripping from table to table, her arm, white as ivory, slightly raised as she poured the foaming liquor into the large shining mugs — her finely-shaped figure, her two plaits of fair hair hanging down to the edge of her short scarlet petticoat, her teeth shining like white enamel !

Gretchen had smiles for every one except M. Theodore ; as soon as he entered she became serious, but at the same time such a tender expression stole over her large blue eyes, that the poor lad's heart overflowed with love. His emotion mastered him, and he murmured unintelligible words.

Theodore went on dreaming ; he could see also old Réebstock, Gretchen's father, in his large gray periwig, with his open, good-natured countenance ; then the smoky tavern, with its low rafters ; the clock, with its porcelain face ; the lamp hung from the ceiling, lighting up all the brown faces of the drinkers and the vine-dressers, half-hidden by their slouched hats, and glittering too on the little pewter mugs in their huge rough hands.

" There is life upon earth," he said to himself — " life, bright and full of love, joy, and comfort. Wine, delicious fruits, sweet odors, and Gretchen — that is what my life consists of, that is the sum of earthly bliss to me."

He trembled with emotion as he thought of the girl ; he saw her so clearly in his mind's eye, that he might have marked every thread in her dress, every bead in her necklace, every change of expression in her rosy, dimpled smile.

Gretchen was in every object he saw, in every sound he heard ; he looked at the stars, and Gretchen was there ; he listened to the wind, and there he heard the voice of Gretchen ; he thought of the peopled world, and there was Gretchen too. Ever there — listening to his thoughts and answering them. O Love, Love ! What art thou ? whence comest thou ?

Thus Theodore went on in the starlight, by the back of the village, skirting the coppice-wood, following the little paths edged with palings, and came out at last on the newly-mown meadow. Here he noticed the queer, irregularly-built cottages, with their outside staircases and worm-eaten bannisters, their poultry-yards, and their wide and far-projecting roofs. Dark, mysterious shadows brooded over all.

After making a long round, he found himself once more before Réebstock's house. He stopped behind the shed under Gretchen's window, and said to himself, looking at the little round aperture at the top of the shutter, —

" She is there ! "

There he stood, the moon throwing her pale light on his forehead, defining with a clear outline the hollow of his eyes, silvering his fair beard, and rippling over his negligent yet graceful and picturesque artist's dress. In his left hand he held his large felt hat, with its cocks' feathers sweeping the ground ; and with his right he sent his heart to Gretchen in a kiss. Then, after remaining thus in silent contemplation for a quarter of an hour, he vaulted lightly over the low garden railings, entered the yard, and seeing on the right the tap-room door open, the barrel with its full red hoops looming in the darkness, the low bench, the hatchet with its curved handle, gleaming with a bluish light, the plane, the pincers, the cooper's tools, the screw of the wine-press lighted obliquely by the rays of the moon, he advanced slowly, inhaling the sourish smell of the fermenting hop and grape.

Not a sound was to be heard ; from the skylight above streamed a calm, subdued light. He sat down on a barrel, and said, —

" Ah, how pleasant it is here ! "

He looked at the trellis to which the ivy was clinging, the little trough in the yard where the poultry were fed, the laundry door to the left ; and it seemed to him that an inexpressible charm hovered over all this homely scene, because it was so often lighted by the presence of his Gretchen.

" Ah ! " thought he, " if Gretchen would only come out for ever so short a time ! If I could only see her just now, I should be able to say to her, ' Gretchen, I love thee ! '"

He remained lost in these thoughts for about an hour, unable to make up his mind to go, when he heard a strange noise outside. Theodore raised his head to listen : it seemed like a smacking of lips after tasting the best of Johannisberg.

" What is that ? " said the artist ; and he glided cautiously into the court. There he heard the same noise again. Theodore looked this way and that, unable to discover the cause. At last, he drew aside the branches of a red-berried arbutus, and saw, at the foot of the outside paling, the idiot Kaspar Noss sitting on the grass, his legs stretched out, his shirt down about his shoulders, his old threadbare trousers held up on one side by a single brace, his old battered hat between his knees, and full of splendid grapes in huge bunches, which, no doubt, he had just stolen hard by. The fellow looked as jolly as Bacchus. His projecting forehead, his fat cheeks, and even his round ruddy nose seemed brimming over with sensuous satisfaction. It was he who was smacking his lips so loudly. He was lifting up whole bunches of grapes, and hanging them down into his vast, open mouth. His throat was dilating with delight, while he gave vent to his feelings by chuckling and cooing somewhat like a pigeon. Some tall nettles

were bending towards him in the shadow, and thistles were standing up like sentinels at his feet.

"Oh, you scoundrel!" cried Theodore to him; "so this is the way you spend your nights?"

The idiot turned his head carelessly, his eyes twinkled merrily, and letting go the grapes from his mouth, he replied, "What! is that you, Theodore? Come and taste my grapes."

"Where did you get them?"

Kaspar indicated the place with his finger and said, "There; there are quantities down there."

"What! there? You stole them from Réebstock's field?"

"Yes, Theodore," replied the other quite innocently.

"And what if I tell of you?"

"No fear of that!"

"Why?"

"You would have to say what time of the night it was you saw me;" and Kaspar leered and laughed in a most extraordinary way, and the artist, quickly preparing to get over the paling again, muttered, "Ah, the idiot's right!"

But as he was making off, Noss caught him by the coat-tails, crying out, "Stop, thief, stop! I arrest you! You have just stolen Gretchen's heart!"

Theodore turned suddenly pale.

"Let go!"

"No; sit you down."

"Noss, I beseech of you!"

"Eat some of my grapes."

"Listen. I shall call out."

"Give me some tobacco, Theodore, and I'll make Gretchen come out to you," said Noss in that strange, wild, persuasive voice so common amongst idiots. "She loves you; she thinks of no one in the world but you. Hush!" said he, raising his forefinger, "listen; she's dreaming in her little bedroom—she's saying, 'Theodore, my Theodore! Oh, how I love you!'"

Kaspar had let go Theodore's coat, but the latter had no longer any intention of running away; he listened eagerly to the promises of Noss.

"Oh, my good Kaspar! are you sure of what you are saying?" said he in a low, trembling voice.

"And why not?" replied Noss. "Aren't you the finest fellow in the village, and the best also? Don't you give me tobacco when I ask for it, and your old pipes as well? Oh, yes! she dreams of you every night. Come, sit down, and I'll make her come out."

Theodore sat down as though fascinated. Then the idiot offered him a bunch of grapes.

"Eat that," said he; "you have very often given me bread, so now it is my turn to make you a present."

And Theodore took a grape, out of good-nature; it was delicious, real Markobrunner.

Noss laughed; then joining his hands before his mouth, he uttered a guttural sound—the cry of the quail in the early morning. It was so natural that in the distant fields a quail was deceived by it, and, imagining that he saw daylight in the middle of the night, he gave three calls.

"What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm putting on the clock," said Noss merrily; "it is four o'clock about the brewery." Then he repeated the same cry several times, at long intervals, and the country round about seemed filled with strange, confused murmurings.

"Leave me alone," said he to Theodore; "let me be; Gretchen will soon come out."

And leaning once more over the paling, Noss imitated the first crow of the cock, slow, solemn, and thick, as it is when the poor fellow is still hoarse with the night air. You could have fancied you saw Chanticleer shaking his feathers and quivering on his perch. Five or six hens came down the ladder of the fowl-house, and looked at the moon through the roof.

"Why, you rogue!" said Theodore, "whoever taught you such tricks?"

Kaspar Noss grinned, and answered softly, "Don't ask me any questions. I'm only a poor fool."

The fowls, becoming aware of their mistake, wanted to go to roost again; but Kaspar, whose spirits were up, drove them back, and made them cackle. Then, suddenly, he broke into an imitation of the song of the rising lark welcoming the dawn. He threw so much feeling into this performance that Theodore's eyes filled, and he exclaimed in his heart,—

"Oh, Gretchen! Come to me, Gretchen, my love, my joy, my life! Gretchen, it's my heart that's singing to thee! It is thy Theodore calling."

He had returned to the yard, and, leaning against the wall with his head bent, he was lost in delicious dreams, whilst Noss was shaking forth his quivering notes.

Now Gretchen, somewhat surprised, had heard the quail whilst wrapped in slumber, and could scarcely believe it. She had heard the cock, and that also puzzled her; then the fowls, and her eyes opened. As there was no light shining through the shutter, she went back to bed; but when she heard the lark—when the rich and tender notes struck upon her heart, she rose softly, saying,—

"Yes, it is morning now."

She began to dress, and went to open the shutter. Theodore had heard her rising. He was trembling, and felt inclined to seek safety in flight; but when the shutter opened all his fearfulness vanished. He leaned towards the window, and, in spite of a little cry from the girl, seizing her hand, he exclaimed,—

"Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen! I love you."

Scarcely had these words escaped him when his knees trembled beneath him. Gretchen, fluttering like a dove startled in her nest, her cheeks all suffused with happy blushes, whispered softly,—

"Theodore, dear Theodore!"

She had no time to say more, for the shutter of M. Réebstock, which was just above her window, burst open, and a terrible oath—a regular German oath—smote the darkness, and was followed by these words:—

"Who is there?"

They were all filled with consternation. Theodore and Gretchen separated in great fear. Noss, with his arms aloft, fled as fast as his legs could carry him, imitating the cries of a wild duck pursued through the water-reeds by a spaniel, his nasal voice reëchoing far in the remote distance. It was really most ludicrous; but Réebstock didn't seem to think so; therefore the artist, clapping his hat on again, vaulted over the palisade, and set off at a rapid pace through the orchard, whilst Gretchen, trembling, quickly closed her window and replaced the shutter.

"Ah, scoundrel!" cried Réebstock, extending his arms, "you shall answer for this, I can tell you that!" and the great house-dog, roused by the scrimmage, began to bark and rattle his chain.

Theodore went on running hither and thither until daylight, repeating, as if in a dream, "Gretchen, Gretchen, I love you!" Then he would add, "Theodore, dear Theodore!" and imagined he was the happiest fellow on earth.

About five o'clock he went home, and when he had laid himself down on his little bed, it occurred to him that old Réebstock had recognized him, and might for the future forbid him his house. This thought depressed him very much.

Next morning his misery had increased.

"Could any one be so unhappy as I?" he exclaimed. "Oh, old Réebstock will be in an awful passion. Perhaps I shall never again see Gretchen. If I could only see her once more! But I shall never dare to go down the street again."

And, still dwelling on these distressing thoughts, he went down-stairs and left the house, not caring whither he went, looking at the brewery in the distance, with its weather-cock and signboard.

Nothing was changed; everything wore its ordinary aspect. The herdsman was passing through the village, playing on his pipe, and followed by a large flock of goats and swine; the village lasses, with their pitchers, were trooping round the fountain, and Kaspar Noss lay sleeping with his back to the sun on the bench before the town hall.

Attracted by this pleasant picture, Theodore, with his portfolio under his arm, drew near. As he was passing the brewery, not daring to turn his head, he heard some one tapping loudly on the window-pane. He stopped in a great fright.

"Is any one calling me?" he asked himself.

The windows of the tap-room were open, and already several customers were seated at the table. Among them were red-faced old Alderman Weinland, with his large felt hat thrust on the back of his head, and his walking-stick of vine-wood resting between his knees; Zimmer, the tailor, in his gray gown, and his green cap tied over his ears, and his nose smutched with snuff; also Spitz, the barber, his beaming countenance surmounted by a little pyramid of hair, as is the old French fashion, talking in a loud voice, with his earthenware dish on the table by the bottle; and several more besides.

Old Berbel was putting the cans of curds in a row behind the stove, and long sunbeams, bright with their myriads of dancing motes, fell along the table and beneath the benches.

Theodore entered in no very easy frame of mind. Old Réebstock, in his brown coat and steel buttons, was sitting by the clock-case opposite the door. Gretchen was standing near the window with her eyes bent downwards. A lively conversation was going on. No one seemed to think that there was anything special on hand. But the moment when the artist appeared in the doorway, Réebstock, raising his arms towards him, cried,—

"M. Theodore, do you love my daughter Gretchen?"

The young man turned quite pale. He opened his mouth, but could not get out a single word.

Then Réebstock, looking him full in the face, repeated,—

"Do you love my daughter Gretchen?"

All the spectators were struck dumb with amazement; each, holding his glass in his hand, sat as if transfixed, gazing by turns at Theodore, Gretchen, and the landlord.

At last, Theodore, in a voice choked with emotion, said—

"Oh, yes! how I love her!"

He cast such an imploring look at Gretchen, that the girl of her own accord rushed across the room to him, and throwing herself into his arms, burst into tears. Then the old brewer gave a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! Didn't I know that they were in love with each other!" said he. "You can't take me in quite so easily."

And all present, seeing him so well satisfied, exclaimed, "Ha! ha! Old Réebstock's pretty sharp; he knew all about it."

"Well," continued the brewer, "since you love her so much, take her, marry her; but you must stay and live with me in my house."

Then sitting down he added gravely, "It's quite decided now; you shall be married in a fortnight."

To which all the company replied, "We shall come to the wedding in a fortnight."

Which in fact happened.

Well, Réebstock had grandsons and granddaughters, whom he used to dandle on his knee. Afterwards, when he was quite old, he said to his son-in-law and daughter, "My children, you must remember one thing—if we are happy, we must thank Heaven for it. I heard the cock crowing before sunrise, and, as I was looking out of my window, I saw Gretchen unfastening her shutter. Then I felt inclined to be very angry, but Providence made me think better of it. 'Marry them first,' it whispered, 'since they love each other; you can rebuke them for it afterwards.'"

Theodore and Gretchen admired the wisdom of the old man, and thanked the Lord, who governs all things here below so well.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Rev. Newman Hall has been obliged to apply for a divorce from Mrs. Hall.

OUR Oxford D. C. L., Lowell, is in Germany. Bayard Taylor is also in Germany, living at Gotha.

THE Princess Josephine, cousin to the Queen of Spain, has had her goods seized in Paris to satisfy her milliner's bill of 200 guineas.

THE readers of EVERY SATURDAY have discovered that they have two admirable serial stories in "Zelda's Fortune" and "Young Brown."

THAT the illness of the historian Motley in London was not so serious as first reported, was the best news that came across the water last week.

LORD STRATFORD DE RECLIFFE's defence of Christianity entitled "Why am I a Christian?" is so lame an essay as to suggest the query, "Why is he an Author?"

M. PHILARÈTE CHASLES, for many years a correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, and formerly a prominent writer on the *Journal Des Débats* and the *Moniteur*, died recently in Venice.

"KAISER WILHELM and his Contemporaries" is the title of Louisa Mühlbach's new historical romance. The first part, consisting of four volumes, has appeared, and many more are to follow. Well, there is one thing to comfort us, one isn't obliged to read "Kaiser Wilhelm and his Contemporaries."

MICHEL LEVY, the Paris publisher, has in press a book entitled "American Humorists," by Madame Th. Bentzón, the French translator of Bret Harte's stories. A volume of his sketches, by the way, has just issued in German with the title, "Californische Novellen." W. Hertzberg is the translator.

JULES VERNE, whose "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and "The Tour Around the World in Eighty Days," have made him a great favorite in this country, has written a comedy entitled "A Nephew from America." The play will be a success if it is half as ingenious and brilliant as his romances.

THE following is the translation of an advertisement in the *Paris Journal*: "M. A. Lefeuve, 48 bis rue Basse du Rempart, begs the lady in black who does not like draughts in omnibuses, to kindly send him his purse, which she found in his pocket on the 1st July, and to keep the money it contained as a reward for her address."

SPEAKING of Bayard Taylor's last poem, the London *Spectator* remarks: "There is good substance in this story of 'Lars.' It would have read well in prose; yet we think, as we do not often think of such efforts, that it distinctly gains by the graceful verse in which Mr. Bayard Taylor has told it, verse which is marked out as genuine poetry, not so much by conspicuous beauties which suggest themselves for quotation, as by the uniform elevation, warmth, and richness of the style and thought."

THE *Illustrated Review* (London) says of a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*: "This magazine reached us just too late for notice with its English contemporaries. If the fact of its being spoken of separately should attract the special attention of our readers we shall not regret the unintentional delay, nor, we are assured, will our readers, or at least such of them as may be yet unacquainted with the exceptionally well arranged table of contents that the *Atlantic Monthly* presents. After Whittier's lines 'The Friend's Burial,' the criticism of recent literature is perhaps the next best article, the works treated of being handled with thorough fairness, and in a style that reminds one of the best days of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Passing from literature to art, we find Dr. Lübke's History of Sculpture most severely but not undeservedly condemned for its shallowness, its author being held by the reviewer to be 'the very lowest of all (as an authority), who have devoted themselves to the history of art.' The review of music is in the shape of a London Letter, and deals solely with our own operas, and concerts. 'Gunnar, a Norse Romance,' 'Miss Eunice's Glove,' and 'Educating a Wife' are stories that will please the lovers of light literature."

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873.

[No. 9.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

THE cunning of Aaron Goldrick was too merely instinctive to be called a talent for the use of which he was to be held responsible. It even necessitated a large amount of stupidity by way of alloy. But even his stupidity stood him in good stead. A clever man would have sneaked from the gypsy tents to St. Bavons behind the hedges and along the by-ways. Aaron Goldrick did neither. He was well known by sight in half the villages he passed through, either as pedlar or mountebank. When once clear from the oppressive air of London, so unwholesome to his Bohemian nature, he resumed his old character openly, so that his career of metropolitan manager looked like an impossible parenthesis in his career. Had he been taken and tried for maliciously cutting and wounding with intent to kill, he would almost have been able to prove an alibi out of the mouths of bumpkins and dairy-maids, whose ideas of time were confused. At any rate, he placed himself beyond suspicion.

In a word, he was the one exception to the game of see-saw called life that Harold Vaughan, Zelda, and Claudia Brandt found so inexplicable. He was both up when he was up, and up when he was down.

Did I not once upon a time call Claudia Brandt my heroine? And where has she been while Zelda the beggar girl has been thrusting her from her pedestal? The threads of all these lives are so sadly and harshly woven, with but scarcely one golden spider-line of love to beautify the skein, that I must sound my trumpet for a parley before the *mêlée* begins. Where all this chance-medley of lives is tending, I know at this instant no more than I know of any other group of lives that destiny or Providence has chosen to tie together with the same cord. I can but see as yet that one life is beginning to grow in such a manner that it will quickly envelop all — whether for good or ill, the uncontrollable destiny that rules over all shadows must decide. Let each, then, take his or her own place in the lists, and fall to.

And first, for the part of chance. If Marietta Romani, the ballet girl, had never danced at Vienna, then Squire Maynard of Marshmead would never have met with her whom that piece of chance had transformed from one weed into another — from the corn-flower of the pavement into Margaret Goldrick, the half witch, the half miser. The merchant of St. Bavons might have been ruined, but it would not have been by any one bearing her name. Claudia would never have seen her, and Zelda would have been neither a reality nor a dream. Aaron Goldrick would never have stabbed Lord Lisburn — Harold Vaughan would not have fallen into such a confusion of troubles. It would require a folio to speculate upon the possibilities and probabilities of what might have happened had it not been for some trivial accident here or there. But, let us give will and character at last their due — there comes a moment when the empire of accident ends. It is not for nothing that Zelda, though blindly, usurps the part of fortune. If will must bend to accident, it may at least create the accidents before which it bends. If her castle had been blown away, nothing on earth could dismiss its phantom, or the longing, and consequently the endeavor, to rebuild it upon the old foundations. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.* If she could not be loved, she could hate: if she could not be at Harold Vaughan's feet, he might be brought to hers.

But how? When she returned from the Oberon that night, all the strength seemed crushed out of her. The watch, ticking mockingly upon the table, was the first sight that met her eyes. Her first impulse was to hurl it into the street — for she felt even now none of the thief's shame. Her second was to hang it up on the most conspicuous part of the wall she could find, so that all the world might see. She pulled out a nail from which hung a picture-frame, drove it in elsewhere, and felt that she was doing something that had purpose and meaning in it, though in fact it had none. Her strokes were sharp and hard, and woke Lord Lisburn. She heard him turn and move, and then another new feeling made her turn almost faint and ill. What had Harold Vaughan — was that name forever to torture her? — meant by treating her on that boy's account as

if she were contemptible for other reasons than being a beggar girl? A hundred little things began to grow, not clear, but full of meaning to her. What was this all-powerful world into which she had strayed from among the woods and fields, where nature teaches purity, but never suggests the proprieties? She felt bitterly alone. She half longed to see Aaron climb back again through the window: she more than half longed that her soul might return into blind bondage.

But that could never be. Still, to spend what promised to be a forever of well-paid weeks, in which she was practically confined as though in a very Bastille of time with days for walls and hours for chains, was simply not to be endured. She was a woman, and felt her wings growing — a gypsy by birth and habit, and they were tied to her arms. It was months since she had drawn a breath of pure air — her body as well as her soul seemed turning into nothing but one single pain-conducting nerve. Like Aaron, she was getting choked with success and luxury, and unlike him, could not find freedom in brandy or cut the Gordian knot by the judicious use of a spring-dagger.

It was late, but the later it grew the more her weariness changed into energy. She did not seek her pile of sofa cushions: she rested herself by pacing up and down the room. There ought surely to have been some sympathy in that hour between her and the dragon who was guarding her unknown hoard at St. Bavons — the sympathy, I mean, which places people in preliminary *rapproch* with one another before their lives begin to converge: the subtle attraction which overcomes the natural antipathy of parallels.

As however, in fact, the sympathy which ought to have done wonders simply acted in its ordinary fashion — that is to say, not at all — the course of events must follow, not the few things she saw, but the many things she might have seen. Harold Vaughan was far nearer to her than she supposed.

CHAPTER V. THE KNIGHT OF THE SILK PURSE.

It can hardly have escaped the reader that it is I myself, Harold Vaughan, who am at all events my

own biographer. No one, I trust, but myself is able to penetrate below the crust of a fair seeming of strength of character into the actual falseness of all such seeming. No one else, I am sure, is able to reproduce the full contrast between the soul of an unlettered girl, without the least ray of acquired light, and my own narrowness that I chose to dignify with the title of culture.

Should Claudia ever read these pages, as I trust she may, she will have much to pardon me. She will have to forgive my loss of faith in her, and a period of my life in which I actually lapsed into a greater sin than that of which she only stood accused. I will submit, from her or anybody, to any possible charge, with two exceptions. One is that I in any way acted merely in accordance with my birth and breeding by letting my head be turned, as some will call it, by a hedge-bred beggar-girl. The other is that I should have in any way been guilty of a *mésalliance* in making Zelda my wife had I been as great a peer as Lord Lisburn. If I am a believer in the inherent equality of all mankind, I have better reason for my belief than most people have for their social creeds. If, on the other hand, I hold the contrary maxim, that blood, like love and murder, will out, I have no less potent cause. In point of fact, I am a believer in no universal rules: the universal predominance of exceptions in all human affairs was one of my favorite theses in the old times when I was the midnight philosopher of St. Bavons, and earned the reputation of unsettling the minds of young men. It is the firmest of my few convictions still, now that I have long ceased to trouble myself with the guidance of anybody's mind.

I had now seen Zelda just three times. Those were my pedantic days in which my theories were sounder than my practice, and though I scorned all rules except those of anatomy and medicine, I was nevertheless confused by coming in contact with a fellow-creature who was so obviously a bewildering exception to every imaginable rule. I was not, like my friend Lord Lisburn, of a romantic turn, or else I might have been content simply to accept facts as they are, and to regard strange adventures as part of the natural course of things. Since my eyes first opened consciously in a gypsy camp, I had never had what I could regard an adventure, in the common sense of the word, since I was born, except three—and each of these was intimately connected with the girl who had declared me to be under the fatal influence of her evil eye. The first time she had cost me Claudia. The second time she had destroyed my worldly prospects from the patronage of Lord Lisburn, and driven me to the hateful occupation of a critical impostor. The third time she had inflicted upon me greater and more shameful harm.

I flatter myself that I was superior to all her upholstery and other charlatanic surroundings—fairy tales had never fallen in my way when I was a boy, except those of science, and I was too old for the childish sort now. But when the veil was cast from the figure that I had remembered under such unaccountably different circumstances, and when I was at one flash let into the sudden secret of some marvellous case of transformation, my common-sense, indeed all my senses, seemed at once to lose every ordinary function. I lifted up the watch mechanically; even then I felt that I was in the presence of no common pickpocket or adventurer, though I could not think her otherwise. Was this the effect of the sheer force of beauty? It must have been so to some extent, but I had seen beautiful women a hundred times—I had seen Claudia Brandt herself—and yet this influence was wholly new. Certainly mystery, the knowledge that she had hitherto been in effect the mistress of my destiny, the contrast between the wandering beggar-girl and the brilliant prima donna, lent their aid to the personal beauty that had taken me by surprise. Moreover, every occasion of my meeting with her had been heralded by the self-same song, which had now come to haunt me like a magic refrain. I had heard the very inappropriate words but three times, and yet they were the only rhymes that I could repeat without a blunder: I had no ear for music, and yet, if I had known how, I could have written down the tune. So constantly were both words and music in my ears that they had already lost all intelligible meaning: they came and went of themselves, and repeated themselves even when my mind was engaged upon other things.

My visit to the theatre was the result of a twofold motive. I had to assure myself that the girl was after all but a mere common actress—whether great or little, it mattered nothing to me—and so to harden myself against any false tricks of imagination. I went in a mood to be intensely hypercritical, and compelled myself to think nothing of her. I also had, as it were, to get rid of what was growing into a sort of suppressed fascination by taking an over-dose of her at her worst and commonest, and so to merge my individual relations with her into the public stock—to stand towards her as one of a flock of sheep, and not as the one particular sheep called Harold Vaughan. I succeeded in adding to my disgust, but it was to my disgust with myself rather than with her. I thought she sang and acted miserably, and yet I could not get rid of the increasing certainty that she belonged to a world of spirits in some manner larger than my own. I called her pickpocket, and worse, and yet I could not free myself from the outrageous fancy that her incomprehensible innocence was not hypocrisy. Im-

pudence would not have dared to pretend to a purity that experience and reason would have believed impossible. I thought of the episode of the militiaman: even that, I reflected, would be laughed at by some men I could name. My old acquaintance, Goldrick, would have laughed at me for believing what I unhesitatingly believed of her then—and why, after all, should virtue draw the line at a drunken soldier? The mere fact of his being sober, or a gentleman, could not have mattered much to a beggar-girl. If she were as clever as—supposing her to be an adventurer—she must needs be, she would have known that in order to win Lord Lisburn, the way was not to seem to throw herself at him. Such as he are caught best with chaff, and the fowlers and fowleresses know it well.

Thus reasoning, but following intuition in spite of reason, I suffered myself, while I sought to argue myself into common-sense, to fall into a semi-superstitious fear. A yet harder head and colder nature could not have helped the fancy that the life of this beggar-girl was somehow fatally entwined with my own. Never having been moved to superstitious caprices in my life before, the fancy in this case fell upon me all the more intensely: and thus the dangerous conviction grew that in some occult manner my fate depended less upon the freaks of chance, by which I had hitherto been driven to account for all things, than upon Zelda's voice and Zelda's eyes.

Moreover, I had a belief, reasonable enough this time, that Lord Lisburn was still further gone than I. I was a hard subject; and if I felt this kind of fascination, how must it be with him?

There seemed meaning, after all, in what Zelda had said of her eyes. They were, at least, unlike any others: I had never before seen actual fire flash from under the stormiest brows; without being evil in the superstitious sense, evil might come of them. What I felt was not love, but its antithesis; I was attracted by the repelling pole of the magnet. But with Lord Lisburn it was clear matters were taking a more perilous course. Then I thought of such human flies as Lucas—he, Carol had told me, was in the whirlpool; even Carol himself, absurd as the idea was, talked like a moth who had been singed by the candle. The public itself, without apparent rhyme or reason, had chosen to be enslaved. I was no reader of poetry in any language; but another song, on which I had once lighted somewhere, seemed to take form and meaning, by mixing with her ballad and adapting itself to her tones:—

"One little wave
Wept to the willow—
Dreaded of her grave,
Though 'twas in May:

Life is what death is,
Love is what breath is —
Boonless my billow
Bends to the bay.

"Cygnets and troutlet,
Love me and leave me —
Inlet and outlet,
Blossom and bole:
Joyless and throeless,
Sinless and soulless,
How may I weave me
Songs for a soul?"

"Swifter, O Swimmer!
Strike from her clinging!
Day groweth dimmer —
Fly heart, and swim,
Clutch reeds and clamber —
Down to the amber,
Down with her singing,
Beareth she him!"

This was a queer rhyme for the cab-wheels to rattle out as they passed along the Strand. But I, who had never fitted a couplet together, even when I was of the age for such follies, heard them plainly, and felt as though they were my own. I tried to think where I had come across them, and failed. Then I began to go back to a still farther-off beginning. Such poor mystery as there was about my own origin I never cared to unravel. I was the child of the parish, and what comes before such adoption is not generally worth the knowing. But I had long suspected, by reason of certain dreamlike memories, as of a former existence, that I had gypsy blood in my veins, and this made me all the more unwilling to press inquiries too closely. A descent from a race of rogues is not a gratifying pedigree for one who tries, at least, to be an honest man. Could this, perhaps, account for my disquietude of heart on the principle that blood is thicker than water?

As for Claudia, I will own it fairly, irrespectively of Zelda, or of anybody, I had deliberately closed that chapter forever. I congratulated myself upon having escaped from a bad bargain, now that all was over, by not having tied myself for life to one who believed ridiculous appearances rather than me. Her fair skin was but the appropriate garb of a cold nature, that could calmly play at love and retire gracefully as soon as the game became earnest. I had heard of flirtation, and I supposed that this had been a case of it: and I thought it by no means a harmless pastime. She had almost, if not quite, spoiled a man's whole life for him, and had seemed to think no more of it than of spoiling the first rough sketch of one of her pictures. Things, it is true, could never be with me again as though I had never seen her; but that was of little moment now. She had done me one good service by opening my eyes. I could not avoid making comparisons. Her eyes had no depths of fire in them, her voice no soul; if she could never have picked a pocket without a blush, she could commit moral murder with a smile. I had loved Claudia, and I

almost hated Zelda; but there were strange touches about the living hate, if I must use so definite a word, that touched me more deeply than I had deemed myself capable of being touched by any human being. With Claudia I had been sailing over a waveless sea of kindred tastes and thoughts that made her life-long companionship accord with every point of reason. Setting social etiquette aside, my willing devotion to her was in every sense right and natural: while I believed in her, I gave her my whole life freely, as into the truest, firmest, and safest of hands. She had seemed feminine without folly; woman without weakness; a lady in heart and mind, thoughts, words, and ways. Her frankness and straightforwardness would never cost me the minutest shadow of jealousy; she could understand most things, and could sympathize wherever she could not understand. All these praises, and more, my heart had sung of her a thousand times. And now all these virtues had taken the guise of so many sins. One first-bite had spoiled them all. Folly ought not to be better than wisdom: and yet is not the best part of love the foolishness that by its blindness saves us from losing trust in the face of the grossest cause for suspicion? The man who loved Claudia, I thought bitterly, ought not to button his glove awry: the man who loved Zelda might dare to fly in the face of the whole world. Again, strength is better than weakness; but the strength suggested by Claudia was that of self-restraint; the weakness suggested by Zelda was that which, by making self-restraint impossible, lets a man's whole nature out, so that he may be and do all things for which he is made. Which is the better of the two? Finally, if there is any limit to such comparisons, Claudia is a lady; it would be sheer paradox to call Zelda a lady, in the most forced sense of the term. But the word "lady" implies the limits of a definition: to be without any such limits, implies all the infinite possibilities of the unknown. I could not imagine Zelda as the wife of any common tax-paying and bread-winning householder. But I had seen her as a wandering beggar, and I could conceive her as a queen, either banished or enthroned, as the willing sharer in an outlaw's perils, as a great criminal, as a prophetess, as anything, bad or good, so long as it was in heroic extremes, and included nothing of restraint or duty, beyond the duty of devotion, or the restraint of self-will.

And all this was the result of three short interviews and two public spectacles. No wonder I fought against such fancies. What a wife or mistress for a boy like Lord Lisburn, if, as I suspected, he was, in his weak state, already caught in the toils! I liked him with all my heart, apart from gratitude; but I would as soon have thought of matching Joan of Arc with

him as Zelda. Since every phenomenon of love had its corresponding feeling in my case, jealousy was thus represented by my making out the peer to be unworthy of the adventuress, instead of the adventuress unworthy of the peer. So that my moral relation towards Zelda, composed, among more hidden elements, of superstition, dislike, admiration, curiosity, distrust, confidence, fascination, and antipathy, was a complete reflex of the most chaotic of all the passions down to its smallest recognized details. I would not have married her for the universe; and yet I felt that if it were my fate to do so, I should scarcely think it worth while to struggle against my doom. Did any man in his sober senses ever feel like this towards any woman before?

It was in this self-inconsistent mood that I reached the door of a small water-color exhibition that Brandon had sent me to criticise. As usual, I in my usual bungling amateur fashion paid most undue attention to No. 1, and took it as my standard for the remainder of the gallery. For once it was not to be so, however. I was brought to an unexpected stand before No. 41.

The subject was a landscape — an English home-scene: apparently discovered in that western county which was only too familiar to me. Those red cliffs and that stream of silver mud could only belong to the mouth of the Lesse, and to no other. It was by that very path that I had reached Lessmouth on that miserable Whit-Monday which had been the turning-point in my own course, leading me I knew not whither. I had by this time seen pictures enough to observe that this was admirably finished — it was an exact and faithful portrait, though with but little of the force that marks a master. I suppose that like most amateur critics I appreciated a subject better than its treatment: with a mind full of Zelda and myself I seemed to be once more walking along those red and green banks in that bright sunshine when I let my own miserable self vanish into the sunlight of what I believed to be the love of a whole long life to come, and which had vanished into nothingness even before the sun had gone down.

That part of England was not in the painters' groove, so that was one reason for my being brought to a pause before No. 41. But it was not the only reason. I had in my life been the frequenter of but one studio: and if I knew nothing of other mannerisms I had learned by heart every line and hue of that one. Had that painting been placed before me elsewhere, I should have exclaimed, "Claudia Brandt!" Why, after all, should it not be Claudia? Rich ladies have artistic caprices sometimes: she might have taken to care for fame as a substitute for love, even if she had no need to care for gold. The nine days' wonder following upon her father's

failure had belonged to a fortnight of my life when I neither read nor heard the news of the day, so that the obvious manner of accounting for the coincidence never occurred to me. Why did I not look in the catalogue for the painter's name? I found nothing but H. Vincent: a name unknown to the galleries. And yet the name had somehow a not unfamiliar ring. Ah, it was only that H. V. stood not only for Henry, or Hugh, or Hubert Vincent, but for Harold Vaughan. If, then, it was a *nom de guerre*, it was assuredly not Claudia's. Still my curiosity was not allayed. I made inquiry, but only learned that the picture was unsold, and that H. Vincent, whoever he or she might be, was to be communicated with in a small street leading out of Golden Square. Then it certainly could not be Claudia. And if it had been Miss Brandt, what was that to me? So I went my way.

My way was to Golden Square itself. Lord Lisburn, with his usual impulsiveness, had, now that he was well enough to act for himself, packed off his nurse and sent for his sailor servant—had paid Sir Godfrey his parting guinea and sent for me. I was *ex officio* his medical adviser, he insisted, as surgeon to the Esmeralda, so that there was nothing to be done but to yield. What excuses he made to my great *confrère* I know not: I am sure they were polite, and am equally sure they were blundering, for I have it on good authority that I was professionally considered to have acted unprofessionally. However, that mattered little to me then, and matters still less now.

I passed through the little street that led to the square, and the view on the Lesse had passed from my mind. I had written my criticisms, and, for once, had gone out of my way to praise. I think I would have bought it if I had had a few guineas to spare, for the sake of my one day of pure gold, and then would have hung it up as a warning against belief in golden days. I was a professed cynic at that time, and should have found some satisfaction in proving to myself that I, even I, was no better than a human fool. But when a man makes that discovery he is not far from wisdom.

Not, however, that I knocked at the house of Wisdom when I arrived at the joint-lodgings of the actress and the peer. It was the very palace of scandal, which would have tumbled about its tenants' ears if tongues could sap and shrugs could burn. I had not the slightest intention of seeing Zelda: I was conscious of a hope that accident might throw her in my way, so I was all the more resolved that any such accident should fail. I listened for the rustling of a dress upon the stairs until I heard one suddenly sweep upon me and past me before I had time to get out of the way. To my relief and disappointment,

however, it was not Zelda. What I should have said to her if it had been, I know not: I had no experience in the art of conversation with such strange compounds as a nineteenth century sorceress. She was after all but a thieving beggar, and yet if I met her it would be the honest man's eyes, I knew to my shame, that would be the first to quail.

Lord Lisburn was this time in his own room, lying outside the bed and staring at the flies. His foreign servant, half sailor and half valet, was busily engaged upon a portmanteau.

"Vaughan," he said in an altogether new tone of decision, "I am going to be well. I am well, in fact. And the first thing I shall do will be to throw this world of idiots overboard."

"Why—what has happened? You are surely not packing already for the North Pole?"

"I'm not packing for anywhere: that is to say I am packing for nowhere. Go out of the room, Pedro. You can finish that any time. Vaughan, I am almost out of my senses with rage. I wish everybody was at the North Pole, with all my heart—and if they were I would sail for the Equator."

"Personally I am inclined to agree with you. But medically I won't listen to such nonsense. You are not a hermit-crab like me, and have been out of the world too long. Get well as fast as you can, too fast if you like, so long as you can get into a wholesome atmosphere. What's this—an invitation to a ball? The very thing for you. I beg your pardon: I see there are memoranda. Nothing has really gone wrong, I hope?"

"Put that card down again, there's a good fellow. You ask if nothing has gone wrong? Just everything, that's all. The card's after date, and so much the better—and if it wasn't I shouldn't go. Hang that chicken-broth woman—Lady Penrose, I mean."

"What has she done to you?"

"She has been here to look after my moral welfare—as though I had turned off one old woman to make room for another. One might as well have a woman without a body to nurse one's body as a woman without a soul to nurse one's soul. Lady Penrose is a good woman in her way, I believe, goes to church and gives soup to rich and poor—but defend me from 'good women in their way.'"

"Amen. And from all, for that matter."

"No—I'm not a misogynist. There are good women in the world. If I were a parson I'd get the sheriff to make me his chaplain just to preach an assize sermon. I'd prove that murder is the worst of all crimes but one."

"And that one is"—

"Leaping to conclusions. A woman who leaps to conclusions does more

harm in her generation than a professional assassin, so if one's duty to one's neighbor is the great thing, she is the greatest sinner. No woman should be presented at court till she had passed an examination in the law of evidence. Please reach me that case and give me a cigar and take one yourself. I want to talk to you. You're the only man for whose opinion I care that lucifer."

"If you had not said that, I was going to say that I agreed with every word."

"That only shows how right I am. Well—now for it. That woman called here only two minutes before you. The people were fools enough to show her into Mademoiselle Leczinska's room, and she came in here with her handkerchief to her nose as if she had just come from a pig-sty, and holding her petticoats from the door-post as if she thought the paint would come off on them. She shook them out in a provoking shake-the-dust-off-your-shoes sort of way that I felt inclined to throw the bolster at her, and filled the room like a motherly wind-bag. As the mother of a marriageable Jane and a marriageable Laura, that woman thinks she has a claim to be maternal to every man that her husband the banker can vouch for. She stayed about twenty years. And except that night at the theatre I hadn't spoken three words with her since my poor father once took me to call there and I was sent up into the nursery to build up wooden bricks with Laura. She has made up for lost time now though, by Jove, with a vengeance."

Lord Lisburn was talking so inconsistently with his usual good-natured and easy-going self that I could only wait for what was yet hidden behind the petticoats of this Lady Penrose, whom I now remembered as having been pointed out to me as the companion of Claudia on the occasion of Zelda's memorable first appearance off the boards of a tap-room.

"What do you think of it all?" Lord Lisburn went on, after puffing out a little of his wrath in silent white clouds.

"I feel very much inclined to say, What then? But as I have a dim suspicion of the cause"—

"You have, have you? So hadn't I, till she began. Tell me—people have the impudence to busy themselves about my affairs, it seems—because I have the confounded ill-luck to be an author, I suppose, or something—tell me honestly, candidly, if you have heard anything of this black-guard scandal? Or is Laura's mother lying—to put it mildly?"

"I can't pretend to guess what you mean. Candidly, then, other people than Lady Penrose think there is more between you and Zel—and Mademoiselle Leczinska than they pretend to think there ought to be."

"What—you too, Vaughan? That is too much"—

"I thought, my lord, you asked me

to speak candidly. I'm not saying what I think, but what I hear. After all, is it not natural?"

"It may be natural, but it's a lie. And so" —

I felt my shoulders lift themselves. "Nature is feminine in all languages, and Eve was the first liar. What can be more natural? And what possible cause can you have for indignation? Why, for once, leaping to conclusions and the laws of evidence agree. You go home to supper with a foreign actress — not under what people call respectable circumstances, unless men who stab in their cups are fit companions for gentlemen: you" —

"Look here, Vaughan, I was obliged to put up with Lady Penrose: she was a woman. But I am not obliged to put up with lectures from you. You know all about it as well as I."

"Unhappily, I am not the world. I am reporting — not lecturing. Shall I go on?"

"Forgive me — go on, then."

"Finally, you remain to recover at her lodgings, and she does not go elsewhere. What better chain of evidence can you require? And forgive me if I think your indignation rather out of reason. Of course no one likes to have a false reputation. But if you knew the world as well as I" —

"That is a good idea! Why I have been round it, and you have never even crossed the Straits of Dover."

"Never mind that — the world lies in a filibert-shell. One knows it by cracking it — not by spanning it with a half-inch rule. But I will admit by all means that you have digested as well as spanned it. What does it matter to a man in your position whether his name is coupled with one actress less or more? Before you are my age, unless we are lost in the ice, it will be coupled with ten — I don't say truly, but it will hurt neither you nor them. You may be sure that Lady Penrose, in her heart, respects you all the more for having something of the character of a Don Juan. If you proposed to her Jane or Laura you would be welcomed with the fatted calf, while your title only would be welcomed if you entered the family as a good young man. Believe me, no one is so charitably disposed towards male sinners as a prude. Then, as to Mademoiselle, hers is a career in which such scandal only adds prestige. She has roused the envious curiosity of all the Lady Penroses in London — that alone, as Carol would say, is glory. And if she had not, still what then? Lady Penrose is nothing to you, unless you want to marry Laura: Mademoiselle Leezinska is nothing to you, unless you want to marry her. All you have to do is to clear out of Golden Square as soon as possible, if you really object to a reputation for which every man of your age that I have ever known would give a thousand pounds, and let the nine days pass by."

Lord Lisburn had clearly not spent his time at sea for nothing. I had not intended to argue like Mephistopheles, but simply as a man of the world. But my patient could not have turned upon me more fiercely if the cloven hoof itself had peeped from my shoe leather.

"You forget only one thing, Doctor Vaughan. And that is that I happen to be a gentleman."

Lord Lisburn intended no insult, I know, but when a man who is a gentleman of ancestry lays a slight stress upon the "I" in such a speech to one who is not so much as a gentleman of first coat-armor, he suggests an inherent difference between the two. My work-house blood might be composed of skim-milk and water-gruel instead of azure ichor, but it was in a mood to scald.

"I am speaking of the habits of gentlemen — at least of those who are styled so."

"Then" — He seemed to restrain himself from saying something. I gave him credit for his restraint, for it was one of those triumphs of temper in trifles that save sudden quarrels. "You misunderstand me, Vaughan," he said, holding out his hand. "I am sure I misunderstood you. What I should have said was something different and yet the same — you forget that Mademoiselle Leezinska is a lady."

"True — at least I will grant it. I, at least, will leap to no conclusions. But there are ladies and ladies. I have no doubt that there are very real ladies upon the stage, and very real ladies among the South Sea Islanders. But what I mean is that one must adapt one's self to circumstances. If this very foolish and contemptible scandal had for its object an English lady of the drawing-rooms, I grant that those who set it going would indeed have committed an offence worse than murder. They would have committed social murder. But then no English lady of the drawing-rooms would ever have put herself in a position to be so slandered. The offence lies in destroying a reputation: and who thinks much the worse of a foreign singer or a South Sea Islander for what, in a lady, according to the popular sense, would be the unpardonable sin? Where no harm can result, no harm can be done."

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

CHAPTER XI. THE VILLAGE CURATE.

TOM BROWN dressed himself in his best, with a flowery waistcoat, short trousers crumpled at the knees, and a coat much too large for him; he took a nosegay in his hand, and set out with shambling steps and sheepish gait to see the parson. John Giles,

who had a fuddled notion of what was going on, and had a generally intoxicated or maudlin regard for his wife's kinsman, felt pleased to keep Madge and him about the house, and saw no reason why they should not marry as he himself had done. The pair walked on in silence at about the same pace, though John Giles waddled, puffing, as he went, for want of breath, and the younger man slouched along covering a yard each step. They kept wide apart, though their dispositions were so amicable; but John Giles having indulged one of his small gooseberry-colored eyes with a movement not unlike a wink at starting, Tom felt at a disadvantage, and turned his shame-faced head half over his shoulder to escape from banter which seemed to tickle him beyond endurance. He liked, yet dreaded, and flinched from it. He knew that Giles, who loved his joke, was watching slyly to poke him in the ribs and talk of Madge. The dull man had no other way of being funny; and Tom Brown could appreciate such wit, and give and take a jest as Giles had often proved. The distance which Tom observed between them was after all but a cunning trick of fence, and John was sure to have his thrust before the day was out.

Thus, each on guard, yet both well pleased, they came to the parson's gate, and Tom Brown rang the bell.

John hit him in a moment then. "Fayth," he chuckled, "ye be arl redder wi' t'ring, Tummus."

"Un bain't rownd t'ring, be it?" muttered red-cheeked Tummus, giving himself a crick in the neck by his spasmodic efforts to escape his tickler.

John Giles's humor was not very abundant, but it was long-winded to a proverb. Having once got his joke he would never let it go, but hit you on the same place with it for years. He laughed till he was almost black in the face about Tom having got his wedding-ring for nothing, said he should never want a dinner while he bore off the bell — a phrase which had more meaning in it than he thought, and he would have jeered on till night now Tom was at his mercy and could not stride away, but Mr. Mowledy called to them from his window to go in.

They disputed who should cross the threshold first, and shoved each other forward by the shoulders according to the forms of rural ceremony. Tom Brown, who was the stronger, pushed in John at last, and having taken off their hats and wiped their brows, they stared before them; then they pulled each other by their coat-skirts, which were long and ample, because they liked their money's worth from the tailor, and he gave it with an upright mind, as both were ready to avouch.

The parson mildly asked them why they came together, or why they came at all, and hoped that nothing had gone ill with them or theirs at the inn. It

was not Sunday, and the worthy man marvelled to see them there in such array, twiddling their thumbs and all abroad, so big with speech and yet unable to bring forth.

They said that nothing had gone ill with them, and John assured the parson it was a fine frosty day.

Tom, thus encouraged, added that there had been a deal of rain last month.

The parson answered "yes" to these remarks, and then the conversation stopped, till John observed, "that frost was a better thing for the roads than heavy snowfalls."

"Aye, zur," said Tom, "especially when un thaws."

The parson smiled, though he was still ailing and confined to the house by racking rheumatism. Experience had long since taught him not to hurry any man's cattle: so he waited with a placid, benevolent expression which was habitual to his features in repose, for that which Providence might send him next.

Providence sent him nothing for ten minutes. Tom Brown looked up at the ceiling, and John Giles got back his breath, which had been pumped out by chuckling. The curate's cat purred as she lay on the scanty rug by the fire, and the pale beams of a wintry sun fell athwart the motes in the sordid chamber, casting a deeper shadow on its unpapered walls and common furniture. It is a beautiful superstition which preserves the belief that an angel passes wherever there is silence. Perhaps an angel was passing then, for the curate had need that angels should minister unto him. He had heard in his time the message which comes to us all from the Evil One, and might have chosen the things of this world had he willed it. If he had said to Satan, "Get thee hence," it was but merciful he should now be comforted.

At last John Giles unburdened his bosom of the momentous tidings that Tom Brown and Madge were to be asked in church next Sunday.

The blow was struck full on the good man's heart, and it fell like an axe on tender wood. It was well that the God of love had sent an angel to him then.

Mr. Mowledy shaded his eyes with his hand and turned away from the light. He went to his bookcase, where he kept some manuscript sermons and copies of the parish registers, and he prayed silently. When he spoke to his visitors again, his face wore an unearthly garb of pallor, but upon it was a divine light: it might have been a ray of that eternal glory which illumined the brow of Israel's lawgiver when he came from communion with the King of kings upon Sinai. His truth endureth from generation to generation; we may all seek help and counsel from on high.

The curate's voice was very firm and calm. He wished his parishioners

happiness and contentment. He reminded the bridegroom of the sacred and indissoluble nature of the contract upon which he was about to enter, and asked kindly after the health of Miss Margaret without one faltering accent. Then he took down the name of Thomas Brown, and filled up the necessary printed forms and notices with a steady hand. Having done so, he asked for Madge's register of baptism, to see if she were of full age, and inquired whether she had father or mother living. "I should have consulted it before," said Mr. Mowledy, with a slight cough, "but the baptismal registers of this parish appear to have been partially, or in some cases altogether, eaten up by mice."

John Giles replied that he would look for this document among his deceased wife's papers, and the two men went away, giving hearty thanks to the curate, now the ice was broken, and he accompanied them to his door, where he took gentle leave of them.

When they were gone, he sat down and wept, with his gray head bowed upon his hands, and the last hope fled from his lonely existence here below.

All was very silent in his room that night, and evermore when he was alone. Perhaps the angel came and dwelt with him.

CHAPTER XII. DR. PORTEOUS.

It was not so easy to find the copy of Madge's certificate of baptism among the relics of the late landlady of the "Chequers" inn. She had left a few old clothes behind her and much linen. If there had been a paper it had been swept away as rubbish, and was lost, or not forthcoming. So John Giles told the parson he could make nought of it, when he saw him next day; and the curate, after musing for awhile, recollected something he had heard long ago, and which had lingered in his memory. Therefore, he set out upon the following day, by coach, for London, to see Dr. Porteous, rector of Wakefield-in-the-Marsh, who had told him that something which remained in his memory, and who had kept the parish registers before his time.

The rectory of Wakefield was at this period one of those scandals of the Church of England which have not yet quite ceased. It was worth four thousand a year, secured upon land which had gradually risen in value by improved cultivation in the lapse of ages, while the population of the place had dwindled in like proportion to a few score of souls. Wakefield had first been famous for its bows and arrows, then for its cloth; but commerce and mechanics had moved away from it to other places, and now it produced nothing but a few eggs and a little poultry. It had once been the seat of a wealthy monastery, and the monas-

tery, transformed into the residence of a shopkeeping peer made by Mr. Pitt, was now in ruins; the shopkeeping peer's money having gone in the next generation to the usurers, from whence it came. The latest holder of the living had been one Dr. Porteous, a gentleman of good family, who had fallen into difficulties; his living had been sequestered, and he had not been seen at Wakefield for a dozen years. People often spoke of his brother, Sir Richard, who had once owned half the country, and been master of the Cloudsdale hounds; but he too had drifted into space,—some said he was at Boulogne, and some at Florence—and the only representative of the rich benefice or its patron was Mr. Mowledy, the village curate.

He had only seen Dr. Porteous twice since he had been appointed to the cure. Once at a club in Pall Mall, when the preliminaries relating to his engagement were arranged, and once at a solicitor's office, when his stipend was in arrear. Upon the latter occasion, Dr. Porteous had declared, with many handsome apologies, that he had received Mr. Mowledy's stipend by a mistake, which he supposed settled the question; and he suggested that they should now start afresh—a proposition to which the curate agreed, not, however, without bewilderment; but he was not a man of business.

His recollection of this doctor of divinity was that of a portly, well-dressed clergyman, of great suavity of manner, who had treated him with punctilious politeness, and left him to pay for a luncheon, which the doctor had ordered, as though he were the treasurer of a bishop who thought such mundane things too profane and small for ecclesiastical observance.

Mr. Mowledy had never seen Dr. Porteous since these transactions, and had never got the arrears of his stipend then overdue; so he felt some delicacy in presenting himself unsummoned before his superior, lest he should appear to him as an importunate creditor. Still duty having called Mr. Mowledy with its still small voice, he went.

Dr. Porteous lived in the same parish as the Archbishop of Canterbury, not, indeed, from choice, but of necessity; and he lodged in a semi-respectable locality called "Melina Place, Lambeth," because it was within the "rules" of the King's Bench Prison. Mr. Mowledy had no difficulty in finding a residence known to all the hackney coachmen of the time, but was surprised, on his arrival there, to find that so grand a personage as the doctor had condescended to take up his abode in so small a house. It was an unprosperous, dilapidated house; it had a neglected and lop-sided or rickety look. As the curate raised the knocker of the door he observed that one side of it was broken and the other was loose.

A slatternly girl, the maid of all

work of a London lodging in the suburbs, answered to his hesitating rap, and behind her was an elderly gentleman going out for a walk.

He was a loosely-dressed person, in large black clothes, stained and spotted with iron-mould. He wore a shirt-frill, a white neckcloth resembling a pudding-bag, black gaiters, and a broad-brimmed hat, rather rusty. His face seemed red at first sight, but on examination changed to purple. His eyes were bloodshot, his nose, very bulbous as to its shape, was granulated like the mulberry. His legs were thin and shrivelled, his stomach was round. He had a grave, magisterial deportment, and in all his shabby degradation preserved the unmistakable bearing of a gentleman.

He looked at Mr. Mowledy with the keen alarmed glance which invariably characterizes any human being who has been hunted to earth; and he knew him instantly.

"Dear me!" said he in a magniloquent voice, which seemed to come from the middle of his throat, "my excellent and worthy colleague and friend—permit me to say *friend*. How do you do, reverend sir—how do you do?"

Dr. Porteous bowed with extreme affability, and hurried down the door-steps into the dreary garden, which lay waste before the house (as some such garden did before most suburban houses five and thirty years ago), and as he did so Mr. Mowledy heard a shrill vixenish female voice in pursuit of him.

The doctor, however, having safely got beyond reach of it, paused grandly. The natural manners of a well-bred scholar then returned to him, and he asked, with a simplicity and good sense almost touching, what fortunate circumstance had procured him the pleasure of the curate's visit.

"I think, sir," said Mr. Mowledy, not unmoved by what he saw, for he too was a gentleman, "that you have some private knowledge of a young woman known in your parish as Madge, or Margaret Giles, but who was baptized under some other name."

"Yes," answered the doctor, putting on his unfortunate professional manners again. "I am fully aware of the circumstances to which you refer, Mr. Mowledy. As a clergyman of the Church of England, my sacred and responsible—most responsible and most sacred—calling is duly impressed upon my memory: and I may say, Mr. Mowledy, that not an hour of my existence passes by in which I am unmindful of my duty."

This was not precisely what Mr. Mowledy wanted, and he said so, with much deference and respect.

"Let us dine together," said the doctor. "It is now five o'clock. Is your club the Oxford and Cambridge or the University? We can then talk over the subject, in which I observe

you take an interest. Young women, indeed, naturally inspire benevolence and regard, and I may say that no profession, howsoever sacred be its character, can, or indeed ought to, withdraw us wholly from an influence which refines the manners and purifies the heart."

Mr. Mowledy sighed, and briefly said "he was not a member of any club,"—a fact which Dr. Porteous knew very well; and if Mr. Mowledy had been member of both these clubs the doctor could not have accompanied him to either of them, for he was bound not to go beyond the "rules" of the prison in which he was, by a legal fiction, supposed to be incarcerated for debt: though he had recently bought a limited liberty from the marshal or governor of the King's Bench—an officer who was privileged to sell small supplies of light and air, price ten guineas each.

"Well, then, reverend sir," said the doctor, with lofty courtesy, "you must dine with me. I hear you have no objection to moderate festivity—nay, I will take no refusal; for what says St. Paul? Does he not enjoin the clergy to practise hospitality? Let us obey the teaching of that saint and gentleman. They cook a rump-steak well not far from hence. I beseech you, in Christian brotherhood, to accompany me thither."

He entered a neat little hotel, where the waiters evidently knew him, and ordered a good dinner, with a bottle of their best port—for the good of the house, he said.

They sat down together, and his heart opened to the good cheer.

"Ah, reverend sir," remarked Dr. Porteous, "there was a time when my larder was always full of old wine and fat venison, and I could have offered you a haunch, with some rare old Madeira worthy of your experienced taste, and which had twice made a voyage to the Indies; now, we must be content with—what you see."

Mr. Mowledy professed himself perfectly satisfied, as indeed he was, and the dinner continued till, by and by the wine warming the doctor into confidence, he resumed,—

"Yes, reverend sir, I was not always so unlucky as I am now—the sport of fallen fortunes. I remember my brother said to me, 'Bless you, Ned'—for he called me Ned—'you shan't starve, though I have brought the old place tumbling down about our ears. Father's and mother's money is gone—so is yours, my boy, at Newmarket; but Will Boulbee is just dead in time. Bishop Smyler, Courthope's tutor, will ordain you, and you shall have the family living before the smash comes and the creditors can seize it.'

"Richard had a warm heart, and we drank many bottles of Burgundy, I remember, that night, before we parted.

"You'll have to raise money

enough, Edward, to pay my debts of honor to the duke," continued my brother, 'and you must buy an annuity for little Zephirine' (Zephirine, Mr. Mowledy, was the greatest operadancer of her day. She married the Polish Prince Walkyrski shortly afterwards), 'and the rest will be your own. You'll throw me something across the water out of your tithes now and then, Ned, when I'm out of luck,—won't you?'

"Of course I agreed to everything, you know, Mr. Mowledy," said the doctor, his mouth being full of a salad which he had prepared with much attention; "only, unfortunately, I am free to confess that I found it difficult to remember that I had not four thousand a year, which was the full income of the living; whereas I had only six hundred, for Sharpe, the money-lender, father of the present Sharpe, bled me woefully, even as the thieves must have bled the traveller whom the good Samaritan found and nourished."

He finished his story, and told another, then another, washing down the reminiscences of the past with draughts more and more copious, till Mr. Mowledy observed, on a meek consultation of his silver watch, that it was growing late, and with some dexterity turned the conversation back to Madge.

"Ah, to be sure," said the doctor, condescendingly, as he opened the third bottle of port. "I remember she was christened in the name of Margaret Wyldwyl. I dined with the duke a few days after, for he was an intimate associate of my brother, and they used to refresh themselves with wine and wager sums of money with each other. I told his Grace that I had had the honor of performing the rite of baptism to a kinswoman of his illustrious family."

"The devil you had!" said the duke, looking as black as thunder. "D—— it, parson" (for I regret to mention his Grace always used profane oaths after dinner), "if any Scotchwoman is taking any liberties with my name, I expect you to put a stop to it, or I'll set one of my bishops at you, and strip the gown off your back, by George!"

"I knew that his Grace could keep his word, and would do so if I made him angry, for there were no less than three right reverend fathers of the Church who owed their seats in the Upper House to the Wyldwyl influence; so I held my tongue, of course, and nothing more was said about it. But either the duke himself, or Lord George—well, we won't talk scandal, for the credit of the cloth. Her name, however, is Margaret Wyldwyl, pronounced Wyvil, as you know."

Mr. Mowledy did not know it, and he said so; whereat the doctor went off again at score, and gave him much curious information as to the arbitrary pronunciation of English family names

He also promised to send him Margaret Wyldwyl's baptismal register, of which he had preserved an authenticated copy, from respect to the aristocracy; and in due time did so, "to prevent unnecessary scandal or inquiry into such a subject," he wrote, with other well-turned sentences to like effect.

The curate, having thus obtained the object of his visit, rose to go, and the doctor, with great urbanity, called for the bill. When it came, he asked the curate carelessly to settle it; and on Mr. Mowledy putting down a five-pound note for that purpose, he absently took up the change, saying he would give it to Mr. Mowledy when they got home presently. So the curate accompanied his rector back to Melina Place. When they got there, and knocked for admittance, an angry head in a mob-cap was thrust from the window, and the shrill voice, which Mr. Mowledy had heard before, rated the doctor in no measured terms. "The curate's heart was touched to see the poor gentleman so humbled, and he moved away a little distance, to be out of hearing, while the storm blew over. He waited for some time while coarse taunts and hard invectives fell pelting on the doctor's head, and when he disappeared with a sudden jerk, as though pulled into the house by a claw, Mr. Mowledy sighed gently over the loss of his small savings, and returned to Wakefield-in-the-Marsh with some pity and even some respect for the castaway.

CHAPTER XIII. WEDDING-BELLS.

THE curate having received an authentic copy of the baptismal certificate in due course from Dr. Porteous, called at the "Chequers" with this document in his pocket-book, to assure John Giles that there need be no further obstacle or delay to retard the wedding. He even showed the certificate, in his precise, conscientious way, to John, in proof of the fact. Upon seeing the certificate, John scratched his head and said he would "be danged if he hadn't a peaper loike that there" in the lining of his hat. He had indeed taken it out of his wife's cupboard one day after her death, and put it there because the hat was too large for him. Now he removed it cheerfully for inspection, and the two papers being minutely compared, were found to be identical.

The names of Thomas Brown, bachelor, and Margaret Wyldwyl, spinster, both of this parish, being then duly published in church on three successive Sundays, and nobody seeing any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined in holy matrimony, they were married; and a joyous peal of bells was rung from the church steeple as they walked home through the meadows, attended by a

party of bumpkin well-wishers, who dined somewhat uproariously afterwards, being bidden thereto by John Giles with a willing mind. He soon gave the business altogether up to them, being naturally averse to trouble, and glad to have it taken off his hands. But nothing was outwardly changed at the inn.

Tom Brown still did his ostler's work as before. There was not much to do. The wagoners mostly brought a truss of hay with them, and some corn and chaff ready mixed in nose-bags. There was only the trough to fill with water every morning, and to take out a bung to let it drain off at night before a fresh supply was put in. Now and then a farmer stopped his cart going or coming back from Dronington market once a week. But farmers' horses are patient cattle, and they seldom required anything beyond a pail, and a handful of clover. The newly married pair had an easy life. The "Chequers" had its set of steady customers, who came and went at regular hours. The money they paid was put in the kitchen drawer, a few pence at a time, and when the brewer came he was paid out of it in coppers. They gained enough to live upon and pay the miller, the all-sorts shop, and occasionally the distiller; but they put nothing by. They had their own poultry, eggs, milk, bacon, pork, and vegetables. At Christmas there was an ox killed in the village, and the Wakefield folk divided it among them, paying chiefly in kind or in work for each portion. They had little need of money, and if a hostile army had invaded England, they would have had no harder task than to requisition fifty shillings at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh: half of them would certainly have been in pence or farthings.

Madge seemed perfectly reconciled to her lot, if she had ever fancied she had reason to be dissatisfied with it, and at no subsequent period of her life did she ever appear to regret her marriage.

Her husband was a clumsy, good-tempered fellow, who did all he could to please her, and she ruled over her household, as women will, in a natural way.

Her health came back, and her figure developed into matronly proportions with such surprising quickness that she acquired a character for great energy and decision among the gossips of the village.

"Thee hasn't been so larn'g a may-kin' up thee moind, Madge Brown," said Mrs. Jinks, the blacksmith's mother, about three months after the wedding. "T' littal strarnger wun't be tu larn'g upon 'un's rowad, that 'un wun't, so I tells 'ee — now mark moy wurruds."

But Madge happened to be busy hanging out some clothes to dry just then, so she was obliged to walk away, and when she came back, made Mrs. Jinks no answer, having to iron an

apron; which work she evidently thought admitted of no delay, for she raked up the fire with a loud clatter. And though Mrs. Jinks, both then and afterwards, showed a female desire to recur to this subject, it so chanced that Madge had always something noisy to do whenever she touched upon it, though Mrs. Jinks was an old friend of hers, and the women liked each other.

"Wal, Madge, ye'll carl me in yere trouble, wun't 'ee, Madge? I be allus there, I be — yunder at the farge wi' Harry. Tummus have unlee far to put that hed ur his'n out 'o 't winder und holler. Oi'll cum to 'ee farst as ould legs 'll carr' me — that I wull."

Madge promised to send for her as soon as her experience should be necessary; and Tom Brown also engaged the professional services of a medical man at Dronington. But neither Mrs. Jinks nor the doctor were unfortunately present when the event happened; for it occurred quite unexpectedly, to the extreme increase of the prophetic reputation of Mrs. Jinks, who, hearing with great delight that a man child had been born to Tom Brown, prematurely, and in the night, joyfully exclaimed that she had always foreseen it would be a seven-months' child, and bustled off to boast of her foresight and take her share of the baby, who was, like all other babies before and since, the common property of kindly neighbors.

She found sheepish Tom Brown very proud of his new dignity as a family man, and walking about with his hobnailed shoes off, that "t' mawther and choylde shud get a bit o' sleape," he said, with a rough tenderness. But Mrs. Jinks knew better what they wanted than he; and neither Tom, nor John Giles, who passed his time in winking over his beer in reply to all inquiries, could safely say their souls were their own for the next ten days, being despotically ruled by Mrs. Jinks. She had unconsciously mastered the theory of personal government so thoroughly, that neither speech nor thought was free under her. She was, as greater personages have been and are, the absolute mistress of an absolute king, who could neither hear, nor see, nor speak, and who was in all respects an infant with no will of his own.

The two men were very glad when Madge came down again with her baby in her arms, and after having been churched in the customary manner, went quietly about her duties.

Mrs. Jinks, however, having fairly earned her renown as a prophetess, was fully determined not to part with it, or to suffer it upon any account to become dimmed by disuse, and, therefore, she now predicted, that whenever a seven-months' child was born, it was a sure sign he would have an impatient temper.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM THE MOON.

THE Earl of Rosse, to whose father the world owes the telescope which turns its giant eye skywards from its underground home at Parsonstown, has recently published, in the Bakerian Lecture of the Royal Society, the results of his successful efforts to measure the moon's heat. It is not our purpose to consider specially Lord Rosse's researches, which are indeed of such a nature as to be little suited for these pages. We propose rather to avail ourselves of the attention just now directed to our satellite, in order to discuss some of the most remarkable and interesting facts which have been learned respecting the moon, and especially of those which are least likely to be familiar to the general reader. But we cannot refrain from touching on a strange though not unexpected result which follows from Lord Rosse's researches. The cold, pale moon, that

Climbs the sky
So silently and with so wan a face,

has been shown to be in reality so warm, that no creature living on our earth could endure contact with that heated surface. The middle of the disc of the "white full moon" is hotter than boiling water. It has thus been the fate of science yet once again to destroy an illusion which had for ages suggested a favorite poetical image. Poets will continue, indeed, to sing of the cold moon,

Chaste as the icicle
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple;

but to the student of astronomy the contrast between the poet's fancy and the reality will mar the imagery.

The moon in her scientific aspect has been sufficiently coy, however. Notwithstanding her nearness and the seemingly favorable conditions under which we study her, very much less has been discovered respecting her than was anticipated when Galileo first observed

Imagined lands and regions in her orb.

She remains in many respects a mystery to us. We see little in her structure or aspect that is intelligible. Nevertheless what has been learned is full of interest, even in its very strangeness, and in the perplexing problems which it suggests for our consideration.

Every one probably knows that the moon is nearly 240,000 miles from the earth; that she is about 2100 miles in diameter (which is less than the earth's diameter, about as 100 is less than 367); that the earth's surface exceeds hers about $13\frac{1}{2}$ times, while the earth's volume exceeds the moon's about $49\frac{1}{2}$ times. If to this we add that the moon is made of somewhat lighter material, or, to speak more exactly, that her mean density is somewhat less than the earth's, so that the earth exceeds her 81 times in mass or quantity of matter, we have indicated the principal circumstances which characterize the moon's globe as compared with the earth's. We shall have a word or two to add presently, however, about her probable shape.

We commonly regard the moon as a satellite of the earth, and we are taught at school and in our text-books, that while the earth travels round the sun, the moon travels round the earth. But in reality this is erroneous, or is at least suggestive of error. The moon ought to be regarded as a companion planet, travelling with the earth around the sun. The distinction is not at all a fanciful one. The earth is not the body whose force the moon chiefly obeys. On the contrary, she is attracted more than twice as strongly by the sun. If the motions of the earth and moon could be watched from some far-distant standpoint, the observed movements would by no means suggest the idea that the moon was circling round the earth; and in fact, if the earth were concealed from view while her satellite was thus watched, the moon would appear to circuit round the sun in an orbit which could not be distinguished from that which the earth herself pursues. It is only from our earth as a standpoint that the moon seems

to have the earth as the centre round which she travels; and to show how readily we may be deceived when so viewing any celestial body, we need only remember that, as seen from the earth, even the sun seems to have her as the centre of his motion. It is well to know the true nature of the moon in this respect; because when, instead of regarding her as merely a satellite or attendant upon the earth, we regard her as a companion planet—the least of the sun's inner family of planets—we perceive that in studying her we are making a first step towards the knowledge of other worlds than ours.

The most striking feature in the moon's telescopic aspect is the wonderfully disturbed condition of her surface. Her face is scarred and pitted all over; nay, this but faintly expresses her condition, since no one can examine the moon carefully with suitable telescopic power, without being impressed by the conviction that she has, so to speak, passed many times through the fire. There are great seams, as if at some early stage of her existence her whole globe had been rent apart by internal forces; and the duration of this early stage would appear to have been considerable, since there are several systems of these seams crossing and intercrossing. Then would seem to have come an age during which large regions sank as the moon cooled and contracted, leaving other regions elevated, as in the case of the great ocean valleys and continent elevations of our own earth. With further contraction came the formation of great corrugations, the lunar Alps and Apennines and other mountain ranges. But last of all, it may be presumed (if the recent results of Mallet's researches into vulcanology are to be accepted), came the most wonderful of all the stages of disturbances, the great era of crater formation. One would say that the surface of enormous lunar tracts had bubbled over like some seething terrestrial substance, were it not that no materials known to us could form coherent bubbles spanning circular spaces many miles in diameter. Yet no other description gives so just an idea of the actual appearance of extensive tracts of the moon's surface, except *one*, equally or even perhaps more fanciful: If the whole of one of these regions, while still plastic from intensity of heat, had been rained upon by liquid meteoric masses many tons or even many hundreds of tons in weight, then something like the observed appearance would probably have resulted. Indeed, it is rather a strange circumstance that a fragment of a slab of green shale, pictured in Lyell's *Geology*, with casts of rain-prints left by a shower which fell ages on ages since, presents as true a picture of certain lunar tracts, as a model cast expressly to illustrate what is seen in an actual photograph (moon-painted) of one of those regions. Whatever opinion may be formed as to the significance of this fact, it is certain that the present aspect of the crater-covered regions is quite inconsistent with the idea that there was a single continuous era of crater formation. It is manifest that the contour of the whole surface has been changed over and over again by the forces which produced these craters.

Although we find little in the moon's aspect which reminds us of features at present presented by the surface of the earth, we must not too confidently assume that the two globes have been exposed to quite dissimilar processes of change. It is very difficult, indeed, to form clear ideas as to the real conformation of the earth's crust underneath those layers which have been formed, directly or indirectly, by the action of air and water. It requires but a slight study of geology to recognize how importantly such action has affected our earth. Indeed, there is not a square foot of the earth's surface which does not owe its present configuration either directly to weather changes and the action of water in the form of rain or snow or stream or flood, or else to processes such as vegetation or the succession of various forms of animal life. In the moon, so far as can be judged, we see the natural skeleton, as it were, of a planet, the rock surface precisely as it was left when the internal forces ceased to act with energy. There has been no "weathering;" no wearing down of the surface by the action of water; no forests have formed carboniferous lay-

ers; no strata like our chalk formations have been deposited; vegetation does not hide any part of the surface; no snows have fallen, and therefore no glaciers grind down the rugged surface of the lunar valleys. With one exception, there is not, so far as can be judged, any process which is at work to disintegrate or modify the sterile face of the moon. The exception is the process of alternate expansion and contraction of the moon's crust, as the lunar day and night pass on in slow succession. Unquestionably, the change from a heat of some five hundred degrees at midday, to a cold far more intense than any with which we are acquainted on earth, must cause a gradual change in portions of the moon's surface.

But we are thus led to a most interesting question respecting the moon. It is manifest that now, at any rate, there is no water and very little air (if any) on the half of the moon turned towards us. Yet it is argued that those volcanic disturbances which are indicated so strikingly by the moon's aspect, imply the former existence both of water and of air. On our earth water appears absolutely necessary to the occurrence of volcanic eruptions. Our leading seismologist, Mallet, lays down the rule, "Without water there can be no eruption," and it was long since pointed out by Humboldt that all the active volcanoes of the earth are close to the sea. Of course the chief evidence in favor of this view consists in the nature of the substances emitted during eruptions; and, in point of fact, the view may be regarded as a demonstrated *terrestrial* relation. Then it is quite impossible to conceive that so many and such violent eruptions as the lunar volcanoes indicate, can have taken place without the emission of quantities of vapor so enormous that a discernible atmosphere would form from that cause alone, have been formed around our moon. The carbonic acid gas, for example, which would be poured out if the lunar volcanoes in any degree resembled ours, would form a gaseous envelope of no inconsiderable depth. This will be manifest when we recall Galileo's description of the lunar craters as resembling the eyes in a peacock's tail for number. Besides, it is difficult to imagine how any planet could be formed without an atmosphere; and although, no doubt, the moon's small mass would indicate a very inconsiderable aerial envelope, yet it would not explain the complete absence of all traces of air.

The considerations here mentioned have long formed one of the standing mysteries of astronomy. We see in our moon a planet which ought to have oceans and atmosphere, which even would seem once to have had them; and yet she now shows no trace of either.

The efforts made to explain the matter have been sufficiently strenuous.

Whiston suggested that a comet had swept away the lunar air and oceans, a view the more remarkable because he held the theory that our own oceans had been formerly recruited by a comet which produced a universal deluge. Of course what is now known about comets will not permit us for a moment to entertain the supposition that one of these bodies could carry off any portion of the moon's belongings. A comet might rain a shower of meteoric stones upon the moon, and so recruit her mass: indeed the idea has been suggested of late that this happened repeatedly in those far-off ages when all the planets were exposed to such influences, their "growing mass," as Wendell Holmes says,

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-balls.

That the moon should borrow from comets is not unlikely, therefore, but that comets should rob the moon is altogether improbable.

There is another theory scarcely less fanciful. It has been suggested that the moon has grown intensely cold. Her small orb, though once instinct with fire, has long since parted, according to this theory, with all its inherent heat. All the forms of life that once existed on the moon, animal life, vegetable life, and the life which our imagination pictures where great natural changes are in progress, have been, so to speak, frozen out. The moon's oceans have congealed to their utmost depths. The very gases

which once formed her atmosphere have frozen, until at last she has become the dead globe we see, never to be warmed again into life, and having no other use in the economy of the universe but to illuminate our earth and regulate her tides.

But while it is quite conceivable that the intensity of cold during the long lunar nights may be amply sufficient to turn every gas we know of into the solid form, it is manifest that the intense heat to which the moon is exposed during her equally long day, would produce even more remarkable changes when poured upon such a frozen surface, than it would effect on such a globe as our earth in its present condition. Imagine our oceans frozen, and the air also frozen, so as to lie in great drifts many feet deep¹ over the whole surface of the globe. Then conceive the sun to pour his rays down upon that frozen surface for a day lasting two of our weeks, his midday place being nearly overhead. Is it not manifest that the frozen air would be melted and vaporized (turned, that is, into our familiar air), and then the ocean melted, and enormous quantities turned into vapor? Such are the actual conditions in those lunar regions which form the middle of the moon's face. Yet at the time of full moon no signs of change can be recognized, at least none which correspond to the vaporization of a frozen atmosphere, and of frozen oceans. The simple fact, however, that Lord Rosse's experiments prove that the full moon is greatly heated, disposes at once of the fanciful theory we have been considering. For a frozen lunar atmosphere could not be heated beyond the point (corresponding to an exceeding cold) where it becomes gaseous, until the whole of it had assumed this form; and after that, the water under the atmosphere could not be heated above boiling heat without turning altogether into steam. Now of two things one. The boiling heat would be either high or low. If high, that would imply considerable atmospheric pressure, and we could not but recognize an atmosphere producing such pressure; if low, then the degree of heat to which the moon is raised, as Lord Rosse's experiments show,² remains altogether inapplicable.

There is another strange theory in explanation of the absence of water and air in the moon, due to Dr. Frankland. According to this theory, the oceans and atmosphere which once existed on the moon have now withdrawn into the moon's interior. "If water at one time existed on the surface of the moon," says Frankland, "whither has it disappeared? If we assume, in accordance with the nebular hypothesis, that the portions of matter composing respectively the earth and the moon once possessed an equally elevated temperature, it almost necessarily follows that the moon, owing to the comparative smallness of her mass, would cool more rapidly than the earth. This cooling of the moon's mass must, in accordance with all analogy, have been attended with contraction, which can scarcely be conceived as occurring without the development of a cavernous structure in the interior. Much of the cavernous structure would doubtless communicate, by means of fissures, with the surface, and thus there would be provided an internal receptacle for the ocean, from the depths of which even the burning sun of the long lunar day would be totally unable to dislodge more than traces of its vapor. Assuming the solid mass of the moon to contract on cooling at the same rate as granite, its refrigeration though only 180 degrees of the Fahrenheit thermometer (the difference between the boiling heat and the freezing point) would create cellular space equal to nearly 14½ millions of cubic miles, which would be more than sufficient to engulf the whole of the lunar oceans, supposing them to bear the same

¹ We do not know the actual depth, because we do not know what is the density of solid oxygen or solid nitrogen. But we know that if the density of these elements when reduced to the solid state, were equal to that of ice, the atmosphere would be converted into a solid layer, more than thirty feet deep, for the water-barometer stands at more than thirty feet. If frozen oxygen and nitrogen were as dense as mercury, then the layer would be only two and a half feet in depth.

² Lord Rosse separates the effect of reflected sun heat from that heat which the moon emits as a warmed body. We do not explain here the principles which render it possible to distinguish between these two forms of heat; but their sufficiency is altogether beyond question.

proportion to the mass of the moon as our own oceans bear to that of the earth."

Room might certainly be found in this way for all the lunar oceans, because the moon's surface amounts only to 14,600,000 square miles, and therefore the cellular space deduced above amounts to the volume of an ocean competent to cover the whole surface of the moon to the depth of a mile. But then, where has the lunar atmosphere gone to? It would require much more room than the oceans, if originally comparable to our own atmosphere in density. For even at a height of 22 miles from the moon's surface the density of the air would only be reduced one-half, so that half the lunar air would occupy a shell of space covering the whole moon to a depth of 22 miles. It would thus require 22 times as much space as Frankland's theory gives, and still the other half would be left outside the moon. But even the oceans are not very easily accounted for on this theory. We must assume that when they existed on the moon's surface they were not quite so hot as boiling water on the earth. In fact Frankland's theory depends in great part on the probable existence of glaciers on the moon, and it need hardly be said that there would be no glaciers while the oceans, and therefore the solid moon, were at the temperature of boiling water. How then is the refrigeration through 180 degrees to take place without passing far below the freezing point? But frozen oceans would assuredly not find their way into the moon's interior through the fissures of Frankland's theory. Apart from this it must be remembered that if the moon had a very rare atmosphere, the boiling point would be very much lower than on the earth; while, if she had an atmosphere as dense as ours, it remains impossible to understand where that atmosphere can have gone to.

I have said that the theory requires that formerly glaciers should have existed on the moon. It is manifest that, apart from the theory, the question whether there were ever any glaciers on the moon is full of interest. For if there were glaciers there must have been snow and rain, as well as wind currents to bear the moisture-laden air against the slopes of the lunar mountain ranges. It will be well, therefore, to indicate the evidence which Frankland finds for the lunar glaciers of his theory. "What may we expect to see?" he says. "Under favorable circumstances the terminal moraine of a glacier attains enormous dimensions; and consequently, of all the marks of a glacier valley, this would be the one most likely to be first perceived. Two such terminal moraines, one of them a double one, have appeared to observers to be traceable upon the moon's surface." His description of the position of these would not be intelligible without a lunar chart; but students of the moon will understand where to look for them when we mention simply that one lies near the end of the remarkable streak from Tycho¹ to Bullialdus, crossing this streak exactly opposite Lubiniezky, while the other lies at the northern extremity of the lunar valley which runs past the eastern edge of Rheita.

Describing the first, Frankland says, there are "two ridges forming the arcs of eccentric circles. Beyond the second ridge a talus slopes down gradually northward to the general level of the lunar surface, the whole presenting an appearance reminding the observer of the concentric moraines of the Rhone glacier. These ridges are visible for the whole period during which that portion of the moon's surface is illuminated; but it is only about the third day after the first quarter, and at the corresponding phase of the waning moon, when the sun's rays, falling nearly horizontally, throw the details of this part of the

moon's surface into strong relief, and the appearances suggest this explanation of them." It will be manifest that the evidence for glaciers on the moon is not altogether irresistible. On the whole face of that hemisphere, seven millions of square miles in extent, which the moon turns earthwards, there are but two spots where appearances are recognized which suggest the idea of glacial moraines. This is not convincing, especially when we remember that under the best telescopic scrutiny yet applied to the moon we see her surface only as we should see a mountain region on the earth from a distance of more than one hundred miles, and through a dense and perturbed atmosphere. For all the atmospheric effects are multiplied precisely in proportion to the power of the telescope employed, so that even when we use so high a power as 2400, which would theoretically reduce the moon's distance to 100 miles, the atmosphere between us and the moon is, as it were, multiplied 2400 times.

But we have not even yet exhausted all the ingenious theories which have been devised by those who insist on endowing the moon of former ages with oceans and an atmosphere. We have seen a comet called in to carry away the lunar air and water, next we have had them frozen up, and thirdly the moon's interior has opened to remove them from our sight. But a fourth theory remains, which, though not less startling than the others, has found singular favor even among astronomers of repute. According to this fourth theory, the lunar oceans and atmospheres have withdrawn, not into the inside of the moon, but to her other or unseen side. The farther half of the moon is never seen by us, and being unknown has appeared to afford a favorable opportunity of applying the principle "*omne ignotum pro mirifico*." Accordingly, it has been supplied with oceans and an atmosphere, in fact with a double quantity of air and water; inhabitants are, of course, not wanting where circumstances are so suitable for their subsistence; and in fine, another world exists on the unseen half of the moon.

It would be unfair, however, to describe this theory as though it were merely based on our ignorance of the state of things on the farther side of the moon,—as though, in fact, it resembled one of the *peut-être*s of Fontenelle (who was an ardent believer, by the way, in the habitability of our satellite). The theory was originally suggested by a mathematical inquiry of singular profundity. The skilful German mathematician, Hansen, found reason to believe that if the moon's centre of gravity is not exactly at the middle point of that diameter of hers which is directed earthwards, her movements must give evidence of the fact. If the centre of gravity were farther away than the middle point she would show a slight peculiarity of motion in one direction, while if the centre of gravity were nearer than the middle point she would show a peculiarity of the opposite kind. On examining the moon's actually recorded motions, Hansen considered that he had evidence sufficing to prove that the centre of gravity is more than thirty miles farther away than the middle point just mentioned. Now clearly, if the moon's *shape* is very nearly globular, but she is like a loaded die, heavier on one side than the other, her oceans and atmosphere must pass over to the loaded side. To use the emphatic mode of describing matters employed by Sir John Herschel in a letter to the present writer, the farther side of the moon, according to Hansen's view, is "like a great lake basin, nearly forty miles deep." Of course, Herschel did not mean that there is a great concavity on that side, any more than a geographer would mean that the ocean bottom is concave, if he spoke of the ocean basin. But the state of the farther side of the moon, according to the theory we are considering, is precisely as though matter were excavated away to the depth of nearly forty miles, leaving, of course, ample room for every drop of water to flow to that unseen half. The air would also flow to that side. It is not, however, altogether so clear that the air would be concealed in the same way that the water would be. The fact is, one half of the moon is *not wholly* hidden from our view. There is a "balancing motion" (technically called the "*libration*") of the moon, by

¹ Tycho is that spot where the full moon shows a gathering together of streaks, somewhat as at either core-end of a peeled orange. Indeed, small photographs of the full moon look so much like photographs of a peeled orange that, as Wendell Holmes notes, many persons suppose astronomers have substituted the orange for the moon, so as to save themselves trouble. Imagine how pleasing such an idea must be to our De la Rue, Rutherfords, and others, who have exhausted the contrivances of mechanical ingenuity to make their great telescopes truly follow the moon, and have devised at infinite labor the best photographic appliances to secure good results. It is only right to say, however, that no one would for a moment mistake the masterpieces of these astronomers for photographs of a peeled orange, since they are equal in distinctness to views of the moon with excellent telescopes.

which she now tilts one part of the farther hemisphere towards the earth, and then another part, with a singular alternation which brings the balancing round so as to affect in turn every part of the moon's edge. And owing to this peculiarity, instead of one half of the moon remaining concealed from us, about forty-two parts out of 100 only are altogether and at all times unseen. It is difficult to believe that an atmosphere coerced so much less than our own (since the moon's attractive power at her surface is but one sixth of the earth's at hers) would confine itself strictly within limits so narrow.

But in reality, evidence has been obtained in favor of Hansen's fundamental theory which, if admitted, disposes altogether of the conclusions based upon that theory. The continental astronomer, Gussew of Wilna, has very carefully examined some of De la Rue's lunar photographs, taken when the moon was at opposite stages of her balancing motion, and by noting how much the several craters, etc., are displaced, he has found the means of determining the shape of the moon's surface. According to his measurements, the greater part of the visible surface of the moon must be regarded as an enormous elevation, rising in the middle fully seventy miles above the mean level. In fact, the moon, according to these measurements, would come to be regarded as egg-shaped, the smaller end of the egg being turned earthwards,—only it will of course be understood that, regarded as a whole, the moon's body would not differ very markedly from the globular form. It would be shaped, to speak plainly, like a nearly round egg.

Of course, this way of throwing the centre of gravity farther away than the middle of the lunar diameter directed towards the earth, leads to results quite different from those which would follow if the moon were a globe in shape but loaded like a die internally. That great hill of matter on the earthward side of the moon, would draw the oceans and air away from the farther side—not, indeed, to its own summit, that is, not to the middle of the disc we see, but to its base. In fact, there would be a gathering of the waters in a zone all round the edge of the moon's visible disc, and over this zone the atmospheric pressure would also be greatest. Since, as a matter of fact, there is no sign either of water or air on this zone of the moon's surface, we must perforce abandon the theory that lunar oceans and air still lie anywhere on the surface of the moon.

The reader will probably conclude, as the evidence seems to require, that all ideas to the contrary notwithstanding, the moon has never had either a watery envelope or an aerial one in the slightest degree comparable in relative extent with those on our earth.

But before we pass to the curious questions suggested by the manifest signs of violent volcanic action on the moon in former ages, when neither water nor air existed in any considerable quantity, let us pause for a moment to discuss the remarkable result attained by Gussew.

If we suppose that there really is a bulging out on the earthward side of the moon to the enormous extent indicated by Gussew's measurements, we have a singular problem to inquire into. For theoretically, as Newton showed long since, the moon ought to be in shape what geometricians call an ellipsoid. The earth's globe is slightly flattened one way, and we call such a figure a spheroid; but now suppose that besides being compressed at the poles, she were also (as some think she actually is) compressed (but to a much smaller degree) at two opposite parts of the equator, so that the equator itself was slightly oval; then she would have her shortest diameter, as now, the polar one; her longest diameter would be the longest diameter of her oval equator; and she might be said to have an intermediate diameter, namely, the shortest diameter of her equator. So it should be, says Newton, in the case of the moon. She should be most compressed at the poles, or nearly at the north and south points of her disc; her longest diameter should be the one turned towards the earth; and a thwart diameter lying nearly east and west would be her third or intermediate diameter. Then he calculated the length of these several diameters, and found that the shortest would not differ more than sixty-two

yards from the longest. This is something very different from the seventy miles resulting from Gussew's measurements.

If then that monstrous hill exists, we must look for its origin in some extraneous cause, since we see that a globe assuming its natural figure under such conditions as prevailed in the moon's case would present no such excrescence. We believe we are justified in saying that the photographic evidence is accepted by Dr. De la Rue himself. In fact, when two pictures of the moon, in opposite stages of her balancing, are looked at, the stereoscopic view shows Gussew's great hill actually standing out as it were, before the very eyes. We venture to quote Sir John Herschel's account of the principle of this method, because of the singularly effective way in which he presents the matter. He says: "Owing to the libration of the moon, the same point of her surface is seen sometimes on one side of the centre of her disc, and sometimes on the other, the effect being the same as if, the moon remaining fixed, the eye were shifted from right to left through an angle equal to the total libration. Now this is the condition on which stereoscopic vision depends, so that by choosing two epochs when the moon is presented in the two aspects best adapted for the purpose, and taking separate and independent photographs of it in each aspect, the two, stereoscopically combined, so completely satisfy all the requisite conditions as to show the spherical form just as a giant might see it, whose stature was such that the interval between his eyes should equal the distance between the place where the earth stood when one view was taken, and that to which it would have been removed (the moon being regarded as fixed) to get the other. Nothing can surpass the impression of *real corporeal form* thus conveyed by some of these pictures as taken by Mr. De la Rue with his powerful reflector, the production of which (as a step in some sort taken by man outside of the planet he inhabits) is one of the most remarkable and unexpected triumphs of scientific art."

Both the measurement and the simple contemplation of the stereoscopic pairs of lunar pictures appearing to indicate the same result, we may proceed to inquire under what circumstances that result may have been brought about. The true explanation can scarcely fail to be a singular one, whatever it may be; so that if we are led to a view which may appear sensational, this must not be regarded as a surprising circumstance.

Now let it be noted that whatever ideas we may form as to the past condition of our earth and the other members of the solar system, we can scarcely refuse to admit the general theory that in long past ages every one of these globes was in a condition of intense heat. That our earth was formerly liquefied by intensity of heat, is the opinion of all who have carefully studied her surface; and there are few men of science who do not, after examining the evidence, conform to the theory of Meyer, that the earth was formerly in a vaporous condition. Assuming that, as our poet laureate has expressed the theory,—

This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets,—

we can form no other conception of our earth's primal condition than as a vapor globe. Our moon likewise affords abundant evidence of having once been in an intensely heated state. And doubtless there was once a time when the earth and moon were both (at the same time) vaporous through intensity of heat.

Now we have not gone back to that far distant epoch for the purpose of seeking there for the secret of the moon's present figure. It appears to us reasonable to trace back to such an epoch the singular law of the moon's rotation, whereby she always keeps the same face turned towards the earth; for far off though that epoch may be, it is not separated from our time by so enormous a lapse of ages as could be required to "brake" a rapidly rotating moon to the moon's present strangely slow rotation rate.

In the distant era then, when the moon was a vapor-nucleus within the great vapor-globe which was at some future period to form the earth we live upon, the moon thus involved learned to rotate synchronously with her revolution. But gradually the earth's vapor-globe shrunk in its dimensions until the moon was left outside — or we may say that the vaporous envelopes around the two chief nuclei so far shrank as no longer to be anywhere intermixed. From this time forth the moon must have cooled more rapidly than the earth; and the time must at length have arrived when the moon had become an opaque orb, while the earth on which we live was still a sun. Even at this early stage of our existence, the moon must have so rotated as to turn the same face towards the earth's then glowing orb.

But now a circumstance has to be considered which, startling though it may seem at first, is yet consistent with what has been ascertained respecting the sun and other bodies. There is a great mass of evidence tending to show that our sun expels matter from his interior with a velocity sufficient to carry such matter entirely away from him. This has been shown by the microscopic and chemical structure of meteorites, by their paths and rates of motions, and by many circumstances which will be found detailed at length in the article called "Meteors, Seed-bearing and Otherwise," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for November, 1872. It is also very strikingly supported by the behavior of the so-called eruption-prominences of the sun. Passing from the sun to the major planets — which even now seem to have some of the qualities of subordinate or secondary suns, and must certainly have been such long after the earth and her fellow minor planets had cooled down into the condition of habitable worlds — we find very striking evidence to show that these minor suns or major planets erupted from their interior the material of meteor systems, and of those comets of small period which have been called the comet-families of the major planets. The evidence on this point will be found fully detailed in the article called "The Recent Meteor Shower and Meteor Showers generally," which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for January last; and the circumstance will there be found noted, that we need not inquire into the dimensions of a body, in considering the possibility of its expelling matter from its interior with a velocity sufficient to carry such matter altogether away; since, in point of fact, the inferiority (for instance) of the major planets compared with the sun, is compensated by the inferior attractive power which their eruptional forces have to overcome. All that is required is a sunlike condition with respect to heat; granting this, a small globe like the earth, or even so small a globe as the moon, would be as competent to expel matter to great distances from its interior, as the major planets, or as the sun himself, or even as an orb like Sirius, exceeding our sun at least a thousand times in volume.

So long then as our earth continued in a sunlike state, she would probably expel matter in all directions with a velocity small indeed compared with the velocity of matter erupted from the sun, but quite as large relatively to the attractive power of the earth. This process of continual eruption would not exhaust the earth, simply because it would be compensated by arrivals from without; and moreover, far the greater quantity of erupted matter would doubtless fall back upon the glowing orb of the earth. But it is manifest, that whatever matter was erupted directly towards the moon, so as to fall upon her, would recruit her mass. As we must assume from the known mass of the earth that she was for ages in a sun-like condition, we must believe that during those ages that face of the moon which was continually directed earthwards, received no inconsiderable supply of erupted matter. For it must be remembered that when the process began, the moon was much larger in volume, though considerably less in mass, than at the present time. She would, therefore, at that time intercept a much greater proportion of the erupted matter. Moreover, since, after she had shrunk into a semi-plastic but still growing orb, the moon must have continued for a very long time subject to this rain of earth-born missiles, there is reason for regarding as very

considerable the quantity of matter by which her bulk was thus increased. Moreover, if it be remembered that the meteoric missiles thus expelled from the earth would necessarily be exceedingly hot, probably liquid even before their fall, and certainly liquefied at the moment of collision with the moon's surface, we find *a priori* evidence for that very downfall of liquid drops, of which, as mentioned above, the present aspect of the moon seems to afford evidence. It is certainly a noteworthy circumstance that a theory devised to explain a most striking peculiarity of the moon's globe, should account also for a feature, not less striking, which had not been specially in view when the theory was invented.

We must pass, however, from these considerations, because the evidence on which they have been based is too slight to warrant any prolonged or exact discussion respecting them. But a few words remain to be said on the question which originated the strange theories devised to explain why the moon at present shows no traces either of oceans or an atmosphere.

We have said that on our earth the law seems established that where there is no water there are no volcanoes. May it not be, however, that this law does not extend to the moon? Mr. Mathieu Williams, whose work, "The Fuel of the Sun," has suggested many new and striking considerations respecting the celestial orbs, has brought to bear on this question an experience which very few students of astronomy have possessed — the knowledge, namely, of the behavior of fused masses of matter cooling under a variety of circumstances. "I have watched the cooling of such masses very frequently," he says, "and have seen abundant displays of miniature volcanic phenomena, especially marked where the cooling has occurred under conditions most nearly resembling those of a gradually cooling planet or satellite — that is, when the fused matter has been enclosed by a resisting and contracting crust. The most remarkable that I have seen are those presented by the cooling of the 'tap cinder' from puddling furnaces. This, as it flows from the furnace, is received in stout iron boxes (called 'cinder bogies'). The following phenomena are usually observable on the cooling of the fused cinder in a circular bogie. First a thin solid crust forms on the red-hot surface. This speedily cools sufficiently to blacken. If pierced by a slight thrust from an iron rod, the red-hot matter within is seen to be in a state of seething activity, and a considerable quantity exudes from the opening. If a bogie filled with fused cinder is left undisturbed, a veritable spontaneous volcanic eruption takes place, through some portion, generally near the centre, of the solid crust. In some cases, this eruption is sufficiently violent to eject small spurts of molten cinder to a height equal to four or five times the width of the bogie. The crust once broken, a regular crater is rapidly formed, and miniature streams of lava continue to pour from it; sometimes slowly and regularly, occasionally with jerks and spurts, due to the bursting of bubbles of gas. The accumulation of these lava-streams forms a regular cone, the height of which goes on increasing. I have seen a bogie about ten or twelve inches in diameter, and nine or ten inches deep, surmounted in this way by a cone about five inches high, with a base equal to the whole width of the bogie. These cones and craters could be but little improved by a modeller desiring to represent a typical volcano in eruption."

The aspect of the moon's crater-covered surface certainly accords better with the supposition that active processes like those described by Mr. Williams were in operation when that surface was formed, than with the theory that slow and intermittent volcanic action like that with which we are now familiar on earth, modelled the moon's surface to its present configuration. In the former case water would not have been needed, and vaporous matter would not have been expelled to an extent irreconcilable with observed phenomena.

It is manifest that we have in the moon a subject of research which has been by no means exhausted. Ascertained facts respecting her have not yet been explained;

and doubtless many facts still remain to be ascertained. The moon will hereafter be examined with greater telescopic power than has yet been applied, and when this is done appearances may be accounted for which are at present unintelligible. Again: new inquiries into the question of the evolution of our solar system, can hardly fail to throw light on the peculiar relations presented by the moon with reference to the terrestrial globe. We believe that the problems suggested by lunar research, perplexing though they unquestionably are, will not be found insoluble; and it is most probable that their solution will in turn throw important light on the history of our earth and her fellow terrestrial planets, on the giant planets which travel outside the zone of asteroids, and lastly, on the past history, present condition, and future fate of the great central luminary bearing sway over the planetary system.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

IN the last month or two the number of American visitors to Europe has been increasing so fast that the tide of intercourse between the Continents begins to set as regularly back towards the Old World as the Gulf Stream. These visitors have multiplied so marvellously that the cabinfuls of respectable passengers on the Cunard and Inman liners must almost compensate numerically for the drain of the poverty-stricken steerage loads from Liverpool or Cork, Hamburg or Bremen. The Americans are not the people to be lightly balked of their holiday if they have once set their hearts upon it, and many of them had long ago made up their minds that Vienna was an excellent excuse for leaving home. The rush to Europe had fairly set in before anything had occurred to stop it. The first comers were in Austria already suffering from the horrible weather which kept Europeans who had been on the brink of departure shivering over their start. Like the foxes of the fable, in their communications with their homes the Americans who had already committed themselves dwelt upon all that was pleasant, and touched very lightly on the drawbacks and disagreeables. It is certain that the letters of the correspondents of their leading journals depicted things very much in rose-color, while the extravagant prices which frightened every one else were perhaps almost an inducement to Americans who had set aside a "pile" of dollars that must be dissipated. A bustling broker from Wall Street will punctiliously go through the work which the ladies of his family have mapped out for him, but none the less is he very grateful to the accidents which may precipitate his return to the business of his affections; while as for the ladies, they are in love with spending for its own sake. In spite of everything, the rush has been going on without remission, and steadily gathering volume. Steamers of tremendous tonnage have been starting almost every day from New York and New England; yet their berths have been at a premium, and their saloons crowded to suffocation. So great has been the influx, that one of the leading Transatlantic Steam Companies has very sensibly opened offices in London, where helpless customers who are cast adrift for the first time upon our shores may be furnished with advice as to their future proceedings. Wherever you travel on a leading Continental line, you might, if you were to judge by your fellow-passengers, fancy yourself seated in the cars of the Union, while some of the more pretentious Continental hotels have become as Transatlantic in their tenants as the Fifth Avenue in New York or the "Grand" at Paris.

As is the way with selfish human nature, we naturally ask, in the first place, how this formidable incursion is likely to affect ourselves. There is a good deal of truth in the old saying, "The more the merrier," when there is plenty of room for every one; and it might be assumed that people socially disposed, starting on a summer holiday, would rather welcome the prospect of plenty of society of

similar speech and kindred origin. Let foreigners say what they will—and we must confess that appearances justify their speaking as they do—we know that the Briton is not the misanthrope they believe him. If he often sits silent when travelling alone, it is because he is shy of strangers, with whom, as he fancies, he has few sympathies, and because he cannot be voluble or even civil with the few broken words that rattle loosely about among his thoughts. His birthright did not comprehend the gift of a kind of lingual kaleidoscope, which can arrange stray odds and ends of speech with rapidity and precision in an endless variety of pretty, though meaningless, patterns. But when he has passed twenty-four hours in communion with himself, see how he brightens up when he is launched somehow in talk with a countryman. The austere man grows playful and facetious, the reserved man becomes effusive, while fastidiousness itself ceases to stand upon trifles, and overlooks the most glaring distinctions of caste. The *habitué* of bow-windows in St. James's makes himself unaffectedly affable to the honest drysalter from Lower Thames Street, who is bound for the Rhine and the Oberland with the good-humored partner of his joys, while the ritualistic curate confides his impressions of scenery and foreign forms of religion to the burly bosom of a sporting young brewer from the midland counties. Such being really the inveterate gregariousness of our English nature, this American incursion should surely add an attraction to summer travel on the Continent. At least we should have plenty of people with whom we could exchange small talk if we chance to be socially disposed, and if we felt unsociable they need not bore us. Further, our intercourse with intelligent Americans would introduce us into a new world of ideas, and that we take to be one of the greatest enjoyment of rational travel. Perhaps it may come to this in time when the two nations get used to each other, but for the present there are very few of us who are able to look upon our cousins in the light of acquisitions, and the absence of attraction would appear to be mutual.

It is not altogether easy to explain the reason to our satisfaction. It is true, that regarding the matter from our English point of view, there are certain salient peculiarities about our American friends which it is impossible to ignore, and which are naturally distasteful to us. To begin with, there is that unmistakable shibboleth of speech. We object to nasal utterances; we are inclined to shudder at some of the fresh and forcible expressions with which Americans taint the springs of early English, although we may smile at these Americanisms in the New York journals and in the droll writings of the humorists of the Far West. In female mouths especially they jar harshly on our sensibilities. It may be that we feel a certain responsibility for the manners and behavior of people who use our own language, who resemble us in features, and are sprung in great measure from our English stock. For it is certain that a very slight experience of travel makes us accept with tolerable complacency, or at least resignation, the German lady who shovels down her peas with the knife she clutches in her fist, as well as the French commercial gentleman who tucks his napkin into his shirt-collar and carefully cleanses his plate with his bread. No doubt English and Americans would learn to like and respect each others' good qualities were they to meet in villages on the shores of the Nyanza or away among the huts of the Kirghis in the steppes of Asia. Like the American admiral in Chinese waters in war time, they would remember that "blood is thicker than water," and fraternize cordially enough. But on the highways of the civilized world the mutual repulsion is a disagreeable fact. Mounted parties of the respective nations cross each other on the Wengern Alp like members of rival tribes observing an armed neutrality; and in a train on the banks of the Rhine, or a steamer on the Upper Danube, they draw aside into hostile camps, and send solitary members of the opposite race to Coventry. There is one thing, however, which must be remembered, and that is, that the Americans who make themselves most conspicuous when travelling, and whose disagreeable peculiarities are apt to discredit their countrymen generally, are people of the

rougher and ruder sort. And the same remark applies to our own race, under similar circumstances.

Then, in the American influence in raising foreign prices we have a substantial grievance which rankles not unnaturally, and this season it is taking more offensive proportions than ever. The travelling American may be said to lavish his capital where the Englishman is economizing his expenses. It is very much the fashion of the American at home to live from hand to mouth, and to spend successive fortunes almost as fast as he makes them. He makes no provision for elder sons, nor does he pretend to provide very handsomely for any of his male children. They must work for themselves as their father did before them; the luckier for them if they are started higher up on the social ladder. For himself he is too familiar with examples of the melancholy uncertainty of riches to be very eager about storing them. Indeed, it is almost the part of a prudent man to make sure of enjoyment while he has the means. What a comfort it ought to be to a speculator going into liquidation previously to beginning again, to reflect that he has had a deal of spending out of the proceeds of his last venture. Governed vaguely by notions like these, although, perhaps, he scarcely translates them into words, the American comes over for his European tour. He sets aside a liberal sum for his expenses, and, as we said before, he does not care how soon he is back at his work. He has no great reason to check the extravagance of his family, and he has every inducement to enjoy every comfort which money can procure him while his travels last. He bids for the best rooms in the hotel; there is naturally a sharp competition in the height of the season; landlords learn that they may charge very much what they please, and, as we know, it is much more easy to send a tariff up than to get it lowered again. He finds himself in countries where it is the practice to drink wine at dinner, and where there are no bars where you can liquor up from breakfast to bedtime. He changes his habits easily enough, and gets curious in costly vintages. When one item habitually figures heavily in your bills, it may be taken as an axiom that all the others have a tendency to swell in proportion; and when the total of the bills is large, it is a mere bagatelle to be over-generous to the servants. Besides *nouveaux riches* who are cast away in a crowd with plenty of money burning in their pockets naturally assert their superiority for the time by casting their small change recklessly about them. Guides and porters get utterly corrupted and demoralized by the thunder-showers of dollars that fall in the hot season. If landlords do not respect these liberal patrons of theirs, it is only "human nature" that they should make slight account of less pretentious guests who are compelled to be frugal.

So it is no wonder that people of moderate means, smarting already under a steady increase of charges, should look with undisguised anxiety to the results of the American invasion of the year, and regard with something like aversion the members of the invading force. They might be content to try to bear it with more philosophy did they feel that the mass of Americans profited by their trip or even enjoyed it thoroughly. As for the profit, it would be rash to speak decidedly, for quick and very intelligent people may be learning fast when they look least like it. All we can say is, that their system of travel strikes us as a bad one, and that what they learn under it must almost necessarily be superficial and conventional. They hurry from place to place even faster than the average English cockney, because they are always in excellent training for pace, and have been freshened by the long voyage across the Atlantic. They are driven along by the Furies in the shape of a craving for change of scene, a longing for excitement in the absence of their habitual avocations, and a crushing consciousness that the time before them is shorter than their allotted task. They rush through noble scenery, along the crowded high-roads, and dare not allow themselves to loiter in those sequestered nooks where Nature is really to be seen and courted in her beauty. When they do linger for a time in a capital, in Paris for example, they leave their wives and their daughters to do the churches,

the galleries, and the shopping, and seek recreation and repose in the restaurants, cafés, and bankers' ante-rooms where their countrymen most do congregate. Small blame to them, as an Irishman would say. Those blessed intervals that almost carry them back to the States are, for a certain class of Americans, almost their only seasons of real enjoyment, although perhaps it was scarcely worth while crossing the Atlantic to indulge in them. If appearances are not altogether deceptive, we can speak with more confidence as to the pleasures of their trip than as to its profit. There is no mistaking the worn and wistful look which tells of continual effort and an irrepressible desire to have it all well over. With its rapid repasts and its interminable distances, America turns out far harder and more wiry travellers than most countries. Still, the constant change of scene, diet, and climate for months on end; the eating habitually, as it were, with loins girded and staves in their hands; the perpetual catching of trains at untimely hours; the being cooped up among the crowds in waiting-rooms under the charge of autocratic jacks-in-office, and being compelled to race for seats heavily handicapped by their latest purchases, must be a severe strain on the strongest system. No wonder that towards the middle of his time abroad the most active American tourist oscillates between despondency and despair, and that the wearing struggle imprints its traces on the wasting features. We cannot help thinking that many Americans in Europe will sympathize with us if we venture to express a wish that some of them had stayed at home.

CELEBRATED HOAXES.

THERE has at all times been a proneness, more or less developed, for indulgence in the practical jokes or deceptions called *hoaxes*; sometimes through self-interested motives, but more usually springing from a love of fun with a bit of malice in it. Antiquaries have frequently been victimized in this way, by the fabrication of articles purporting to be interesting as relics of past times. The readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary" will remember the metal vessel inscribed with the letters A-D-L-L, which Monkbarns interpreted to mean *Agricola dicavit libens lubens*; but which Edie Ochiltree boldly pronounced to be, *Aikin Drum's lang ladle*. This was a supposed instance of honest misconstruction by a learned man whose zeal travelled a little too fast, due to Scott's imagination; but there was a real instance in the case of Vallancey, an Irish antiquary, who found a sculptured stone on the hill of Tara, and engraved the six letters of its inscription in a costly work which he published; he made out these to mean, *To Belus, God of Fire*; but they proved to be simply some of the letters in the name of an Irishman, who, lying down lazily on the stone, incised them with a knife or chisel. In 1756, a wit, aided by an engraver, cut on a flat stone several words which were really an epitaph: *Beneath this stone reposes Claud Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane*; but the seventy-seven letters were so skilfully divided into apparent words, syllables, and abbreviations, as to look exactly like a Latin inscription relating to the Emperor Claudius. For a long time the stone deceived antiquaries.

Gough, the celebrated archæologist, saw at a curiosity-shop a slab of stone inscribed in a curious way, bought it, had it described before the Society of Antiquaries, and engraved for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It purported to be: *Here Hardcnut drank a wine-horn dry, stared about him, and died*. The shopkeeper stated that the stone had been discovered in Kennington Lane, where the palace of Hardcnut or Hardicanute is supposed to have been situated. The whole affair proved to be a hoax. George Steevens, having a grudge against Gough, procured a fragment of a chimney slab, scratched an inscription on it in rudely formed letters, and got a curiosity-dealer so to manage that Gough should see and buy the stone.

Italy is wonderfully fertile in modern antiques, articles

made to imitate ancient productions, and sold at a high price to unwary art-connoisseurs. Inghirami, in his costly work on Vases "Vasi Fittili," has a most absurd engraving of a vase, on which is depicted an archæologist running after Fame; the lady has her thumb to her nose, exactly in the way known to boys as "taking a sight," while three engraved Greek words represent her as saying: "Be off, my fine fellow!" No such vase existed: a hoax had been perpetrated by a rival connoisseur, which Inghirami did not discover soon enough to cancel his engraving.

There is no scarcity of instances, at the present day, and in our own country, of the manufacture of antiques—more for profitable deception than mere waggery. Roman vessels and coins are every year coming to light which the Romans never saw, and flint implements which certainly were not fabricated in the Stone Period. Numismatists and coin-collectors know, to their cost sometimes, what rogues can do in one particular department of fraudulent hoaxing. A very old silver coin is worth, in the antiquarian market, many times its weight in pure silver, or even pure gold; and hence there is a strong temptation to manufacture modern antique coins, producing at the cost of a few shillings that which will bring many pounds. There is reason to suspect that even in old times such sophistications were practised; for Roman coins have occasionally been dug up, in which the good specimens are found to be mixed with others evidently plated, and others, again, as evidently washed over with silver. The Greek islands are known at the present day to shelter men who make false dies of ancient coins, as a preliminary to the manufacture of new specimens so doctored up as to pass for old. The trade is a lucrative one. A certain engraver of these surreptitious dies is said to have netted two or three thousand pounds from the pockets of English tourists alone, who bought the counterfeits at high prices under the belief in their genuine antique character. The dies were really well engraved, and the coins put out of hand in clever style. That England exercises this art as well as Greece, is quite certain.

Literary hoaxes have been so numerous, that even a mere list of them would be out of the question. There have been many like that which Madame de Genlis spoke of. The Duc de Liancourt was on intimate terms with the Abbé Delille; both were at Spa; and on one particular morning the abbé was deeply chagrined at a hoax which (unknown to him) his friend had perpetrated. The duc wrote some couplets on the fête-day of Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans, regular in structure, but most inane and insipid; he placed the name of the Abbé Delille beneath them, caused the verses to be printed in a few copies of a newspaper printed in another town, and contrived that one of these copies should reach the abbé, whose vexation was intense. Nearly parallel to this is the achievement of an American newspaper a few years ago, in which some wretched verses were printed, and ascribed to the pen of the eminent poet William Cullen Bryant; these were copied in many other papers, and came to the astonished eyes of Bryant himself. When the editor was some time afterwards asked for an explanation, he boldly avowed that his purpose was to establish the fact that, no matter how atrocious an effusion might be, the name of a poet who had established a reputation would make it true poetry in the eyes of a large majority of poetry readers.

The hoaxes which have no connection either with antiquities or with literature are not easily grouped into classes; nor, in fact, is it worth while so to do. Let us take a few at random. At Liverpool, in 1807, bills were placarded all about the town, announcing that, at one o'clock upon a particular day, a splendid model of a ninety-eight-gun man-of-war, built on Lord Stanhope's plan, and magnificently decorated, would reach Chisenhall Street Bridge by canal from Wigan; with a band on deck to play "Rule Britannia," which was to be sung by the celebrated Madame Catalani; and a beautifully adorned barge was to precede the model, containing Polito's hippopotamus (one of the show-sights of that day). The people attended in tens of thousands along the banks and on the bridges of

the canal nearly all the way to Wigan. The daily passenger-barge arrived at its customary hour; and not until then was it known that the public had been hoaxed.

Shortly before this date, when the dreaded Bonaparte was half-expected to invade England, the quiet dwellers on the south coast were in constant terror, imagining all sorts of dreadful things consequent on the arrival of the French. There lived at Chichester, not far from the coast, a family consisting of an elderly gentleman, his wife, and daughter. Some Cantabs got up a hoax to the effect that the only really safe place in England was at Cambridge; the family removed thither, and settled down near Trinity College as an impregnable station.

In 1812, a report was extensively spread about that a grand military review would be held on Wimbledon Common. As many as twenty thousand people assembled, who poured in from all quarters on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The local authorities, seeing this throng of people, and knowing at once that it denoted a hoax, caused persons to be placed on the roads of approach to disabuse the minds of the sight-seers; but this was of no avail; the rumor was believed, not the contradiction. When, however, the day wore on without the appearance of any military pageant, the populace grew angry, then mischievous; mishaps occurred, and the Common was set on fire. Hereupon messengers were sent quickly to London, and a detachment of Foot-guards marched down to remain a while on the Common until the deluded people had departed.

One of the most annoying hoaxes ever recorded was that which, about sixty years ago, was known in London as the Berners Street hoax. It drew the attention of the newspapers at the time; then of the magazines and the *Annual Register*; many years afterwards (in connection with a biographical notice of the hoaxer), of the *Quarterly Review*; and more recently, if we remember rightly, of the "Ingoldsby Legends." Berners Street is a quiet street of hotels, and shops with private-looking windows; in 1810, it was still more quiet, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady in that street, and soon afterwards a van-load of furniture; then came a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning-coaches. Presently arrived two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur, driving up as near as they could to the door, and wondering why so many lumbering vehicles were so near at hand. Six men brought a great chamber-organ; a coach-maker, a clock-maker, a carpet-manufacturer, and a wine-merchant sent specimens of their goods; a brewer brought several barrels of ale; curiosity-dealers brought sundry knickknacks. A piano-forte, linen, jewelry, wigs and head-dresses, a cart-load of potatoes, books, prints, conjuring tricks, feathers, ices, jellies, were among the things brought to (or at least near) the house; while mantua-makers came with baskets of millinery and fancy articles, and opticians with telescopes. Then, after a time, trooped in from all quarters grocers, coachmen, footmen, cooks, house-maids, nursery-maids, and other servants, come in quest of situations. To crown all, persons of distinction came in their carriages—the Commander-in-chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a cabinet minister, the Lord Chief Justice, the governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of directors of the East India Company, an eminent parliamentary philanthropist, and the Lord Mayor. The last-named functionary—one among those who speedily saw that all had been victimized by a gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough Street police-office, and told the sitting magistrate that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners Street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion House, that she was extremely ill, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath, and that she would deem it a great favor if his Lordship would call upon her. All the other persons of eminence had had their commiseration appealed to in a somewhat similar way. Police-officers (there were no policemen in those days) were sent to keep order in Berners Street, which was nearly choked with vehicles,

jammed and interlocked one with another; the drivers were irritated, the disappointed tradesmen were exasperated, and a large crowd enjoyed the malicious fun. Some of the vans and goods were overturned and broken; while a few casks of ale became a prey to the populace. All through the day, until late at night, did this extraordinary state of things continue, to the terror and dismay of the poor lady and the other inmates of the house. Every one found directly that it was a hoax; but the name of the hoaxer was not known till long afterwards. This, it appeared, was Theodore Hook, one of the most inveterate punsters and jokers of the day. He had noticed the very quiet character of Berners Street, and the name of Mrs. — on a brass plate on one of the doors; he laid a wager with a brother-wag who accompanied him, that he would make that particular house the talk of the whole town. And he assuredly did it. He devoted three or four days to writing letters, in the name of Mrs. —, to tradesmen of all kinds, professional men, distinguished personages, and servants out of place; all couched in a lady-like style, and requesting the persons addressed to come to Berners Street on the appointed day, for reasons specially stated. Hook took a furnished lodging just opposite the house, and there posted himself with two or three companions on the day in question, to enjoy the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country, and there remain *incog.* for a time; if he had been publicly known as the author of the hoax, it is probable he would have fared badly.

The incidents in the life of Hook comprise many in which that unscrupulous man played the part of hoaxer. One of his victims was Romeo Coates, a man about town in the days of the Regency — a beau, an amateur actor, who delighted in riding through the streets of the West End in a bedizened pink coat of extraordinary shape. One day this eccentric received an invitation to a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. He was almost crazy with joy at the honor; dressed and adorned himself to the highest attainable pitch, and drove in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. The card of invitation passed him safely through all the outer portals and corridors; but when a private secretary or chamberlain at length scrutinized it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In vain did poor Romeo Coates protest that he knew nothing of any forgery or hoax; he was turned back; and as his equipage had driven away, he had to pick his way through the mud to the nearest hackney-coach stand. It turned out that Theodore Hook had cleverly imitated the invitation card, one veritable specimen of which he had contrived to obtain the loan of for a few hours. On another occasion, he associated as a companion in a hoax the elder Mathews the comedian, a man full of wit and frolic, but withal much more kindly and considerate than Hook. One day Hook and Mathews took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription-board sternly forbidding any strangers to land on the lawn. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted as a land-surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. They paced slowly to and fro along the lawn, pretending to measure with the fishing-rods as measuring and levelling staffs, and the fishing-lines as yard and rood measures. Presently a parlor-window opened, and out walked the occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman. In great wrath, he demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly but courteously told him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that accurate measurements were necessary to determine the exact direction which it should take. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to "talk it over;" a sumptuous dinner and the best of wines were just ready; and the alderman endeavored to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might easily be obtained without touching his lawn at all. Hook and Mathews revealed the hoax before taking their departure, and managed to talk him into a hearty laugh about it — rendered all the more

easy by the fact that the dreaded canal was only a myth, and that he had entertained two such eminent men as Mr. Hook and Mr. Mathews.

Many of our distinguished actors have been great lovers of practical hoaxes — not only comedians and farceurs, but tragic actors, who are popularly supposed to be always in a passion of rage, jealousy, revenge, and so forth. Young, the tragedian, for instance, was once driving in a gig with a friend in the outskirts of London; he pulled up at a turn-pike-gate, noticed the name of the toll-collector written up over the door, and politely told the gate-woman that he particularly wished to see Mr. — on a matter of importance. Feeling impressed with the emphatic statement, she sent hastily for her husband the toll-collector, who was working in a neighboring field. He bustled on a clean coat, and presented himself. Young said, "I paid for a ticket at the last gate, and was told that it would free me through this; as I wish to be scrupulously exact, will you kindly tell me whether such is the case?" "Why, of course it is!" "Can I then pass through without paying?" The toll-collector's further reply, and his vituperation when the travellers complacently passed on, need not be here transcribed.

HIRAM POWERS.

HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor of the Greek Slave, for that is his one especial claim to the world's remembrance, was born at Woodstock, one of the most central towns of Windsor County in Vermont, in the United States, on Monday, the 29th July, 1805. He was the eighth in a family of nine children, the father being a small farmer in the northeastern corner of the United States just now particularized. There Hiram passed his childhood and youth, picking up at the district school near the farm whatever knowledge was attainable by him in the way of book-learning as a preparation for a life (as it proved) of some hardship. Even in his earlier years, besides mastering the rudiments, he evidenced a remarkable taste for drawing, and acquired, with evident facility, no little skill in various kinds, some of them out-of-the-way kinds, of handicraft.

After struggling on, with indifferent success, for several years, the father of this numerous family at last failed altogether in his farming. The stock was sold off, the house in which most of the home group had been born was stripped of its contents and abandoned. Young and old together, they all migrated from the neighborhood of the familiar Green Mountain range (Vermont) clothed with evergreen fir, spruce, and hemlock, crossing New York State, and traversing Pennsylvania, until they settled down once more — first of all together, afterwards scattered — in Ohio, the State selected by their father for their destination. Immediately after his death, the youngest of them had, as the elders had done previously, to shift for themselves. There was no alternative. The father's circumstances, from having been involved in Vermont, had reduced him in Ohio to the last state of indigence. Hiram Powers, the youngest but one of his children, child though he still was, had to support himself, as best he could, out of his own energies. Seeking one of the larger centres of industry in that very heart and core of the United States, geographically, he established his headquarters, in fighting the Battle of Life, for the time being, at least, in Cincinnati. There he first obtained employment, simply to fetch and carry as a waiter in the news and smoking-room of a hotel establishment. Afterwards, with an eye to bettering himself, he went in at tare and trett, at cording parcels and totting up ciphers in the ledger, at a store or provision warehouse. He then became traveller to a local tradesman, getting new orders for him and collecting whatever accounts were outstanding.

He was still a stripling in years, as well as in appearance, when he was apprenticed to a watch and clock maker. Being already something of a mechanic, in theory at least, and having great delicacy both of hand and eye in the manipulation of anything, no matter how minute, he

took with pleasure to the exquisite craft of putting together and taking to pieces, of repairing and refurbishing those coiled springs that were like thread, and those cogged wheels that were microscopic. For all his satisfaction, however, at having risen in life so far—the born artist (as he soon afterwards proved himself to be) could not help aspiring to get yet higher. Through all reverses of fortune he had still contrived to keep up, and even to improve upon his early aptitude as a draughtsman, though he did so merely in the intervals of work and purely as an amusement.

Fortunately for him, it so happened that about this time there had arrived in Cincinnati a Prussian sculptor who had been engaged by the municipality to execute a bust of General Jackson, the seventh of the American Presidents. By good luck the clockmaker's apprentice came into communication personally with the travelled artist from Germany. The latter appears to have been good-natured as well as discerning. He took the liveliest interest in the shopboy of the horologist, just the kind of interest shown by M. Masquerier in the shopboy of the London news-vender, afterwards famous as the greatest of all experimental philosophers, as we have already taken occasion to remark in our memoir of Michael Faraday. The Prussian sculptor, when not too busily occupied in preparing his effigy of Andrew Jackson, gave young Hiram Powers a lesson or two in drawing, in modelling, and in designing.

The pupil eagerly availed himself of so golden an opportunity. Not a hint was thrown away upon his bright intelligence. He not only handled his pencil and his crayons with greater dexterity than he had ever before attained, he soon enough picked up sufficient knowledge to enable him to take kindly, as the phrase is, to the (for him at least) newly discovered art as a moulder or modeller. His affection for art as a child, returned upon him with redoubled force just as he was entering upon his early manhood. His resolve was soon taken—cost what it might in the way of toil, of thrift, of penury, and, worst of all, of waiting—he would become an artist. He threw aside the tubular eye-glass of the watchmaker, and took eagerly to handling the little wooden blades with which the damp clay model is worked, from an almost shapeless mass into whatever subtlest line or dimpling surface the intending sculptor pleases. Adept as he had been in drawing, from his youth upwards, he became a yet greater adept now in modelling plaster, under his tutor's direction. From watching his friend form busts, he got to make busts for himself. And the busts of Hiram Powers soon came to be noted for their minute finish, and for their extraordinary resemblance to the originals. He had the knack of catching a likeness. He had, in other words, the keenest eye for proportion. Not only were his busts accepted, by even connoisseurs, as remarkable; but admiring note was also taken by the *cognoscenti* of his surprising skill in the execution of medallions.

Just as he was getting to be known thus among those immediately around him, in the narrow circle in which he still moved, an opening came to him that temptingly offered regular employment of a kind more congenial to his tastes than any before obtained, coupled of course with the additional advantage of ensuring him, week by week, in payment, so many dollars. The opportunity was too alluring not to be snatched at with eagerness. It led at once to his engagement in the wax model department of the Western Museum at Cincinnati. In that department the ex-waiter, ex-bagman, ex-shopboy at the produce-store and at the clockmaker's, labored assiduously, steadily, perseveringly, for seven years together. In doing this he was, in the homeliest and simplest way imaginable, serving his apprenticeship, modestly enough, but for all that very practically, as a sculptor. While he modelled in wax for the Museum, he was preparing himself to carve, in marble, works that might give his own effigy claim to a niche afterwards in the world's Walhalla.

In no way disdaining his humble duties as custodian at the Museum of the wax department, he was carefully cultivating, at every spare moment, his growing artistic

capabilities. Such was his success in this way, that in the rapid development of his skill, through self-instruction and through the mere practice that teaches by experience, he at length took courage to throw up his position at the Cincinnati Museum, and to establish himself as a sculptor at Washington. But just turned one-and-twenty when he undertook the direction of the wax department at the former city, he was now eight-and-twenty years of age when he set up for himself in the metropolis in the immediate neighborhood of the seat of government. His ambition there—an ambition still sufficiently modest, and one that he soon enough began very happily to realize—was simply that of producing busts of the most eminent men, *really* the “most remarkable men in the country” (not in the sense of Jefferson Brick or of Zephaniah Scadder), the leading orators, administrators, and diplomatists of the United States. The first and greatest of all the American Presidents, General Washington, he was commissioned to carve in marble for the State of Louisiana. Three other Presidents he thus also enduringly portrayed. His German friend's subject of long ago, General Andrew Jackson, became, in turn, his own. That President's immediate predecessor, as well as his immediate successor, he also in the same manner commemorated. The former, as a matter of course, was John Quincy Adams—while the latter was Martin Van Buren. A number of other celebrities he was called upon in the course of time to place, each in succession, in effigy, upon his pedestal. Now, it was Chief Justice John Marshall. Now, it was Edward Everett, orator, scholar, and diplomatist. Here he chiselled to the life John Caldwell Calhoun, statesman and ambassador. Here he moulded in colossal bronze the statue that now stands in the State-House grounds at Boston, of Daniel Webster, the greatest of all American orators. In reference to the former, that is, Calhoun's statue, it is interesting to note that it is regarded to this day by many as, everything considered, Hiram Powers' finest work of that description. It was this masterpiece, by the way, that, after running the most imminent risk of shipwreck off Long Island, on its way to its destination (it was a commission for South Carolina), was at length safely conveyed intact to its appointed site at Charleston.

For two years together Hiram Powers, as a modeller of busts, continued to flourish, even at that mere dawn of his career, as a sculptor at Washington. All the while he was cherishing at heart a project that, after that period of probation, he was at length enabled to carry out in earnest, and that proved the stepping-stone, for him, to both fame and fortune. Partly by means of his own savings, partly through the munificence of one of his most discerning patrons or appreciators, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, he found it possible at last to set forth, as he actually did in 1837, upon that journey which for every true artist is, in the history of his life, as the date of his Exodus or Hegira.

Turning his face eastwards, he crossed the Atlantic and the Mediterranean into Italy. On arriving there he settled down at Florence. There, as recently as on Friday, the 4th of this present month of July, he expired. Long before then he had become thoroughly naturalized. Loyal at heart though he was to the last as an American, he was for all that, as an artist, completely Italianized,—an adopted Tuscan,—a true Florentine. The City of Flowers has a spell of its own, to which sculptor, poet, scholar, novelist, astronomer, all in turn have succumbed. There sojourned for years together, loitering over the pavements, gazing out of the casements of Casa Guidi, the Brownings. There the author of “La Beata,” Adolphus Trollope, built up his villa, and in it sought to make his home. There, in the later years of his life, lived, and there eventually died, Walter Savage Landor, the prince of imaginary conversationalists. There, too, for no inconsiderable period, mused over the wonders of the world around her, and of the outer universe, Mary Somerville. Naturally, almost inevitably, on reaching Florence, Hiram Powers stayed there. In its genial atmosphere his artistic genius expanded, burgeoned, blossomed, gave forth its fruit luxuriantly. One need hardly shrink from saying that on the morrow of his reach-

ing the capital of Tuscany, his advance — the advance not only of his aspirations but of his capabilities — became perceptible. His progress was certainly extraordinary in its rapidity. Hitherto he had merely copied "the human face divine," in a series of life-like busts. He had done this, it might be said, by the mere cunning of his hand as a skilful imitator.

It was only in 1837, as we have said, that he was enabled at last to remove from Washington to Florence. And yet in the very next year, in 1838, he had conceived and executed, and, so far as the word is in any way applicable to any product of merely human ingenuity, had just perfected the earliest of all his purely ideal works, one that may still be looked back to as nearly the happiest of them all, certainly the happiest with one exception. This maiden work, as it may be called, among his masterpieces, the Memnon voice of which gave the first trumpet-note of the artist's after-renown, was that charming figure of "Eve," which Thorwaldsen, on beholding, declared that any sculptor might be proud to claim — as what? As his? Far more than that — as his *capo d'opera*! Panegyrics, as a rule, were not in the habit of falling from the lips of the great Danish artist, the greatest of all the great Danish artists — the one who is, in a manner, the world's compensation for the deified iconoclast — Thorwaldsen, building up with chisel and mallet where the hammer of Thor himself only subverted. Chary though the former was, almost to a proverb, in meting out his words of commendation among his brother artists, of Hiram Powers' very first ideal work, he uttered those words of all but extravagant eulogium. A single twelvemonth afterwards, in 1839, the American sculptor took a step yet further in advance, the boldest, the highest, and, be it said, the most successful upon which he ever adventured. Not profanely, but very reverently, applying here the noble line of Dryden, as one may turn one's glance without impiety at any moment from the Infinite to the Finite, it might be said of him that he —

"Struck out the mute creation at a heat."

Eve, as we have seen, was produced in 1838 — and now, in 1839, there was achieved by him another white marble masterpiece of yet greater excellence, "The Greek Slave," a work of art of surpassing beauty, and one that the world still recognizes as, beyond all question, the sculptor's purest, sweetest, and serenest performance. In saying this we are perfectly conscious that we are running counter to the opinion of (fortunately for human nature) a select few who are always apparently desirous of vindicating their own independence of thought in regard to the most renowned works of art that have ever been produced, by pronouncing them deficient in the very qualities for which they are otherwise eulogized, and very naturally eulogized, by the world at large. According to these, Rubens was no colorist — Gray's "Elegy" is a mass of plagiarisms — Byron's apostrophe to the Ocean, at the close of "Childe Harold," has nothing whatever of poetry in it from beginning to end, either in the way of thought or of expression. According to them, the Apollo must be condemned as out of drawing, and the features of Antinous confounded with those of Thersites. Applying to them, with but a very slight modification, a familiar couplet of Pope's, one might almost say that, according to —

"Their spiteful pride, their erring reason's song,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is wrong."

Or, without any modification at all, we may certainly aver in their regard another of his couplets, just as wise in its truth, and as witty in its application: —

"So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong."

Everybody from the first, and no wonder, was charmed with the Greek Slave, as the sculptured embodiment of virginal purity, and of almost perfect grace and symmetry. Its inner meaning, as a dumb but eloquent protest against slavery, its very attitude, the mere pose of its delicate head — all appealed upon the instant to our tenderest sen-

sibilities. Thereupon — for those all-sufficient reasons — the work became at once for these systematic carpers and cavillers, anathema maranatha.

It was proscribed. It was placed under a taboo forthwith and forever. It was declared to be a violation of all the elementary rules of art. It was tasteless itself, and all who admired it were equally tasteless. That is to say, at least — in the estimation of these great Panjandrums of Criticism. The world heard, but heeded not. The little group of sneering dogmatists babbled, and the noise of their babbling died away scattered by the idle winds to the four quarters. But the statue remains to this day intact, erect, and unharmed, not only upon its material pedestal, but upon the yet higher elevation of the estimate formed of it by the vast majority. The history of the origin of the Greek Slave as a work of art may be briefly told, and is certainly interesting. One day there was loitering round Hiram Powers' studio in Florence, an admirer of the American sculptor, by name Captain J. Grant. The attention of this gentleman was caught by a small plaster model of what afterwards came to be that peerless maiden in purest marble, the Greek Slave. Captain Grant was so delighted with the beauty and the simplicity of the idea thus expressed or embodied in plaster of Paris, that he at once gave the artist a commission to carry it out yet further — namely, by executing it in life-size and in marble. With what triumphant success this was accomplished by Hiram Powers all the world knows and recognizes — except the little gang before mentioned of his hypercritical depreciators. The work was first brought over to this country, and was here first exhibited in 1845 in the inner showroom of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., at Pall Mall, the well-known establishment of printsellers at the corner of the Opera Colonnade. It was, besides this, shipped across the Atlantic by an American speculator, and displayed to the admiring gaze of the multitude in all parts of the United States. At length, however, in 1851 there came — for Hiram Powers and the Greek Slave — upon the noblest arena that could by any possibility have been desired for a great sculptor and his masterpiece — a resplendent opportunity. In the centre of the American department of the Great International Exhibition opened to public view in the Crystal Palace, erected upon the greensward of Hyde Park, immediately under a trophy of striped and star-spangled banners, upon a revolving pedestal, revealed in the draped niche of a curtained canopy there was seen, here, for the first time by the million — the Greek Slave. The laureate had already put forth his exquisite *dictum* that —

"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms."

And of that truth, there, in the lovely statue of the Greek Slave, pensively standing with her hands manacled, as if in the slave-market or bazaar of Constantinople, was a new illustration. Upon her fair countenance there was a mingled look of shame and scorn at the pitiless ignominy of her exposure thus to the gaze of a mob of competing voluptuaries. A more daring theme was never selected by ancient or modern sculptor. The choice thus made of his subject was a most hazardous adventure. Over its every difficulty, however, the purity of the ideal artist's thought completely and absolutely triumphed. There was the utmost conceivable delicacy in its treatment throughout. A human hog like Colonel Charteris (whose effigy is portrayed by Hogarth as leering in the tavern doorway in the first picture of the Harlot's Progress) might have stood rebuked before it as before the Goddess of Virginity. From the date of the opening of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, on the first of May, 1851, Hiram Powers' fame as a sculptor was fully and securely established. Within ten years from that time six duplicates of the statue, also like the original in white marble, were called by him into existence. One of these was placed betimes in the Dudley Gallery. Another, as exactly like the original as its very double, we well remember stood always in the gallant old Marquess of Londonderry's private sitting-

room in Holderness House. It stood there upon a green velvet pedestal immediately opposite the writing-table at which so often sat the brave old soldier and ex-Ambassador to St. Petersburg, a profusion of turquoise (his favorite stone) adorning his breast and heavily encrusting the hands with which, when, as Sir Charles Stewart, riding at the head of his dragoons, he had himself grappled with and taken prisoner on the battle-field of Fuentes d'Onore, the French Colonel, Delamotte, of the Imperial Cuirassiers. Besides those six duplicates or replicas in marble of the Greek Slave, the work was yet further popularized by being reproduced in countless plaster casts, both small and large, as well as in innumerable diminished copies in Parian or biscuit-china. English and continental connoisseurs had contended with distinguished American art collectors in seeking from the artist himself, at his own price, the marble repetitions of his masterpiece already particularized. As for the Parian and the plaster imitations, they were but as the tributes of trade to the sculptor's popularity. His name, curiously enough, was in no way blazoned abroad in the official catalogue of the great historical exhibition in which the Greek Slave was first of all so conspicuously displayed. There, one read simply under "No. 522, Grant, J., London, England — Statue of the Greek Slave." Captain Grant, the actual possessor of the original statue, and not the artist, was the veritable exhibitor. The sculptor's name, however, passed from mouth to mouth, and was soon bruited abroad trumpet-tongued. Among the treasures of art and industry which were garnered up in such motley and amazing abundance in the Hyde Park Palace, it took its place under Class XXX., being the last or crowning subdivision, that devoted to the Plastic art, to Models, and Sculpture. It was to the American Department what the Kohinoor was among the jewelry of the Exhibition, the unapproachable paragon! There were four sculptors only, it is true, who received the award of the Council Medal, and Hiram Powers was not one of that select number. An English, a French, an Italian, and a German sculptor were the recipients of that highest mark of recognition or commendation. August Kiss obtained the Council Medal for his colossal group of the Amazon in zinc bronzed. Baron Carlo Marochetti for his gigantic plaster equestrian effigy of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, raising aloft in his mailed hand the drawn sword that had so often scattered the Saracens in the Holy Land — a glorious figure, afterwards cast in enduring bronze, and now standing in heroic guise upon its pedestal between Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Jacques Pradier was similarly honored with one of the four Council Medals for his marble statue of Phryne; and Richard Wyatt, in his turn, for his marble statue of Glycera. Among those, however, who received the Prize Medal of the Exhibition, be sure of that, was Hiram Powers. His beautiful conception of the Greek Slave had placed him at once in the very foremost rank among the sculptors of the century. Other works he afterwards produced in considerable abundance. That one, however, he never surpassed — he never even approached. For the Crystal Palace at Sydenham he modelled the allegorical figure of America. Another typical shape he also fashioned, most effectively, under the title of California. He wrought in marble, as clear and beautiful in outline as the verse of Milton, *Il Penseroso*. Among his more strictly symbolical or purely ideal works there is one that should always be spoken of in terms of the highest praise, as an indisputable work of genius, the figure variously called the Fisher Boy, or the Young Fisherman. Another eminently beautiful production is his study of the Head of Proserpine. The products of his master hand, it is now almost matter for regret, when his career, as a whole, comes to be examined, for the most part consisted of busts taken by him of the distinguished people of the age in which he flourished. The more remarkable of these have already been enumerated. Another may yet be particularized — the Princess Demidoff, better known of late years as the Princess Mathilde, daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, sometime King of Westphalia. Preëminently an artist, in his whole

nature, Hiram Powers repeatedly evidenced during his life a remarkable capacity for ingenious contrivance. As affording a sufficiently striking evidence of the truth of this, it may here be mentioned that he was the inventor of an entirely new system of modelling, through the adoption of which there is no longer any necessity for the old-fashioned double process (still, however, in vogue) of building up first of all a soft model, and then, from that model, when completed and hardened, taking a cast in plaster-of-paris. Obviating all need of this round-about process, the plan hit upon by Hiram Powers was simply this: he constructed a rudely-shaped solid plaster model of sulphate-of-lime, and then, armed with suitable hatchets, scoops, chisels, adzes, and other tools (also, every one of them, of his own invention) he carved and pared it down, finishing it in every part to the utmost possible nicety, according to the design he had originally projected, and with the most scrupulous care for its exact proportions. By this arrangement of his, while both time and labor were materially lessened, the sculptor was himself in reality the sculptor, leaving little or nothing to be done by the hands of his journeymen.

As we close this brief memorial of the life and labors of Hiram Powers, the remembrance comes back to us of a glimpse caught three years and a half ago of his studio and home for a long while past at Florence. It is a drenching afternoon in the December of 1869. After visiting earlier in the day the British Legation at the Palazzo Orlandi, we have driven in turn far into the country to two entirely opposite suburbs of the City of Flowers. First, to the Villa Trollope, where the elder of the two novelist sons of the once-famous, but now almost-forgotten, author of the "Widow Barnaby," has built, on the hill-side overlooking the Arno, his charming home, before the gardens in front of which the capital of Tuscany, with the noble Duomo in its midst, lies stretched like a panorama. Driving down into Florence afterwards, and traversing its whole width, we pass out of the city in a totally different direction, into what may justly be called the artists' quarter, beyond the Porta Romana. There, upon opposite sides of the Viale del Poggio Imperiale, exactly fronting each other, are the Studio Powers and the Studio Fuller. Pupil and master are near neighbors. They enjoy the luxury of happy and constant intercommunication, in the midst of the artistic labors that are the delight of their lives. The chips fly from the edge of the chisel, the rain falls without. The afternoon flits by in pleasant converse among the busts and statuary. As we emerge, at length, from the entrance to the last-mentioned studio, we find the driver of the carriage from the hotel has dropped sound asleep on his perch from very weariness, in spite of the drenching downpour, and is snoring so loudly that, for the moment, we imagine the sound to come from one of the horses standing there with drooped heads as if they were asleep also. After laughing for an instant over the absurdity of this misapprehension, we hear one last kindly reference (even in the midst of his laughter) from the pupil to the master-hand hard by — his friend and neighbor. His friend and neighbor now no more, for only a fortnight since, namely, on this last Friday week, the 4th July, 1873, the sculptor of the Greek Slave breathed his last.

A POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

THE writer of a keenly satirical and most amusing little pamphlet, which hails from the regions of Oxford, has shadowed, if not demonstrated, that the larger portion of the poetical effusions which flood us from the purlieus of "Mount Parnassus" are capable of being concocted according to receipt. By way of illustration, he gives the ingredients and quantities of several popular cooks of the day whose names may easily be guessed from their respective "plats." It must be confessed we were shocked to find ourselves laughing heartily over the jokes and horrid assertions of the barbarian pamphleteer, who is nothing if

not an iconoclast, and dexterously avoids touching on the difference between the *poet* and the *man of rhymes*. But the provocation to scourge these "ballad-mongers," few will deny, is excessive; and we suspect, in the present case, that the writer of our *Cookery Book* has suffered both publicly and privately, from some volumes of simpering song and arid wastes of blank and dreary verse. There are, however, nuisances and nuisances — the enormous congregation of common flies, who spend their lives buzzing over the ample flower gardens of "sweet poesy" to purloin a few grains of genuine sugar for the mawkish compound which pure vanity or the itch for jingling words unluckily prompts, and the heavy-booming bees, who steal on a grander scale, expecting the world at large to forget that their contribution of honey is not entirely of their own creation. Cannot something be done to rid us of this plague, to reduce the overweening conceit of the kingly verse-spinners? We sincerely hope the pamphlet before us will contribute to "a consummation devoutly to be wished," and now proceed to give some idea of its contents.

"We live in an age of scientific and practical wonders," says the introduction. "The mystery of yesterday is the commonplace of to-day," and "students at the university now lose a class for not being familiar with opinions which, but twenty years ago, they would have been expelled for dreaming of;" the present progress of things promises a near solution, satisfactory, if possibly superficial, of all the tough mental and spiritual problems which worried and perplexed our predecessors; and "there will lack nothing but the presence of a perfect charity to turn the nineteenth century into a complete kingdom of heaven." Therefore is there anything astonishing that this general advance should give birth to a recipe-book for concocting poetry? The writer asserts and maintains that poetry is progressive — "was first a work of inspiration, secondly of science, and lastly (now) of trick. . . . Thus, just as there is no boy now but can throw stones at the windows which Bishop Colenso has broken, so there is scarcely even a young lady but can raise flowers from the seed stolen out of Mr. Tennyson's garden." Undoubtedly, certain critics of poetry and compilers of rhyme rules may have suggested to our university "Soyer" that, as the new garb of verse is so much a matter of consequence, he could easily follow the hint to its farthest limits, and put it in the power of ordinary capacities to mix, shape, trim, and deck the sentiments and ideas they most favor in a poetical form.

Touching the nature of poetry as illustrated by the productions of some noted pens of the day, the Oxford censor observes that it may be briefly described as "the art of expressing what it is too foolish, too profane," or too indecorous, "to be expressed in any other way." Then as to the materials with which they work, "animals, vegetables, and spirits," he proceeds to show, were by past lords of song deftly interwoven in their creations, whereas modern masters draw upon only one of the three, so that their readers are either deluged with fleshly lucubrations, pictures of inanimate nature, or spiritual and metaphysical abstractions. Speaking of a noted poet of the "Lake school," he observes, "He confined himself almost exclusively to the confection of primrose pudding and flint soup, flavored with the lesser celandine, and only now and then a beggar-boy boiled down in it to give it a color. The robins and drowned lambs, which he was wont to use when an additional piquancy was needed, were employed so sparingly that they did not destroy in the least the general vegetable tone of his productions; and these form, in consequence, an unimpeachable Lenten diet."

Shelley's mode of cookery would appear to set the culinary code at defiance, though promising an exquisite hash or piquant made dish. He "is, perhaps, somewhat embarrassing to classify, as, though spirits are what he affected most, he made use of a large amount of vegetable matter also. We shall be probably not far wrong in describing his material as a kind of methylated spirits, or pure psychic alcohol, strongly tintured with the bark of trees, and rendered below proof by a quantity of sea-water."

Let us turn to the "Recipes," which are arranged progressively for a tyro's use, commencing with "the silliest and commonest of all kinds of verse."

"How to make an ordinary Love Poem. Take two large and tender human hearts, which match one another perfectly. Arrange these close together, but preserve them from actual contact by placing between them some cruel barrier. Wound them both in several places, and insert through the openings thus made a fine stuffing of wild yearnings, hopeless tenderness, and a general admiration for stars. Then completely cover up one heart with a sufficient quantity of chill churchyard mould, which may be garnished according to taste with dank waving weeds or tender violets; and promptly break over it the other heart."

A cruel analysis assuredly, but a fair one, of the mountain of love poems yearly scribbled by sentimental pens. There would be no room for protest if modesty or sense preserved such warblings from the proud livery of print for the sacred solitude of the album or the perfumed desk. But alas! these two useful restraints rarely bless those who are cursed with the itch for verse-making, or, more properly, verse-marring. On the other hand, it may be said the pretty volume or the magazine page does no one any harm — that the affliction is, after all, a mild one, rather demanding public pity than the reverse. True; but do not forget the unpublished torture sighing Angelina and romantic Reginald inflict on the family circle and the wider radius of friends; the recitation and voluntary repetition of the inspired lines which goad them to buttonhole you for a sop of admiration and adulation; to spout stale sweets to a circle of yawning victims.

Next is the recipe of concocting "A Pathetic Marine Poem." "Observe those moderately cheerful faces in Mrs. Squallaway's drawing-room, just relaxed by the kindling warmth of Cape sherry and sweet cakes. Vain smiles! ye shall be rebuked with a dose of mere misery. Melancholy notes wail forth; Miss Sadenough has taken from her gloomy roll "A Dirge of the Ocean." She prides herself on the execution of this gem of song: her bundle of gloom in that black cover might pass for a coffin; and callous must be the wretch who wears a merry face when her anguished form fronts the piano. Here we have the directions for one of her agonizing dishes.

"Take one midnight storm, and one fisherman's family, which, if the poem is to be a real success, should be as large and as hungry as possible, and must contain at least one innocent infant. Place this brat in a cradle, with the mother singing over it; being careful that the babe be dreaming of angels, or else smiling sweetly. Stir the father well up in the storm, until he disappears."

The epic poem "may now be cooked." Our Oxford Soyer lays it down that as we may find some difficulty in obtaining a hero, we should content ourselves with the next best article, "plentiful and easy to catch," namely, a "prig."

"Take, then, one blameless prig. Set him upright in the middle of a round table, and place beside him a beautiful wife who cannot abide prigs. Add to these one marred goodly man, and tie the three together in a bundle with a link or two of Destiny. Proceed, next, to surround this group with a large number of men and women of the nineteenth century, in fancy-ball costume, flavored with a great many possible vices and a few impossible virtues. Stir these briskly about for two volumes, to the great annoyance of the blameless prig, who is, however, to be kept carefully below swearing-point for the whole time. If he once boils over into any natural action or exclamation, he is forthwith worthless, and you must get another. Next break the wife's reputation into small pieces, and dust them well over the blameless prig. Then take a few vials of tribulation and empty these generally over the whole ingredients of your poem; and, taking the sword of the heathen, cut into small pieces the greater part of your minor characters. Then wound slightly the head of the blameless prig; remove him suddenly from the table, and keep in a cool barge for future use."

It is unnecessary to mention the particular poem here so deftly dished and spiced, though it may be observed that the concomitants are equally useful to the novelist. From such favorable circumstances a highly-wrought and *déchantant* kettle of fish may easily be served at the shortest notice; and our sympathy is somewhat confusedly divided between the wrongs of the heavy saint and the temptations of the sweet sinner. For in this wicked world we cannot help pitying the superhuman trials of those erring ones when authors sugar the forbidden fruit out of an enchanted bag. What should we have done in their place?

Appropos of sugar, which Mr. Lowe so sagely described as the especial solace of ladies, we now approach the daz-zling, succulent regions of eternal "sweetness and light" — a combination of divine philosophy and transcendental poetry, barley-sugar and sunshine! What a charming diet for "an age when young men prattle about protoplasm, and young ladies in gilded saloons unconsciously talk atheism!" Is it surprising our mental stomach is disordered when we must, to be in the fashion, consume some such "plat" as the following, more deleterious than the frenzied combination of a hasty ball-supper on the swift-succeeding plates of two reckless, absorbed, flirting fellow-creatures?

"Take one soul full of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavored with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix these well together, and, as soon as ebullition commences, grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc, or the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement. Flavor the whole with a mouthful of 'faiths' and 'infinities' and a mixed mouthful of 'passions,' 'finites,' and 'yearnings.' This class of poem is concluded usually with some question, about which we have only to observe that it shall be impossible to answer."

Whosoever may have groaned over the exquisitely muddling, discordant pages of a venerated master of strange dishes which are caviare to the vulgar, and generally more admired than understood, will appreciate the next recipe. Let us call it Analytical Pudding, and congratulate the lucky fingers that can extract a tasty plum from the bulky darkness. Would that it were possible to learn how many honest, plodding, common-sense readers have skirted the gates of Hanwell, trying to learn what the frantic poem was all about! The nightmare poet should be prosecuted by the Crown for hopelessly muddling the brains of John Bull.

"Take rather a coarse view of things in general. In the midst of this place a man and a woman, his and her ankles tastefully arranged on a slice of Italy or the country about Pornic. Cut an opening across the breast of each, until the soul becomes visible; but be very careful that none of the body be lost during the operation. Pour into each breast as much as it will hold of the new strong wine of love, and, for fear they should take cold by exposure, cover them quickly up with a quantity of obscure classical quotations, a few familiar allusions to an unknown period of history and a half-destroyed fresco by an early master, varied every now and then with a reference to the fugues or toccatos of a quite forgotten composer. If the poem be still intelligible, take a pen and remove carefully all the necessary particles."

Passing over excellent prescriptions for the modern Pre-Raphaelite and long-winded narrative mythological poem, we arrive at the Byronic-Satanic. "Take a couple of fine deadly sins, and let them hang before your eyes until they become racy. Then take them down, dissect them, and stew them for some time in a solution of weak remorse; after which they are to be devilled with mock 'despair.'"

Our cook appears to agree with Johnson, that patriotism may be defined as the last refuge of "scoundrelism." Indeed the sight is not uncommon of a tavern demagogue, inspired by "dogsnose," spouting "Chartism," while his poor wife and child cower cold and hungry round the corner. So we have writers of patriotic poems who might

better serve their oppressed country by leading lives of ordinary respectability, and speaking moderately and decently.

"Take one blaspheming patriot who has been hung or buried for some time, together with the oppressed country belonging to him. Soak these in a quantity of rotten sentiment till they are completely sodden, and in the mean while get ready an indefinite number of Christian kings and priests; kick them till they are nearly dead; add copiously broken fragments of the Catholic Church, and mix all together thoroughly. Place them in a heap upon the oppressed country; season plentifully with very coarse expressions; and on the top carefully arrange your patriot, garnished with laurel or with parsley. Surround with artificial hopes for the future, which are never meant to be tested. This kind of poem is cooked in verbiage, flavored with liberty, the taste of which is much heightened by the introduction of a few high gods and the game of Fortune."

All who love a rare bit of fun and satire will do well to import from Oxford this novel treasure for the kitchen, whilst the more sober will find that under a laughing mask lies a good bit of truth, and that more than one pair of shoulders deserves the free lash of the writer.

A CHASE AFTER A CAT.

In the billiard-room of Leigh Court, Somersetshire, there is a large picture by Titian (or, according to Dr. Waagen, by Niccolò dell' Abate) of "The Three Graces." I had been standing for some time absorbed in contemplation of their lovely heads, when I became slowly conscious that my eyes had all the time seen a cat along with the Graces, and that my mind had, in a queer sort of unquestioning fashion, taken it for granted that the said cat was sitting on a chair in front of the picture. As the consciousness clarified, I wondered how a cat came to sit so still with a stranger standing before it, and I looked at it, and behold it was in the picture! — A white cat, seated low down in the right-hand corner, looking as grave as a judge; a regular domestic pussy, suggestive of a warmly-clad old maid sitting over the fire, in a snug English room, with a kettle singing on the fire, and hot toast and tea on the table — suggestive of anything but the naked truth and airy freshness of those beautiful sisters standing in open space, under the open sky, clothed upon only with the modest light of their own loveliness.

What had the cat to do with the Graces? It was the only adjunct in the picture. The instant I had an opportunity, I seized my Lempriere, and turned up the "Graces" ("Gratie, three Lempdresses, vid. Charités"). I turned back to "Charités." There I found a great deal of beautiful allegory about kindnesses and all good offices, but never a word about cats. The worship of the Graces was the same as that of the Muses, and no sacrifice was ever offered to them; so the cat could not have appeared there, even in that uncomfortable relationship. I asked various learned youths, fresh from the classics, "Have the Graces anything to do with cats?" None could answer — Yes. One hazarded a feeble suggestion that the cat was graceful, and as such, perhaps, had a place beside the Graces; but the whole attitude and appearance of Titian's cat forbade that supposition. It was not an impersonation of grace; it was a regular domestic pussy, sitting curled up in the most homely attitude, without any airs or graces of any kind.

It is very strange how an absurd, trivial question of that kind sticks in the mind. That cat became a sort of radiating centre in my soul, from whence light fell upon all cats, forcing me to look at them, though they had no more to do with that cat than it had to do with the Graces. Thanks to Titian, I really can count the cats I have since then met in my wanderings among art treasures. They have not been many, and since I can give them all without much risk of running to undue length, and wearying my reader, I indulge in the hope that I may perhaps, in return, receive

from some well-informed person light concerning the cat — Titian's cat — which may supersede that radiating centre, and relieve me from any further necessity of chasing vagrant cats.

In Genoa, I read in Brediker (that father, mother, brother, and bosom-friend of countless crowds of tourists) that in the Palazzo del Principe Doria was a portrait of Andrea Doria, Admiral of the fleets of the Pope, of Charles V., of Francis I., and of Genoa, taken with his favorite cat.

At once the bright idea struck me that this might be the cat. Titian did take a portrait of Andrea Doria, and if Doria had a pet cat, it might possibly be that the Three Graces were painted for the Admiral, and that the pet cat was introduced to make the picture more acceptable. I had hard work of it that day in Genoa. I have heard of Rome having been "done" in a day, including the Catacombs and the Pope, and the Pope included dressing for the occasion. Genoa is nothing to Rome, but I found it hard work to "do" Genoa in two days. Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," suggests that "if we consider the analogies of the system of nature, we shall see reason to conjecture that, while perhaps some species of animals are living much slower than ourselves, others may be living incomparably faster. It is by no means unphilosophical to imagine that the ephemera of a summer's noon, which we are apt to pity as short-lived, may in the compass of their few sunny hours be running through a century of joyous sensations." Upon some such theory alone can I conceive of the feats of tourists, who think nothing of a city for a meal. My blood circulates slowly, and wings I have none; so I found it very hard work to "do" Genoa in two days, or rather in one day and part of two. We had come by steamer from Nice; pursued by white sea-birds, we had passed along the magic coast where, at the feet of snow-capped Alps, orange and lemon groves, oliveyards and vineyards clothed the hills; and palm-trees and lofty towers rose above the clustered houses of the scattered towns and villages; and after a day of long delight we neared Genoa just as darkness had quenched the hot flush of a crimson sunset. It was quite dark as we entered the harbor, and as the boats came alongside, the whole lights of the city seemed to start into brilliancy at once, as if the City of Palaces had adorned herself with jewels in a moment. An Italian youth on board our steamer had been wild with excitement as he neared the city, and as the lights flashed out, his enthusiasm rose to fever heat. He rushed up and down the deck, shouting out "Genova! Genova! Genova la superba! Città di Maria Sanctissima!"

Dark as it was when we arrived, I could not rest in the hotel, but with a friend I sallied forth to see the city. Anything more enchanting could scarcely be imagined. On either hand of the street which we passed through, the jewellers' shops were sparkling under lamplight, with the delicate gold and silver filigree ornaments peculiar to the place. The lofty houses were separated by so narrow a thoroughfare that the tops of them, as we looked upwards, seemed to incline towards one another; and most lovely looked the young moon seen in that strange rift, almost as if through a cleft rock.

Daylight did not lessen the charm, though it brought with it a continuous downpour of rain. I know of no place more attractive than Genoa, with its streets bordered with marble palaces, crowded with throngs of eager men, and with women veiled in black or white lace, and paraded by strings of mules adorned with many-colored tassels of wool and tinkling bells. For all its charm, I was wearied with admiration, and ready for rest, when my eye caught sight of the intimation concerning the favorite cat; but I at once resolved to go and see. It would have been preposterous to have left Genoa without visiting the palace of her most famous son; but I am ashamed to confess that Doria's cat, rather than himself, was my magnet. After all, it was not the least like my cat. I am not learned enough in cats to be able to name the breed, but Doria's cat was the very opposite of the soft, white, domestic pussy of the Graces. It

was a magnificent warrior of a cat, with legs striped like a tiger's, and a regular hide hanging in heavy folds, like a mantle, upon its back. There was something in that cat akin to the Andrea Doria of Sebastian del Piombo, in the Doria Palace at Rome; the same sort of "darkling, subtle power." Age had told on the prince before the portrait in Genoa with the cat was painted; and the likeness between him and his feline pet was not so evident there as in the younger face at Rome.

My next vision of a cat was at Pisa. I was eight days at Pisa, and it rained every day, and pretty nearly all the day every day of the time; but no amount of wet deterred me from haunting that wondrous group of buildings which is the glory of Pisa. I persecuted the custodian of the Baptistery for the echo. No one knows what the beauty of sound can be who has not stood facing Nicola Pisano's sculptured pulpit within that dome of purest white, and, with doors closed, heard the custodian of the Baptistery sound the three notes of the chord. I walked round and round the fairy Leaning Tower; I marvelled at the great bronze gates of the Cathedral, by Giovanni da Bologna, and stood within them, giddy with the clouds of incense, looking past the swaying of the bronze lamp which, through Galileo's creative thought, gave birth to the idea of the pendulum, at the awful, gigantic Christ of Cimabue, which threatens from the dome.

But chiefly I haunted the Campo Santo, and I spent hours in examining the mysterious frescoes, beautiful in decay, covering on its outer side the walls of the spacious hall, which through sixty-two beautiful, open, pointed, traceried windows looks, on its inner side, upon a green quadrangle of sacred earth, brought from Mount Calvary.

If I were to begin describing the Campo Santo, I should fill up a whole volume with my raptures, and lose sight of my chase altogether; so, passing over all else in silence, I will approach the cat I found there.

Pisa has a choice selection of saints, which are all its own, peculiar to Pisa. These are S. Ephysius, S. Potitus, S. Torpé, and S. Ranieri. S. Ranieri is the only one with whom I am at present concerned.

S. Ranieri was a young man given up to pleasure. He was converted by the pitying look of a holy man, and for twenty years lived as a hermit in Palestine.

"On one occasion," says Mrs. Jameson, "when the abstinence to which he had vowed himself was sorely felt, he beheld in his sleep a vase of silver and gold, wrought with precious stone; but it was full of pitch, and oil, and sulphur. These being kindled with fire, the vase was burning to destruction; none could quench the flames, and there was put into his hands a little ewer full of water, two or three drops of which extinguished the flames; and he understood that the vase signified his human frame, that the pitch and sulphur burning within it were the appetites and passions, that the water was the water of temperance. Thenceforward, Ranieri lived wholly on coarse bread and water. He had, moreover, a particular reverence for water, and most of his miracles were performed by means of water, whence he was called in his own city San Ranieri dell' Acqua. In a Roman Catholic country, S. Ranieri would now be the patron of temperance societies. This, however, did not prevent him from punishing a fraudulent host of Messina, who mixed water with the wine he sold his customers, and to whom the saint revealed the arch enemy seated on one of the casks, in the shape of a huge cat, with bat-like wings, to the great horror of the said host, and to the wonder and edification of all believers."

To my wonder and edification certainly, for I stood transfixed before that cat. The fresco of this event is by Antonio Viniziano, who was the pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, the pupil of Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue; and Antonio himself was the master of Gherardo Starnina, who was the master of Masolino, who was the master of Masaccio, who, through his frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, was the father of all the master minds of the art of the sixteenth century.

The remains of Antonio Viniziano are not numerous. The ceiling of the Capellone degli Spagnuoli, in Florence,

is by him, and his painting is found in S. Nicolo Reale at Palermo. These are, I think, all that Cavalcaselle allows to be painted by him. Therefore, this cat is no unimportant link in the history of art. Reverence it, ye that hear thereof!

The fresco of which it forms a part, like all the frescoes of that time, gives us in one picture a succession of events. In the extreme left we see a vision of Christ appearing to the saint. Close to this, a ship with swelling sails (upon one of which is embroidered a Greek cross) bears the saint on his return to Italy from the Holy Land. A man sits fishing upon the shore to which the ship approaches. All the lower part of the fresco, so far, is entirely obliterated, but part of the ship, and the figures in it, are in good preservation, and have a strange effect in contrast with the nothingness out of which they seem to emerge. Then comes the cat. In front of a crowded mass of turreted buildings, and an arched entrance as if into the court-yard of a hostelry, the saint stands. A Christ-like head and figure, gathering up his mantle with his left hand, and pointing with his right hand to the cat, which sits upon a cask shaped like a huge cheese. The publican stands with uplifted hands, gazing open-mouthed at the cat, in front of it. Behind, a youth, with luxuriant hair, looks half-amused, half-awed at the cat. A group of learned men surround the saint, some in discussion, some in meditation, some looking at the cat. A woman kneels at the feet of the saint with folded hands, adoring; but I am sure she is fascinated looking at the cat. In the foreground a man has turned his back upon the cat. He leans his head upon one hand, and pressing his centre of gravity with the other, looks most profoundly miserable. He leans against a small table, upon which stands a jug. That man must have been drinking of the cask when he first beheld the cat. He may turn his back upon it, but in the complementary colors he will forever see that cat. And what a cat it is! Its color is a sort of livid, very pale yellow. The collapsed individual will see it painted on his retina, I suppose, a sort of livid blue. The cat sits upon its haunches, with its tail standing straight up its back. It holds its head on one side, turned a little upwards, gazing abstractedly into the air, with a look of the most detestable meekness and humble assertion of right. That cat is martyred by the horror and outcry around it. It has been a persecuted animal, driven from pillar to post by that pet saint of the people's. Now it comes before the world, evoked by the saint himself, enthroned of right upon that cask they had rejoiced in. Indeed, by its presence, it condescends to strengthen the hands of that very persecutor who had maligned it. What a mild self-assertion about the whole attitude! What illimitable, diabolical possibilities in its uplifted eyes and gently compressed lips! "Yes; there are rights, even for me," says the cat. No wonder that poor, "doubled-up" individual, who has in vain turned his back upon the cat, presses his mid-ribs with one hand plaintively. Fancy having the possibility of a sudden, prolonged, melancholy caterwauling seeking its own within him!

There is another subject in the fresco, after the story of the cat, but though worth study, it has nothing of the cat, so I shall not attempt to describe it, but pass on at once to the face I always walked to contemplate straightway after that cat. It was the face of the devil in Francesco da Volterra's fresco of the day "when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them." The painter had studied that face long and well, and with the sympathetic power of subtle appreciation which belongs alike to intense love and intense hate, which, indeed, is the meeting-place of these extremes, as Hawthorne has miraculously shown in his "Scarlet Letter."

That face of the devil has precisely the same characteristics as the face of the cat. He stands with his six wings sticking up stiff and black; his eyes averted from the glory before him; his claw pointing to the cultured plain where Job's possessions are. The cherubim around the throne look on with magnificent dignity. Satan stands so high, at first sight we think he is indeed in the presence of God, on a level with the throne of the Highest. But

when we look again, we find that Satan is lifted up upon a stupendous ruin, and at the base of that ruin "is a gulf fixed," between it and the heavenly host. When once we have seen that gulf, upon which continents look like floating ships, we feel how illusive is Satan's height, and how precarious; for the silent, disintegrating power of water is at work upon the foundations of that crumbling ruin, and those stiff wings, though they might aid a climber, could never soar when the ruin disappears.

But farewell to the Campo Santo. I may not longer linger under its spell. The slowly vanishing end of a tail calls me away to other scenes, and I find myself slowly and solemnly following a cat in and out, among, and round and round the pillars of the cathedral in Florence. A real live cat this time! It walks about with arched back and bristling tail among the vast lights and shadows of that Church of St. Mary of the Lily, which boasts Brunelleschi's dome, larger than that of St. Peter's. How long that cat has held possession of that place I cannot tell; perhaps since the day that, with the full approval of the Vicegerent of Christ, Sixtus IV., the Archbishop of Pisa, the Cardinal Riario, and two priests took active part in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and at this high-altar chose the moment of the Elevation of the Host to attempt the murder of Lorenzo the Magnificent and his brother. The story is well known — how Lorenzo escaped and Giuliano died, and the conspirators failed, and were most of them, including the Archbishop in his prelatical robes, hung out of the window of the Magistrate's Palace; and the Pope, enraged at the failure, excommunicated Lorenzo and the magistrates, and blundered so far as to excommunicate the clergy of Florence also; who showed the Holy Father that they could fight him with his own weapons.

The presence of the cat is very frequent in Italian churches, sitting on the steps of the altar, or stealthily stepping about the aisles and transepts. The handwriting on the wall, which foretells the passing away of a power that has been abused, filled my mind's eye so largely, that the sight of these creatures in the holy place generally struck a chill into my heart, as if they were forerunners of the dark days coming, when these temples shall be turned to uses more strange and dreadful, it may be, than any prophetic image of "doleful creatures crying" in the sanctuary, and satyrs haunting palaces, can convey. But, in other moods, I have felt alongside of the cat, in the church, a certain overshadowing, as of mighty wings, preserving alike both man and beast.

The other pictured cats I saw were all in representations of the Last Supper. In Ghirlandajo's wonderful fresco, in the small refectory of St. Mark's, the cat sitting behind Judas has something of that same diabolical, persistent patience of possession which entered into the expression of the cat at Pisa. He bides his time quietly, for Judas has not yet eaten of the sop. The sweet-souled Umbrian school, handling the idea of the cat in the small chapel of the Palazzo Comunale, at Perugia, robs it of all this gruesome awe; yet perhaps, in its simplicity, adds another element of painful significance, when it gives us the cat gambolling with a dog behind Judas just before the moment when he took the sop, and the devil entered into the man.

One cat I came across, of ancient art. In the Capitol, in the Hall of Illustrious Men, there is a bas-relief of a Roman lady in her bedroom playing on a lyre, to which she is trying to get her cat to dance, and the cat on its hind tip-toes as it jumps tries to snatch at two ducks which are hanging on the wall. This bas-relief it held to be very interesting on account of its giving "every detail," as Mr. Hare says, "of a Roman lady's bedroom, even to the slippers under the bed;" but I am short-sighted, and the bas-relief is hung very high, and in the shadow near the light of the window, and I could not make much of it. It only excited a wonder in my mind that Roman ladies should keep dead ducks hanging in their bedrooms.

One more cat, and I have done. I had been sitting in the Judgment Hall of the Cæsars, the most solemn place in Rome.

There are huge, broken walls, giving the complete out-

line of the ancient Basilica. A traceried marble frieze stretches right across the base of the Tribune. In some parts, perfect fragments of it remain; in others, only its foundations. This is the bar at which the prisoners stood to be judged of Cæsar; this is the bar at which Paul stood, at which Lawrence heard his doom of slow torture pronounced, at which many of the "noble army of martyrs" were judged of man's judgment. In the raised part of the semicircular Tribune, remains in its place a part of one of the legs of the Emperor's chair. On each side of the Basilica, looking back from the prisoner's bar, are three columns, their bases as they were, the rest of them fitted together of broken fragments. Through what was once the chief entrance, a view presents itself of modern Rome: the dome and campanile and column of Sta. Maria Maggiore, the tower of Sta. Francesca Romana, ruins, and the trees of the Sacra Via, all backed by the distant hills. A great board is put up to tell the visitor that this is the Basilica, the Judgment Hall of the Cæsars. "'Tis thus the mighty falls." My child was playing about among the ruins, gathering scarlet poppies, and sticking them in every available crack; and the bright sunlight slanted upon them, for it was afternoon, and it looked to my eyes as if the golden-haired, flitting white figure, in its sport, was calling up wherever its fingers rested the scarlet drops of martyr-blood to glorify that place.

Within a stone's throw of that Judgment Hall is the dining-hall of the Cæsars, where Nero poisoned Britannicus, and Marcia and the wrestler Narcissus drugged and strangled Commodus, and festivity, and tyranny, and murder mingled in hideous unity the oppressor and the oppressed. Just behind this dining-hall is the Vomitorium, where the human swine, when they had eaten to repletion in their dazzling sty, retired to tickle their throats with feathers, and returned with renewed capacities to the feast. Within a stone's throw, this, of the Tribune, where martyrs were condemned! Opening out of the Judgment Hall is the Tablinum, where the statues and pictures of the Cæsars were kept; and opening out of that again, also within a stone's throw of the Judgment Hall, is the Lararium a private chapel where was performed the worship of the deified members of the imperial family. The altar stands where it stood, fitted together by Signor Rosa, from bits that have been found.¹

It was all very terrible, and when a touring party, with a voluble bear-leader suddenly invaded the silence, I could not remain; so, taking my child's hand, I turned aside to explore some of the other remains of the palaces which crowded Mount Palatine. We were picking our way over heaps of rubbish, in a room now partially subterranean, when suddenly a weird-looking, gaunt cat dashed out close past us. My child shrieked, hid her face in my dress, and sobbed out, "Oh, mamma! mamma! it is Nero's ghost!"

Now that I have run my cat into the shades, I tremble to follow it any further. If Nero does as popular superstition affirms, so haunt the scenes of his former revels, it must be to pass through deaths ninefold, and I shudderingly feel in the outlying darkness which bounds the region of voluntary imagination, the presence of a dead cat which Sir Noel Paton once showed me. The dried and shrivelled remains had been found built up in a wall. The cat had been buried alive. The started nerves of the burst eyeballs, the distended nostrils, the hideous curve of the agonized mouth, fixed in its dying yell, told a tale too horrible to dwell on.

Yes! there are rights even for the frightful presence of a possessing devil. When the fine gold has become dross, and the wine mixed with water; when the nations have forgotten God, and rejected the King of Righteousness, rightfully, and in judgment invoked, a Nero plays on the lute while Rome burns, a Sixtus IV. rejoices in war and bloodshed through which his own interests may be served; and in a widening circle of judgment rightfully, and in judgment invoked, thorns come up upon the palaces of the imperial unclean spirits, and their fortresses become a habitation of dragons and a court for owls; the wild beast of

the desert meets with the wild beast of the island, and the Satyr cries to his fellow. But this is not "the end." There is the casting of the beast, of death and hell, into the lake of fire, and beyond that, there is PEACE.

In firm persuasion of the promised peace of the Father's kingdom, I turn from all darkness and gloom gladly to remembrances of the gentle cat, companion of the Graces, playmate of the children, first-fruits among us of the glad day coming when "the cleansed" wild beast shall be harmless in the renewed earth, and the children shall play with the lion, and race with the leopards; when the serpent, even, shall use its subtlety to train the acuteness of the babes of Zion, and shall find nourishment in the dust of its humiliation, while the "sucking child" avails to baffle it, and lays a hand upon its hiding-hole.

THE ART-FURNITURE FEVER.

THAT there is an epidemic of the above-named kind will scarcely be denied. The ignorantly familiar appropriation of the terms "Gothic," "Mediæval," etc., sufficiently indicates a strong current of popular feeling, in matters of joinery especially, which is ill satisfied with the time-honored classifications "elegant," "novel," "superb style," etc., which for so long have constituted the sole court of appeal with the ordinary trader and his too-confiding victim.

Where the blame of all that has been perpetrated of late years, under the broad heading of "furnishing," is to be laid, or how far censure has been merited, is not our present point. We accept things as they stand, and ask practically, "Is there any good at bottom of all this revulsion of feeling?" We firmly believe there is; and that, out of the present chaos of distracted attempts at art-production, our national industry will emerge with a nobler idea of its destiny than that of producing the greatest amount of cheap trash for the supreme contempt of posterity.

Without ignoring the gigantic forces which have enabled the present century to achieve marvels of economy and of rapid production, may we not wish to see these mighty engines subservient to, rather than dominant over, the mind of man?

Nay, are there not desires, and aims, and hopes, and joys, even in regard to the material things of human life, which no mere powers of coal or steam, no organized division of labor, no smallest of profits, can ever attain? For the true soul puts forth its choicest blossoms quite regardless of the price that will be set upon the matured fruit, and no inexorable invention of ambitious brain yet forced the man of genius to yield his best treasure.

And now, to come to our point, we want to see a combination — on the part of the public, who buy, and the manufacturers and retail dealers, who sell — which shall have for its end the attainment of sound principles of constructive form, honesty of workmanship, and (if any) appropriateness of decoration and detail.

Of course, to a great extent, non-professional people cannot be supposed to understand the laws which should regulate the construction of a chair or of a cabinet; but, taking the term "furnishing" in a broader light, we think the exercise of a little discrimination and common-sense would result in an understanding upon the subject, which would speedily bring about a corresponding feeling on the part of the furnishing community, who are ever on the alert to cater for the public taste.

We say "common-sense," because common-sense is at the bottom of all true laws in the spheres of art and taste, and only needs thought and culture to develop into the higher regions of æstheticism.

What, for instance, can be less like the exercise of common-sense than the blind allegiance given to custom in the matter of furnishing our dwellings? Is it necessary that our drawing-rooms should inevitably be garnished with "walnut-wood suites upholstered in green reps," looking, for the most part, as if they had taken the first step in a quadrille? If only for the impetus given to independent

¹ See that invaluable guide-book, Hare's *Walks in Rome*.

thought on the subject, we welcome the new movement, and are content to suffer the vagaries inseparable from all such revolutions for the sake of the ultimate gain.

Nothing is easier than to talk upon "taste" in the abstract; but few things more difficult to advise upon than individual taste, especially where limited, as it is in the majority of cases, by pecuniary restrictions. And here we are fain to observe the abiding connection between character and taste. It is *not* good taste to run into debt over articles of virtue; or to involve whole families in ruin through our reckless speculation, and, at the same time, to secure our choice collection of paintings or furniture or plate, while bowing our creditors out to the tune of "sixpence in the pound." We are not joking, we assure you. Such a man is at fault in his moral nature; and though, by habit or by natural gifts, he may be able to *discern* the beautiful and the true in art or nature, the highest form of admiration for the beautiful—because of its consistent harmony, its absolute rightness, in a word, its perfection—would be an inconceivable contradiction in one who could allow such turpitude to cloud the loftier spheres of heart and mind, which art and nature only symbolize, and, as obedient handmaids, supply with figures and emblems.

Neither is it good taste to adorn our rooms with spurious and ostentatious imitations. This is bad taste, or want of taste if you will; the result of ill-formed character, of false pride or false shame, which pretends to that which it is not, or shrinks from avowing its true position. The age is sadly one of display; if a man cannot have the gold, he will have the gilt; and if another cannot afford the gilt, he will at least borrow it on occasions. We sorely want the courage to be true, and the wisdom to be content with admiring the real, without feeling compelled to possess, for ourselves, a bad imitation of it.

Let diamonds be diamonds, and gold gold; or at least let us suffer no counterfeit unless for the sake of convenience or utility, as in the case of electro-plating. No honest man wishes his plated service to be taken for silver.

Truth, then, is a fundamental principle of sound taste—that a thing should be what it seems.

As a rule, our kitchens are furnished with least violence to good taste. Probably, for the most part, because actual requirement only is consulted. Every article is placed there for use, and, we venture to say, in its turn, becomes ornamental. Then the usually self-colored walls, of a creamy buff, do not shock our nerves as the patched and gaudy patterns of modern wall-papers have been wont to do. The floor is partially covered with a square of matting or floor-cloth in the middle of the room only, leaving the boards bare all round, a practice which has been often advocated for carpeted floors generally, as being much cleaner and more convenient, especially where heavy cabinets and other furniture line the walls. Then there is the stalwart dresser, of simple unoffending outline, with its rows of neatly arranged dishes and plates, while, over the fire-place, hang covers, etc., of bright block-tin, all contributing, rationally and without effort, to the general effect. The kitchen range and fender, be it observed, are frequently the only pardonable specimens of smiths' craft about the house, being usually innocent of those contemptible castings of fruit and leaves which are the glory of our drawing-rooms. The central piece of furniture is usually a table of deal or elm, on four stout legs, connected by bars of wood at either end, with a middle rail running the length way of the table and intersecting the end ones. Sole remnant of true Jacobean framing.

Pray do not arch your brows, fair reader, and say, "Any one could design a kitchen table!" We do not ask you to import this identical table into your boudoir or drawing-room. The principle of construction is, we affirm, perfectly consistent with true beauty of form, and presents no difficulty in the way of legitimate ornament.

"But it is such a common shape, so excessively ordinary!"—to which we can only say it seems to us that the plethora of extraordinary shapes and marvellously uncommon productions of the age, in which the eye finds no repose, the mind no lasting pleasure, have so warped our

judgment and perverted our notions of right beauty, as to leave us incapable on the one hand of producing, and on the other of appreciating, anything based on natural laws, and requiring, for its successful treatment, accuracy of outline—justness of proportion.

The chairs, too! We are never tired of admiring the ingenuity and sound sense of the man who first designed the "Windsor" chair, with its comfortable seat (far more comfortable than your first-class railway carriages), and picturesque arrangement of legs and rails—all firmly braced together; still, we believe, maintaining its reputation for cheapness. Indeed, we have wondered more than once why people whose means are limited do not prefer some such chair as this to the more pretentious but flimsy stuff to be found in almost every sea-side lodging-house. We know, indeed, of one eminent living artist who actually has, in daily use, some of these identical chairs, only stained the color of ebony, after the fashion of some Venetian mirrors.

And yet we put in a plea here for the dwellings of the really poor, and would condemn, just as strongly, the misguided enthusiast who should teach the poor to emulate the monochromatic decoration of our model kitchen, and to avoid the use of strong colors or naturalistic representation on the walls of their dwellings. The gaudy paper, with its impossible bunches of flowers, and the still more glaring carpet, are frequently the only signs of color or brilliancy in the apartment, and contrast favorably with the sombre every-day apparel of its occupants. Here the wall-paper and carpeting form the decoration of the room, whereas, in wealthier dwellings, they are oftener mere groundwork on which to arrange the lights and shadows of furniture, and against which to play off the masses of colored window hangings, of paintings and other accessories, and therefore require to be viewed from an entirely different standpoint.

It is to be feared that, as a rule, the enterprising purveyors of articles of furniture for domestic use have had little or no education qualifying them to offer an opinion as to what is or what is not best; and the keen competition of the day has resulted in a lamentable want of attention to the most elementary principles of construction and ornamentation. The recent movement among the City guilds in the important matter of technical education will, it is to be hoped, lead the way to some improvement in our manufacturing centres, by awaking in the masters a sense of their responsibility, and inducing a wider appreciation, amongst artisans themselves, of industrial art, without which the utmost interest on the part of the public will be unavailing.

Amongst the outrages to common-sense, in the field of industrial art, may be mentioned the singular fertility of invention displayed in the concealment of locks and fastenings, which one would imagine should be the most prominent features, except in the case of "secret drawers." This has greatly given way before the prevailing pseudo-Gothic taste of the period, which is almost as painful in its display of massive brazen handles and overpowering hinges as was the other in its utter absence of them. Much as we dislike to see a door with no perceptible means of support, even this is preferable to the absurd appearance of a diminutive door clasped by a couple of hinges huge enough to carry ten times its size and weight, particularly when it encloses nothing more precious than a few household requisites.

"Do not conceal the construction," was the maxim of a late famous architect. That is, let the construction show itself; do not bring it into distressing prominence, but by no means hide it as if ashamed of it. The practice of veneering, legitimate enough within certain bounds, had gone near to mislead the public into the notion that the wood was moulded and cast into form, so little indication was there of anything like framing or joinery. As for wood-carving, its condition has become so wretchedly hopeless, that it is no wonder a revulsion of feeling has set in against it almost altogether. And, indeed, we would seriously advise those who cannot afford the best work of

its kind to avoid the inferior specimens entirely, and to keep to a plain treatment of the material.

Much has yet to be done by the cabinet-maker in the judicious arrangement and disposition of the various parts of his framework, so as to obtain the greatest effect with the least outlay of labor — labor, in these days, being, too costly a commodity to admit of extravagant use.

Another feature of preposterous conventionality is the tedious repetition of plate-glass in the backs of our sideboards. Plate-glass is by no means a good background for ornaments. True, it produces a glitter, and duplicates everything placed in front of it; but all this rather detracts from than heightens the effect of the article in question, especially if it be of real excellence.

How much more might be done, at one half the cost of some "magnificent plate-glass backs," by a careful arrangement of shallow shelves and cupboards, raised just so as not to interfere with the slab of the sideboard (which should be left clear), affording, at once, an excellent opportunity for a modest and useful display of some choicer portion of household china or glass, some silver heirloom or other knickknack, formerly consigned to the housekeeper's room or china-closet! In the same way there is ample scope for similar treatment of that marvel of ugliness, the modern chimney-piece.

And here we venture to demur to the traditional "chimney-glass in gilt frame," and ask, Where is the law compelling every householder to provide a huge reflector at one end of his room? Not that we are diametrically opposed to the introduction of a mirror in this particular place — it lightens up, and gives a feeling of air and breadth to a room; but we fail to see why one end of the apartment should be devoted to a broad expanse of silvered glass, which does nothing but repeat the other end, while the small projection of chimney-board is filled with a crowded group of ornaments and bijouterie, none of which stand out in clearly-defined form, each outline intersecting its own shadow, spoiling both the shadow and the reality, and only producing a confused impression in the spectator's mind. Why not arrange a gold or colored background against which to place a few prominent vases, allowing the mirror to occupy the vacant space, and not to monopolize an entire wall? What a marked difference many a room would present if only this question of suitable backgrounds was taken into consideration!

The notion that marble and plate-glass and gilded stucco are in themselves sufficient evidence of decoration must be dissipated. They may be an indication of their owner's purse, but will not stand him in stead of thoughtful taste. The homeliest fabric, the least costly material, may be made subservient to artistic treatment, and prove a "thing of beauty," when the rarer marbles and crystals have palled upon the mind's eye.

Much might be said upon the selection of carpets and curtains, of the preëminence still sustained by the deft weavers of India and Persia, notwithstanding the great advance in the designs and coloring of English textile fabrics.

With regard to the more delicate gradations of tint to be seen just now (every happy husband will have been introduced to them, either at home or in the shop-fronts of Regent Street), we have always held that our climate is unfavorable for their development, or, at all events, for their permanent introduction. The thick murky skies and heavy fogs, in addition to the smoke and dirt of our towns especially, render the subtler combinations unsuitable for ordinary use, while the positive reds, greens, and blues, from their density of color, are more congenial to the warmth-loving inhabitants of our island.

We are, however, no rigorous advocates of any distinct formulæ in the province of art selection. So long as certain axioms are accepted, we would allow the widest margin for the exercise of individual taste, and even indorse that most comfortable assurance in which so many take refuge on finding themselves hopelessly at variance with some person or creed, namely, that *tastes differ*.

What we are chiefly desirous of placing on record is

the imperative necessity — nay, duty — of every householder to bring the mind to bear, in calm thought and sound judgment, upon details of domestic surroundings, which must, more or less, reflect the character of their owner, which assuredly have an influence upon our lives and upon the lives of those about us, and which carry to succeeding generations no mean record of what manner of men we were.

After all, if, as we said, taste is intimately associated with character, we must reform the character before we can effectually reform the taste, either in a nation or an individual.

But we do not believe our national character is so much at fault as that a certain want of consideration, a looseness of idea on the subject, and, above all, an undue exaltation of *cheapness*, have led us into graver error than we care to admit. The judgment of the people once aroused, we believe we shall see in a few years results beyond the most sanguine expectations of the founders of our Science and Art Schools. Once let us fairly imbibe thorough principles of art, and, with characteristic energy, we shall infuse them into our every-day productions, and in this way maintain the prestige we are now in imminent danger of forfeiting.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MISS BRADDON is writing a drama.

THE son of the Poet Laureate is to be made a baronet, Mr. Tennyson himself having refused all titular distinction from the Crown.

THE Prussian veteran, General von Moltke, who is as bald as a billiard ball, is much annoyed by applications from Teuton ladies for locks of his hair.

BORDEAUX having produced a claret that enables the Pope to live so long, three respectable firms there have adopted the cross-keys for a trade mark, and are going to law to decide who alone has the right to do so.

THE magnificent collection of ancient armor purchased by the Emperor Napoleon III. from Prince de Soltykoff is still exhibited in the restored château of Pierrefonds. These objects will now probably be purchased by the French nation.

IT was reported recently that Dr. Eliza Walker has been appointed resident surgeon at the Bristol Hospital for Sick Women. It is officially announced, that in consequence of this election of a female doctor, the honorary medical and surgical staff have in a body resigned their appointments as physicians and surgeons.

SOME repairs being made to a fountain at Narbonne, Aude, the discovery has been made of a splendid mosaic. The design consists of a medallion representing Bacchus holding the thyrsus in his hand, the whole being surrounded with vine leaves and a magnificent border. This work of art is to be transported to the museum of the town.

THE autobiography of the late H. F. Chorley, with additions by his literary executor, will be published in England in the autumn. Mr. Chorley was for many years the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, and was on intimate terms with all the musical, literary, and artistic celebrities of his day. The autobiography ought to be an entertaining one.

THE *Journal des Débats* says of International Exhibitions: "Vienna wanted to have her turn, for neither London nor Paris will any more indulge in these solemnities. For our end of Europe, Exhibitions are exploded — *la pièce est finie*." The Exhibition mania will probably die out at St. Petersburg or Constantinople, for, as to Rome, she will never turn to shop-keeping."

THE *Athenæum* says: "Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard, the distinguished Chaucerian scholar and ballad-editor, of the United States, has arrived in England, for a month's tour in the Lake District and in Scotland, and, we hope, may look at the Chaucer Manuscripts, Bishop Percy's folio, etc., the printing of which we owe to his persistent demands for them. The professor's appeal

for unprinted old ballads, or varying traditional versions of the printed ones, has, we understand, met with very scanty success. Everything at all worth having is in print, we suspect."

THE suburban railway companies in France are carrying on a war à outrance against the fair sex. Quite a mania has set in with Parisiennes to possess tiny lapdogs, no matter how ugly or impudent. No lady would think of going to travel without her dear *lulu*, quite a "companion" — like a work-box. But the ladies never dream of taking a ticket for the pet when patronizing the train, but just put the darling into the courier bag, with an injunction to lie down till the inspector passes. Now bags are examined, and steel rods are threatened to be thrust into hand-luggage to expedite investigation.

THE *Patrie*, in speaking of the precious stones of Persia, says: "The turquoise is liable to change its colors. It loses its beautiful pale blue and turns green, or fades in an astonishing manner, and sometimes gets spotty. That alteration is due either to the prolonged action of the air or the infiltration of some fatty matter. In the first case the original color can be restored by plunging it into a bath of sulphate of copper; and in the second, by washing it in rectified spirits or any other liquid capable of dissolving greasy substances without affecting the nature of the stone. In all cases a 'dipped' turquoise is never so fine or of such delicate color as one that has not undergone this treatment."

THERE was lately sold by auction by the manager of a Paris theatre the following meteorological paraphernalia, amply sufficient to set the clerk of the weather up in business, namely: a dozen and a half black-bordered clouds in good condition, a brand-new rainbow, an excellent snowstorm, consisting of flakes of fine paper, and two other snowstorms of inferior quality, three bottles of lightning powder, a setting sun of great value, a new moon, and also a perfectly new thunder. There were, besides, a sea consisting of twelve big waves, the tenth of which is rather bigger than the rest and a little damaged, an elephant, a crocodile, three dragons, and seven phials of alcohol suitable for apparitions and for producing blue flames.

PRINCE BISMARCK is now leading a truly idyllic life at Varzin, devoting himself chiefly to the improvement of his estate and the enlargement of his modest dwelling-house, which can hardly be called a "castle." The old Count Pedewils, who, it is said, possessed Varzin at the end of the preceding century, although very rich, was unostentatious, and loved the greatest simplicity. The Blumenthals who possessed Varzin after him embellished it, and then it came into the possession of Bismarck, who took most interest in its parks, woods, and fields. The life in Varzin is strictly retired, and only members of the family are received; it is no resort for strangers, for there is but one inn in the village, which receives no lodgers, and where neither wine nor beer are to be had, but only highly diluted spirits. Some years ago English correspondents used to repair to Varzin, but the host of the inn cured them of the mania.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "In the *New York Nation*, generally and justly thought to be one of the ablest of American journals, we find last week two distinguished persons prematurely snuffed out of existence. One writer, noticing the admission by the author of a recent work that he had never read Comte through, remarks: 'Now that Mr. Mill and Miss Martineau have died, there is perhaps no one living except Mr. G. H. Lewes who can be decisively proved to have performed this feat.' Setting aside the fact that it is rather cruel to dispute the acquaintance of Messrs. Congreve, Beesly, Bridges, and Harrison with the sacred writings of their sect, it will be news to most of us that English literature has lost Miss Martineau. Another contributor to the same number of the *Nation*, in reviewing a recently published volume of political sketches, speaks of 'the subjects' as 'twenty noted Englishmen of our day — indeed, they are all now living except Lord Granville.' This commentator brings his special knowledge of English politics to bear upon the interpretation to his readers of the names which underlie English titles, as thus: 'Lord Halifax (Charles Page Wood).' The ingenuity which has partially rolled the Lord Privy Seal and the late Lord Chancellor into one deserves commendation."

A LONDON writer notices that "A curious practice has of late been adopted by fruiterers which cannot be called adulteration, but which is very near akin to it. Persons on buying West Indian pineapples at fruiterers' shops are asked whether they wish to

purchase 'heads' to the fruit. In other words, West Indian pineapples are dressed for dessert at a small cost as British hothouse pines, by the ingenious plan of inserting in the summit of the fruit a tuft or crown of leaves belonging to the latter, and thus guests are deceived into the notion that the pineapple which graces the table was grown in the hothouse of their host, who probably never had a hothouse, and knows nothing about the cultivation of pines. This may be considered a small matter by ladies who think it no dishonesty to wear chignons so artfully constructed that the keenest observers will oftentimes fail to discover the deception practised on them, and imagine that the luxuriant tresses which excite their admiration are really their own, but it is a doubtful policy to introduce the fashions of the London world into the hitherto innocent vegetable world. If fruit and flowers once take to artificial methods of enhancing their attractions, all confidence in the garden will be destroyed. A West Indian pineapple has no more right to wear a British crown than an apple or a peach has to employ rouge for the purpose of concealing its pallor or heightening its bloom. Moreover, the plan of concocting fictitious fruit is injurious to commercial morality, whose standard requires raising rather than lowering. 'To be honest,' says Shakespeare, 'as the world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.' If he had lived in these days of Manchester mildew, adulterated groceries, painted sparrows, and manufactured pineapples, he would have made the number out of which the honest 'one' is to be picked ten million rather than ten thousand."

AT SCARBOROUGH.

A GRAY sky and a gray sea,
All in the wild March weather;
A wind that bore down the storm-tossed shore
Snow-flake and spray together.
A wreck's jagged timbers, sharp and brown,
That shivered and swayed as the tide went down;
Red roofs, high piled in the quaint old town,
A headland grim with a castled crown,
'Mid a waste of withered heather.

A gray sky and a gray sea,
And a noise like rolling thunder,
As the foam flew fast on the bitter blast,
That tore the waves asunder.
A golden sand reach, long and low;
Black rocks, that 'mid ages of ebb and flow,
Guard the beautiful bay, where long ago
Came ships, with the Raven flag at their prow,
For slaughter, fire, and plunder.

A gray sky and a gray sea,
And two, who stood together,
With hands close clasped, as hands are grasped,
That parting, part forever.
Two, whose pale lips quivered to say
The words the world hears every day;
As for all we struggle, and weep, and pray,
Young hearts must break in life's fever play,
And links are light to sever.

A gray sky and a gray sea,
Where white gulls stooped to hover;
Their broad wings flashed, as the great waves dashed,
Where by lover lingered lover.
Those two may nevermore meet again,
But the wild March wind with its chafe and strain,
Will for aye recall the passionate pain
Of that farewell tryst by the stormy main,
When First Love's dream was over.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER V. (continued.)

"THE devil take your distinctions. You admit that Mademoiselle Leczinska is a lady"—

"That she might be—nothing more."

"And she is one—the truest of ladies. I know it: it is clear in every look and every word."

"As when she swears, for example?"

"Yes—even as when she swears. I have heard English women, from ignorance, say the most monstrous things in foreign languages of which they would have sunk underground with shame, if they had known." The excuse was ingenious, though I fear not quite honest: but I let him go on, little thinking how the conversation was to end. "Well, she is a lady: I flatter myself I know one, even when she is a tattooed negress. As for an actress not being one, that is vile cant and bosh, fit for Lady Penrose. There are thousands. And being a lady, she is a lady: there is only one sort, and as we behave to one, so we must behave to all—all the more to those who are not well spoken of by the world."

I might deny the logic, but could not deny the chivalry, superior to all logic, from which his words spoke out straight and round. I was not convinced, but I had not the heart to answer him.

"That's my idea of being a gentleman," he went on quietly, like a man who has made up his mind, and simply, like one who is asserting what is self-evident. "I don't care what cads may think, whether young or old; but that's the only sort of thing for you and me to hold by." Once more I appreciated the delicacy of the "you and me"—it was like an apology for the offensive "I."

Now, the question is, not what is to be said or talked about the matter, but what is to be done? I have no notion of giving in to scandal; as you say, what all these land-lubbers chatter about the Earl of Lisburn isn't worth a fig, or half a one, to the captain of the Esmeralda. But I've given a good girl a bad name; and the best of women is like a dog in that matter:

she is hung up and labelled for the rest of her days. Now, what would you do?"

"I'm hanged myself if I know. If I felt as you do about the matter I think I should go to the lady of the highest rank I knew, take her into my confidence, and retain her as advocate on the other side."

"How can you talk such nonsense? She would be my advocate, not Mademoiselle Leczinska's, and Lady Penrose is that, confound her. I want somebody to take Mademoiselle Leczinska's part against me, and that's impossible. I've thought of all that; even if I were to call out anybody, that wouldn't reach the women, it would only make them chatter the more. No; there's only one thing to be done, in honor. Do you mean to say you don't see?"

"I confess I don't. The mischief, such as it is, is done, and can't be undone."

"That's what Gordius said of his string. That's not what Columbus said of his egg, nor what a man ought to say about anything. I'm sorry you don't see, though—I hate explaining. Hand me another cigar. You see I'm my own master; I've got no people to think of, and if I had, right would be right, all the same. It's all the better, though, that I'm not troubled with family councils. If one gets a lady into a mess like this, one's bound to get her out again. And to get her out again there's only one way."

"Good God! You don't mean?"

"Ah, I thought you'd see it. I must marry her."

"What! make this—this girl—Countess of Lisburn? Is your lordship serious? And only for a point of honor?"

"Only for a point of honor! What could be more serious?"

"I should say common-sense was more serious in such a case—even if honor had anything to do with such a thing. Marriage for honor seems to me as base as marriage for money, or for any consideration but one. If one wrong has been done, you can't make it right by doing a greater one; do you mean you will sacrifice your life and happiness to wash a passing stain from the character of a—well, of a woman who?"

"Stop! that matter's been settled, I thought. I'm not going to argue what is a lady over again. But you're

wrong altogether. There'll be no sacrifice at all."

"There must be—even if, as I suppose, you mean to leave her at the church door."

"But I shan't leave her at the church door."

So Zelda had known how to play her game, after all. I had really been crazy to fancy for a moment that she was not the mere common adventuress and charlatan that she seemed. Yet I could not understand the matter, even now. Lord Lisburn's argument had been perfect, from his own standpoint, if not from mine. I could comprehend that his manner of life, and the natural enthusiasm of character that had led him, as a matter of inclination, to devote his life to an idea, should have saved him from conventional ways of regarding things, and that from a certain lofty zenith he was unconsciously and in all simplicity looking down with uncontentious contempt upon worldly wisdom and all her ways. But then—I could not comprehend, it was simply impossible, that a young man like him, with whom duty was after all but a matter of instinct and self-indulgence, should have arrived at such a conclusion unless his heart was in unison with his brain. And, in that case, what sort of woman must she be who could have foreseen all this at first sight, and arranged her cards with a view to such an exceptional combination? To be able to cheat in such a case implied a power of appreciating the very exaggeration of manliness such as in a woman I had believed to be impossible. In that case, to make deliberate use of her faculty in such a manner, was to be nothing more or less than a fiend; and I was literally growing to think her something of the kind.

"Then what shall you do with her? Your lordship has given me all the rights of a friend, or I should not think of saying a word. Shall I speak, plainly, or would you rather that I held my tongue? I know it's no use talking to a man who has made up his mind."

"I don't see why you should say that, Vaughan. I hope I'm not unreasonable, even though I have made up my mind. You ask what I shall do with her, and you think I'm making a sacrifice—by which I suppose you mean a fool—of myself. Now, if you

can tell me where the sacrifice is in marrying a girl who is beautiful, accomplished, clever, amiable, innocent, and with tastes like my own, I will take credit to myself for giving up something, and not being the selfish animal that I really am. As for what I am to do with her, she will go in the *Esmeralda*—she told me with her own lips there is nothing she would like so well."

"No doubt. That I can quite believe. But pray, when did your lordship find out the beauty of a woman who, you told me yourself, never let you see through her veil?"

Lord Lisburn tossed away his cigar impatiently.

"I saw her at the theatre. As for the veil, that's nothing. Surely one can tell if a woman's pretty without a microscope. But what the deuce has that to do with it? Hang it all, Vaughan, if I'd known you were such a cold-blooded brute I'd have given my confidence to the bedpost."

It was clearly as I thought; love had come forward as the ally of honor, or was, at least, quite ready to take the field. There was only one thing for me to do, and I should have deserved Lord Lisburn's reproach had I not immediately taken my line. I was bound to Lord Lisburn by the closest ties that can bind strangers by blood; I had twice saved his life, and his gratitude had laid heavier obligations upon me than I had laid upon him. On the other hand, Zelda's reputation was nothing in itself, and nothing to me. I should have been the greatest scoundrel unhung if I allowed myself to be a fellow-conspirator with her by not making full use of my knowledge of what she had been. By preventing a headstrong boy, for so I still regarded him, from running his head into a noose, I might be running my own head into one; but, for once, I took the bull by the horns.

"I suppose," I said, "you won't think it unreasonable that a man should know all he can of a woman before he makes up his mind to marry her? You have precedents for turning a stage-countess into a real one, I know, and there have been gypsy countesses, I believe, in romances, as well as beggar queens. Still, before following such examples, one ought to open one's eyes doubly wide."

"Do you know, Vaughan, that if I were suspicious I should think you had some motive of your own for keeping me from doing what is clearly my duty?"

"Of course I have a motive."

"But I mean a very special motive. There is one thing you can tell me: Mademoiselle Leczinska will not allow me to name you; I could see her start violently when you came into the room; she talked of having frightened you from the house; she speaks of you as if she hated you. What has there been between you and her? Surely you would have told me if anything

had happened to make you unable to advise me frankly?"

"Your lordship surely does not think me a rejected lover?"

"You have never said anything to her?"

"God forbid!"

"Then why does she seem to hate you as much as you seem to hate her?"

"I don't hate her. But she hates me because I happen to be the only man in London who knew her before she was Mademoiselle Leczinska."

"Yes—she told me that was only her stage name—confound it! I promised"—

"You promised not to betray her confidence. Pray how far did it go?"

"Excuse me; that is all I can say."

"My lord," I exclaimed, dashing down my cigar in my turn, "I am sick of mysteries. I don't know what she told you, and I don't care. Let us have all this over. I suppose she did not tell you that she had been an English wayside thief and gypsy stroller. If I chose, I could give evidence against her at the Old Bailey. How she has come to her present position I don't know—but I am tired of wondering at the tricks of fortune. I only know that she is called Zelda, and that I have heard her sing at a pot-house near St. Bavons."

I expected Lord Lisburn to fire up: but he did no such thing.

"Look here, Vaughan. You are clearly taking one girl for another. It is quite impossible that the Mademoiselle Leczinska can be the girl you mean. Quite impossible."

"Which is to say that your lordship refuses to believe me."

"Not at all. It only means that we are mistaken in one another—that's all. I thought you would see things as I see them, and you don't. Let's change the subject."

"In justice to myself you must hear me out."

"There is no must about it. No—I did not expect to find *you* in the same boat with Lady Penrose. Not quite, though—you are a man and must prove your words."

I can scarcely explain how, but I felt envious even of Lord Lisburn's folly. I could feel that in the last minute the barrier of common-sense had parted us, and yet I wished that I, and not he, had been on the wrong side of the wall. But I was fairly in for my part of knight challenger, however ungrateful: I could not stand by without striking one blow at the witch, though it appeared in the form of a girl.

Omitting the name of Claudia, I told him of my Whit-Monday adventure, while my patient listened patiently in his original posture of staring at the flies. When I had done—

"Poor girl," he said, "what a life! Thank you with all my heart for strik-

ing that blow. But what is there in all you say to prove anything but that she is good and noble? Do you mean to say that crime is always sin?"

I was beaten again—fairly, this time.

"Poor girl!" he said again. "I will get her story from herself: her voice was not made to lie. Just think of her, in such utter ignorance thrown upon the world alone—without a friend, man, woman or child, to guide her or give her a kind or a good word but me. She is a great woman: only think of what her genius has made her. If I find her all you say, I will make her a countess, not for my own honor's sake, but to give her a little of her due. What if she has picked fifty pockets? I remember stealing apples myself when I knew no better, and am I less an honest man? Vaughan—if I did not know you better I should set you down as a he-Penrose: but even then I would forgive you for the sake of that blow."

He held out his hand to me royally. Was this indeed a case of fascination, or the yet rarer case of the mutual recognition of two noble souls? My whole mind those two days had been in such a see-saw of doubt, that I knew not what to believe. I had—I once supposed—my due share of both will and wisdom, and yet Fortune treated me so utterly as one of her waifs, that she would not allow me the barren privilege of making up my mind. Lord Lisburn had but inclination and instinct, and yet he had beaten me down at all points, and was ready to trample upon all the prejudices of the world in which he lived for a single point of love, or duty, or honor, whatever it might be. Was it because I was a coward, or was it only because he was an earl? The first alternative I scouted, the second I despised. So the only result of my argument was that I took to wondering over Zelda a thousand times more. I had talked like a cynic to Lord Lisburn—at least I knew he thought so—but it was in truth hypocrisy. Zelda—Zelda—Zelda—wherever I went there was nothing but Zelda. The whole world seemed to have gone crazy with Zelda, and to be persecuting me with its own nightmare. Why should I, a common country doctor, be singled out to be haunted by a craze? Why should I, a mere book-student, who might have married love and money and have been happy, be tossed about like a shuttlecock because I happened to have heard this Zelda sing her accursed song? Why should every man, as soon as I came across him, enter into a conspiracy to force Zelda down my throat and swallow her themselves? Why should Zelda, if she were really a witch, turn her evil eyes upon me, who had done no harm to her? If only Lord Lisburn would start at once for the North Pole—but even then it was to be with Zelda. I might withdraw myself from his ser-

vice and go to the Antipodes, if I thought that even in Van Dieman's Land I should be safe from Zelda. There was a sound of witchcraft in the very name. I feared to look up at the street corners as I walked; if my eyes lighted on a hoarding, it was sure to carry an advertisement of Zelda. If I read the *Trumpet*, or even the *Times*, no Polish pseudonym could conceal the name of Zelda from me. I began to have a horrible fear that I should end by catching some frenzied passion for Zelda, as men in old time used to love witches against their will. By the way, had she not made Lord Lisburn drink wine? I had never analyzed a love-philter: and the ideas of the Arabian and mediæval chemists were not always wrong, as I knew, even when they were wild. Medicines may not be able to provoke love, but they may bewilder the brain into a state for the likeness of love to enter in.

CHAPTER VI. THE THIRD BOUDOIR.

No greater contrast can be described or imagined than that between the bizarre medley of colors and hangings that Zelda called her room, and the comfortable half studio, half boudoir at St. Bavons, that Claudia Brandt had been content to call her den. The occupant of a living-room is its soul: and that rooms live and have characters the most matter-of-fact observer knows. But unhappily not only does the soul fashion the body but the body also fashions the soul. Claudia in St. Bavons was one Claudia, Claudia in Miss Perrot's drawing-room a second, Claudia at the address of H. Vincent was a third. She also had three lives.

It is with downright relief that I turn, after a long absence, to my old heroine once more. There is however this excuse for such neglect, that hers was the story of a quiet soul. Miss Perrot had blamed her for omitting to go into hysterics when the great crash came. Her fault was but one of ignorance, however: she knew the word, but that was all. She was not so cold-natured that she could part from her old life of ease and comfort or that she could witness her father's downfall from honor without a pang. She was no stoic, and she had been a spoiled child. She was not even strong-minded in the common sense of the term, even though the one disappointment of her life had taken the form of plain sewing and a Quaker's gown. She was weak woman enough to catch tears in her eyes over the mere details of her father's ruin — over the loss of favorite tables and other trifles that are the mere outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace of home. It was with pain that she parted from the scene even of a bitter memory. While the lover who had used her so cruelly was let-

ting himself drift into self-made toils, she, despite the all-absorbing flood of domestic calamity, was trying to save trifles from the wreck simply because they had been touched by the hand of a man whom she believed to be unworthy of touching the pure hem of her gown. Lady Penrose would have called her a prude for turning the edge of a scandal that she could not but believe, against the man instead of against the woman. Perhaps she was something of a prude: but even as Lord Lisburn had argued that a lady is a lady, so she held that sin was sin. Hedged round from all actual experience of the ways of the male part of mankind, she was unable to discover the essential difference, according to popular ethics, between a lapse on the part of one sex and a lapse on the part of the other, so that after all she was not like common prudés. Why should her love blind her to the faults of her lover? And how could she, without an impossible denial of all she held to be right and pure, entrust the guidance of her life to one who had shown himself so utterly incapable of guiding his own even for the first hour of his engagement? Such romantic contempt for right and wrong for blind passion's sake was not in her blood. She loved one Harold Vaughan: that one had filled her heart too thoroughly for her to find room for two. She had forgiven seventy-seven fold, but to forgive is not to reinstate, and she could forget nothing. If she could have forgotten the treason, she must have forgotten her love, and that was impossible.

It may be remembered that in the moment when Harold Vaughan became her accepted lover, he had celebrated the festival by going out to dream about himself: her impulse had been to kill the hours of suspense by doing something for others. So, when the first overwhelming crash was over, she did not sit down to think about what ought to be thought of the situation, and to content herself with deciding that the tricks of destiny are unaccountable. The only thing that came into her head was that something had to be done. Nor was this a proof of strength of mind any more than the dove-colored gown. It only showed that she was all the more a thorough-going member of the practical sex. All women are by nature doers, not dreamers, and the sole reason for their deeds being so seldom great is that the greatest deeds come from a forcing soil of dreams. Dreams waste the lives of nine men out of ten, but they are following the male nature: the arch-doers have been the arch-dreamers, from the days of Moses and before. Work is the strength of women, but who looks for great work from a nature that cannot sit down to think without the aid of a needle?

Doing, therefore, was Claudia's strength; and her thoughts built up no castles — they only occupied them-

selves with what there was to do. She could not find despair in her heart so long as fortune left her a paint-brush and a pair of hands. Misfortune moulded her into form, and she, like another Una, stepped out into an unknown world without a conscious fear.

The unwearied Carol, ever on the lookout for a percentage upon other people's brains, or upon a disinterested search for rising genius, as he preferred to term his peculiar system of blackmail, read Harold Vaughan's criticism in the *Trumpet* upon No. 41, and, not recognizing the name of H. Vincent, was struck with an idea. An unheard-of painter was not likely to be a mine of wealth, but the price of a glass of beer, or nothing more than the glass of beer itself, was not to be despised by the poorest man in the world, who began to suspect that Zelda would soon be soaring out of his atmosphere, and that she would probably make her next engagement without his tipping himself ten pounds a week out of it. She was the finest fish he had ever hauled, and things looked rather black for the discovery of another such as she, so it was necessary for him to look after the lesser fry while they were as yet below the standard size.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I. SWEET WILLIAM.

SOME difference of opinion had arisen at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh, where all the concerns of the parish belonged of right to the gossips, as to the name which should be given to the seven-months' child whose birth has been just recorded. Mr. Joyce was for having him called "Benjamin," and the sexton spoke with some authority in consequence of his connection with the churchyard — a place which few English persons have ever ventured to dissociate from the Church. Mrs. Jinks stood upon precedent, and declared that it had always been the custom at Wakefield, from time immemorial, to call a first child after the name of his grandfather, and John it was, and John "it did ought fur to be." The blacksmith said they might call him "Harry" too, if they liked — a name which he had found good enough for working purposes; and these worthy people had settled the whole thing between them, when Tom Brown, who had not been consulted, suggested it might be as well to ask his wife for her advice upon the subject, and he did so in a shy way peculiar to his uncouth, affectionate nature.

"'Twill be a grand christenin', Madge," said Tom, touzling his shock

head of hair, to get rid of some of his superfluous feelings without noise or disturbance.

Mrs. Brown, who was unusually pale and weak after her trouble, smiled faintly, but did not answer. She only cuddled her child closer, and rocked him on her breast by an almost imperceptible movement.

Presently Tom Brown put out his gigantic thumb, very slowly and timidly, pushing it forward a hair's-breadth at a time, till it touched the dimple, which was his son's neck. "Pretty," said Tom Brown. It was nearly the only word of endearment he knew; but the honest fellow's face was all aglow with pride and pleasure.

"Tummus," murmured his wife very gently, "I've been a true lass to thee, Tummus."

"So thee hast, mawther; there baint no denyin' on it."

"Tummus," said the young woman, again.

"What's your wull, Madge?" asked her husband, tenderly.

"Do 'ee beleave in ghoastes?" she inquired, with half-closed eyes.

"Noa," answered Tom, touzling his hair rather energetically, and then he added; "leastways, not unless thee dost, Madge."

"'Twheer a ghoast, Tummus, I seed t'-noight; thee didst trudge t' Dronington with that there summut writ on peeper."

"Wheer it, mawther?" answered her husband in the tone in which one humors a child, for he had no definite ideas on the subject.

"It wheer a ghoast, so it wheer now, Tummus," repeated the woman, more confidently, and a light seemed to break over her face, as though she were just relieved of something that had lain heavy on her mind.

"Let us dandle t' choild a bit, Madge?" said her husband after a while, and he opened his arms awkwardly to take the little shapeless mass of humanity into them. Madge placed her treasure there for a moment, yet keeping anxious hold and watch over it. If it had cried or moved, she would have snatched it away and hushed it in her bosom; but the infant seemed soothed by the strong, gentle touch of its father, and put its feeble knuckles in its eyes and smiled on him. Mother, father, and child were all linked together in Nature's own bonds by that cottage bedside; and there was a second birth of Love and Trust which happened to them, coming on quite silently and unperceived.

"What will 'ee carl thy choild, Madge?" then whispered Tom Brown. "Mrs. Jinks do say it should be John, Mrs. Jinks do."

Madge considered this proposition for some minutes, but it did not seem to obtain favor with her, and a dreamy, ecstatic expression grew into her eyes while she mused. Suddenly her face

seemed to smile all over, and she murmured as softly as the cooing of a dove.

"'Un's neeam shall be William, Sweet William; he maun have no other neeam but that." Her poor ignorant, untaught mind, guided only by mother's love, had made a short, tremulous flight into the regions of romance. Many far-off sounds and echoes linger inexplicably in the memory, though we never heard them; many seem a subtle part of our essence. A Lady Amabel Wyldwyl had composed one of the sweetest lyrics of the sixteenth century, which remains a popular song to this day, and "Sweet William" is the burthen of it. It was a curious coincidence, and the child was consequently christened William Brown.

The rite of baptism was duly performed, and the young Christian was formally admitted into the fold of the Church upon the following Sunday. John Giles, the blacksmith, and Mrs. Jinks jointly and severally renounced the pomps and vanities of the world on his behalf. Mr. Mowledy read the service so simply and touchingly that Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Harry Jinks found tears in their eyes when it was over, they knew not why; but Mrs. Jinks, who came out in great force upon the auspicious occasion, called them "Molloy Cawdles," and indulged in the somewhat obstreperous hilarity which seems naturally to accompany the first and most solemn event of our lives.

CHAPTER II. HERIOT SERVICE AND CUSTOM.

NOTHING more was heard of the strange huntsman, who had once dined and slept at the "Chequers," since he drove off from the roadside inn on that October morning; and after a while all recollection of him passed away from the minds of the villagers at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh, as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day.

Thomas Brown and his wife had a numerous family besides their son William, and lived happily. But it was remarked that Madge lost her good looks soon after her marriage, and that she had a bad cough the following winter. She did not seem to get better during the succeeding spring or summer, and when the cold weather came on again she was visibly worse. She could not tell what was the matter with her. She felt no pain; she was in no immediate danger; she had only a sense of something having been lost out of her life — an inward and spiritual emptiness — as if that were wanting to her nature which could never more be found. Like a plant growing in a soil unfavorable to its health and vigor, she drooped and could not come to maturity, though she lived on. The Dronington doctor, a merry old gentleman, was called in to see her, but could not make out that there was anything

the matter; so he recommended her port-wine, which he liked himself, and sent his apprentice to study that "singular case" (which was not singular) "at the 'Chequers' inn, out Wakefield way," so he said carelessly. The apprentice astonished Madge by feeling her pulse in black gloves, and looking at her through a pair of gold spectacles with blue glasses, out of which he could not see. He was a London tradesman's son, who had a grave sense of his professional dignity. He sent her some mixture and pills of his own composition, in which acids and alkali were so curiously mingled, that the cork of the first supply blew off on the road, and the bottle, nicely labelled "Two tablespoonfuls three times a day," arrived empty. Then, taking a serious interest in her case, he brought some pills, which looked to Madge's rustic eyes, like swan-shot, and were said by the apprentice, in learned language, to contain iron; but they had lain about so long in Dr. Bole's surgery drawer that they had lost all virtue, if they ever had any, or possibly the iron they contained had turned rusty and refused to act. The physician's art at best is but an experimental science: at worst it is a mere game of chance; and country folk get doctored in a way which might astound the wise, if they were not too much occupied to think about it. The medicines prescribed for Madge did not do her any harm, because she did not take them; and, possibly for the same reason, they did not do her any good. So she grew thinner every year, and, when little more than thirty, she looked almost an old woman. Country people generally age earlier than the dwellers in cities; perhaps because the conditions of their lives are on the whole less healthy, perhaps because they lack the wine of longevity, which is amusement.

Also, it happened that while the young Browns increased as fast as nature would permit the process of their production to be carried on, the business at the "Chequers" fell off. A new line of railway between Dronington and London was opened, and a station was built at about three miles from Wakefield. It did not seem to make much difference at first. The farmers vowed they would never sit behind a tea-kettle while there was a nag in England; the wagoners and the carriers crawled along the road as usual for a month or two; but the coaches soon stopped, and in an incredibly short space of time one shame-faced bumpkin after another slunk off to the tea-kettle, and sent his produce to market by the same conveyance, till wagon and carrier's cart were seen no more.

John Giles' customers dwindled down to a few old cronies, and if his house had not been a copyhold, held at a peppercorn rent from the lord of the manor, he might have been obliged to move out of it. As it was, he and

his contrived to do pretty well, though they seldom saw silver money, and now and then my lord's agent, or the squire's bailiff, as they rode through Wakefield to collect their rents, wondered that people should think themselves poor who had ten or twelve acres of garden and meadow-land round their house and a railway-station close by. But neither Giles nor Tom Brown had an idea at this time that milk and cream, and eggs and butter, with their very potatoes and cabbages, might be sent to London at a profit. Indeed, John Giles died without being any better informed. One summer afternoon he refused his beer when Madge brought it to him as usual, and an hour afterwards was found quite dead, with the brown jug untouched before him.

He was scarcely buried before the lord of the manor turned up in the shape of one Mr. Sharpe, a London lawyer, whom Madge thought she had seen before, but could not recollect where. Mr. Sharpe claimed a heriot, which was in law originally a tribute given to the lord of the manor on occasion of his engaging in a war. It consisted of military furniture, or of horses and arms, as appears by the statutes of Canute (c. 69), which still have their share in the government of Britain; for although lords of manors in England do not any longer ostensibly engage in private warfare on their own account (save for business purposes and through an attorney), and therefore do not actually, and as a matter of fact, require *heer geld*, or heriot, yet with a commendable regard to their own interests, and the interests of their heirs in tail, they have scrupulously adhered to the laudable practice of claiming both heriot service and custom; the first of which is due by reservation in a grant or lease of lands, the other depends solely on immemorial usage, upheld by Wilkins, Spelman, and Blackstone. Therefore, as Mr. Sharpe acted for the trustees of Sir Richard Porteous, the feudal lord of Wakefield manor, he came diligently to search out the best horse, cow, or ox that the deceased tenant had died possessed of, and to carry off the same according to law for *heriot service*. Likewise he was entitled to seize by heriot custom any specific article of furniture or other valuable object on the premises. It might, and very often did happen, that the lord of a manor might take a valuable race-horse or a rich jewel worth more than his copyhold; it formed also part of his tenant's estate, and the law courts delighted exceedingly in the interminable suits arising out of such pretensions. But in the present instance Mr. Sharpe only found in the way of live stock a blind old horse and a superannuated cow, of which he chose the latter, remarking that there was no part of her carcass which was not good for something; while, with respect to other goods and chattels, the most val-

uable thing at the inn was Madge's large box in which she put her work. It was an oaken chest, which sounded hollow when struck, though it was apparently full; it was rather curiously carved, with a duke's coronet engraved in brass upon the lid, and beneath it, in Old English letters, the initials "C. & R." Madge gave it up rather unwillingly, and transferred its contents to the topmost of a roomy chest of drawers; not without reflections, which had long slept in her memory. As she did so, the crumpled piece of paper which the stranger had given her fell to the ground, and she knew now, from more mature experience, that it was a ten-pound note. She looked at it long and wistfully, her countenance growing dark and dejected; but it cleared up again, as it had done on that day after her confinement, and shaking off her sombre thoughts, she wrapped up the money carefully in a stocking for good luck, putting it under lock and key. But she thought a great deal of this money. It was the largest sum she had ever seen, and it assumed an exaggerated importance in her eyes, as though it were a fortune with which something might be done, if ever the time came. "That there be William's money. It shall bide till he needs it," she said to herself, and went down-stairs to cut ten hunks of bread-and-butter for her progeny.

CHAPTER III. YOUNG BROWN.

THEY were chubby-faced urchins, with flaxen hair, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes, English peasant children, sturdy of limb and loud of roar: stolid children, who made sudden noises like the bellowing of young bulls when they wanted anything, or were moved to joy or sorrow. They ate silently and long; they inhaled deep breaths of skimmed milk, half a pint at a time. They appeared to have almost a solemn sense of the goodness of eating, and masticated their food as if they were ruminating over the observance of a religious custom. Perhaps it is the usage of saying grace before and after meals which often gives to our peasantry that notable gravity of demeanor when eating; perhaps it is really an inward and spiritual thanksgiving for bread going on in the hearts of those who often hear how hard it is to come by.

"Wheer be ower Will, mawther?" asked one of the boys, shyly ducking his head down and looking away while speaking, after the manner of English poor children.

William Brown's mess was the largest and daintiest, his hunk of bread was the best buttered, and his mug, marked "A fairing from Dronington," was filled with new milk fresh from the cow, upon pretence that there was no more skimmed milk, though there was a whole pailful in the dairy. But William himself was not at table.

"I knows wheer he be," cried a little girl, showing her ragged teeth from ear to ear, and sniggering as if she was being tickled.

"Wheer be he now, Madge?" asked her mother, tying on the small damsel's pinafore more firmly round her plump freckled neck.

"Will's a been bird's-nestin' agin, and t' keeper saies there be steel-traps in Sur Richard's copses," growled a surly mite, aged six, hanging his head below his chest.

"Mawther," squeaked little Madge, "theer be our Will. He jumped over the wall and knocked daewn two lipe abbleytots," added the child seriously.

"Tell-tale-tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,"

yelped the children in chorus, and Madge began to cry; when William Brown entered, carrying three trout wrapped up in fresh grass, and the two apricots he had shaken from their stalks as he vaulted over the garden wall.

He was an extraordinary handsome lad, and not at all like his brothers and sisters. They were clumsy, thick-set louts and hoydens. He was tall and slim and straight. He towered as he walked with a firm and elastic step, and his shapely head, well set upon his flat shoulders, looked round from side to side with the airy grace of a stag. He was admirably built to endure fatigue. His chest was rather deep than broad. His limbs had not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon them, and were hard as iron. He could jump farther, run faster, than any lad in the county of his age. He was nearly seventeen years old, but, like most dark persons, he looked in early youth much older than he was. He had his mother's features, the same delicately-shaped, haughty nostrils, and large purple eyes, the same full, handsome mouth, with the drooping under lip of the Wyldwyls; but his hair was black as the raven's plume, and there was not the faintest resemblance between him and honest Tom Brown, who sat eating his supper with tranquil satisfaction in a corner of the old kitchen, where his offspring were so busy with mug and platter.

"Here, father," said William, in a clear, bold voice, and looking straight before him with the fearless glance of a young eagle, "I have brought you a brace of trout for supper, if mother will fry them for you. I have been fishing in the mill-stream with Mr. Mowledy." Indeed, Master William was generally fishing of an afternoon with the curate, who had taught him to read and write, though he was not a very apt scholar, and had taken a deep interest in him, for reasons of which his mother only guessed the well-kept secret.

"An thee bist wi' ower parson, Willum, it be arl roight," remarked Tom Brown; "unly dunnot go fur to

get into no trubble along of Sir Richard's keepers. There's that there Mr. Sharpe, I've a heerd say, him as carr'd off the dun cow, has all the hares counted and sent up to Lunnion town fur sale. It wunnut do fur to tutch a hair of their tails, Willum, boy."

"I knocked over a puss yesterday, father, with old Moody's blunderbuss, but I gave it to Ned Reeve, the under-keeper, who asked me to make a killing fly for him this month, and I did; and we are going out rabbiting with my ferrets some day," said the boy, gayly.

"I dunnot say no, Willum," answered his father, putting his hands into that shock head of hair of his according to his wont when puzzled. "Unly do 'ee give that theer lawyer Sharpe a wide berth. He's a bad 'un, that he be, Willum—leastways, no offence to you, my lad."

There was a curious and probably involuntary tone of deference in the manner of the father towards his eldest son. Tom Brown's paternal feelings were really mingled with a good deal of inarticulate astonishment that he should have begotten such a son; and he often wondered that a seven-months' child should be so straight, and tall, and strong. Seven-months' children, he had heard, were generally weak and sickly, whereas William could leap, standing, over a five-barred gate, or handle a scythe in clover as if his lithe arms were made of the same steel as the blade of it. The boy could keep pace with the Cloudsdale hounds across country, and get in at the death of a fox without blowing an extra breath, or springing a sinew, after a burst of forty minutes over hill and valley. He could break a thoroughbred horse, and make him, riding as the crow flies, without flinching; and Ned Hieover, the Dronington dealer, was forever trying to get hold of the boy to show his cattle well in front. He could throw a wrong-headed colt for the farrier, and Harry Jinks never felt quite at home in his forge without William, who passed much time with the blacksmith and his family, for reasons hereinafter mentioned. He could fight too, and did so freely, knocking his brothers' heads together as though they were ninepins, if the young bumpkins showed signs of impudence or insubordination, and he had lately thrashed a wagoner, six feet high and three feet broad, with extreme skill and coolness; having taken lessons with the gloves at an early period of his existence (*mirabile dictu*) from Mr. Mowledy! In fact, the boy was as bold and active as a lion's whelp, which astonished lethargic Thomas his father, and filled him with a respect half comic, half touching, for this remarkable seven-months' child, who was, nevertheless, beyond doubt or question, his own offspring.

The boy promised to pay attention to his father's warning, and then the trout having been fried, and the supper over, the children trooped out into the

fields; all of them gathering naturally round William Brown as the central figure of the group. They stopped at their accustomed trysting-place, which was a large duck-pond of considerable width and depth, with a weeping-willow drooping over it. There were some noble elm and oak trees growing near in a shady sylvan lane, and the birds, rejoicing in the summer, sang amidst their branches, for it still wanted two full hours of sunset. The urchins went about their games, one to his taws, the other to his sticklebacks, while William Brown leaned against a grand old oak, and taking out a clasp-knife, which the curate had given him upon his birthday, carved a name deeply into the bark of the tree.

CHAPTER IV. AN IDYL.

Two of his brothers, Jack and Gill, or Giles, were swinging on a gate near him, and playing at odd and even. When they tired of this pastime, says Jack to Gill, —

"I wushes as 'ow 't wheer Sunday."

"Wheerfur, naew?" asked Giles.

"It be pudden-day, baint 'un?" answered Jack, laconically; for he already felt some returns of appetite, though a glistening crumb of bread-and-butter was still on his nether lip.

"Oi dunno," observed Jack, dubiously. "One Sunday theer worn't no pudden; mawther she gien us gooz-burry-fule."

"Willie," shouted Giles, appealing to a higher tribunal, in hope and fear, "baint Sunday pudden-day?"

"He dunno an' he doan't keer, Willum, he doan't," remarked Jack, kicking the dust up with the iron-bound toe of his stumpy little foot, as he swung his brother backwards and forwards on the gate.

"What do 'ee keer fur, Willum?" asked Giles slyly.

"Mother," answered the boy slowly, "and the miller's old horse he bought of us last year."

"Then what fur beest thee allus cuttin' Sally Jinks's neam upon o' trees? I've seed it on a matter o' six trees hereabout," said Giles, demurely.

"Hoigh!" bawled Jack, measuring his length headlong upon the ground, "I wull gi'e thee a walluppin', Gill, if thee lets go the gate agin."

"No, thee wun't," whines Gill. "I'll go whoam and tell mawther!"

"I'll pitch you both into the pond if you baint still," interposed William, and the two brats were as quiet as mice till they had slid off the gate and got out of reach, when they set up bawling, and scudded away like hares.

When they had gone back whooping into the house, William Brown shut his knife, and began to whistle very sweetly an old English tune, "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

The boy whistled it all through, and then over again, the clear musical

notes ringing very pleasantly in the still evening air. Then he changed his tune for another old song, "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad." He had scarcely got through the first bars of it when a rosy face, like an animated flower, peeped over the nearest hedge, and a buxom little lass, with milk-white teeth and round, bright, wondering eyes, tripped lightly up to him.

"What makes thee so late, Sally?" said the boy, with an unspoken reproach in his voice.

"Mother sent me with these new-laid eggs to your mother for those she lent us on Monday," answered the girl, panting, "and I was obliged to hunt for them, I can tell you."

She put her basket under a tree in a safe place, and they sat down together, with their arms round each other like two children, as they were. She nestled very close to him, and presently she began to lecture him, with an apparent sense of womanly proprietorship, very grave and delicious in so young and sweet a maiden. She told him he must not go into Sir Richard's preserves, even to gather wild-flowers for her; and that he must be a good boy for ever and ever. He assured her that he would endeavor to be a pattern of excellence in every respect, provided she would always promise that they should live together when they grew up, accompanied by their fathers and mothers, and that she would never by any chance or circumstance consent to be separated from him for a day. It was godly, innocent talk, and the bee, type of honest, peaceful toil, as it sped humming on its way to the hive, and the little wren, which is heaven's messenger, perhaps listened to it approvingly.

As the summer evening wore on, the girl, with her basket beside her, drew still closer to the stately boy, and asked him to sing her a song that he had learned from a wandering sailor last harvest-home. It was a simple ballad, such as are sung round kitchen-fires by the jolly tramps who wander through the country, and are as ready to give a song for a supper as in the days of minstrel and crusader. The boy sang it, too, very fairly, for the curate had taught him to lead the choir at the village church.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

I.

Twass on a summer's evening,
The corn was ripening then,
And I had just returned from sea,
Three voyages and ten.
We'd fought against the Spaniard,
The Frenchman, and the Dane,
And both my hands were full of gold,
With prizes from the main.
I asked her if she would be mine:
She smiled; but then she sighed,
And the new-born Hope within me,
It laid it down and died.
I went away to sea again,
I did not speak one word,
And the beating of my own heart
Was the only sound I heard.

II.

My Mary she had golden hair,
Her eyes were blue and bright,
Her voice was like the little bird's
That warbles in the night.
She was my only true love,

There were thirty or forty verses more to the same effect before all ended happily between the lovers. The girl joined her voice to William's, and their notes mingled together in a rich tenor and a clear soprano, rising and falling in the sweet monotonous cadences of most home-made English songs. They were so occupied with their music and each other that they did not notice Harry Jinks, the girl's father, who now stood with his stalwart arms resting on the gate, and watching them with a puzzled, thoughtful glance, not quite free from anxiety, but very kind and friendly; he having full trust in the handsome young lad, and his daughter. Presently he spoke.

"It won't do, Willie. It won't do. Thee hast got no brass, and thee bist too young a chap to go sweethearting yet awhile. Do 'ee come along of me, Sally!"

He, Mr. Jinks, was Reality, who sent pretty Romance off to bed with a flea in her ear as usual. It was really a pity.

CHAPTER V. PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

FATHERS and mothers usually mean well by their children; but they have in certain respects an unfortunate resemblance to kings and queens. They have power to do unpleasant things with virtuous intentions, but no control whatever over those events which must inevitably carry their designs into effect, or, as more commonly happens, frustrate and laugh them to scorn. It rarely chances that the measures which authority, even when most thoughtful and benignant, takes to enforce happiness upon those who are under its influence, lead to any beneficial result. Thus if honest Harry Jinks, who meant no harm to his daughter, but rather good, had gone on never minding, young Brown and the girl would have done their sweethearting in a comfortable manner, married in due time, and settled at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh. This would certainly have been the best and most profitable termination of the business for Harry Jinks, blacksmith and farrier of this parish. But English people generally, and the English peasantry in particular, appear to think that there is something wrong about love-making, and that, in the case of their own children, the commencements of it should be surlily watched and sullenly checked. It is a great blunder. There would be much more joy and peace in the world if the hearts of young folk were encouraged to develop themselves in a natural way without shame or concealment. The characters of girls are

often hopelessly ruined, they become false, cunning, and altogether abominable creatures, because they are forced to hide their feelings. For the same reason, some boys turn out utter reprobates. A monstrous deal of nonsense has been said and written with a grave face against early marriages. It is all wicked cruelty as well as nonsense. Young men and maids can no more be forbidden to love than flowers can be commanded not to blossom or trees to put forth no leaves. It is, of course, always possible to cut off the buds as they appear, and leave an ugly stump; locusts too may eat away tender foliage; but this, when done, is only destruction, not cure.

The blacksmith's daughter was a very pretty girl, very good and very housewifely. She would have made an excellent helpmate a year or two later, which would have been quite as soon as she or her unconscious lover would have thought of marriage. William Brown would have done quite as well at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh as he did when driven away from it, by the blacksmith's awkward way of taking time by the forelock, and putting his little world out of gear by this stolid and unintelligent behavior. The curate had taught him the rudiments of education: he could read and write very fairly; he knew a little of history; he had a clear head for figures, and had more than once surprised Mr. Mowledy by his extraordinary aptitude for drawing. It was not the genius of an artist for the picturesque — the boy had little or nothing of the poet in him; he could not hit off a portrait — the mocking devil of the caricaturist had never entered his mind. What he could do was this: he could take up a pen or a pencil and make a rapid sketch of a landscape from memory, leaving out no detail of importance, and marking hill and valley, stream and field, with amazing clearness and accuracy of detail. He could draw trees and houses too, though not so well, and the boy's truthful mind was so entirely wanting in imaginative fripperies, that when his drawings were closely examined it would be found that they were strict reproductions of facts. He had neither added nor taken away anything, but merely represented his model with complete fidelity. Such a lad must infallibly have grown up to be somebody and something. He would probably have joined the county yeomanry and first got into notice that way; then, as he had the fortunate gift of making friends, and was a frank, modest, serviceable young fellow who could do a hundred handy things and was too strong-hearted, as well as too good-natured, to take offence, some place in the many niches of old England's homes would surely have been found for him. Merit of any useful kind, which is not made up of pretence and vanity or advertisements, is so scarce and precious a commodity, that those who want it are certain to

seek it out and cherish and pay it handsomely. There is no such thing as unrewarded talent of the practical sort; from the moment it is known to be really worth something, and not wholly a sham, fair fortunes follow it. All this boy wanted was a start, and that never fails any one who waits for it without losing his temper. No matter when or where his start was made he would win the race, for he would run it amidst well-wishers, and no enemy would lay in wait to trip him up or set traps for him. He might have begun life as a village Jack-of-all-trades; but in any case, supposing he lived the average term of human existence, he would end it in wealth and honor, barring accidents.

What a lucky thing it would have been for Harry Jinks and his daughter, if the blacksmith could have seen into the future, and left a childish courtship to take its course, and ripen into domestic happiness. But he was as blind as we all are. Just when we should be taking our clearest view, and so soon as a bright prospect opens before us, our eyes are darkened and we cannot discern it. Some impudent elf or spirit of mischief steals round us, and insists on leading us astray, by tweaks and pinches, till when we are almost too tired to move hand or foot, he takes us back whence we started, reveals the beauties we have neglected and abandoned by the latest gleams of sunset, and the last thing we hear as night closes over us is the sound of his scoffing laughter as he leaves us duped and sorrowful.

Twenty years passed away before William Brown spoke again to his first sweetheart. She was then a washerwoman at a watering-place, having missed her road in life, under her father's careful guidance, and married a sot for a small business, which went to ruin, and left her a widow with eight small children at thirty years of age; when it was too late for her to begin again in her own way, poor lost body.

(To be continued.)

THE officers of the French army have sustained a very severe loss. Félix, the waiter at the Café du Helder, is retiring into private life. Félix was not only an excellent waiter — he was a walking Army List. He could tell where each regiment was in garrison, what were the prospects of promotion, and it is even whispered that his knowledge of what took place in the War office so incensed Marshal Niel that the first nocturnal broil in the café was taken advantage of to give him a few months' prison discipline. He came out, however, as well posted up as before. As the official Army List was not published during the war, Félix had to carry in his head the name, regiment, terms of service, and promotion of each officer in the service.

A HIMALAYAN COURTSHIP.

"*Rám, Rám!*" said Coolie No. 1; "*Rám, Rám!*" echoed Coolie No. 2, while several native servants leisurely advancing from their houses to meet the new arrivals took up the salutation, and exchanged *Rám, Rám*, with the half-naked host who, carrying luggage, came toiling up the steep rough pathway leading to the tea-planter's bungalow. In five minutes the luggage was popped down and the coolies were squatting, each one close to his burthen, huddled together, coughing and choking over the pungent mixture of bad tobacco and opium, which filled the "hubble bubble" that was passed round amongst them. In five minutes more the servants, who had squatted themselves before them, had learnt the news of the speedy advent of the young lady traveller, who, in her dandy, was not very far behind, and in another five minutes' time the young lady traveller was borne upwards and let out of her hammock-like conveyance close to the rambling verandahed house that was to be her future home. All through the long journey from her English school, on shipboard, in the train, in the *Dák-Gáree*, in the doolie, in the burning heat of the plains, during the wearisome toiling up and down the mountains, and amidst the fever-stricken valleys, she had cheered herself out of her girlish nervousness by thinking of her journey's end—of the welcome that would then be hers, of the unknown aunt and uncle and young man cousin who were her nearest relations, and at whose command she had, on completing her education, come so far to be, as she fondly hoped, "unto them as a daughter" and sister. All the sorrow of parting with her schoolfellows and the few friends she had in England, all the forlorn feelings she had experienced when she was passed on through India from one strange hand to another, all her terrors during nights spent in solitary *dák* bungalows amongst the Himalayas; all these sufferings were to be more than compensated for when at last she should reach "*Bahutburakhud*." And now here she was safe and sound on the mountain height, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea—here was the home—but the welcome—where was that? Looking at the house it appeared deserted; its wide verandah, half filled with old packing-cases piled up here and there without order or attempt at order, appeared not to have been swept for long; the glass doors were unpainted and patched with newspaper, and closely shut and curtainless; the plateau on which it stood seemed never to have been touched since it was dug and delved for the buildings, for heaps of refuse soil, and roughly hewn stone, and moss-covered wood, and rusty iron, lay around: man's handiwork was visible enough, but it was not the hand of kindness, and as the new-comer stood forlornly looking and listening for the kind faces and voices she had yearned for, the untidiness and gloom of the place chilled and depressed her almost to despair. The coolies sat impassively staring at her, thinking, if indeed they were capable of thought, of the possible amount of pice to be extracted from the unprotected *Misay Baba*. The servants had vanished immediately they caught sight of the dandy, to don something more presentable to European eyes than the brown blankets which were all the clothing they considered necessary when off duty, and the girl stood drooping and despairing and wondering what she should do.

Presently from out of the kennel-like servants' huts to the right of the house, a decently attired man came towards her, and with profound salaams addressed her; but alas! he only spoke his native tongue, and the young lady had not yet mastered more of Hindustanee than to ask for water. Domestic servants in India are, however, very ingenious in making themselves understood to a certain extent, and he contrived by signs to tell her no one was at home, but how long the family would remain away, or what she was to do till they returned, were matters beyond his skill to communicate.

Having bewildered each other completely by vain attempts to overcome the impossibility of going into particu-

lars, the man opened a door and ushered her into the house, the rooms of which struck her as more like cellar kitchens than sitting-rooms, and then a bright idea struck him, and exclaiming "*Jān-jān, Cheeniman*," he abruptly left her.

The girl threw down the wraps she had brought in her dandy, and took a survey of the apartment; the broken stone floor was only partially covered by leopard and bear skins, and the badly joined slabs of all shapes and sizes would not have done credit to the floor of an English pigsty; a wide grateless fire-place with the remains of a wood fire on its blackened hearth, was the only break in one yellow washed wall, and the few chairs and tables were of the commonest and ugliest kind; no picture redeemed the blank hideousness of the unevenly plastered walls, no signs of a woman's presence softened the bare neglected room, and above all a torn ceiling-cloth discolored by damp hung down and bulged out, disclosing the uncut rafters of the roof. Ornament of any kind there was none, unless two bottles containing horrid-looking snakes preserved in spirits, which stood on the high plaster chimney-piece, could be termed ornamental. Faded curtains hung before the doors that communicated with other rooms: it was difficult to say which were the shabbiest, the warped, unpainted, badly-fitted doors, or the curtains that hid the doors. A brief glance into the inner rooms—just as bare and damp and dark as the first, was sufficient, and with a shudder the girl quickly returned to the outside of the house to seek comfort in the sunshine.

What a view was before her! Height beyond height, depth beyond depth, softly swelling green hills opening into numberless valleys, the sides of which were covered with the delicate blush-like tint of the lovely geranium tree, the deeper pink of the sweet wild rose, and the pure white stars of the jessamine; each height differently shaped and shaded: some violet, some pale gray, some vivid green, mute emotionless guardians of an, until very lately, unknown region, all still and impassive whether storm raged or sun glowed over them, seeing generation after generation of man and beast die out century after century, while they in their undecaying grandeur stand firm and changeless. And depths so darkly purple, so wildly beautiful, full of the music of falling water, and rich with the wealth of exquisite ferns and mosses. But height and depth, each with their peculiar bloom and loveliness, were but secondary to the great charm of the unrivalled scene, for above all—the base draped in the morning haze—towered far up in the wonderfully deep blue sky a line of glittering pinnacles, the snowy range of the Himalayas! Hidden as was the base by the morning mist, these wondrous summits appeared as if literally in another world. White and sparkling, and sharply defined in mid air, they caught and chained the eyes and drew the thoughts from earth and matter of fact, and set the brain teeming with romance and fancy. Only in the early morning do they appear so brilliantly pure, so glitteringly sharp and hard and spotless; but rarely beautiful as they are at this hour, it is a beauty that awes and chills, like the beauty of death, whereas in the sunset hour they glow with the radiance of warm tinted gems, and with their gleaming roseate brows appear as an enchanted land, or as we picture the heavenly country will appear as we journey over the river of death towards it.

Frances Day stood long contemplating the scene, and listening to the unseen river that brawled over and between the rocks in the valley far below. But the picture and the sound did not raise her spirits. So many days had she been looking on like glories and listening to like music, that the charm of novelty was now wanting, and the vastness and solitude and utter absence of habitation and cultivation on the great hill-sides, made her weary for friendly faces and voices, and rendered her incapable of being satisfied with nature only.

To her Death reigned on those sublime snow mountains, and desolation in these blooming valleys. At the age of eighteen, young ladies are seldom properly appreciative of the charms of scenery, though they are all educated to

rave about it, and Frances Day was tired and hungry and terribly disappointed; how could she satisfy herself with a fine view, and console herself with mere beauty of outline?

"What am I to do?" she cried in despair; and then, faint and vexed, she sank down on a block of stone and gazed angrily around her.

What an atom she was in those vast solitudes! All things in earth and heaven were regardless of her. The great eagles and vultures lazily floating in the languid air, the troop of red monkeys wildly careering on an opposite slope, the impudent crows sidling to the verandah and making darts at some bits of biscuit that had fallen from her bag, the lizards playing at her very feet, the softly waving pampas-grass swaying gracefully in the faint breeze and gleaming like unspun silk, the sweet geraniums and roses and the brawling stream, all were at home and at ease, while she returned to the home of her birth, to the home of her nearest relations, to find herself as an outcast and a stranger.

"I can't even make them understand I'm hungry!" she cried again, as if appealing to this cruel nature around her. "What shall I do when it is dark! what shall I do when I have to go into that horrible room for the night!"

This was all very unlike the conduct of a heroine; but Frances was only heroic when she was in perfect comfort and safety, and she was fast nearing that point where a good fit of weeping is inevitable, when her attention was diverted by the return of the servant, accompanied by "Jān Cheeniman." There was no mistaking the nationality of the latter; his small eyes, flat nose, and wide thimble-mouth, as much as his pigtail, full-sleeved robe, and turned-up shoes, revealed his celestial origin. John Chinaman, manager of the tea-garden, had been fetched by the Khidmutgar as the one English-speaking person on the premises.

"I speak English," John began, smiling benignantly on the girl, and bending towards her patronizingly. "Missy be contenty, I speak to her till Master come back, one, two, three, four days, weeks, months, Master come back, Missy be contenty; I give her plenty tea, I tell servants everything for Missy; Missy may speak what she want. I takey care."

Then he stood silently smiling, awaiting her speech.

"Didn't they expect me?—when will they come?—where are they?—what am I to do?" she vehemently exclaimed, till seeing she had perfectly overwhelmed her friend by her vehemence, she began again slowly,—

"Did—they—not—expect—me?"

Jān and the Khidmutgar then exchanged sentences, and Jān answered,—

"He say yes, Missy only come too soon, all right; yes, all right."

"When will they come back?" Frances continued.

"This day—that day, sure to come, I send coolie bring them; all serene, Missy be contenty."

She shook her head; how could she draw content from this very insufficient explanation?

The Khidmutgar was the best comforter, after all; he spoke to John again, and John interpreted that food and drink should be ready quickly if she pleased. Of course she pleased, and then she had the horror of witnessing her dinner chased and killed, and plunged into a bowl of boiling water, from which the poor little half-starved fowl emerged, completely despoiled of his feathers, and while still warm with life, was trussed and broiled, and served up in an incredibly short time. But not even extreme hunger could make her eat; she drank the tea, and that revived her, and then she returned to the block of stone and sat idly looking at the mountains till the shadows climbed nearly to their summits. Starting from her seat at last, she set off with the intention of surveying the place from the height beyond, but she had not proceeded many yards up the narrow path that led through the thick brushwood and oak trees, when the servant, "Muddea," overtook her and addressed her eagerly and persuasively. He was, in fact, afraid to let her out of sight; especially was he afraid to let her go through the thick underwood, it being the

haunt, not only of snakes and leopards, but occasionally of tigers also. But this he could not make her understand. She turned at his voice, and stood wondering at his gestures and volubility. Politeness made her stop and do her utmost to guess his meaning; but after a time, she took no further trouble, and, vexed at the interruption, she would have pursued her way, but Muddea was undaunted. He could not touch her—a native cannot forget himself so far—yet he dare not let her go on, when she was in a manner under his sole charge. So he jumped ahead of her, and shaking his head at the cover towards which she would go, he raised his hand to denote the height, then did his best to imitate the roaring of a wild animal. She thought he had gone mad, and wondered whether, if she screamed, any one would come to her assistance. Oh, what a terrible fate was hers to travel so far to find an empty house with only a lunatic to depend upon! Perhaps he was not mad, now she thought; perhaps he was commencing another mutiny, and history would name her as the first victim. Trembling and white, she stood staring at the man, who, thinking his warning had taken effect, stopped his howling, and smiled and nodded reassuringly, waving his hand back in the direction of the house; but before she made up her mind whether to be murdered out of doors or in that dreary bungalow, a loud, shrill whistle suddenly drew her attention. Walking with long rapid strides up the staircase-like pathway, appeared a young Englishman, grotesquely attired in the shabbiest of badly-made and ill-fitting clothes; he was plain and undersized, and his complexion, though tanned, was sallow and unhealthy. Round his unbrushed head was wound a gray scarf, one end of which hung far over his back. Into an undressed hide belt were stuck a pistol, a large clasp knife, a pipe case, and a small telescope; three natives followed close, one carried a gun and ammunition, another a large white umbrella and a long iron-spiked stick, and the third a basket of provisions; following these again, was a stout short Bhootia pony, and a small army of coolies bringing bedding, tent, and stores, and last of all, came some half-naked villagers who had been pressed into the service, bearing a dead deer, whose graceful head and tapered horns grazed the ground as he was ignominiously borne onward legs uppermost; some partridges and hill pheasants also swelled the young man's spoil. The exquisite plumage of the Moonal gleaming amongst the more sober birds, caught Miss Day's eyes as the procession came to a stand in the compound. She guessed the new-comer to be her cousin, and in an instant all her doubts and dread disappeared, for though he was by no means prepossessing according to school-girl ideas of a gentleman, yet he was of her own blood, and she was no longer desolate.

"So you've come?" he cried, going up to his cousin, but not offering his hand, and his cheek coloring like a bashful girl's. "I heard of you from some coolies who passed you day before yesterday. I've sent to tell mother, she's only three marches off, and father will turn up some day; but I came on sharp, and brought something to eat; there's never anything fit to eat here, unless I kill it."

"I'm so glad you've come," she answered; and not noticing his remissness, she held out her hand for his. He grew crimson, hesitated for a second, and then thrust his hand into hers with an air of desperation; it was the first time in his life he had shaken a lady's hand.

He looked round him afterwards defiantly, as if he expected to see derision on his servants' faces, and was prepared to resent it. Frances guessed nothing: had he come on the scene as she had expected, awaiting her arrival and eager to receive her, she would have been quizzical and distant as most girls would be with such an uncouth young man; but he had appeared in her sore distress, and would have been welcome had he been ten times queerer; as it was, therefore, she accepted him unquestioning, and could see no flaw in him.

"It will soon be dark," she said, "and I haven't unpacked anything. I didn't like to go into the house, it is so"—she stopped suddenly. He went on with her speech:—

"So miserable, I suppose you mean. Well, you can't expect London drawing-rooms up here; but when mother is at home, it looks better; she sticks things over the chairs, and pulls out bits of crockery and all that." As he spoke he was looking at her keenly, and when he ended his words, his eyes continued their scrutiny.

"Well?" she said, laughing, "what is amiss; do I look so untidy?"

"No," he said, gravely; "I'm thinking you are too fine a lady to live up here."

Now she had been intending to open a box and take out a certain very pretty blue gown that very evening, out of compliment to her cousin, but his grave manner alarmed her.

"This is my old travelling dress," she replied, meekly; "I was ashamed of keeping it on all day, now that I have reached home."

"You are too fine for us," he replied; "wait till you see mother."

However, Frances attempted no further adornment that evening; indeed, the sight of the dark, dilapidated room which her cousin pointed out as hers, depressed her too much to permit her to remain in it long enough. He came in and arranged her boxes.

"Don't push them nearer the wall," he said; "musk rats don't smell nice to some folks, though I always keep a skin of one in my handkerchief. I like the scent, and if they once go over anything, you never get rid of the smell. They most keep to the side of the room, so if you keep clear of the walls, you're all right. Ah, you mustn't hang that on the walls; don't you know scorpions are always about? Pull your bed further out—and you'd best shut that window, snakes might get in there, and it's quick work if one finds you off guard."

She looked horrified.

"Do snakes come inside?" she asked.

He laughed. "Don't they, that's all; did you notice those pickled ones in the other room? Mother smashed their heads; she found one coiled round the leg of her bed, and the other under father's pillow."

A good night's rest, which Miss Day had in spite of her fears, made all around her appear in a much more favorable light next day, and as there was every probability of her aunt's return she was hopeful and lively again. The blue dress was worn, and John Day's eyes hardly left his fair companion during breakfast: at last his thoughts found vent in words.

"What's the use of decking yourself out like that?"

"Like what?"

"Why, all those furbelow things; there's no tomasha going on—you'd better put on something sensible."

"Tomasha?"

"Yes—why you don't mean to say you don't know what a tomasha is—perhaps you don't know what burra din is, then?"

"No, I don't."

The young man stared. "I thought any Yahoo knew that," he said, contemptuously.

"Yes, but then I'm not a Yahoo," she answered, guessing the meaning of the word by the contempt in his tones.

He burst out laughing. "That's sharp," he cried. "Well, I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you dress up like that: mother never has new clothes; but you'll never like living here all your life."

All her life! She looked grave, and yet this must be her home until the knight of her school-girl dreams came to take her out into the busy, brilliant world.

"No," she replied; "but that's not likely."

"Isn't it? why, your money is in this business and, — come, I'll tell you something, for you are not very missish and won't be huffed. Father and mother think you and I might marry and keep our money together. But you needn't fire up, — I see I shouldn't suit you, and you are too grand for me."

Frances' face was painfully burning. She remained silent some time, growing hotter and hotter, — then she looked her cousin boldly in the face. "You've spoken out," she said, "so I'll tell you something that I did not

mean to tell any one yet. I have promised to marry some one who came out in the same ship with me."

"I'm blown!" he cried, pushing his chair back and sticking both hands in his hair in intense amazement. "What, a baby like you already promised!"

"I beg your pardon. You forget. I'm eighteen," she exclaimed, angrily.

"And who is it?" he continued, treating the matter as a good joke, while at the same moment he suddenly felt an intense desire to cut the favored suitor out.

"You'll know in time," she replied, with dignity.

"How long a time?"

"When he gets his company."

"What, is he only a subaltern? — pooh!"

Frances got up and walked out of the room.

John Day remained silently gazing after her; at last he got up and went off to the servants' quarters, where he soothed himself by giving his groom a horsewhipping for neglecting some work.

It was a glorious day, the sky was of deepest cloudless blue, the lofty range of snow mountains stood up against it distinctly white as if only ten instead of forty miles lay between them and Bahutburakkhud. The glowing beauty of earth and sky soon restored Frances' equanimity, and after luncheon she made friendly overtures to her cousin, which were graciously accepted. He took her to the tea-gardens, and showed her acre on acre of tea shrubs almost ready for picking, and explained to her the different processes. He spoke well because he understood the subject. Shooting and tea-growing were the two matters on which he could talk fluently; on all other things he was stupid and ignorant. Of the world of art and science, of polite literature and modern progress, he knew nothing; his twenty-four years had been spent in these mountain solitudes, and he had never even seen a railway or steamboat. Calcutta and London held about an equal distance in his hazy ideas of geography, and the greatest person he had ever seen was the Commissioner of the Province, of whom he was accustomed to speak as of a king. Among the tea-gardens, therefore, John Day showed to advantage, and the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly enough. As the cousins returned towards home, John suddenly seized his companion's arm and pointed below with a whispered exclamation.

For an instant she saw nothing but the mountain-side, intersected just below them by the rugged narrow road, but as her eyes went farther she beheld what made her turn deadly pale, and inclined her to run to the bungalow, therein to barricade herself. Not fifty yards beyond the road, amongst boulders of rock and bushes of tall silvery pampas, stood a large tiger; his head was turned away, and his ears being cocked and his tail gently waving, showed him to be eying some intended prey. John's grasp tightened on her arm and kept her still; he was keenly excited. "Listen," he whispered; "climb up the hill to the house quick as you can and bring me my rifle; it is ready loaded." But just as she was beginning to protest she would rather face a tiger than touch a loaded rifle, a quick sharp report was heard, and the huge beautiful beast gave a great bound, and then stood for an instant, with head well up and dilated nostrils, till another shot rang fiercely through the silent air and laid him low.

John watched with bated breath, and Frances shut her eyes and began to cry; the beast shook the bushes amongst which it lay, but it never rose again. A third ball came whizzing into its side, and then three or four natives cautiously approached the place. John scrambled down the boulders, crying to the men to keep off, and left thus to herself, Frances took to her heels and flew for safety to the bungalow.

Standing in the verandah ready to fly inside, she presently beheld another arrival, — a little gentleman, — an elderly likeness of John Day — who came marching up the path, followed by his pony and servants, the procession altogether similar to that which had followed the young man, only that the main figure affected the military style and wore a forage cap and a long military cloak.

Frances could have fancied it was John again. It was the new-comer who had killed the tiger, evidently, for the man behind him carried a rifle.

Coming close to the house the gentleman grew rosy and nervous, and Frances attentively regarding him saw with amazement that his hair was braided like a woman's, and that his face and manner were extremely effeminate; in fact, a lengthened scrutiny convinced her it was a woman, not a man, who approached. The voice was unmistakable.

"My dear niece," it said, "I am your Aunt Louisa."

Just as John had hesitated, so did Mrs. Day hesitate to shake hands when Frances held hers out.

Here was a woman who had just killed a tiger, who feared not to travel alone in these awful solitudes, and whose dress consisted of old military clothes belonging to her husband, yet abashed and nervous in face of a young English girl. A tiger was a less formidable creature to her than a strange Englishwoman, and yet she had once been a dainty county belle.

"Did you?"—Frances stammered in dismay—"did you fire that gun just now?"

Mrs. Day blushed deeper.

"I never had a chance at a tiger before," she replied; "I never saw one in all these years so near the house. Of course I've seen their footprints, yes, even here close to the house, but I hardly hoped to kill this one. John's keeping the men off till they are sure he's dead. I will give you two of the claws for a brooch."

Frances shuddered with school-girl affectation. Mrs. Day meantime took off her cloak and showed a woman's gown—short, certainly, but still a gown—underneath it, and called for a cup of tea. She was a little, attenuated, prematurely old woman, though she was not much past forty, and her small, thin face, with its restless yet sad brown eyes, was tanned and wrinkled.

"Your room is the room you were born in," she said, sipping her tea as she seated herself on the ground like a native. "Your poor mother died in it. Dear me, it all seems like yesterday, though it is eighteen years ago. I'll show you the khud some day over which your father fell and was killed. It was fortunate your uncle had a fancy for tea-planting, and was willing to settle here, or your share wouldn't have fared so well. I didn't like the idea at all, it was so much pleasanter being with the regiment, but now I wouldn't go and live in a town on any account. You'll like this life as much as I do when you learn to shoot and ride. I've been here twenty years."

"Oh!" was Frances' only comment.

Mrs. Day looked furtively at her, and then added, "You are very like your mother; she was a very pretty girl."

Softened by the implied compliment, Frances felt more amiably disposed towards her peculiar companion, and smiled at her affectionately. In its turn the wrinkled face softened and beamed, and Mrs. Day went on,—

"Sometimes I've been here alone for weeks, until I learned not to be so cowardly, and to go with your uncle to the other plantation; the road is very nasty, though, and sometimes I feel afraid even now. Our nearest neighbor is thirty-five miles off, and we never see any white face, unless it is an occasional officer on a shooting excursion, and we have to send forty miles for our letters; but one gets accustomed to everything."

"But, aunt, how dull it must be."

"Not with a husband," Mrs. Day said, markedly. "One good companion is better than a stationful of gadding and gossiping acquaintances. Captain Day and I are quite content with each other, and by and by I hope John will marry, and then we shall be quite gay."

"Is John going to be married?" Frances asked, with seeming innocence.

Mrs. Day blushed; it was an difficult question.

"Of course he will marry some time or other," she said, after a little pause. "He will be well off, and he is such a favorite that he may expect to marry well. He's considered the best shot in the district."

"Does he go about a great deal?"

"Well, he has been to Nyneze Tal, to a ball there, and

he was asked to lunch by the colonel commanding the dépôt there, but he doesn't dance. There's nothing effeminate about him, and he doesn't care for silly girls; he looks more for sterling worth."

"But, aunt—where do you get your clothes?"

"Oh, you don't want many here; I dare say you have brought enough to last you a lifetime. Do people in England wear such beautiful gowns as that you have on, at home? It is fit for a ball, my dear."

"And you have no papers and books?" Frances asked, after assuring her aunt her gown was only an every-day affair.

"Oh, yes, we often have a newspaper, and when sportsmen find their way here they generally leave us a novel they have had with them; but one doesn't care for reading, there is always so much to be done."

"So much to be done?" Frances echoed.

"Yes; if I don't feed the poultry and the sheep, the cows, and horses, and pigs, myself, twice a day, the chances are the food will be stolen. Then there is our own food to give out every day, and often I have to cook it, for our servants take French leave, and we have to replace them by coolies who know nothing. There is plenty of mending, too, for no Dirzee will come to us; these stupid natives are so fond of Bazaar life, they think they ought to have extra pay to live with us; so altogether, I should be quite put out if visitors often came."

That evening Captain Day came home; he said it was rather inconvenient returning so soon, and he had ridden fifty-seven miles that day to welcome his niece. He was very polite to Frances, and looked, though his dress was rather dirtier and shabbier than his son's, a gentleman. His son had not inherited his shy manner from his father. Captain Day had a decided, positive manner; one knew at the first interview with him that his will was strong, and meant to be law. Frances felt, before she went to bed, too, that with all his courtesy he would brook no contradiction; and knowing this, she felt troubled as to how he would allow of her engagement, for Captain Day was her sole guardian and trustee. Should he insist on her marrying his son, how could she flatly rebel here in these strange wilds, entirely under his control!

He was very merry over his wife's "bag" as he called it, declared he should send a notice of her prowess to the *Pioneer*, and protested the tiger should be stuffed and handed down as an heirloom. The married couple were on curious terms; he called her "Day," and consulted her as he would consult a man, arguing the point with sharpness and roughness. To his son he was as a superior being; John never ventured to contest a matter with his father, while to his mother he was determined and downright. The captain took the trouble next day to take his niece round the tea-gardens and into his office, where he did his best to inform her how far her interests were involved in the property.

"So long as your money remains here," he said, "you are sure of an increasing capital, for every year improves our business. I hope nothing will happen to make you wish to withdraw it, for it will be as unsatisfactory to you as it would be inconvenient to me."

Now was the time for Frances to have spoken of that young subaltern to whom she had promised herself, but the fact of his being a subaltern, besides something in her uncle's manner, withheld and frightened her. When her lover got his company, she thought, then she could speak with greater boldness; she would be older then, more at home with her uncle and aunt, and if they really had any desire for John to marry her, they would be aware the young man himself did not wish her to be his wife. But the young man himself was rapidly changing his mind concerning his cousin; her youth and beauty were too pleasant too to be slighted or overlooked. Life at Bahutburakkhad had become wonderfully brighter since her advent; formerly it had been his sole pleasure to go out shooting, and an unpleasant necessity to return to the bungalow, but now, after exciting stalks after game, he turned homewards with alacrity, and as eagerly looked for the flutter of his

cousin's pretty muslins as he had tracked the footprints of a *khakur*. Frances soon accustomed herself to the brusquerie of the young man, to the oddities of his mother, and to the monotony of the daily life, and all through the glowing, glorious spring she was happy as only an inexperienced girl can be. Yet she never heard from her lover. John Day asked her once why "that fellow" didn't write; "can't he afford the postage?" he added rudely. She explained, without being angry at his taunt, they had decided not to correspond till he was in a position to speak to her uncle. "We are engaged," she added with becoming dignity, "and nothing can ever part us; so what's the use of going on writing?"

John looked at her with a sarcastic smile on his plain face.

"Perhaps it's as well," he said presently, "for I don't see how you could ever get his letters, or post yours. Father manages to get some now and then, when he's anywhere near Nynee Tal, but mother never writes to any one because she has nothing to write about, and I—well, I never wrote a letter in my life, except from school to mother."

"Oh, you've been to school?"

"Of course I have, but no further than Nynee Tal. I shall go to England some day; I want to see the Thames Tunnel and Astley's Circus."

Frances had never been to London, and her ideas concerning it were not much more enlightened than John's, so this was a common subject of interest between them.

After that first day Mrs. Day was not at all communicative. She was busy all day, and rarely spoke anything but Hindustanee; she never read, never wrote, never did any but the coarsest needlework. There was nothing in common between the two ladies who were thus thrown together, yet they accepted each other without question. Frances was never rebuked nor advised, and never having known tenderer care than that of a schoolmistress, she missed no affectionate solicitude, nor grieved that their tastes were so opposed.

But when the weather broke up; when for days and nights thunder reverberated amongst the mountains; when murky clouds hid the pure white range; when sudden gusts of wind rushed up and round the valleys, threatening to tear the house from its rocky ledge; when deluges of rain poured down on the roof and made small pools in every room in the bungalow; when the servants crept shivering about their daily work, miserable in their comfortless poverty; when heavy fogs wrapt all nature up from sight, and flashes of lightning literally seared the air; when sudden heat set in, and solemn stillness fell on all nature—precursors of earthquake shocks; when the peculiar cracking and rocking of the earth woke the girl to an overwhelming horror; when the rains fairly set in, and for weeks walking was an impossibility, and day after day of pour-down rain steadily continued, till the streamlet in the valley beneath became a mighty torrent, and hundreds of waterfalls dashed down the hill-sides; when the jungle was alive with leeches, which even obtruded themselves into the house; when every piece of rock, every inch of ground, every branch of every tree, were covered with a growth of ferns and mosses and orchids, and even boots and clothes became productive of curious vegetable life,—then Frances' spirits broke down, and she told herself that sooner than remain at Bahuburrakhud for another rainy season, she would forfeit her birthright. Never a change, but from the mouldy ruins to the dank wet verandah; never a face, but the ordinary ones of her relations; never a word from the outer world, for even Captain Day was constrained to stay at home in the wet season, shooting and journeying being alike difficult: no books, no music, no possible amusement of any sort or kind, nothing to prevent the might and majesty of storm and tempest preying on her imaginative mind and overwhelming it with horrors. The sounds that were hardly noticed by her relations were knells of doom to her. Her dreams were frightful. She cried herself to sleep as the storm raged outside, and awoke in terror to listen to the howl of the leopard, the maniacal cry of the hyena, the

yapping of the jackal, and the moaning of the owls. One night her aunt came excitedly to her bedside.

"Get up, get up," she cried; "there's a splendid sight in the compound—no less than nine bears. Jack is loading our guns. We can have some first-rate sport, for the moon is up!"

It was a strange sight, a great deal stranger than pleasant, Frances thought, as she peeped out into the watery moonlight, and saw the great black figures of the beasts moving amongst the few vegetables the terraced garden boasted.

"One gets from twenty to thirty quarts of grease from one bear," Mr. Day explained; "my first shot, John; you follow fire."

Another night a horrible roar alarmed her, and in the morning John showed her the huge footprints of a tiger close to the servants' houses.

"He tried to get into the sheep house," John said, "and must have put his paw on the great spikes of iron, for there are spots of blood close by; it was that made him roar."

Her nerves had become very troublesome when at last the rains began to slacken; her brilliant English complexion was pale, and her voice had lost its mirth and clearness. John saw the change, and cunningly worked upon it.

"If I'd my way," he said, "I'd never stay here in the rains; John Chinaman can manage for a time alone quite well. I would take a house at Nynee Tal and go in for fun."

"What prevents you?" Frances asked.

"Oh! I mean if I'd a wife. I wouldn't care to go alone; but this place is nice enough in the fine season; it agreed with you splendidly, didn't it?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I'd rather die than live my life here always."

She spoke with such energy that her cousin colored with vexation.

"Look at mother!" he said, sulkily; "she's lived here always, and she's well enough, isn't she?—except, of course, she can't get all the fashions; but you can at Nynee Tal."

"I wouldn't be your mother for all the world!" she said, with so much vehemence that the absurdity of the remark was lost upon her companion, who replied with equal naïveté, "Thank God you are not my mother!"

She laughed. "You are buried alive here," she continued; "pray what would you do if you were very ill?"

"Die, or recover," he answered, "and save a doctor's bill."

"And how could one be buried, suppose one did die here?"

"Oh, if you are particular you could be carried into Nynee Tal, it's only three days' march; but when I die I hope I shall be buried in the garden here, it's so nice and quiet."

"Oh, John!" she cried, "you don't know what life is; why don't you go to England? you don't know what nice houses, what comfort and pleasure there are there."

He gathered a heap of little stones and threw them one by one slowly over the steep side of the mountain, for they were standing on the road looking down into and over the forest of rhododendrons and oaks which clothed the precipice; then John said, without looking at his companion—

"I'll go to England on my marriage tour if you go with me, not unless!"

"Why, John!" she cried, half laughing, "how can you be so silly when you know I'm engaged? Besides, you said I shouldn't suit you any more than you would suit me—so don't talk such stuff!"

"People change their minds," he continued, still looking away; "besides, it would save a lot of bother if we married, and father would be pleased."

"You ignore altogether the fact of my engagement!"

"Oh, I reckon nothing of that—you flirted for want of something better to do, and he I dare say got wind of your money, not but that"—he added, more politely—"any fellow, even a commissioner, might be glad to have such a

pretty girl as you are. I know what officers are. I shouldn't wonder your friend is engaged to some one else by this time."

She indignantly denied the possibility.

"Till I hear he is false from his own lips," she cried, "I shall consider myself his promised wife;" and so saying she turned and walked away.

"You'd best make up your mind," John exclaimed: "father always has his way; you'd best make up your mind to have no more to say to that chap."

She was very angry as she walked home; she had begun to like John, to consider him her friend because he knew her secret, and she rather enjoyed the clumsy flirtation he carried on; not for one instant had she calculated that he who had declared her not to be to his liking as a wife would become a formidable enemy; his assurance had been her safeguard should his father really desire their marriage, and then she began to regret the precaution she had taken of not corresponding with her lover. If she could but write to him she should be comforted; but she had herself placed the veto against it, and now she could do nothing to convince her cousin she was unchangeable. An Army List might tell her where the regiment was stationed, but to find an Army List at Bahutburakhud was about as likely as to see that day's issue of the *Times*. She was to all intents a prisoner and an exile in these horrid wilds.

"Do you never go to any town, aunt?" she asked; "is there no chance of getting books or papers anywhere? What shall we do when the winter comes?"

"Do! why, be out all day and go to bed earlier; besides, winter is our season. If any strangers are out in the district it is then, and they are sure to come here; your uncle gets papers sometimes—ask him to get some for you."

Perhaps Mrs. Day detected the inquietude of the girl's mind, and spoke to her husband on the subject.

"A little courting will put that to rights," was his comment; "but Jack is such a lout, he doesn't go the right way to work."

"Jack," he said, as he and his son strolled over to the Tea Godown, "when are you and Frances going to understand each other!"

"Oh!" said Jack, grumpily, "she's too fine for me."

"Pooh! her fine clothes will wear out soon enough, and then she'll perhaps follow your mother's example, and wear yours out for you, if you like your mother's style best."

"I don't mean that, but—she'd be moped to death here."

"Fiddlestick! she can't get into mischief then; but I can't have any shilly-shallying—take her, and be thankful she is as she is."

"Perhaps she won't take me."

"Perhaps she won't take you—chicken-hearted fellow you are! I never saw the woman yet who would refuse a good husband for no reason. Pray, what could she object to?—you are as well born and better off than she is. What would she have more?"

His father's sneering repetition of his own words annoyed John, and decoyed him into telling his cousin's secret.

"But if she knows some one else she means to have?" he cried, impatiently.

Captain Day stood still and faced his son in sudden amazement.

"Some one else!" he again repeated. Then, laughing derisively, he added, "Oh! some small boy partner at a dancing school—the girl has seen no one else."

"She has, father—a fellow who came out with her; and she has promised to marry him."

The captain had a long iron-tipped bamboo in his hand, and he struck it far into the ground as his son spoke.

"Then I tell you, John," he exclaimed, "she'll never get my consent; the business would be half ruined without her money. I'll never give my consent, and—you are a fool, sir, if you can't cut the presuming puppy out. I don't want to be harsh. I'm saying what I would say if

she were my own child. She shan't marry a fellow no one ever heard of; she shall marry you!"

John told his father all he knew concerning his rival, and, as it happened, the captain had heard the young man spoken of when he was last in civilized regions.

"He is a good-looking, penniless sub," he said; "she shan't have him. If you will, you shall."

Father and son had lived so long amongst the natives they had imbibed native views respecting womankind. Woman was a little above a commodity in their estimation, rather better than a pet animal, but decidedly inferior in every respect to themselves; a little coercion, especially if it was for her good, was therefore allowable.

John felt comforted by having made a confidant of his father.

When Mrs. Day was told of "Frances' folly," as the captain called it, she merely laughed. She, with her husband, firmly believed John as nearly perfect as a young man could be. If Frances was a silly girl, blind to her own interests, why then it was her guardian's duty to insist on her choosing the right thing.

"Poor young thing," said Mrs. Day, "she'll thank us for keeping her straight when she's old enough to appreciate sterling qualities."

So it was understood by all three that in forcing a husband of their own choice upon the young lady they would act righteously.

For some time Frances did not know how she had been betrayed. It was during John's absence at another tea-garden belonging to the estate, that she was made aware of her guardian's knowledge of that fact.

The captain had always treated her with kind politeness, and though she continued to have a girlish dread of him in his character of guardian, they had always been on excellent terms. She was his "dear little girl," his "little partner," and he always gave her his arm in to dinner, and behaved to her at table as to a guest; so she was totally unprepared when, as they were sitting together after dinner under the verandah, he said, apropos of nothing,—

"I hope there is no truth in the report of your entanglement with a beardless subaltern?"

"What, uncle!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

He slowly repeated the question.

His tone was so full of contempt and menace that the girl's heart almost stopped beating. There was no light but starlight over the dim silent landscape before them, so she could not see his face, but his voice was sufficient to frighten the foolish girl who had been so brave and bold in avowing her love to John, and only thinking of the present, indeed hardly knowing what she said until the word was spoken, she faltered "No."

"Ah!" he answered, "I was sure you would do nothing so foolish, not to say unladylike, as to take up with the first boy who had the impertinence to consider himself a match for such a girl as you. You know I was in the army, and I know how these young fellows esteem themselves, as if the gold lace on their clothes was an ample equivalent for the gold in a woman's purse—parcel of empty-headed noodles, most of them are. Well, then, having your assurance, I am content not to inquire further into the matter, though, perhaps, as your sole guardian I ought to sift it and make the young braggart eat his words."

"Oh, no, uncle," she interrupted, her head turning giddy at the sense of her own duplicity and the inference to be drawn from his words. Could it be possible her lover, who had seemed so noble and reticent, had been boasting openly of his conquest? And yet so her uncle implied. She dared not question him, she dared not to admit her engagement. She had lied, she had acted like a coward; were not these thoughts enough to make her head giddy and her soul sick?

"No," Captain Day went on, "I have said I am content to receive your assurance, knowing you are a lady, and not likely to act like a silly school-girl. But now let us understand each other. My son John wishes to make you his wife; he is your cousin, so I need not add he is well born. At my death he will own a very considerable property.

There is no one that I know more suited to you than he is. He is a good lad, and well fitted to take care of you; best fitted, indeed, for your interest and his are the same. I have been thinking a trip to Europe would do him good; he can go so well now in my lifetime, and it would be a nice tour for a honeymoon — what do you say?"

"Uncle," at last she found strength to say, "we don't like each other."

Captain Day laughed. "Nay, my dear child," he said, "I know for a fact poor John is desperately smitten, and as for you, you need not be bashful with me. Love begets love." Then he told her they would say no more on the subject at that time, and she left him, and went to her room, utterly dismayed.

If her soldier lover was false, she thought, what did it matter what became of her? She could not despise him as much as she despised herself, but how could she go on living in these solitudes? Then, as a flash of relief, she remembered her uncle's bait — the tour to Europe — relief, even as John's wife; but she could not and would not believe her lover was untrue, and she cried herself to sleep.

Next morning Captain Day told her, jocosely, he had dispatched a coolie to recall John. Again here was an opening for a confession, but again Frances let her fears triumph, and was silent. Instead, however, of John returning "in wedding haste," the coolie came back alone to tell how a man-eating tiger had frightened the tea coolies away, and until John could — as he elegantly wrote — "pot the beast," he must remain where he was.

Both Captain and Mrs. Day was greatly excited at this news, and the former determined to go off to his son's help. Five men had one after another been taken by the brute, and, unless he could be killed at once, the Days would suffer serious loss through deficiency of workmen. It was with difficulty Mrs. Day could be persuaded to remain where she was. She felt sure her son would be eaten, perhaps her husband too; and it required the peremptory command of the latter to make her give up the idea of sharing his journey.

The six weeks that followed before the tiger was successfully disposed of were to Frances weeks of unmitigated dreariness and disquietude. Mrs. Day never once alluded to the matter that was distracting her young guest, and the inability to seek advice, or even to talk openly, added greatly to the girl's mental suffering. Christmas was at hand before the gentlemen returned, and the snow lay thick upon the mountains all round.

John met his cousin as he had met her at first, with a blush and a nervous tremor, and for more than a week after his return he avoided her society, and nothing was said further concerning their marriage until one morning early in the New Year, when Frances on awaking heard strange voices in the compound, strange, that is, at first, but presently one sounded that made her jump hastily out of bed and fly to her curtained window, but she could see no one, only heard, with ears that flushed and tingled with overpowering delight, the voice she so longed to hear once more — the voice of her soldier lover!

He spoke, evidently, to her uncle.

"I believe I have the pleasure of seeing Captain Day?"

"I am Captain Day."

"I am Lieutenant Græme of the 2d Lancers."

"Indeed."

"I am on leave, as you may guess — shooting with a brother officer. I — I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Day."

"Miss Day is in England."

"In England! No, surely not; she only" —

"Am I a liar, sir?"

Frances stayed to hear no more, but began huddling on her clothes as rapidly as possible, with the intention of rushing out to give the right answer to her uncle's question, and if need be to throw herself on her lover's protection, and implore him to take her away with him; but strings and buttons were at enmity with her trembling fingers, nor can a nineteenth century heroine show herself in dishabille even to gain her liberty; her hair must be

brushed, her collar must be pinned, and though her haste was frantic, she was too late. She ran outside to find only her uncle calmly smoking, no other human being in sight.

"Well!" he exclaimed, as if startled from a reverie. "Well, what's amiss, little one? — got out of the wrong side of bed? Eh?"

She lost control over herself; her disappointment was greater than she could bear. With tears and sobs of grief and anger, she accused him of perjury, and declared wildly she would run away and rather die in the snow or be eaten by wild beasts than remain under his roof.

He kept silence until her passion wore itself out, then he said calmly, —

"You'd better go to bed again till you recover. What do you mean? If you have been listening to what passed between me and a puppy who rode up with all the assurance of a little king, you heard nothing but the truth. My sister, Miss Day, is in England, isn't she? What can her friends be to you that you should rave in so unwomanly a manner?"

"He meant me, uncle; he knew nothing of Aunt Day, he meant me! Oh, won't you call him back?"

"No, certainly not; it's bad enough to have every servant witnessing your conduct to me. I would rather not have an *Englishman* able to bruit it abroad."

She stood sobbing before him. What could she do? She had told a lie; here was the consequence: her lover was true; it was she who had been false and wicked. She was irresolute, but for an instant. With drooping head and voice that savored of shame, instead of anger, she confessed her fault.

Her uncle acted his part well. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed, as if full of righteous horror at her conduct. "I thought *you* discreet and truthful. Oh, Frances, how grieved I am to find you otherwise!"

She was touched to the quick; he had touched the right chord, she was grateful for his forbearance; she was shamefaced, heartbroken, and it was in a very faint tone she again asked for her lover to be recalled.

Captain Day sorrowfully shook his head. "The young man is not worthy of you, though you have fallen in my estimation," he said. "He is hot-headed and empty-minded; let him go; with my consent you shall not see him. When you are of age you can throw yourself away if you like."

A miserable day followed. In the evening John came into the sitting-room where she was alone, and asked what had occurred. He had been absent when the stranger came. She was so miserable, she was glad to speak of her trouble even to him — her enemy.

He listened kindly, and refrained from any of his customary rude remarks, nor did he say a word in his own interest.

"Don't make yourself ill," he said, touched by her dejection; "and I'll go and try what can be done to-morrow. I'll tell the chap father made a mistake."

"Will you really?" she cried joyfully.

"I give you my word," he answered.

She put both her hands into his, and smiled gratefully through her tears. He let her hands drop awkwardly, and went away.

But he was sincere, and he rode off early next day, and did not reappear till night.

She was standing out in the snow to see him return.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

"I had to go all the way to Sufamutkest House," he said, "before I found him. As soon as he heard my name he insulted me. I swear I'm telling you the truth. He said he never wished to see one of my family again, and that he should be glad to get out of our neighborhood."

"Uncle must have offended him," Frances exclaimed. "I heard loud talking while I was making haste to dress. You should have explained, John. He thinks, no doubt, I have gone back to England, and he is angry I have gone without a word to him."

"He wouldn't listen," John continued: "he was as savage as a bear. I tell you he turned his back on me and

called for his breakfast, as if I was not there. I would have licked the fellow but for you, Frances; I was never so insulted in my life before."

"What shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!" she cried.

"Do? Why show him you can do without him. Don't cry, dear; don't cry; there's a dear. Come along and have some tea. I'm ravenous."

She was very humble to him. He seemed her only friend; for between her and her aunt had passed nothing concerning the stranger's visit.

Mrs. Day was sorry to see the girl so miserable, but would not invite confidence, because she could not comfort without interfering with her son's interests. A few days passed in ominous calm, and then Captain Day again spoke to his ward.

If she would promise to act cautiously for the future, he said, taking a high hand, he would give his consent to her marriage with his son, and would provide them with handsome means to allow them to visit England *via* Brindisi, that they might see some of the principal Continental cities *en route*. If they were married at once they would just be in time to travel before the heat strengthened. If she did not agree to this plan, he must remove her to his bungalow on the other plantation, where she was less likely to see undesirable acquaintances.

This was a weighty threat. Mrs. Day had told her she considered Bahutburakhud quite in the world, compared with Chotakhud. It lay four marches farther away in the mountains, on the border of a lonely lake; it was approached by a mere coolie track, and was altogether out of the pale of civilization. To be sent there, therefore, to be shut up there all through the terrible rainy season, was an idea that made her tremble.

"Need I give an answer to-day?" she said.

He graciously allowed her three days for consideration, "wishing to treat her with the utmost consideration compatible with his duty;" and during those three days she knew she was a prisoner. Whenever she went outside the house, she was aware her aunt and her uncle contrived to come out too — accidentally, of course; and once when she went beyond the compound with some faint idea of meeting some one with whom she could fly to her lover's care, the Khidmutgar came sauntering after her. At the end of the given time, in her despair, she spoke to John.

"Will you not be generous, and refuse to marry me?"

John stammered and blushed. He would do anything to please her, but not that. She could never have Lieutenant Græme: why should she not have *him* — John? Wouldn't it be nice to start off for Europe before the hot spring and the dreary summer came on? While they were away, perhaps arrangements might be made to let them live at Nynee Tal, and only visit Bahutburakhud occasionally. She should always do as she liked with him, and he wouldn't mind what she spent on her dress! This last argument he believed irresistible, and waited to observe its effect.

But she did nothing but cry. What did she care for dress, except to make her look nice in the eyes she loved? and she did not love one of her relations; nor did she care where she lived if she married John — the farther out of the world the better, so that she might not see strangers sneer at her husband's ignorance and eccentricity. At length a truce was made. They were to be engaged for six months. At the end of that time their marriage must take place. Six months is a long period in youth, and Frances felt for a while something of her former contentment. John never presumed upon the new relations existing between them, never attempted to be loverlike, and for that she was grateful to him; but as the early spring stole on, and the lovely weather began to show signs of breaking up, heralding the annual deluge, her spirits sunk. Three months, four months, passed away out of the six given to her, and relief was more unlikely than ever. She would sit and watch the rosy geranium-trees fade day by day, the picturesque toon-tree unfold its feathery leaves, the wild roses drop their pale sweet blossoms, the starry jasmine grow sickly and decay; and as

each bright bud opened and each fair blossom died, she knew time was striding onward, and her unhappy fate coming nearer and nearer. In those days of solitary musings she grew to loathe the sight of the beautiful mountains, to see no beauty in the golden glory of sunset spread over the snowy range, to weary of the incessant babbling of the clear waters of the valley below; the heights seemed to crush her soul, the immensity of the landscape to oppress her beyond endurance; the unbroken stillness, the unvarying scene, the absence of all communication with the outside world, were more than she could support; and when at last the rains had fairly begun, with their accompanying horrors of storm and tempest, her heart gave way, and dreading to die in this wilderness, she went to her uncle and begged him to let John marry her at once, and take her away out of the gloom that was killing her.

Thus with her own hand Frances hastened on her doom, and according to her wish preparations were made to start for Nynee Tal, where was the nearest chaplain. Mrs. Day's preparations were simple enough. She had some of her husband's white shirts washed to be worn by her as white bodies.

"Mother's coming out swell," John remarked; "she's written for an alpaca gown — the first new gown she's had for twenty years."

John himself ordered a black tail-coat and stone-colored trousers for his wedding suit; he wished to have a waistcoat made out of the skins of musk-rats, but that his father peremptorily forbade; and black satin, spotted with amber, was finally ordered. The bridegroom did not discuss his wedding dress in his bride's presence, or his taste might have roused her from her apathy.

She was going away from Bahutburakhud; that was all she understood clearly in those last days of her stay there. All beyond possessed no interest; she was going to shift the scene, to lose sight of the solemn ghostlike snowy mountains, to hear sounds of life and progress, instead of the wail of wild beasts and the moan or shriek of the fierce storm-blast. All other senses seemed dulled. She was going into civilization; that was enough; and with feverish impatience she grudged every moment of her stay in these hated solitudes. The last day arrived. Bedding and provisions were packed. Forty coolies lay in the out-houses, ready to start at dawn with their burthens; and tired out with packing, Frances sat in the verandah, towards sunset, looking her last on the magnificent scenery which she had come to consider hateful. Grandeur and more solemn than ever it stretched before her; deepening purples and brightening golds, faintest rose and palest gray, brilliant orange and red tints, were on hill-side and sky; the shout of the cuckoo, the gamut of the koela, the laugh of monkeys, the chatter of the green parrots, the clear, sweet whistle of the white-ruffed blackbird, the low, melodious song of the bulbul, and the harsh bass of the indestructible crows, made music in the air; the evening was very calm; there was a lull in the season, and as she sat and gazed, and felt herself refreshed, she was constrained to admire and not detest the land that had brought her so much sorrow.

"But I will never come back again," she said to herself. "I would rather die;" and then wild plans for running away and seeking protection so soon as she reached the European station, ran riot in her brain.

By and by John Day came up to the stairlike path; he had been out for hours, inquiring the state of the roads, which, never very good, were constantly washed away during the rains. He got off his pony at the entrance to the compound, and taking his rifle from his servant, came with his usual awkward stoop towards his cousin. She looked at him and noticed he was tired, when in an instant his figure became erect, his face full of excitement, and to her horror, she saw him raise his rifle and aim at her. When, after a few moments, she regained her consciousness, she found herself on the sofa, and, to her surprise, uninjured, while the Days stood watching her, and several servants peeped in at the open doors.

"You were nearly killed," Mrs. Day exclaimed, as the

girl's eyes inquiringly sought hers; "but not by poor Jack. As he came towards you he saw a *Tic Polonga*, the most venomous snake in India, raising its head to dart at you. No one has ever been bitten by it and recovered; had he hesitated one instant you would have been poisoned."

"If I'd stopped to think," John said, "he'd have been at you, the brute!"

"But you might have killed me!" Frances said, ungratefully ignoring the service he had rendered.

"Pooh!" said the captain, "I should hope John knows how to aim; the pity was he only had a rifle, for the reptile is blown to pieces, and he would have bottled famously if he'd been killed tenderly."

This incident completely upset poor Frances. She had to give up the idea of riding next day, and to go in a dandy; so instead of having only one dandy in the cavalcade—that in which the ayah was carried—there were two, a most fortunate circumstance, as after events proved.

They were ready to start at dawn, but were delayed by the difficulty of getting the coolies, for though the latter had been collected over night and their burthens allotted each, yet the coolie nature is against regularity, punctuality, and common-sense.

"Where are the fellows for the dandy?" the captain cried in vain, and it took some moments while John went over the servants' houses and captured one man here coolly smoking his hookah, and another there plaiting his hair, and others just preparing their morning meal of unleavened cakes, one and all evincing a stolid indifference to time, to their employers, and, after the manner of the East Indian, to *everything* except their stomach and their pay. Then the bundles had to be rearranged—some could only carry on their heads, some could only consent to convey burthens slung on sticks, others must have shoulder loads, and, as usual, all spoke at once,—coolies, servants, and masters—or rather all *shouted* at once, making a noise that to Frances' inexperienced ears must lead to violent action. But the native rarely uses his limbs if his tongue may have fair play. At last all the loads were taken up and the procession started.

Mrs. Day rode a Bhootia pony, as did also her husband and son. The lady wore an enormous sun-hat, in shape like two porters' knots joined *vis-à-vis*, and the favorite old military cloak was tied in at the waist by a leathern strap, from which hung a large clasp knife, a long hook for taking stones out of the pony's foot, a currycomb for her own hair and the pony's mane, and a small case containing a saddler's needle and thread and scissors, to mend any disaster that might happen to the saddlery. She kept the coolie who carried the day's provisions at her side, while the captain made it his business to watch the progress of all the baggage, threatening stragglers and encouraging the willing ones in tones that reverberated strangely through the silent land. A gray dull day had followed the gorgeous evening, but it was wonderful to have a day without rain at that season, and the travellers were thankful for the absence of the sun. John rode as near to the dandy as he could, and Frances, making herself bear in mind she owed to him her life, did her best to respond to his remarks cheerfully. At noon they stopped at a lonely stone shed, all around which were the marks of recent fires and litter of ponies. Here they lunched, and let the servants rest. In a very few moments fires were kindled, meal bags opened, and a lively scene of cooking and washing commenced. The brawling stream, whose course the mountain road followed, was here conveniently accessible, and served for drinking, cooking, and bathing purposes. Here, kneeling over the water, was a man noisily brushing his teeth with a bit of bamboo, and rinsing throat and mouth violently. A few yards farther stood one knee-deep in the water performing his ablutions. There, squatting close to the brink, over a handful of fire, were two or three kneading bread and mixing the dough with water; while close by sat half a dozen idlers smoking, and letting their tired feet play in the grateful stream. All day till sunset the travellers journeyed on, now on a level with the bed of the river, now hundreds of feet

above it, now climbing a narrow ledge midway up the barren hill-side, now rounding a deep ravine amidst rhododendron woods, and oak or pine forests; sometimes having a limitless view, over countless mountain ranges, to where a boundless level canopied by heat haze, proclaimed the vast fiery plains; and sometimes seeing only a few yards ahead as the path narrowed and wound amidst a wilderness of exquisite ferns and creepers growing amongst the tall rank underwood and trees. Countless streams trickled or dashed down their mossy beds, and every angle in the road was lined with a profusion of rare plants and shrubs—children of the intense damp of the rainy season—that would have made the fortune of an English florist. Such a wealth of loveliness, such unimagined luxury of coloring and foliage, such indescribable delicacy and harmony of tints, appear year after year in those distant wilds, seen but by a dozen creatures capable of appreciating them.

With infinite care and immense expense, the wife of the millionaire forms a collection of sickly ferns and orchids which she proudly shows to a favored few, and in the dampest corner of her trim grounds she rears a grotto with an artistically trained flow of purling water, to see which visitors press eagerly; but amidst the vast Himalayas, God has bountifully strewn countless beauties—the rarest and loveliest of their kind—and has formed nooks and views that make the enraptured traveller breathless with their exceeding beauty, though the natives of these regions are of a lower type, are more ignorant and more stupid, more debased in their habits and repulsive in their persons, than any other of the natives of wide-spreading Asia. Beasts of burthen, and nothing higher, are these poor mountaineers, toiling up and down the breakneck paths as doggedly and with little more intelligence than the salt-laden sheep, or the ragged under-sized tattoo that conveys cloth and stores to the mountain towns. These poor wretched people were the only human beings met with all the long way, and few of them betrayed any curiosity at sight of the Europeans.

"We shall see plenty of white faces at Nynce Tal," Frances said.

"Yes," Mrs. Day replied; "and don't they look washed out after these bronze-colored people?"

"Yes," her husband added. "No doubt the dark skin and the large black eyes of the East Indian are far handsomer than our pale, undecided complexions."

"I suppose one gets accustomed to anything," Frances said with a deep sigh, while in her heart she felt convinced neither time nor custom could reconcile her to John Day and Bahutburakhud.

They passed the night at a dāk bungalow on the edge of a tremendous landslip, which had occurred two years before, and the captain hoped, as they separated for the night, the ground under their feet would not fall till they were off it.

"It isn't safe," he said, complacently; "but it's too wet to camp out, so we must risk it."

A violent storm came on during the night, and the morning dawned on leaden skies and a drenched earth. There was a consultation as to the prudence of waiting for fine weather, but Mrs. Day decided against delay.

"The roads will be worse after each storm," she argued, "and we are not half-way through the rains yet."

The argument was irresistible, and in a steady drizzle the party pursued their journey. Mrs. Day's groom did not appear when her pony came round, and on inquiry he was declared to be stricken down with fever and ague. With the foolhardiness, or rather senselessness of his people, he had slept out in the open grass, and when the storm came on had been too heavy with sleep to change his resting-place.

"Fool!" cried the captain, "he deserves a rare good licking, and if he isn't well by the time we return, I'll give him one;" but the captain never returned to carry out his threat.

As they proceeded, they found the road had suffered much from the night's tempest, and every native they met

declared it had been carried away in places; but allowances must always be made for Eastern exaggeration, and they pushed on. For once, however, the natives did not exaggerate, and presently a turn in the path disclosed a great gap in it. Here, however, the earth had not fallen far—the mountain-side projected within a few yards below, and the débris of the road afforded safe footing for a scramble to the other side of the dislodgement. The next stoppage was more serious.

The pathway continually penetrated above deep ravines far into the heart of the mountain, till reaching the end of the opening it was joined by a rustic bridge over the deep drop to the corresponding pathway running along the further side. In this particular far-reaching inlet, a superb sheet of crested water came grandly over the face of the hill, and fell with roar and crash sheer down the precipice below the road. The little bridge had been broken by the force of the water, and afforded no footing except for a yard or so from each bank.

Captain Day shouted to a group of coolies composedly seated on the other side, and they told him the water would subside in the course of a few hours, when it would be possible to patch up the bridge.

"A few hours!" the captain cried impatiently. "Inert idiots these nigs are. Let's have a rope and go hand-over-hand."

Even John objected to this plan as too dangerous an experiment, but both father and mother laughed at his prudence.

"Your mother and I," he said, "have crossed many a worse thing than this. I'm not going to sit shivering here till that drop thins; if only that fool your mother's syce were here, it would be comparatively easy, for he knows the dodge so well. You and Frances can wait if you choose."

John was stung by his father's contemptuous tone. "If any one can cross," he said, "I can; look here," and darting forward, he ran along the quivering pole that stretched a little way over the flood, and which had been one of the two main supports of the bridge, and thence, with a bound imitated from the tiger, he alighted safely on the other side.

The phlegmatic natives were roused into sufficient excitement to utter "Wah, wah!" admiringly at his daring, while his parents loudly applauded him.

Mrs. Day jumped off her pony. "I can cross in the same way," she exclaimed, "it's not much of a jump, after all."

Her husband pulled her back. "Nay, twenty years ago you could; not now. Don't be a fool, Day," he cried, "here's the rope."

So a stout rope was flung across the chasm, and clinging to it with his hands, his body hanging over the flood, Captain Day worked himself safely across, and his wife prepared to follow. For Frances there was nothing but waiting; she was horrified at the mere idea of venturing after her aunt, and disagreeable as was the thought of the weary waiting, she was resolved to be patient rather than venturesome. Mrs. Day set out valiantly, her slight little figure with its extraordinary garments surging to and fro, as she went on hand over hand—such thin little hands. She had got to the further side, and her husband, bending down, had already hold of her wrist, when she suddenly let go with one hand, and dragging her husband with her, she fell down the precipice quicker than the roaring water!

It was barely eleven o'clock when this happened, but it was eight in the evening before the travellers proceeded on their way. For hours the cousins waited one on each side of the cruel torrent, till little by little the roar subsided as the fall thinned. As soon as it had reached a less formidable spread, the young man and his servants clambered over the hill-side, and after long and agonizing search came upon the mutilated bodies. Their death must have been instantaneous, for they had fallen nearly one hundred feet. They lay within a few yards of each other; Mrs. Day, the lightest, having dropped farthest. It was a

work of time and great difficulty to carry them up to the road. Meantime a number of villagers had collected to mend the bridge, over which Frances was carried just as John and his precious burthens appeared.

"You will ride mother's pony," he said, "we want both dandies."

He spoke in his usual manner, and issued his orders promptly. He made no comment upon what had happened, yet it was plain he was sorely wounded; his shriek when his parents fell had reached Frances above the rush of the waterfall, and for an instant he had seemed about to throw himself headlong after them. His cousin did her best to hide the terror she felt at riding the dangerous roads in the uncertain light, for though the moon was up, the sky was thick with clouds. But all through her life the horrors of that day and night were vividly present to her whenever she was out of health. The two marches to Nynee Tal had to be made one, on account of the necessity for reaching the station as quickly as possible, so all through the night the ghastly procession toiled on.

Every rustle in the jungle, every cry of wild animals, every sound made the girl's heart beat with terror. When they entered the woods, torches were lighted, and the men shouted at intervals to scare away the tiger and the leopard, but on the unsheltered ledge over the bare mountain-side the torches were extinguished, and in the dim light the awful depths below assumed yet more awful profundity. First in the procession the two dandies were carried, and their heavy swing between the bearers was horribly significant; after them rode John, then Frances, then the ayah, mounted on the captain's pony, and last of all the baggage. Now and then they passed a heap of coolies huddled together for protection round a bonfire. Sometimes a halt was made to allow the men to refresh themselves for a few moments with the hookah, but the silence of the little party was rarely broken. It was almost noon next day when the last great ascent was made, and they saw stretched eight hundred feet beneath them the deep dark lake and the picturesque houses of Nynee Tal. As they began to descend John placed himself on foot in front and whistled the "Dead March in Saul" solemnly until the dāk bungalow was reached.

"Father would have had that played before him had he died while an officer," he said, as he assisted his cousin from her pony. "If he could have heard me, he'd have been pleased I showed him such an attention."

That evening when the bodies were carried over to the burial-ground, John, arrayed in what was to have been his wedding suit, again slowly marched at the head, whistling.

The chaplain stopped him at the entrance to the churchyard, and by reminding him of his duty as chief mourner, prevented the poor fellow making himself a butt for scoffers any longer.

On his return to the bungalow he freed Frances from her engagement to him.

Ten years afterwards Frances Day, who was living with a maiden aunt, met her cousin John again. They had parted at Nynee Tal the day after the funeral, she to remain with the chaplain's wife till she could find an escort to England, he to return to his tea-plantation. Since then they had not even corresponded, though they were aware of each other's movements through their agents. Very soon after Frances' coming of age John had sold the estate and quitted India. He travelled over the Continent of Europe, and did his best to repair the want of proper cultivation in his boyhood by seeking the society of clever men and studying standard literature. When he presented himself to his cousin she was struck by the improvement in his manner and person. Mr. Day, the accomplished traveller, bore little resemblance to "Jack Sabib" of Bahut-burrakhud. Frances was altered for the better too. The terrible accident she had witnessed, the mental trials she had undergone, had borne good fruit. The realities of life, its uncertainty, its trials, had been brought home to her, and when she again met John she could appreciate the good sense, and reverence the good heart. They saw

each other constantly for a month; at the end of that time John asked her to be his wife.

"There is no one but you in all the world," he said, "who has the same memories with me. I have many good friends, and yet at times I feel so terribly alone, so crushed with the memory of that sorrowful past, that I long even for old Muddea or 'Jän Cheeniman' to speak to of my old home. I have done my best during the last few years to make myself more like other men of my position, and tried hard to rub off the rusticity of my bringing up. I have even taken pains to brush my hair," he added, smiling, "but until lately I never allowed myself to think why I did it all. Since meeting you again I have discovered my aim has been to become less disagreeable in your eyes, Frances. I know better now than to press myself upon you by saying our marriage would save bother, but indeed it will save my life from being cheerless and purposeless. Give me the right to make you forget the sadness of our former engagement in a new one under happy auspices. I have loved you all these years, and you are associated with my tenderest memories."

Surely there is no greater magician than Time. Frances had once declared from her heart, she would rather die than marry John Day, and now she admitted she could imagine no greater earthly happiness than wedded life with him.

"What about Lieutenant Græme?" John asked, when he had assured himself of his cousin's affection.

She laughed and blushed as she remembered her high and mighty behavior concerning the said Lieutenant Græme.

"I saw him at a ball in London five years since," she said; "he was good enough to recognize me and to ask me to dance, and afterwards he begged to be allowed to introduce his wife to me!"

"Well, and you shrieked and fainted, of course; or assumed an appearance of dignified scorn, eh?"

"No, I didn't. I was so astonished at not feeling anything but amused surprise that I forgot what was due to my betrayed affection, and actually got up quite a liking for the young lady, and used to visit her and play with her babies till they returned to India."

"But you must have lost all your gushing romance!" John said. "Ah! you are not the same Frances Day who begged my father to hasten our marriage. Pray, are you going to insist on no delay this time?"

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

I WOULD endeavor to rescue from oblivion the memory of one who was a man of some mark in his time, but whose name in later years was scarcely spread beyond the circle of his immediate friends. Born under more favorable auspices, Charles Phillips might have risen to eminence; but he was condemned by adverse fortune to an obscure career, and was glad, after a long life of labor, to find repose on the soft cushion of a chair in the Court for the relief of Insolvent Debtors. Nature had made Phillips fit to occupy a conspicuous position in almost any intellectual career. Fate condemned him to be an Old-Bailey barrister; but the fine qualities of the man were never wholly obliterated by the vulgar associations of a life of drudgery. He remained to the last genial, good-natured, and brimful of humor; in spite of many eccentricities, one of the pleasantest companions it has ever been my fortune to meet.

If the reader will be kind enough to imagine a stout gentleman, elderly, gray-whiskered, and inclined to corpulence, whose look and bearing were manly, dressed in a dark-blue paletot of the fashion so popular fifteen years ago, black trousers, boots of the kind called highlows, a carefully-brushed hat with a curly brim settled well back on his head, a black-silk handkerchief bound loosely round his neck, surmounted by high shirt-collars, he will have as good an idea as I can give him of the late Com-

missioner of her Majesty's Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. In his early life he must have been eminently handsome. When I knew him in his decline, his features, though finely chiselled, had become coarse. Their heaviness was, however, redeemed by a pair of eyes deep-set, full of intelligence, dark, and more lustrous than I have ever seen in any head, the late Duke of Wellington alone excepted.

I think I can see my old friend now, rolling along the King's road at Brighton, much in the same fashion as I suppose the great Samuel Johnson used to do, flourishing his walking-stick. It was an Irish blackthorn, bought annually at Mr. Thatcher's, his habit, when this important purchase had been completed, being to present its predecessor to Mr. Alfred Hurley, who united in himself the triple functions of valet, body-clerk, and usher of the court in Portugal Street. This personage also inherited the cast-off paletot, the hat with the curly brim, and I have no doubt many other properties of his distinguished master. Phillips was curiously methodical and exact in all his habits. He never wore gloves, and except once in his own house I do not remember ever seeing him in any other dress than that which I have described.

It was at Brighton I saw most of him. He used to spend his long vacations there, occupying for many successive seasons the same house in Cavendish Place, nearly opposite to that in which the accomplished daughters of the late Horace Smith, author of the "Rejected Addresses" exercised for many years a genial and graceful hospitality. The daily companion of my morning walks, he found in me a ready listener to the anecdotes of which he had accumulated a fund which was apparently inexhaustible; and he acted these stories as well as he told them, stopping short, striking his blackthorn suddenly on the ground, and elevating his chin in a direction parallel to the plane of the horizon by way of emphasis, when he had made what he considered a good point.

Although educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated, Phillips seemed to me to owe less to culture than to the genuine native humor and shrewdness of his character. He was profoundly ignorant of all modern languages except his own. He knew little of what was going on in other countries. He never was on the Continent. His sympathies were apparently liberal, but I do not think he had any political opinions except those which it suited his friend and patron, Lord Brougham, for the time being to profess. Our readers are familiar with the Irishmen of Sir Jonah Barrington and Charles Lever: Phillips seemed to unite all these varied types of national character in himself. But he had one quality which is not national. He was prudent, and very careful of his money. I have seen him regard with mournful solicitude a five pound banknote he was about to change, holding it up to the light and looking as if the chances were he would never see another. I have seen him also fondle the half-crown he was about to bestow in charity with a lingering affection, as if it went to his heart to part with the coin. He told me once, with tears in his eyes, how a friend of his in early life had succeeded in extracting from him the loan of a ten pound note, under the pretext of wanting it to go and bury his father. "I believed him," said Phillips; "but I learned afterwards that he spent it in a house of doubtful reputation, where he was drunk for a week." And then, as if the recollection of such atrocity was too painful for endurance, down went his stick, and up went his chin with his favorite gesture, while fiery indignation flashed from his eyes.

I saw him once shaking this blackthorn over the head of the late Mr. Albany Fonblanque, the editor of the *Examiner*, whom we encountered suddenly at Brighton. At another time I, the present writer, was in danger. I had indiscreetly endeavored to reproduce Chisholm Anstey's imitation of the peroration of one of his celebrated speeches: "I do not require vindictive damages at your hands, gentlemen of the jury; all I ask from you is to give me the value of this poor man's *choild*." 'Tis Anstey did with infinite humor. I probably failed in catching his

spirit, for the Commissioner was highly incensed, and swore he would be the death of Anstey as well as myself.

Phillips was high-spirited. He used to describe with grim humor what his sensations were in a duel he once fought, when he felt his antagonist's bullet graze his whisker; and I believe at any time of his life would have been quite pleased to engage in single combat with any foe man worthy of his steel. But he was fonder of a war of words, and was a neat hand at repartee.

There was a certain Jew stockbroker in those days at Brighton, who was reputed to be a man of great wealth. He used to carry a large gold snuff-box in his hand, with the contents of which he was pleased to regale his friends. Phillips was fond of chaffing this man of the money-bags, who knocked the letter H about, and was obtrusively vulgar.

We met once opposite the Bedford Hotel. The weather was warm, and the stockbroker, taking off his hat, mopped his face with a handkerchief. Then, looking attentively at Phillips, he said, "Well, Mr. Commissioner, we are much of the same age, I think, but it does strike me as curious that your head is quite white. Now look at mine: I have not a single gray hair, while my whiskers, you may observe, are as gray as yours. I have often wondered what the reason could be. I can account for it in no other way than having eaten some peaches in the month of October. The change occurred soon afterwards."

"No, sir," says Phillips, "that is not the cause. But if you would like to know why your hair retains its original color while your whiskers are white, I will tell you. Your jaws have been going for the last five-and-forty years, while your brains have been idle all that time." Then, taking a huge pinch of snuff out of the gold box, he marched off, leaving the stockbroker pondering whether he had received a medical opinion or an insult.

It would be idle to deny that Phillips owed much of his success in life to the assiduity with which he cultivated the good graces of two of the most eminent men of his own time. But to infer, as his enemies did, that he was a tuft-hunter, would be to attribute to him a weakness quite inconsistent with the manly independence of his nature and the energetic industry which distinguished his career. It was to the kindness of John Philpot Curran, the great orator, and the then Master of the Rolls in Ireland — of whom he has written a biography, pronounced by Brougham to be equal to Boswell's "Life of Johnson" — that he owed his first start in life; and it was through the influence of Lord Brougham himself that he obtained the valuable appointment which enabled him to pass his declining years in ease and comfort. To have attracted the notice and won the regard of two such men is in itself enough to prove that Phillips possessed no ordinary qualities. But a servile worshipper of rank he certainly was not; nor, although rigid even to parsimony in his personal expenditure, was he a lover of money for the sake of its sordid acquisition. It was I think, part of his nature to be a hero-worshipper; and I believe the idea that he was thereby to derive any solid advantages was one which never crossed his mind. Yet it somehow came to pass that he proved an exception to the rule which forbids us to place our trust in princes. The great men to whom he paid homage were more or less grateful. That this homage was not insincere, but came direct from his heart, I would infer, from the fact that he was the faithful and devoted adherent, *cum grano salis*, as I shall presently relate, in all their vicissitudes of fortune, of the Bonaparte family, who could not be supposed likely to advance the fortunes of an English barrister. He was on terms of intimacy with General Gourgeaux, and aided by him, with Barry O'Meara, took an active part in alleviating the sufferings of Napoleon at St. Helena.

The public life of Phillips had ceased many years before his death, when a violent attack upon him, made by Mr. Fonblanque in the *Examiner*, brought him once more prominently before the world; and it was about that period a new edition of his "Life and Times of Curran" made its appearance. No man was better qualified than

he, from long habits of familiar intercourse, to do justice to the memory of the great Irishman; and he has certainly performed the task with a wonderful fidelity and truth to nature. The book abounds in the drollest anecdotes, and contains many interesting particulars of the great orator's contemporaries. But as I write, I can recall one as humorous as any in the book itself. I relate it on the authority of the late Mr. Carew O'Dyer, sometime M. P. for Drogheda. Phillips, it seemed, was in the habit of going to the Priory whenever he pleased, and staying as long as suited his convenience. During one of these visitations the distinguished host, who prided himself on having one of the finest cellars of wine in the country, became weary, I suppose, of his guest, and the following dialogue took place between them: —

Curran, Master of the Rolls, loquitur. Charles Phillips, I am getting tired of your society. I begin to perceive you repeat the same stories. I wish you would go away out of my house into your own, that is to say, if you have got one.

Phillips, briefless barrister, loquitur. I will go out of your house, Mr. Curran. I am only sorry I ever came into it. Your bad wine has destroyed the coats of my stomach, and your damp sheets have given me the rheumatism.

If our readers will remember the respective positions of the two men — the one a great equity judge and the foremost orator of his day, the other a sucking barrister, without a brief or a guinea in his pocket — they will be able to appreciate the exquisite humor of this little passage of arms.

But the pair were soon friends again, and nothing occurred to disturb their intimacy until the death of Curran. The last note he ever penned was to Phillips. It was an invitation to dinner, and remarkable for not having in it a single superfluous word. It was, I believe, at the suggestion of his friend that the remains of the Master of the Rolls were removed from Paddington to their present resting-place at the Cemetery of Glasnevin in Ireland.

Why Charles Phillips ever left the Irish bar, where he had achieved some sort of reputation as an advocate, I could never clearly understand. He was under the impression, which I believe to have been a complete delusion, that O'Connell was jealous of him, and used his influence to prevent his obtaining professional employment. But at one time they were great friends. Phillips accompanied him on the memorable occasion when he shot poor Mr. Desterre. He described the scene graphically. The field, he said, was white with snow; the surrounding hills crowded by spectators, who, had Desterre been successful, had determined he should never leave the ground alive. O'Connell took him aside and whispered, —

"Charles, they don't know it, but I am a dead shot; and if this man don't kill me, I shall kill him. I can't miss him as he stands out against the white ground."

But for many years later on, O'Connell and he were not upon speaking terms; and he was fond of describing how the great agitator, meeting him one evening in the lobby of the House of Commons, came up to him with both his hands open, and said in his silkiest manner, "Charles, I forgive you from the very bottom of my heart. I am tired of quarrelling with you; let us be friends." "Did you ever hear of such confounded impudence?" said Phillips, telling the story. "It was I who had to forgive; he tried to take the very bread out of my mouth."

Sligo had the honor of being my friend's birthplace, and he once tried to represent the county. Of his early career I know little more than was communicated to me by himself; but he had a wonderful memory, and spoke without much reserve of himself as well as of his associates. He shared the same lodgings in Dublin, he told me, with Richard Shiel, who was afterwards Master of the Mint and ambassador at Florence, and for this early friend he seemed to have a sincere affection. He used to describe most comically his first love.

Shiel, it appeared, was unable for some time to make up his mind whether he was sufficiently attached to a certain lady to justify him in asking her to become his wife, and

in this state of indecision he would wander about muttering to himself, "Am I in love with Miss B——, or am I not? I really don't know. For instance now, would I be sorry if Miss B—— were to die? Well, I do really think I would. Then I will ask her." He did ask her, and he was accepted.

Shiel, when he was in Parliament, went often to Brighton, where he occupied apartments in the house of one Mr. Pigg, a grocer, in the corner of Regency Square, who became so much alarmed by his lodger's habit of solitary declamation that, believing him to be mad, he had him watched by the police, and at last gave him notice to quit. I had an opportunity of ascertaining the accuracy of this statement from the worthy tradesman himself, whom I found in a blue apron, selling tea behind his counter, and who remembered perfectly well, he said, the "little H Irish lunatic," as he was pleased to call our ambassador at Florence.

Another early friend of the Commissioner's was the Rev. George Croly, author of "Salathiel" and many other works. They lived together in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river. Croly had some reputation as a preacher, and was then the incumbent of a small but fashionably attended chapel in Spring Gardens. Finding his friend one Saturday morning unoccupied in their common sitting-room, he asked him to write a sermon for the following day, leaving the subject matter to his own discretion. Phillips selected the seventh commandment for his text, and composed a discourse which Croly, trusting to the genius of the author, was rash enough to preach without a previous perusal. The effect was remarkable. Many of the congregation went into hysterics on the spot, and a round-robin, with very influential signatures, was afterwards forwarded to the Bishop of London, calling upon him to revoke the Rev. Dr. Croly's license.

Another noteworthy instance of the effect of Phillips's oratory occurred when he was in practice at the Irish bar—his speech for the plaintiff in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, when he obtained a verdict for £7,000, the largest amount ever awarded by a Dublin jury in a case of seduction. The result was disastrous to the unfortunate defendant, who, being unable to pay, and precluded by law from availing himself of the provisions of the insolvent act, spent his entire life in prison, where he was supported by the bounty of his old friend Mr. Ball, afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. This speech, with some others which Phillips had delivered, were published in separate pamphlets by Mr. William Hone, and had an enormous circulation. Their sale amounted to 60,000 annually. I have looked through them; and while I admit they are distinguished by great elegance of diction, and contain some passages of real eloquence, they are disfigured by turgid declamation, and I doubt if they would go down with a jury of the present day. But when I recall Phillips's fine presence, the impressiveness of his manner, and the sonorous tones of his voice, I am not at a loss to account for their effect. Such as these speeches are, however, they attracted the hostile notice of the *Edinburgh Review*, which, then in its infancy, was running amuck at all the rising reputations of the day. A slashing article appeared on the subject of Irish oratory, in which they are very severely handled. Phillips used to ascribe the authorship of this critique to Brougham, and was much given to speculate how, when a collection of his lordship's contributions should be published, the ex-chancellor would ever be able to look him in the face.

I ventured to suggest that this was a contingency which might never occur, or, that if it did, Brougham might leave that particular article out of the collection.

"But suppose now that Jeffrey publishes his contributions," said Phillips angrily, striking his blackthorn on the ground, "and Horner and Mackintosh and the rest, then the inference is inevitable that it was Brougham."

"Why not Horner or Jeffrey?"

"They had not the capacity."

"Well, I should look upon it as a feather in my cap to be put in the same boat with Lord Byron, etc."

Phillips, testily, "Hang the feather in my cap; we shall see."

As I have not been able to find this critique in any of the collections published by the contributors, I am inclined therefore to believe that Phillips's inference is correct.

But the eloquence which had stirred the gall of Scotch reviewers, and produced so marvellous an effect upon Irish juries, did not on this side of St. George's Channel tend to the orator's professional advancement. When he transferred himself and his gifts to the English bar, Phillips selected the northern circuit, and a more inauspicious choice he could not have made. There he was doomed to encounter a greater than even his old enemy O'Connell. He was silenced forever by the lion-roar of Brougham. The story is that, having delivered a glowing and most pathetic speech in one of those cases where he was accustomed to shine, Brougham, who had the reply, fell upon the orator, gave him a terrible mauling, and covered the speech with such ridicule that he never held another brief, and soon afterwards abandoned the circuit in despair. It was about this time that his prospects were of the gloomiest character. He continued to struggle on, but he was unable to establish himself in regular professional practice. He was profoundly ignorant of the requisite technical knowledge; he could never, as he often said, understand a legal proposition in his life. So he sank at last into a practitioner at the Old Bailey, where he secured an income adequate to his wants. So precarious at one time had become his position, that he thought of emigrating. He had married, and lived in humble lodgings in Chancery Lane.

"I was sitting," he once told me, "with my wife, occupied by mournful reflections. I had changed my last sovereign to buy, to all appearance, what was likely to be my last dinner, when a knock came to the door, and lo! there stood an attorney's clerk with a brief and a two-guinea fee. Such was my humble beginning, and at the time I was thankful for it."

Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says there are four ways of getting into business at the bar: by hugging attorneys, by writing a law-book, by a miracle, and by the rope-walk.

It was the latter, which, being interpreted, means practice at the Old Bailey, Phillips selected; he had not sufficient knowledge to write upon any professional subject, he was too poor to hug attorneys; but he hugged the great Lord High Chancellor, which answered his purpose better; he did more, he adored him, and was at no pains to conceal his adoration. Brougham accepted the incense and stood by the idolater. Now it was through Lord Brougham, as he believed, that his literary reputation had received a serious injury; it was the same hand which laid in the dust his hopes of professional advancement; and how Phillips could ever have brought himself to be upon friendly terms with, still less to owe his advancement to, this arch-destroyer of his prospects, I am at a loss to conceive. I can account for it in no other way than that proneness in his nature to hero-worship to which I have already adverted. Lord Brougham, then in the zenith of his fame, was probably the greatest man he had ever known, and he adored him accordingly. It is probable also that Brougham found him useful, for Phillips had many liaisons in the press, and the Chancellor was often in scrapes which required the ready aid of a friendly pen. The faithful adherent was rewarded by the light of the great man's countenance. At Brougham's "splendid table"—this is the epithet by which he describes it—Phillips made many acquaintances who were useful to him: and he received in due time a substantial reward in the shape of a Commissionership in Bankruptcy at Liverpool, a place worth £1,500 a year, which he afterwards exchanged for one of lesser value in the Insolvent Debtors' Court in London. This piece of preferment came just in time. He was getting old and past his work, and he spent the rest of his life, not occupied by the business of his court, in fervent adoration of his benefactor. Every day in the season, when the Lords were sitting, it was his invariable habit to pay this idol of his a visit; if he did not find him at home in

Grafton Street, then he would wend his way down to the House and interview Brougham at the bar. I have frequently been present on these occasions. When my lord saw Phillips's fine bald head, he would come over and shake him by the hand, whisper a word or two in his ear, and return to his place. It so happened that my lodgings lay directly in Phillips's route from Portugal Street; and as he was fond of a walking-stick in the shape of some accommodating arm on which he could lean, he would often call for me for the pleasure, as he said, of my company. When we arrived at Grafton Street, if Lord Brougham was at home, he would take his leave of me without the smallest scruple. This happened so often that I made up my mind to play him a little trick on the first opportunity. When the door opened, I slid in past the servant and gained the hall, whence no entreaties could dislodge me until I had been presented to the great man, who graciously gave me two of his august fingers to shake, and then turned his back upon me. I need scarcely add that I was never taken out in the capacity of walking-stick any more.

While referring to Phillips's propensity to hero-worship, I mentioned his devotion to the Bonaparte family, of which I remember a curious illustration, combined, however, with a prudent regard to his own interest which was amusingly characteristic of the man. Very early in our acquaintance he asked me if I would like to see Prince Napoleon's house. Replying in the affirmative, the Commissioner tucked me under his arm, and led the way to King Street, St. James's. While I was wondering how he had the entrée, he informed me he was the owner of the house in question.

"Well," I said, "I hope your tenant pays his rent; they do say he is sometimes hard up."

"He pays me £300 a year, and is the very best tenant I ever had; rent comes punctual to the day. But then," sinking his voice to a whisper, "I would not let him into the house until I had a guarantee from Lafitte, the Paris banker, for the rent."

The door was opened by a maid-servant, with a dirty face and arms to match.

"Is the Prince at home?"

"No, sir; he left by the mail-train last night for Paris."

The Commissioner's countenance fell as we proceeded to view the interior of the mansion thus abandoned. We found it much in the same state as it had been left by the august tenant. The bed had not been made, nor had the marble-bath which the future Emperor used on the morning of his departure, been emptied of its contents. In the room which he used as a study, a book lay open on the desk, with its margin copiously annotated; it was a treatise in French on the use of artillery; a note-book and a pencil lay beside it. The rooms were in confusion, and I observed several large deal packing-cases scattered about on the floor addressed "a M. le President de la Republique Française." This was several days before the election took place which gave Louis Napoleon his grip on France, and is an apt illustration of that reputed faith in his destiny with which the Emperor has been credited.

Many years had passed over, and the doubtful tenant of the house in King Street had become the Emperor of France. Phillips and I were seated in Folthorp's library at Brighton, looking over the morning papers, when he pulled out a packet.

"Look at this," he said. The object submitted to my inspection was a handsome gold snuff-box, with the letter N. in brilliants on the lid. "And this," he added, handing me an autograph letter from the Emperor, begging his acceptance of the box as a proof of his gratitude for a pamphlet written by the Commissioner.

This production was published by Mr. Bentley, and is worth looking at on account of the extravagance of the eulogy it contains. It is entitled "Napoleon the Third, by a Man of the World."

"I hope," I said slyly, "Phillips, the Emperor had forgotten all about that unlucky guarantee."

"What do you mean, sir — what guarantee?"

"Why of course the guarantee you required from Lafitte before you accepted Louis Napoleon as a tenant."

"Who told you that, may I ask?"

"Yourself, to be sure; who else?"

"I never did anything of the sort; it's an invention — a malicious invention." Then reflecting, after a moment's pause, "I'll tell you what it is, B——; you have a d——d inconvenient memory." And he was silent for many minutes afterwards.

I am unable to say what was the original ground of quarrel between Phillips and the late Mr. Albany Fonblanque, who had then the management of the *Examiner*; but in the columns of that able journal appeared a series of attacks upon the professional character of Phillips, which evinced great animosity on the part of the writer. These attacks were the more indefensible as they appeared nearly twenty years after the transaction to which they referred had taken place, when the world had forgotten all about it. Phillips had defended Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell; and during the course of the trial the prisoner, taking his counsel aside, confessed to him his guilt. Phillips was horror-struck, and on the point of throwing up his brief; but he consulted Baron Parke, who sat on the bench beside the judge who was trying the case, and by him he was advised to proceed with the defence as if nothing had happened.

The gravamen of the charge made by the *Examiner* was, that the counsel, having this confession in his pocket, made a solemn appeal to Heaven to witness his belief in the prisoner's innocence, and that he endeavored to throw the blame of the murder upon the innocent female servants. Having carefully examined the facts, I am bound to state that there is no ground whatever for any such charge. I have seen a pamphlet which contains letters from many of the counsel who were then present, positively stating that nothing of the kind occurred; and I give an extract from one written by Mr. Samuel Warren in which he thus disposes of the subject: "I was dining," writes Mr. Warren, "some time ago with Lord Denman, when I mentioned to him the serious charge against you which had recently been revived by the *Examiner*. His lordship immediately stated that he had inquired into the matter, and found the charge to be utterly unfounded; that he had spoken on the subject to Mr. Baron Parke — who sat on the bench beside Chief-Justice Tyndal, who tried the case — and that Baron Parke told him he had, for reasons of his own, carefully watched every word you uttered; and assured Lord Denman that your address was perfectly unexceptionable, and that you made no such statement as that which was subsequently attributed to you. The charge of having endeavored to cast suspicion upon the female servants is as easily disposed of. Phillips's cross-examination of these servants took place on Wednesday, and it was not until the evening of the following day Courvoisier admitted to him his guilt."

Phillips's friends — and I never knew a man who had more — were greatly pleased at this triumphant vindication. An opportunity soon afterwards occurred which proved to me the extent of his popularity. I had been amused by observing in the newspapers a judgment he had delivered in the case of an insolvent baker, who had returned in his schedule, among other assets, a "fast-trotting pony." "Sir," said the Commissioner, with much solemnity, "I am not surprised at the position in which you find yourself. Set a beggar on horseback, and you know in what direction he rides; but put a baker behind a fast-trotting pony, and that animal will inevitably conduct him to this court before he knows where he is." Not long afterwards, while crossing Fleet Street, Phillips was run over and nearly killed. I heard of the accident, and called at his house to inquire after his condition. On that occasion I ventured to suggest that it might have been the same fast-trotting pony, driven by the vindictive baker, which had caused the disaster. He laughed heartily, and pointing to his table, which was covered with cards and notes of inquiry, said that, having recovered from the effects of the accident, he was not sorry it had occurred,

for it showed him he had more friends left who took an interest in him than he imagined. Of these the late Mr. Justice Maule was one who occupied a high place in his regard. He was fond of relating the quaint sayings of this eminent personage.

"I defended" he said, "a man before him who was tried for murder, and convicted. The judge asked the prisoner, in the usual form, whether he had anything to say in arrest of judgment. The ruffian flung up both his arms to Heaven, and exclaimed, 'May God Almighty strike me down dead on the spot if I had hand, act, or part in this matter!' Maule took out his watch, and looking attentively at the prisoner, paused for at least a minute; then he said, 'Prisoner at the bar, I have waited patiently for some time to see whether that Almighty Being whom you have so impiously invoked would interfere on this occasion, and relieve me from the necessity of pronouncing judgment upon you; but as he has not done so, then it is my duty to pass the usual sentence of the law—that you be taken from hence to the place of execution, and hanged, etc.'"

Phillips was a kind-hearted, and a generous man, but at the same time, I fear, a little selfish. In his early life he had probably experienced the pinchings of a narrow fortune, and I do not think he was much given to hospitality. But he was kind to the poor, and at Brighton, I remember, he always carried a half-crown in his hand for a character indigenous to the place, called Tom—an old sailor who had lost his legs, and spent much of his time in a chair drawn by a goat. He had a biscuit, too, for Mr. Prior's old white bull-terrier. Both these recipients of his bounty proved unworthy of it. Tom disappeared—goat, carriage, and all—deeply in debt to his tradespeople; and the white bull-terrier tried to bite his benefactor in the calf of the leg. It is probable that these little incidents were but a repetition of others which, happening in his early life, had hardened his heart; for he had a nervous aversion, amounting almost to horror, of impecuniosity in all its shapes, and he avoided, as he would a pestilence, the society of any one whom he thought could, by the most remote chance, have any design upon his pocket.

Phillips was a brilliant and polished writer. He had a fine command of good Saxon words, and might have won a place in literature, had the harassing occupations of a busy life afforded him time for its cultivation. He has left behind him, besides his *Life of Curran*, some volumes of poetry, one of which, the "*Emerald Isle*," is dedicated to the Prince Regent, whom he calls "Ireland's hope and England's ornament." He was fond of writing pamphlets, too, on such topics as interested the public of the day. The last of these which I remember was in favor of the abolition of capital punishment. But his end was now drawing near; each successive season I met him at Brighton he seemed to grow feebler. He had outlived the ordinary span allotted to human life, and he died in harness. He was seized with an apoplectic fit while presiding in his Court at Portugal Street, and never recovered. Much to the surprise of those who knew him, he left behind him a large fortune—upwards of £40,000; and the house in King Street, formerly occupied by the imperial tenant of whom he was so proud, is now the property of one of his daughters.

It is said of Phillips's friend Curran that, when an enterprising *littérateur* asked to be supplied with materials for the purpose of writing his life, the Master of the Rolls replied, "Take it, rather." I fear my old friend, could he have anticipated my present design, would have inquired with stern solemnity how he had ever injured me, that I should add one more to the terrors of death; but I have long desired to vindicate his memory from an unjust aspersion. I have seldom heard his name mentioned without hearing it also coupled with an accusation which I have shown to be unfounded; *au reste*, although he was but an Old-Bailey barrister, he was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. Grattan said of O'Connell that he was a bad patriot and a worse rebel. Phillips had not one spark of patriotism in his composition; he

preferred the flesh-pots of the country of his adoption to the potatoes of his native land. This exile never wept by the waters of the Thames as he thought of Zion; indeed, he hoped he would never set his foot in that green country any more; and he never did. His loyalty was undoubted, but the king who owned his allegiance was Brougham; and if I could lift the veil which hides the portals of that undiscovered country, I have no doubt that where the shadow of that Anax Andron stalks through the Elysian fields, the humble shade of his faithful friend will be somewhere near. Heaven would be no paradise to Charles Phillips without the presence of Henry Lord Brougham.

HOW THE "STABAT MATER" WAS WRITTEN.

AMONGST the mass of mediæval hymns the "*Stabat Mater*" stands forth prominently. Nothing can surpass the touching simplicity of the Evangelist's words, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother," but no paraphrase can excel that of the author of the well-known Sequence. No man has ever interpreted the sorrows of the *Mater Dolorosa* and sympathized with her in her affliction as the Benedictine monk of the thirteenth century. The most rigid adherent of that most unpoetical form of religion, Protestantism, who has not words enough to denounce the Church of Rome, which he is pleased to call "the Mother of abominations," forgets for a moment that he is listening to a hymn which forms part of the "*Officium VII Dolorum*," and yields involuntarily to its softening influences. And surely he must be a barbarian if he does not. How beautiful are the verses with which the hymn opens! The painful drama of Calvary is described in sad and solemn words. It seems at first as if the poet cannot find language to express the sorrows of the mourning Mother. Dante describes the unfortunates who for very weeping can weep no more; the Virgin Mother stands at the foot of the Cross in silent grief. But the spectacle of her grief overwhelms the poet ere long, and he bursts out,

"O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa Benedicta,
Mater Unigeniti."

Once more the poem assumes a dramatic form, but again the poet feels overpowered by his emotions: "*Eia Mater fons amoris*." He is no longer a mere narrator, he is not satisfied with being an idle spectator, he longs to bear part of the burden that so cruelly oppresses her. Others may shrink from suffering, but he longs for it with unutterable yearnings. His eyes fill with tears, his heart is well-nigh breaking at the thought of it, and his pale lips pour forth a passionate prayer:

"Sancta mater istud agas,
Crucifigi fige plagas,
Cordi meo valide."

This is not a metaphor, or an exaggerated poetical expression; he desires above all things to bear literally in his body the "stigmata of our Lord." And therefore the petition occurs once more at the end of the hymn. The prayer is no more interrupted as it was at first; the agonized soul standing, or rather kneeling, at the foot of the Cross, gives vent to the passion of adoration that consumes it, and as the poem closes we seem to see a bent form refusing to be lifted, and to catch the echo of a voice going forth in endless supplication.

No wonder that this poem became soon after it was written one of the favorite songs of the people. Its author belonged to the world; the hill on which it dwelt was the centre of the moral universe; the emotions which it described were common to humanity. The cry of agony of the pious monk pierced through the walls of his narrow cell, and found a response amongst the masses of Italy and Germany. The unfortunate Albat of Italy and the Fla-

gellantes of Germany — men and women physically ill and mentally diseased — revelled in this most eloquent deification of suffering. As they went on their long pilgrimages, as they knelt at the shrines of the Virgin Mother, or paused on the way before some crucifix once erected by pious hands, they sang with trembling voice the hymn of the *Mater Dolorosa*. And no doubt the tears streamed down many a face, and many a heart throbbed violently — for there were few in that multitude who had not to mourn over the loss of some one dear and near — as the melancholy chant drew to a close. But if anything could have consoled them it would have been the thought of that "*Mater Dolorosa fons amoris*" who had suffered more than any one else, and therefore knew what suffering was, and whose arms were always open to receive her weary children on her bosom that they might find comfort and rest.

The translations of this hymn are numerous. But a translation is generally a mutilation. It is certain that no translation can give an idea of the original. These *versus leonini* cannot be rendered; one forgets all about the curious Latin in which they were written, or about the peculiar expressions which they contain. There is a certain monotony and melancholy about the rhythm in keeping with the theme. Its very form impresses you as if you were listening to a mournful minor; it is all throughout one great cry of grief.

It needed scarcely to be set to music, but it has found many composers. A melody was soon attached to it by the Church, and has clung to it ever since. And as composers came into existence, they one by one treated it with solemn elaborate richness. Josquin de Près, in the fifteenth century, and Palestrina in the sixteenth — each the Prince of Music of his day — were among the first. The sombre Astorga, who drew the inspiration for his music from the scaffold, followed. Pergolesi, of whose composition it was said "the angels could not help weeping as they listened to it," conceived the idea of his music when involuntarily witnessing an execution, and the intense grief of the survivor, and wrote it in an isolated spot at the foot of fiery Vesuvius, with the shadow of death hovering over him. Rossini was the last of the series. But on the gay boulevards of Paris one cannot learn to understand the sufferings of the "*Mater Dolorosa*." The music of Rossini is a parody; one seems to see the picture of Anonyma, grieved about the loss of one of her lovers, and even before the close of her petulant outburst one feels inclined to exclaim, "*Calmez-vous, Madame, vous vous consolerez bientôt.*"

But it is time that we should look at the author of the hymn, and the circumstances under which he wrote it. On a hill on the left bank of the Tiber, in the midst of the charming scenery of Umbria, stands the old Etruscan town Tuderum. It was known for the strength of its castle, its three walls, the most imposing of which was built by its founders, and for the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. It was here that some time in the first half of the thirteenth century Jacob Bendetti was born. His family was well known, and belonged to the nobility, so that the boy was brought up in the midst of a society accustomed to wealth and luxury. He was educated with care, and at the proper time sent to the famous University of Bologna. His career had been chosen for him; he was to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence. The chief object of the study of law is to learn how to evade it, and the students of Bologna seem to have been adepts in this art. Giacomo refers in one of his poems to his university, without manifesting any of the proverbial love for his "*Alma Mater*." "If you wish to talk and to chatter, if you care not to do your duty," he says, "you may succeed with the wisdom gathered at Bologna, but even this is doubtful. It will but stimulate your desires, and lead you to search more and more, and increase your ambition, and the end of it all will be pain and sorrow."

We know not in what way Giacomo spent his days at college, or what influences were brought to bear upon him. He does not seem to have distinguished himself in any particular way, and after having passed through the usual

course he established himself as a lawyer in his native town. Italy was then, what England is now, the paradise of lawyers. It is most likely that Giacomo, owing to the influence of his family and his own talents and energy, would have succeeded in his profession. He might easily have become the chief of Turdentine lawyers, and then after some years of splendid practice he would have retired and, unless connected with some famous quarrel, most likely been forgotten. Everything seemed to point in this direction. He got soon settled, and married a woman whom *The Chronicle* describes as "*moglie giovane e bella ma timorosa di Dio.*" Giacomo seemed destined to become the father of a family, and to become at the very best the model of a lawyer and of a family man. But Heaven willed it otherwise, for he was one of the elect, and the hour comes sooner or later when they become conscious of the Divine presence within them, and shake off the dust that defiles them, and rise from the ground as regenerate men.

On a certain day a great ball was given in the town, at which the wife of Giacomo was present. Giacomo remained at home. Whilst engaged in his work a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets, and arrived before she was dead. But within a few moments she breathed her last in his arms, and as he took off her clothing he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair. The sudden death of his young and beautiful wife in the spring of life, with the promise of a brilliant summer slowly deepening into the mellow glories of autumn, gave him a shock from which he never recovered, and destroyed the balance of his nervous system forever. The difference between one man and another is that one is mad with method in his madness and that the other is mad without any method. A complete change came over Giacomo; he gave up his practice, severed himself from the connections which he had formed, and said farewell to the life which he had hitherto led. In the midst of the dumb sorrow in which he was plunged he seemed ever to hear a voice telling him to go and sell all that he had and to give it to the poor, in order that he might have treasure in heaven. He resolved to obey the command in the most literal sense, and henceforth to live for heaven alone.

Such a resolution created necessarily a great sensation in a town where he was so well known. It is not astonishing that the *gamins*, as they saw the once respectable lawyer go through the streets bareheaded and barefooted, with a coarse garment around him, and a strange unearthly fire in his eyes, all the more visible because of the wan haggard face out of which they shone, should have saluted him with the name of *Jacopone*, "silly Jack." As for himself he was proud of the title, and he adopted it joyfully. "My brother," he said, "thinks that he will reflect honor on our name by his cleverness; I shall do so by my madness." "Holy madness," he called it, and satirically he said of it in one of his poems: "Whoever has made himself a madman for the Lord's sake has obtained great wisdom. In Paris they do not like this philosophy, and he that becomes a fool for Christ's sake can expect nothing but vexation and grief. Yet withal he is elected as Doctor of Philosophy and Divinity." In one word, he deemed it his chiefest glory to be beside himself for the sake of his Lord, and to be accounted a fool because of Christ, and it was this desire which made of him a Christian Diogenes. A characteristic story is told, which reveals more of the temper in which he was than the most detailed description. A relation of his requested him to carry a pair of chickens to his house. A few hours later he got home and found to his surprise that the chickens had not arrived. When questioning *Jacopone* about the affair, the answer was that he had put them in the church before the family vault; "for their sepulchres shall be their homes," said he, quoting a passage from one of the Psalms.

But sorrow did more than unhinge parts of his nature. It knocked at doors hitherto closed, and opened chambers as yet unfrequented. The overwhelming grief, stirring him to the very heart's core, opened a fount of emotion which in the past had been sealed. He looked within and thought that he would find a grave, but behold he found a heaven.

Sorrow did not, indeed, make him a poet, but it revealed to him that he was one. The Madonna and her Divine Child became the objects of his love, and amongst all his poems there are none more exquisite than those addressed to her. It was most probably in one of his sleepless nights, when the Cross was pressing heavily upon him, that he wrote the "Stabat Mater," every line of which seems dipped in his heart's blood. And verily the Madonna rewarded him, for he became chief among the spiritual troubadours of Italy.

After some time he applied for admittance to the Convent of the Franciscans. But the monks had no need of an additional madman; there were plenty of them there already. However, they would certainly have refused admittance to the holy Francis himself; and it is therefore not strange that Giacomo's request should have been denied. Two poems which he wrote opened to him at length the gates of the cloister. One of them was called "Udite Nova Pazzia," and commences thus: "Listen to a new folly that has come in my mind. I should like to be dead, because I have led a wrong life." The other poem was written in Latin, and its title was "Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria." "Say where is Solomon with all his glory, and Samson before whom the enemy fled, and beautiful Absalom clothed in fine garments, and Jonathan whose heart beat warmly for his friend? And where is Cæsar now who was once a great general, and the rich man who delighted in the banqueting hall; where will you find Tullius with the eloquent tongue, and Aristoteles unique in intellect? . . . Call not thine own the things of this world, she soon takes from you what she gave you. Lift up thy heart towards God, in the Ether let it rest. Happy he, who despises the world and hates it." After this the monks welcomed him cordially, and about the year 1278 he became a member of the order of the Franciscans.

He loved his cell. "O my dear cell," he once wrote, "let me ever dwell in thee, thou dost attract me like a magnet; thou art my guardian, and thou lookest at me so fondly that I will never leave thee." It is needless to say that he practised the most terrible austerities. The garment of the order was scarcely coarse enough, or the daily meal frugal enough, for the man of the world, who had once been the favorite child of fortune. A story is told in confirmation of his austerity. One day he wished to have some meat. To punish himself he bought a piece which he hung up in his cell and left there till it had become quite putrid. In this atmosphere he spent many a day, till at length a member of the order visited his cell, and had the obnoxious object removed.

He did more, however, than continue in secret the eccentricities which had once delighted the little boys of Todi. In the solitude of his cell he wrote those poems which have procured for him, not an ephemeral fame, but an undying glory. For, with the exception of two, he wrote them in the language of the people, and in the dialect of his native Umbria, so that the peasants and the very lowest of the people could read and understand. And thereby he made the cloister a power in the land.

We have seen how he despised learning. Here is another wild exclamation: "I will turn away from Plato, and let him waste his breath; I will despise the tricks of Aristoteles, for they are not productive of gain, and they lead to misery. Simple pure understanding can be obtained without them, and the face of the Lord can be seen without the aid of philosophy." Looking at his sacred poems one will generally find that, unlike the ancient hymns, they are not disfigured by dogmatics. He might have adopted the words of Neander as his motto: "It is the heart which makes the theologian." If it is necessary to assign him a place in one of the schools, he must be ranked among the Mystics. But what is mysticism if it is not the avowal that the human heart is greater than theology or any ology whatever; that religion is a great holy emotion defying chemical analysis, and refusing to be shut up within the stifling atmosphere of creed and dogma; that the heaven-born soul can find its way towards heaven

without the aid of earth-made crutches? Jacopone placed himself on his knees and looked in his heart, and wrote down what he saw and felt. It is therefore that the Psalms of the East still find an echo on Western shores, and therefore the burning lyrics of Giacomo will never be forgotten. Are they not full of blemishes? They are indeed. His muse, walking so oft on the unsullied pavement of heaven amongst the Brides of the Lamb, is frequently seen amidst the *dames de la Halle*, pressing a loud-sounding kiss on their coarse lips. He has placed Billingsgate in the very centre of "Jerusalem the Golden." It is true that allowance must be made for the atmosphere in which he lived; the times were barbarous, and disgusting things were called by disgusting names, and Truth went about naked, for the modest generation had not yet been born that compelled her to wear a garment, and there were no Elises or Louises, or whatever their names may be, to dress her up so that it is well nigh impossible to distinguish her from her younger sister, Falsehood. After all, who remembers the eccentricities of the monk and occasional coarseness of the poet, when he thinks of the manly heart, the undaunted courage, the simplicity of mind, the straightforwardness of character, the exceeding tenderness of feeling, and the passion of love which distinguished the Franciscan from those around him? One day he was found weeping, and when asked the reason of his tears he exclaimed: "I weep because Love goes about unloved." Who can help kissing the pale lips that spoke such words?

Read his description of the struggle between body and soul, concluding with the body asking merely for life and nothing else. Listen to the pathetic words which he puts into the mouth of Christ: "My son, I have reason to complain because thou fleest from me day after day. - And I desire thy salvation, therefore avoid me no longer. I have followed thee for a long time; I shall give thee my kingdom, and take away all things that might hurt thee, and pay the debts which in thy blindness thou hast incurred." Sometimes he is greatly troubled: "Woe unto me, my heart is cold and idle. Why do I not sigh for the pangs of love, that they may kill me? I find not the loved one in things created." And then he encourages himself: "Did not God create the soul that it might dwell in a state of high nobility? Shall it then grovel in dust? If the royal daughter of France, dressed in kingly garments, and with the prospect of a throne, stooped to a low courtship, what would men say?" And he exhorts himself: "Wilt thou find love, thou must cherish with a pure heart true humility. Lowly contempt of self leads to every virtue." And he prays: "Oh, let me rather die than hurt Thee any longer. I see no change in me; pronounce the sentence, for I am long since under condemnation." Or, "Intoxicated with love, let me wind my arms so tightly around Thee that nothing can loosen them. Let me impress deeply thy image on my heart, so that I may escape from the path of the wicked." And at last he is at rest, and he triumphs: "I rest, and yearn no more, for I have seen the Lamb, and my reason dwells in peace in the bosom of the highest unity." And in his madness of joy he plucks a flower from the border-land of Pantheism: "My soul shall rest in the heart of God. Plunged in the depths of a great lake, it will find no possibility of escape."

His prose writings are few. The following, he says, is an evidence that we have the love of God within us. "If we ask for something and we receive it not, and love God all the more, or if we obtain the very opposite of our request, and yet love God twice as much as before, then we love Him indeed." A parable of his deserves to be mentioned: "A maiden had five brothers; one was a musician, the second was a painter, the third was a merchant, the fourth was a cook, and the fifth a scene painter. She had a beautiful diamond which all the brothers wanted. The first came to her and said, 'Let me buy it.' 'What will you give me for it?' she asked. 'I will play you a beautiful tune,' he answered. 'But what shall I do,' was the reply, 'when the tune is over?' She therefore refused his request. The other brothers were likewise denied. At last came a prince, and when asked what

would be his payment, he answered, 'I will marry you, you shall be mine.' Whereupon she gave him the diamond." The diamond is the soul, and the five brothers are the five senses. The Royal Suitor is the King of kings, who demands the soul for Himself, and whose call she obeys with gladness.

Unfortunately for Jacopone, he did not confine himself to writing sacred poetry. Sobered down and softened though he was as years went on, the traditions of his family and the mental discipline through which he had passed as a lawyer, combined with his fiery temperament, would not allow him to confine himself to spiritual exercises, and to be cramped forever by the walls of the cloister. With biting satire he assailed the sins and vices of the Church and the world. He tells us how poverty knocked at the doors of the prelates to see whether she would be admitted, and was mercilessly beaten when she attempted to enter. Jesus Christ weeps and laments when He looks at his fallen Church, where sin and ingratitude have taken up their abode. "Where are the fathers exalted in faith? Where are the Prophets, messengers of hope? Where are the Apostles full of love? Where are the Martyrs without fear or blame? Where are the Prelates just and pure? Where are the Doctors skilled in doctrine and in wisdom?" Jacopone looks around him and discovers nothing but bastards.

At this time a serious disturbance about the Papal chair and a split in the Franciscan order occupied his mind. Cœlestin V. had died, and it was supposed that his successor, Boniface VIII., had been instrumental in hastening his death. The former had been a saint, and Jacopone, who most probably thought that a saint would never make a good Pope, had warned him not to accept the patrimony of St. Peter. "Pier da Morron, thou art brought to the test. If thou forsakest God for such a morsel, thy short existence will be a curse. . . . Alas, my heart has suffered deeply; when thou saidst 'I will,' thou hast taken a burden which will be an everlasting torment to thee." The unfortunate Pier listened not to the advice and came to an untimely death. Suspicion, as I already said, attached to Boniface VIII., and the opposition to his succession was headed by the Colonnas. Jacopone joined them in their fortress of Palestrina, and signed his name as a witness to a document drawn up by them in answer to a Papal invitation to attend a Council. Subsequently Palestrina was laid siege to, and in the month of September of the year 1298 it surrendered. The Pope had every reason to dislike and to fear Jacopone. His sympathies were with the strict order amongst the Franciscans, cordially disliked by the worldly Pope; he wielded a pen more dangerous than the sword of the Colonnas, and he used it pitilessly and unsparingly. As a matter of course the monk who would never consent to any compromise when justice was on her trial, was imprisoned. He rejoiced in it, and wrote of victory. In one of his poems he asked: "Jacopone, how will it fare with thee? thou art put to the test," and then he describes the treatment he had to undergo, from which it is clear that his life was one of great hardship.

He could have borne it all, brave-hearted as he was and used to suffering, had it not been for the excommunication which weighed heavily on him. "Oh listen to my prayer and speak the absolving word. I shall gladly bear all other punishments till the hour of my death." He felt himself completely isolated from the religious world; he longed to feel the arms of his spiritual Mother around his suffering form, and to hear a word of counsel and encouragement. It seemed to him that he had been left alone to die. And at a moment, too, when the city of Rome could hardly contain the numberless pilgrims that flocked to her temples from all quarters of the globe. It was the year of the jubilee, the dawning of another century, and this John the Baptist lay languishing in prison. And for once the strong man quailed, and almost supplicated the Pope to release him. "Why, O Shepherd, dost thou not pity me, and listen to my loud weeping? Take from me the curse which separates me from the congregation. Is the punishment not enough which I bear? Inflict other sufferings

if it pleases thee." But his complaint died away unheeded. The embittered Jacopone took up his pen and launched forth his satires against the Pope. And one day when Boniface passed the prison and called out through the bars, "Jacopone, when shalt thou leave this prison?" he answered, "When thou shalt have entered it."

The words proved to be prophetic. Three years later Boniface was in prison, and before the end of the year Jacopone was in a cell of the Convent at Cellarino. Sheltered by its walls from the surrounding world, he spent the last days of his stormy life in peace. At the end of the year 1306 he fell seriously ill. As he was on the point of death the brethren wished to give him the sacrament. But he said that he would receive it from no one except from his beloved Janne dell' Aversa. And hardly had he finished singing the hymn "Anima O benedetta," beginning "O soul on whom the Creator has betowed plenteous salvation, consider thy Lord on the Cross waiting to heal thee," when his friend, who lived at a great distance and who was ignorant of the illness of Jacopone, entered the room. He received the sacrament from his hands, and murmuring, "Jesu nostra fidanza, del cuor somma speranza," he fell asleep in the night specially sacred to those he had loved so well — the Madonna and her Child.

The following epitaph was written on him:—

"Ossa B. Jacoponi de Benedictis,
Tudertini Fr. Ordinis Minorum
Qui stultus propter Christum,
Nova Mundum Arte delusit,
Et Cælum rapuit.

Obdormivit in Domino die XXV Decembris
Anno MCCCVI."

His works were edited by Tresatti, who added a copious commentary to them. To enter into a detailed criticism of his poems would require a large space. Apart from this, it is quite a secondary duty of the critic to pronounce judgment on a work of past times. His task is to merge his individuality in that of the person to be described; to put himself entirely in his place; to live, if possible, his life and to breathe the spirit of the times in which his lot was cast. After having done so he stands aloof, and points out how the moral and intellectual phenomena brought to light are in accordance with laws as certain and as fixed as those of the physical world, if we but knew them. As yet we know but in part, and hence there is room for mistakes and surprise; but when we shall know fully, the only source of astonishment left to humanity will be the fact that it ever was astonished.

The one great hymn of Jacopone has sufficed to lift him from the rank of the dead immortals to those who stand forth in living immortality. And after him came the Atlas of the Middle Ages, Dante Alighieri. The Franciscan monk was his prophet.¹ ALEXANDER SCHWARTZ.

¹ The following is a list of Jacopone's works: The edition of Tresatti divides his poetical works into seven books, namely: Book I. *Le Satire*; Book II. *I Cantici morali*; Book III. *Le Odi*; Book IV. *I Cantici penitentiali*; Book V. *Theorica del divino amore*; Book VI. *Cantici spirituali amatorii*; Book VII. *Segreto spirituale*. The titles of his prose works are as follows: *Quando homo potest scire quod sit in charitate*; *De humilitate*; *quomodo homo pervenit ad sui contemptum*; *De triplici animæ statu*; *De quatuor pugnīs animæ*; *De reformatione sensuum similitudo*; *De studio animæ ad virtutes*; *De questione inter rationem et conscientiam*; *De quinque scutis patientiæ*. It will be observed that Tresatti's edition does not contain the *Stabat Mater*. This omission does not, however, favor the supposition that it was not written by Jacopone. Tresatti does not mention *Cur Mundus*, which is undoubtedly from the pen of Jacopone. As the latter is the only other Latin poem which he wrote, I transcribe the first and last verses:—

"Cur Mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria,
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quæ sunt fragilia.

"Nil tuum dixeris quod potes perdere
Quod mundus tribuit intendit rapere,
Superna cogita, cor sit in æthere,
Felix qui potuit mundum contemnere."

GAVARNI.

GAVARNI is often spoken of as a caricaturist; but he was far less a caricaturist than Leech, who himself was a caricaturist and something more. Indeed, apart from his observation of character, Gavarni might have made himself a name among artists solely by the vigor and grace of his drawing. His earliest figures in his own proper style are remarkable for little more than picturesque costumes and expressive attitudes; and before he sought his models in the world of the *bal masqué* he was privately known as an admirable designer of fashion-plates. An engineer by profession, he seems to have forsaken his original calling at the earliest opportunity, merely for the sake of drawing gentlemen and ladies in irreproachable attire. Merely for the sake of drawing, it should rather be said; for it is certain that the mere use of the pencil had charms for Gavarni throughout his life.

Men and women in all sorts of dresses and disguises were his subjects; and if he began by exhibiting them in the garments of fashion, he ended by depicting them in the rags of the gutter. Thus if we were obliged to assign to Gavarni the customary "three manners," we should say that his first was that of the illustrator of fashion books—in which his gentlemen, we may be sure, were very gentleman-like, his ladies particularly lady-like; the second that of the sympathetic student of masked balls with their mixture of elegance and grotesqueness; the third that of the cynical but compassionate observer of mankind in general, apart from fashionable and all other masquerade. In the second manner might here and there be found anticipations of the third; but, no longer to divide them by their relation to subjects, the humor of the second was lively, and now and then almost reckless; that of the third grave with a gravity which was sometimes all but misanthropical.

As to the man, some light is thrown upon his mental character by the fact that he was always a mathematician and always an artist. He had become an engineer by choice, and when he abandoned his profession to devote himself to art (which he must have studied very seriously at one time, or he could never have acquired the skill and certainty which distinguish all his drawings) he kept up his mathematical studies, and ended by putting aside art to occupy himself with a sort of transcendental engineering. For some years before his death almost the only designs he made were in connection with flying machines and aerial navigation generally. In politics he was naturally not a Republican. He knew that any one could point out the weaknesses and inconsistencies of monarchy and aristocracy; but what chiefly struck him was the flagrant absurdity of the doctrines professed by the socialist Republicans of 1848. You could judge of the men, he said, by the mere phraseology of their political cries.

What, for instance, was the meaning of "*Droit au travail*"? and would it be a particle more ridiculous to talk of the right to breed rabbits, which no one had ever contested? His own personal sympathies, like those of so many writers and artists of his period, were with the Orleans family, and it was immediately after the fall of Louis Philippe that he arrived in London with letters from one or more of the Orleans princes to the Prince Consort. The only result of this introduction, to which he did not seem to attach much importance, was an order for a picture on a masked-ball subject, generally supposed to be the only kind of subject Gavarni could treat. For the Emperor Nicholas he had executed a painting full of characteristic figures and picturesque groups, representing the stage and side scenes of the Opera between two acts of a ballet, with dancers in all sorts of positions and attitudes, listening, or pretending to listen, to familiar flattery; gossiping, and practising their eternal *battements*. But the great object with which Gavarni had come to England was to make a number of drawings illustrative of English society and English life, which, in the form of wood engravings, were published under the title of "Gavarni in London."

This work from at least two, perhaps three, points of view was not successful. The Englishmen represented were either too much like Frenchmen, or too strongly marked by the peculiarities which strike a Frenchman seeing Englishmen in England for the first time. Gavarni complained bitterly that there was no costume in England; that the poor wore the cast-off clothes of the rich; and that English workmen looked superficially like English gentlemen badly and imperfectly dressed. But, apart from costume, he appeared to see no character in English faces. He took occasion to present some groups of refined thieves and elegant vagabonds which were admired only for the grace of the drawing. As for the gentlemen, they were often sheepish in appearance, with whiskers, without moustaches (anno 1849), and with long teeth which, from the absence of the moustache, seemed still longer. The sheep type is common enough in England, but not so common as French artists and caricaturists imagine, owing to the comparative rarity of the same type in France. Gavarni complained, too, that the subjects selected for him did not belong specially to London life, and that many of the scenes proposed were essentially the same in London, Paris, Vienna, and all the great capitals of Europe. Is not, for instance, an opera-box in London very like an opera-box in Paris? Is not an English ball, an English concert, an English promenade very like a ball, a concert, a promenade in France? Subjects of low life, however, were also offered to him, and here, as regards English characterization, he was less successful even than with his aristocratic scenes.

Probably Gavarni's failure in this undertaking—a failure of which he, self-observant as he was, and utterly without conceit, must have been more fully aware than any one—had a considerable effect in bringing him to his third and boldest style. His drawings were neither sufficiently English nor (admitting that they were English as to certain points) sufficiently real. He determined to master English character and to portray it with the accuracy of realism. He succeeded in the self-imposed task, and in doing so formed his last and best manner. Meanwhile, however, he had visited Scotland, where he painted several very beautiful landscapes, including some harvest pictures with figures, one of which (a young girl carrying a sheaf of corn on her head) was destined, we believe, for the Queen. On his return to London he took rooms in Seven Dials, where he proposed (at the risk of confounding it with the Irish) to study the English character. Instead of the beauty and fashion to which he had devoted himself in early youth, instead of the eccentric poses and picturesque costumes of his second manner, he now painted rags and squales, and, occupying himself no more with light comedy, or with even the pretence of sentiment, observed human nature in its half-naked and (as seen in Seven Dials) very dirty simplicity.

A change which had gradually been coming on must about this time have taken place in the artist's mind—a change in his philosophical as well as in his artistic manner of viewing life. He did not go to Seven Dials merely to see how the poor of London differed externally from the society he had met at evening parties and the Opera; nor did he establish himself there merely to study the manners and customs of the inhabitants, as a judicious observer, wishing to study a foreign country, takes up his residence in it for a time, and does not content himself with visiting it or running through it. He must also have felt disposed in a general way, and without any motive beyond the gratification of a curious desire, to learn how men and women lived together under conditions which he had not yet observed, without the particular veils of decency and hypocrisy to which he had been accustomed, but perhaps with others substituted for them. Nevertheless, Seven Dials was almost, though not quite, the last place in which we should have looked for Gavarni; and we must refer those who are interested as to the Seven Dials period of his London life to the excellent biography of the Brothers de Goncourt, which has suggested the present article, but without furnishing its materials.

Already on his arrival in London, Gavarni had shown a certain originality in his mode of life. He had taken rooms in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, perhaps in order to be near his printers and publishers. There, however, he lived, and in the evening—and indeed at other times when he was not inclined to work—would walk across the square in his dressing-gown and slippers, enter a tavern called the Barley Mow, and sit there smoking cigarettes, drinking bottled ale, “*coupée avec de l'eau*”—in other words diluted with water—ruminating, and, if the opportunity presented itself, conversing. British bottled ale was at that time almost as strange to Frenchmen as cigarettes were to Englishmen. Gavarni entertained a high opinion of it, especially of the Scotch variety; and, perhaps from having met with it in Paris only at such places as Tortoni's and the Café Anglais, fancied that it was a particularly fashionable beverage. The idea occurred to him of producing a work illustrative of English life in town and country, and in every class, to be called “*A Pot of Beer*.” Hop-picking, the interior of a large brewery, a village public-house, with laborers and artisans drinking porter, and finally a banquet, with gentlemen and ladies drinking ale, were among the scenes he proposed to represent. It was pointed out to him that ale was not the characteristic drink of people of fashion, nor porter the drink of our working classes alone; and, moreover, that the title “*A Pot of Beer*” would be thought vulgar. Abandoning his hastily conceived project (which might have been suggested by the beer-song in “*Martha*”), he entered upon the question of diction and style suggested by the remark that the title “*pot of beer*” would not recommend a work so named to the attention of polite society in England.

Style, he said, “did not cross the Channel.” It was impossible for Frenchmen reading English or hearing it spoken to seize certain shades of expression apparent to Englishmen; and Englishmen, on the other hand, could not tell good French from bad, or they would not find so much pleasure in reading Paul de Kock, who in France was not accepted as a writer at all, and owed such success as he had obtained to the admiration of shop-boys and commercial travellers. It had never occurred, however, to Gavarni to consider the ethical value of Paul de Kock; nor did it strike him that his illiterate, or at least unlettered and commonplace style, might have had the effect of closing the eyes of educated French readers to the genuine humor contained in his pages. He was a vulgar and trivial writer, “without style,” and there was an end of him. Gavarni placed Balzac, of whom he frequently spoke, and with whom he possessed many points of sympathy, far above all other French novelists. He had also a very high opinion of Alphonse Karr as an observer and writer, but probably not as a constructor of novels. He declared, what will seem surprising to many who met Balzac only in society where he had made up his mind to shine, that in private conversation he was “stupid,” repeating, in answer to a request for an explanation of so surprising a statement, that he was “*simplement bête*.” He added that Balzac found it very difficult to set to work, and that he would cover his paper with numbers of little words and phrases which he scribbled in all sorts of ways before he began; though, once having got his faculties into play, it is known that he would continue writing for prodigious and almost alarming periods.

Gavarni was himself given to artistic scribbling, and in his leisure moments, when he was smoking cigarettes and had nothing particular to do, amused himself by covering large wood blocks with “initial letters” and all sorts of fantastic designs. This, however, was not mere preparation for work. It was actual work, and often of a very beautiful and valuable kind. He seemed to think of his figures first, and of their meaning—or rather of the words by which he should interpret their meaning—afterwards. But his first passion was for form, and, in connection with the human figure, for expression, by means of attitude. We have seen him draw the melodramatic actor Mélingue in a dozen different attitudes, merely for the sake of his atti-

tudes, which were always wonderfully expressive; and one remembers Gavarni's most charming women less by their faces than by their figures and their graceful poses.

FOREIGN NOTES.

SAMUEL LOVER's *Life* is nearly ready for publication. Bayle Bernard, the author of it, has been chiefly known hitherto in his character as a dramatist.

A LONDON theatrical manager, who has a nice little place in the country, has put on his garden fence, since the cherries ripened, a sign-board reading, “Free-list absolutely suspended.”

ACCORDING to M. Pierre Véron, M. Philartète Chasles, who recently died at Venice, had gone thither to take possession of a small estate there, a palazetto and garden, left to him recently by one of his admirers.

M. ABOUT and M. Hervé have fought a duel at Vincennes. The contest lasted twenty minutes, owing to repeated pauses, M. About being stout, and soon getting out of breath. Neither gentleman was hurt, and both deserved to be.

THE Japanese are now possessed of a daily paper, printed at Yeddo, with movable types, and called the *Daily Hirakana News*, or, in the vernacular, *Mainichi Hirakana Shunbunshi*. The paper is published by “The Society for the Dispersion of Darkness.”

THE Parisians do not err from excess of confidence in their government. An art connoisseur recently asked a Parisian dealer why under the Republic pictures were more sought after than statuary. “Because,” was the reply, “when the Revolution takes place the former can be quickly rolled up and packed away, while it is impossible to remove bronze or marble at short notice.”

A COMPANY has been formed in Paris which supplies the citizens with a convenience. Supposing you desire to enjoy a day in any of the suburbs, where there may be fishing, boating, or excursions into the country parts, for a fixed sum—a reduction of one third for ladies—the company furnishes a small book of stamped coupons, one of which is to be detached for the railway, or other vehicle, for breakfast or dinner, for a boat or concert, for a bath or for fishing.

AMONG many other things it was said that the Shah of Persia, having been induced to taste the German porter-beer during his visit to Berlin, at once ordered a dozen bottles to be forwarded to an uncle in Teheran, whom he suspected of growing too popular during his absence, adding, as he pocketed the receipt given him at the parcel delivery office, “If he can stand that I have nothing more to say, and must bow to the will of Allah!”

GREAT complaint comes from the Vienna Exhibition. It appears that the Germans, spectacles and note-book carrying, have contrived to accurately copy everything in the English machinery which is worth copying, and hurrying to the German-Austrian patent offices, have patented for their respective countries inventions which were made by Englishmen in the hope of a large sale in the continental districts for which they were particularly suited. Meanwhile the German newspapers are congratulating their countrymen on the grand opportunity they have had of sucking the English brain.

THE *London Court Journal* says: Mr. Story's fine statue of “Jerusalem” has been on view for some time at Mr. Holloway's in Bedford Street. It is destined for the Pennsylvania Institute, at Philadelphia, having been purchased and presented by an American lady. It is certainly a magnificent impersonation of the grief of the Jews, and is well worthy of the fame of the sculptor of the “Cleopatra.” The flesh is slightly tinted, and some portions of the surface, in accordance with the practice of Miss Hosmer and other modern artists, are more highly polished than others. The effect is not overdone.

THE *Athenæum* speaks thus of Victor Hugo's new work: M. Victor Hugo has nearly finished a novel, which will be published in the month of February, 1874, under the title of “*Quatre-Vingt Treize*,” with the sub-title of “*Premier récit: la Guerre Civile*.” The plot carries the reader for an instant to Paris, and the imposing figures of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat appear upon the stage; but the action takes place almost

entirely in the Vendée. The relations of the Vendéens to the English, and those of the Channel Islands to the Breton coast, are illustrated by documents hitherto hardly known. An encounter between an English frigate and a French squadron is said to be grandly told.

EMULATING the great feat of M. de Lesseps, who has converted Africa into an island by the Isthmus of Suez Canal, Signor Antonio Zinello, of Vicenza, wants to turn Europe and Asia into one continent. This well-known Italian engineer has laid a plan before the Ottoman government for the bridging over of the Bosphorus. He is confident that he could construct a causeway across the famous gut which divides Pera from Scutari, and he proposes to do it by erecting eighteen pillars from shore to shore at a height sufficient to allow of large vessels sailing under. The distance across from Pera to Scutari is over a mile and a half, but there is a rock in the channel upon which stands "Leander's tower," and there are points farther up where the shores come much closer together — so close that if a couple of pillars could be established, a suspension-bridge might be hung there.

GLASS bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to America, in the hope that they will become popular, and be "all the fashion" next fall. The hat is described as made of loose pieces of glass fastened closely together by a gutta-percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, colored so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the usual artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces, only a very small quantity being used in its construction. Of course they are very durable, rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small. Glass dresses will next be introduced for those who dare to live in glass houses.

A CURIOUS coincidence lately happened at Liège. A foreign merchant came to that town to look up some of his debtors, and meeting one of them in the street, observed that he was looking for him, as he thought it high time that the account between them should be settled. "I should be only too glad," replied M. X., "but you cannot draw blood from a stone." "Then," said the creditor, "I shall have recourse to extreme measures." "Now I think of it," cried X., "I shall soon receive an important legacy. I will, therefore, give you a bill at three months for the whole amount, and this I promise to meet." "Very well; where shall I find you?" inquired the merchant. "At No. 29, Rue Robermont." The bill having become due last week, a clerk was sent by the creditor to the above address. As No. 29 proved to be the cemetery, the messenger suspected a joke, but, nevertheless, inquired of the porter whether M. X. was within. "Certainly," replied the man, "he has been here since yesterday." "I am come about a bill." "A bill upon X. I tell you he was buried yesterday." X. had only intended to play an unworthy trick upon his creditor, but he actually died a little before the expiration of three months, and, therefore actually occupied the mournful abode he had named in jest.

AN American sends the following sensible and useful note to the editor of the London *Spectator*: SIR, — In your issue of July 12, I noticed an expression which is often quoted in English novels and newspapers as an Americanism. I refer to the word "Britisher," which appeared in the review of "Silverland." This word was never made use of by an American, unless derived from English sources. There are certain English novelists who, knowing nothing whatever about us, create ideal Americans of a stamp such as never existed even among the roughest backwoodsmen. These characters talk of "Britishers," but no Englishman on this side of the Atlantic ever heard the word used by any but his own countrymen. It is purely an English Americanism. It was probably first used by some novelist, and struck the public fancy, and has been in vogue ever since — in England. I have heard the word used here, but only, as I have said, by those who had it suggested by English books or newspapers. Heaven knows, we have enough peculiarities of manners and language, without having slang phrases made for us! We of New York "guess," and in the South they "reckon." We "go right off," meaning to "go immediately." The vulgar American "darns" everything and everybody; and, although I never heard it, I am told that the abandoned Massachusetts Yankee sometimes "calculates," as they are made to do in English novels. In Maryland and farther south everything is "mighty nice," but is that worse than "awfully jolly"?

Another essentially English Americanism is to speak of "the States." I have noticed Americans using this phrase after having been in England, but never before. They say the "United States" and "America," but "the States" never.

I use the present opportunity of correcting these false impressions, not because your use of the word "Britisher" particularly offended my patriotism, but because I have long wished to protest against the way in which our national peculiarities have been exaggerated, and in many cases maliciously misrepresented, by such writers as Mr. Dickens and a host of others. When people derive their ideas of a country from such unfair accounts, it is not surprising that these ideas are somewhat vague and inaccurate. Some of their impressions are indeed remarkable.

A relation of mine travelling in Wales last summer heard it confidently asserted that "All American women smoke and chew tobacco." Another, some years ago, while sitting at the dinner-table of an English gentleman, overheard a lady remark to her neighbor, "There is an American, and he behaves very well!" This well-informed Englishwoman probably was surprised not to see the "novel" American, who has lanky jaws, a beard like a goat, and who eats his dinner with his bowie-knife. She may have belonged to the class that imagine the streets of New York infested with Indians in war-paint and feathers; or perhaps she was like that French lady, the sister of a well-known novelist, who remarked incidentally to a friend of mine, — who, by the way, was as blonde as any Englishwoman, — "You see I have black blood in my veins, like all you Americans." — I am, sir, etc.

JOHN STUART MILL.

My teacher! so indeed thou art,
Though I was never at thy side:
My fellow-Christian! though thy heart,
Perhaps, the name would have denied:

I call thee happy: thou wert strong
In age with all the power of youth:
With zeal for freedom, hate of wrong,
Reverence for man, and love of truth:

And thou couldst read, as in a scroll,
The laws of nature and of mind.
But wherefore was it that thy soul
To higher things than these was blind?

The world thy intellect descried
Was colored with no heavenly glow:
Thy thought, a dwelling fair and wide,
But lighted only from below.

And yet, if God is light indeed,
Then surely, whether clear or dim
Our knowledge, all its rays proceed —
Though they be broken rays — from Him.

And He I know will guide thee right.
The pure to Him shall see their way:
The tall shall tread a path of light,
Increasing to the perfect day:

And thou art such as these: and He
Who healed the blind will touch thine eyes,
To see the God thou didst not see,
The Christ thou didst not recognize:

And that which seemed a Stygian shore
Will prove a land of knowledge, grown
From earthly germs yet more and more,
Till thou shalt know as thou art known.

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

THE GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER performs marvellous cures in Kidney and other kindred diseases. Read the advertisement in another column.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

[No. 11.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER VI. (continued.)

"GOLDEN SQUARE way again, by Jove! That's the house — yes, I like the look of it: there's a beautiful line of brass bell-handles down the door-post, and a most artistically broken window-pane that's as if A. Genius, Esquire, was put up over the shop-door. There's a delightful perfume of dust-holes, too, as if there wasn't much gold-dust, but as if what there was is all ready to come down. H. Vincent — a good name. I don't like the H, though: we'll have it Horace in the next catalogue: it will give a sort of flavor like Horace Vernet, and people'll like it without knowing why. Thank you, my dear: by the way, the bell-wire's out of order. If your mistress wants it mended, I can give her the name of a first-rate fellow who's a regular Jack Ketch for hanging bells — of course, I don't mean brazen belles, but brass ones. That's a joke. Only you must know foreign languages to see the point of it. This is where H. Vincent lives, talking of hanging? . . . Good morning, Madam — Mrs. Vincent, I presume. By Jove, that looks bad — I don't like married men as a rule: every woman ain't a Pauline, and she's getting as close and as near as to-morrow morning. My name's Denis Carol: I dare say you've heard your husband speak of me, when he's talked about old times?"

Claudia, hard at work on her easel, rose and blushed before the first visitor, though a stranger, who had seen her in her poor room. It contained nothing but the merest necessities of work, except one large and sufficiently comfortable arm-chair, piled up with pillows, in which sat a stooping, gray-headed old man, staring at a few flickering coals. Carol, in looking round the room, caught sight of the helpless-looking figure, and bowed again. Claudia herself was poorly dressed in color-stained working clothes, and her face, which depended upon color and form for its too statuesque beauty, had become worn and thin. But the outspoken frankness of her gray eyes remained, and the sudden flush had restored a little of the brightness of which toil and unaccus-

tomed privation had robbed her. But there could be no doubt of her being a lady anywhere, and even Carol's flow of impudence was touched with frost in mid career. "By Jove," he thought, "we must change all this — there's something rotten here." He had carried his lighted cigar in with him, in preparation for the Bohemian gathering that he had made up his mind to find; but, with an "Excuse me, Madam," he took a step back through the door, and laid the stump upon a staircase window-sill before he waited for her answer.

"I am afraid you have mistaken the room," said Claudia. "I have no husband."

"I am sorry for that, Madam — very sorry. If you had, I have no doubt I should have known him well. I know everybody worth knowing, so I must have known him. I am looking for H. Vincent."

Was her picture sold? A gleam of hope came into Claudia's eyes.

"You want to see me? I am Miss Brandt, but I chose to exhibit under another name."

"Brandt — Brandt — why that's the name — what — you are no relation to the man who — I mean the banker or director or something?"

"Hush — that is my father, sitting there."

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! Poor old gentleman — is he very bad?"

"He is very, very ill."

"Paralysis? — Ah, that's a nasty sort of thing. I've known scores of cases — thousands. The worst of it is, it puts a man out, altogether. Does he understand what we say?"

"I fear not."

"Poor old gentleman. I knew him since he was that high — he knew me I mean, since I was."

"What — you know my father?"

"I know everybody. — that's nothing — everybody. What's one less or one more? Nothing at all. By Jove, I have an idea. You've got a doctor, of course? What's his name?"

"He has been seen by doctors. But" —

"Don't know them — never heard of them. Very good for ophthalmia and whooping-cough, I dare say, but paralysis — that's another sort of thing. I know a man who has paralysis at the ends of his fingers — a splendid fellow, that's only got to make a

name to beat Sir Godfrey Bowes. I'll send him — Doctor Vaughan."

"Who?"

"Doctor Vaughan — Doctor Harold Vaughan — the most rising physician of the day. He'll do anything for me — I made him" —

"You are very kind — but — we are quite well off for advice: there is no need to send for another physician. But is he doing so well?"

"Doing well? As well as mother and child. I mean him to be the only man before I've done: I'll smash up everybody else, Sir Godfrey and all. There's Doctor Vaughan — I made him. There's Miss Leczinska, the actress, you know — I made her. There's Brandon, editor of the *Trumpet* — I made him. There's my friend Lord Lisburn, author of what's his name — of course, you've read that — I made him. There's Abner, the composer — I made him. There was Aaron, of the Oberon — I made him. There's members of Parliament — I've made them. There's the President of the Royal Academy — I made him. And there's Miss Brandt, and I'll make her. What'll you be?"

"You knew my father," she said. "You can't help seeing what we are now. I only want anything to do that will not part me from him."

"Why don't you paint in your own name? That would be the thing."

"You ask me why I do not drag my father's name before the world again — why I do not trade upon slander?"

"The best use slander could be put to. I know things, and I'm never wrong about what ought to be done. Never mind, though. I've got an idea. Of course, you are first-rate at portraits?"

"I have painted them. Whether ill or well, you must judge." The slender hope that her shabby visitor might be a picture-dealer, who had been struck by her landscape, was rapidly dying away, and she opened her portfolio with a weary sigh.

"Why, you're a regular Canaletto at portraits — a Claudia Lorraine. The very thing. By Jove, there's a nose — just my idea of a nose. Your father, I suppose? And this old lady just sketched out — I shouldn't like to meet her alone in a dark lane, though. She looks like the very midge's wing."

"Never mind that," said Claudia,

hastily, and turning it over—it was a first sketch of Mrs. Goldrick, which she had made to illustrate her *Whit-Monday* adventure for the benefit of Harold Vaughan.

"All right—I've seen enough for me. Would you like to earn twenty guineas, for a head?"

"Twenty guineas?" Claudia opened her eyes.

"Not enough, eh? Twenty-five, then. I've got a commission. I forgot to tell you I'm the poorest man going, so I shall take a trifle on the order; but that'll have nothing to do with you. You shall have your pay clear, this time any how."

"I didn't mean it wasn't enough—it's too much," said the girl, whose practical qualities have, I fear, been over-praised. The heart of Carol leaped within him. But it smote him, too. He had generally ruled by threats: it was new to him to find innocence in matters of this kind. Even Zelda knew the value of money, however innocent she might be in less important things.

"Hang me, by Jove!" he exclaimed, in a spirit of mingled exultation at having stalked so easy a pigeon, and of amazement at his discovery. "Hang me, if anybody shall ever be your agent but me—I'll smash them up, and what I say I do."

It was as though he had said, "I'll take care that nobody shall cheat you but me." It was not chivalry after Lord Lisburn's pattern; but there is such a thing as chivalry which bears for its crest, not the silk purse, but the sow's ear, and is equally true in its way. So it came about that while Harold Vaughan's exalted beggar-girl had enlisted the coroneted knight of the silken pennon for her champion, his dethroned queen had to put up with the knight of that from which, as proverbs go, no silken purse or pennon can be made.

CHAPTER VII. CLAUDIA'S FIRST PATRON.

THERE is another proverb, or rather superstition, according to which one's left ear burns when ill is being spoken of its owner, though a thousand miles away. There is also another superstition, or rather belief, according to which no lady can be guilty of listening to conversations through key-holes. Not only Zelda's left ear, but her right ear and her right and left cheeks were burning when, lady or no lady, she drew them away from the key-hole that she had locked between her own room and Lord Lisburn's. She had not heard the whole conversation between the two friends, nor could she understand all she heard. But what she did hear was quite enough to make her ears tingle without being caught by two visitors in the flagrant fact of proving herself to be no lady in the matter of eavesdropping. She turned round sharply upon both of

them. One was Carol, whom she knew, the other was a lady whom she did not know. She was polite enough, however, to single out her acquaintance for her attack, after letting down the curtain that she had added to the door as well as a new bolt and key.

"How dare you!" she flung out at Carol. "Didn't I order you never to come into my room unless you were sent for?"

"That's cool. I should like to see what sort of room you'd have had if it hadn't been for me. Never mind, Miss Brandt—she's only in one of her tempers."

"You forget who you're speaking to."

"And that's gratitude," he said pathetically.

"Who is she?" whispered Claudia nervously, bewildered by the strange room in which she found herself, and more than half frightened at the little figure that stood flashing before them.

"Ah, yes, I must introduce you. Pauline, this is"—

"Get out. Who are you?" she asked Claudia, looking over her curiously from head to foot. "You're not the woman that came in here to-day, are you, and looked into all my boxes while I was away?"

"Mademoiselle, this is"—

"Didn't I say get out? If it isn't the woman that looked into my boxes, I suppose she has got a tongue of her own to say no. I don't want you—be off, and don't come again till you're asked for. If you don't go, I'll have a sprained ankle for a week, like I did before. The lady can stay, if she wants me. There, now that fellow's off, who are you?"

"And pray, who are you?" asked Claudia quietly. She was certainly not inclined to be bullied for five-and-twenty pounds.

Zelda, whose head scarcely reached above Claudia's shoulder, looked up at her gravely and hard. Then she courtesied with the dignity that is almost touching in itself when usurped by a tiny figure like hers. But Claudia had not outgrown the morbid pride of poverty, and held herself up unbendingly.

"I was told that a lady wished to see me," she said. "As it seems I was mistaken, I had better go."

"I was very angry and very rude," said Zelda, "and I hadn't seen your eyes, nor heard you speak, and you came with Carol, I'm sure I don't know that I wanted to see you—I dare say I did, but I want twenty things an hour, and never think of them again if they don't come." The *prima donna* was suddenly seized with a shy fit: she had never spoken to a lady in her life before, and felt as ill at ease as if her visitor had been a creature of another order. Physical contrast also told—there was not a single point in which the two were not one another's opposite, from the crown of the head to the point of the heel. In dress, at

least in costliness of raiment, Zelda had the advantage—a point that perhaps told a little with Claudia by way of increase to her pride, but Zelda, though she had changed rags for satin, was content to be a peacock herself, without regard to the fashion, or noticing what other women wore.

"She must be some Eastern princess," thought Claudia, into whose head it never came that her father's self-styled old friend would dare to bring her into company where she ought not to be, and whose topographical knowledge of London was not extensive enough to suggest that Golden Square was not the quarter for princesses. "And I suppose these are Eastern ways." Her own accent was not English enough to tell her whether Zelda's English was foreign or no.

"My name is Miss Brandt, madam: Mr. Carol told me that you wanted your portrait painted, and was good enough to give me the commission. If he was wrong, I am sorry."

"Maybe I did: but Carol makes out I want all sorts of things. I never was done, only in sticking plaster. I should like to be done though, in real colors. Ah, I remember something about it now—they want to put me on the music covers. Yes, I think I'll be done. How long'll you be? I'm ready—only make me just like I am. Only I must brush down my hair." She took a comb and brush out of her work-basket. "I think the deuce is in my hair: I want to have it done flat like yours. Ladies always have flat hair. I want you to make me like a lady. Do you think I'd better put on some rouge? And you needn't make me quite so black, and don't make me quite so small. Wait a minute: I must put on my other ear-ring, and now you can begin."

"I can make a study of you if you like, but I'm a slow worker: and you must give me time. I didn't come to give you a regular sitting now."

"And you'll paint me as you say?" went on Zelda, warming with the idea, while Claudia's artistic instincts began to wake up before the splendid and picturesque subject she had found.

"If you would only let me paint you in character," she said.

"As how?"

"I mean as a Spanish flower-girl—you should have sat to Murillo, madam—or as a Sultana, or, best of all, as a Gitana, a Gipsy girl!"

"*Modevol!* No! What do you take me for? An English lady, or nothing at all! Oh, I'd bless you forever if you'd give me hair like yours!"

"I think you are wrong. I have the sketch quite in my mind's eye. It should be a half-length, and full face, with the hair roughed out and the lips just open, as if they were speaking. You should wear your ear-rings, if you like, and you should have a scarlet cloak half thrown back, and the background should give a sort of idea of the shade of trees." Certainly Clau-

dia was not original in her views, excepting in the proper way to conciliate a patron. Zelda looked at her half suspiciously, half sadly.

"Am I, then, so like a *Romani Chil*? I want to be done like what I want to be."

"Very well; I won't paint you in character as you don't wish, but it's a chance thrown away. Only for goodness' sake don't meddle with your hair. I'll begin to-morrow, but I'll make just a sketch now, if you like, to study at home. But, do you know, I don't even know your name?"

"Mademoiselle Leczinska, of the Oberon."

"What! are you Mademoiselle Leczinska?" Claudia had been out of the way of hearing common scandals, and never assumed evil. She only looked with additional interest and curiosity at the actress and her belongings; like Harold Vaughan, she had never before realized the existence of an actress off the stage, and her tastes, perhaps also her foreign blood, led her to sympathize with art and artists of all kinds more than if she had never put brush to canvas, or than if she had been a full-blooded Englishwoman.

"Yes; I'm her. What do you think of me? Do you think me so very strange?"

"I think you are unlike anybody I ever saw."

"That means you don't like me?"

"I want to make an outline of your profile. Please turn your head—may I move it? So. Why do you think I don't like you? I like you immensely for a subject. As for the rest, you can hardly expect me to say in five minutes."

"Why not? I liked you the first look I had of you. But it isn't blue eyes like yours that see things, though I'd give mine for yours and welcome. Is it done?"

"Not nearly." Claudia was not too intent upon her work to be taking stock of the costly chaos around her, and thinking how a girl apparently no older than herself, and obviously, she could not help seeing, her intellectual inferior, could have managed to gather up so much of the world's *chiffonerie*. She might get one of the practical lessons she was always looking after.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "we are both artists—we are both foreigners. Have you ever been poor?"

"Poor? I hardly know. I've always had something to eat, all but sometimes, but I haven't always had money. I'm awfully fond of money: I don't know which is best, saving it or spending it. I do both as well as I can, but it's hard to know which to do sometimes."

"I should have thought getting it was the only hard part."

"Oh, that's nothing. It comes. I just sing a few songs, and people pay me. I should never get any if I had to rake it up with my fingers."

"You have a wonderful gift, Mademoiselle—I envy you."

"Why don't you sing then? It's as easy as talking, any day."

"For one very good reason—nobody ever taught me."

"Nor me; only poor Lucas; and I could sing long before then. I thought every girl could sing. What else is she made for? She can't sell horses, nor shoe them, and if she could, she'd only get knocked down by the men."

"But you must have learned somehow?"

"Why? It comes, like money, I suppose. Who taught the Chiriklori—the blessed birds? Not Lucas, nor Abner, anyhow."

"Well, God was not so good to me. Yours must be a glorious life, Mademoiselle—to have nothing to do in the world but to follow your own nature. Though I can neither act nor sing, I think the life of a great singer like you must be the most glorious in the world—almost as divine as Nature herself, and made beautiful by Art besides. I can understand why the getting of money should be of small account with you. Why, even fame must be the smallest thing in a free career like yours."

"I suppose you mean the nosegays? It's glorious enough, if that's what you mean. But what's the good of it all, if it can't make me be what I want to be?"

"What, then, do you want to be?"

Zelda thought for a moment, and at last answered, "Like you."

"Like me? Without a gift above the common—who can never expect to do more than keep myself, and will be proud and happy if I can do that and no more—who can neither sing, nor play, nor be thought of by any one—does not that sound like nonsense, Mademoiselle? It is I who would give myself up to be like you."

"Ah! but nobody thinks ill of you; nobody despises you; nobody treats you like so much dirt! You have somebody to talk to, haven't you? When you get money, you can get what you want with it: the only thing I want, I can't buy. Do you think I want to buy bread and water? I could get them without the buying, if need be. By Jove!"—she had caught up the oath from Carol—"if I sing, I want it to be in my own way, all alone, and not those confounded black lines that old fool Abner writes down for me. I don't want people to stare and point at me and say, 'There goes Mademoiselle Leczinska.' I wanted money, and I wanted to be great, so that I mightn't be looked down on; and it's all worse than ever."

"I wish she wouldn't talk so strangely," thought Claudia, gathering herself together ever so slightly, with an uncomfortable feeling that something or other about her patroness was not quite as it should be.

"I like the applause, and the bouquets, and the money, still; but it's all as if I'd bought a horse with them, and he'd turned out spavined. You are a lady. Did you ever want anybody to like you very much indeed?"

"Never."

"But suppose you did; what should you do?"

"Mademoiselle! How on earth can I tell?"

"Would it not be to get rich and grand, so that he should look up with all the rest of the world?"

"That depends, I should say," Claudia answered, as coldly as possible. "If he was like most men, I should say yes."

"But he isn't like most men. He's like no other man."

"Then I should say no."

"Would it be by trying to be good and to please him in every way?"

"Very likely."

"Or by making him fear one? But he's too brave for that, I'm afraid."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, I don't know. I wish you wouldn't ask me such things. There—I have done all I want for to-day."

"But I must ask. I believe in you, and I won't let you go. Have you ever cared about anybody—man or woman, I don't mind who?"

"No; I don't know"—

"Give me your hand. Now tell me—yes or no."

"Suppose I won't say anything? Please, Mademoiselle, let go my hand."

"That means yes, then."

"Then I say no."

"That means yes, too. If I can't read myself, I can read you. You have your heart in your hand, all but what's in your eyes. What do you do?"

"I?"

"I want you to teach me. No; I won't give up your hand. What do you do? But then, no doubt he cares for you, too. That's why I want to be like you."

All this was wild and ridiculous enough; but Claudia's heart was a very fairly large one, to match with her ample stature. People in her station were not in the habit of catching hold of the first stranger they find for a confidante of their love-stories. But there was something so utterly unconventional about Zelda, that nothing she ever did or said could appear in itself strange or out of keeping: the whole strangeness lay in her who did or said it; and when that was once got over, all the rest seemed to follow. Claudia, though she was incapable of telling a white lie without betraying herself, would have gone to the rack rather than have owned to her own father the smallest fraction of her heart's history, so she could not be expected to sympathize with one who seemed to be calling out her sorrows from the house-top to all the four winds of heaven.

But yet earnestness would have its way; and as the passion, whatever it might be, was so outspoken, it could not be that there was anything to conceal. A very natural curiosity about her eccentric patroness, whose whole nature seemed to be the opposite pole to her own, could not fail to excite a certain amount of interest, if not of sympathy. That a man should refuse to be captivated by Zelda, so long as there were other women in the world, was fully accountable to her woman's eyes; but what sort of moth-queller could he be, who had acted the part of lighted candle to Mlle. Leczinska?

(To be continued.)

THE IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

BY LADY JULIET POLLOCK.

In an able American work, "Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," the theory of a close analogy between the growth and decay of nations, and the birth, maturity, and death of the individual men who massed together compose nations, is curiously set forth and followed out: too elaborately perhaps; but the ingenuity of Mr. Draper's argument gives interest to his work, and leads the mind into other contiguous fields of meditation. "A national type," says the historian, "pursues its way physically and intellectually through changes and developments answering to those of the individual, and being represented by Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age, and Death respectively."

The same changes would naturally attach to literature and art, which are the expressions of the national imagination, and, indeed, such an analogy is not newly suggested, though it is newly treated by Mr. Draper. The infancy of a nation, or of a nation's literature, its maturity, its death, all these are ordinary metaphorical expressions, and it is therefore in the exactness with which the parallels between the physical and the psychological conditions of a nation and of a man are made to bear upon each other, that the American historian's thesis may be considered as original. To attempt so precise a comparison between the organic advancement of an individual man and of a particular form of literature would be tedious, and perhaps not so profitable as tiresome; but it is not altogether uninteresting to watch the phases of the world's progress in letters under the influence of this dominant idea. The dead languages of dead nations tell their own story; but it is not certain which of the living nations are dying, nor can we say among these whether the national power or the national literature will precede in the order of decay. We can, however, in the very activity, prosperity, and vigorous vitality of an affluent nation, discern forces at work which are likely to destroy the beauty, the delicacy, the artistic completeness of its literature. Are not such agents at large in England now? As a nation our advance is undoubted; we have an increasing population, and in that population the spirit of freedom which means the growth of thought; we have the education of the masses marching onwards at so rapid a pace, that even the agricultural toilers begin to rouse and stir; we have a continual augmentation of the means of swift intercourse with the most remote continents: all these things are the indications and the consequences of a robust national energy and of the social prowess of a people rising into fuller manhood, with no principle of decay save that which, if the analogy between the growth of an individual and a nation be a true one, must be co-existent with every beating pulse of life. Literature may follow the same course, but not the same chronology; and the very moment of highest mercantile prosperity, of most considerable political importance, and of most ardent intellectual progress may be that which is most threatening to the storehouse of the classical student. He may see in the growth of letters, the destruction of literature. He may foretell the sepulture of costliest gems under the weight of coarse material gathered up with

money-making speed and paramount only by its bulk. Already our greatest poet has actually, if not nominally, taken up the position of a dead classic; well placed on the bookshelf and allowed to rest there; known to the youth of England through traditional quotations: "To be or not to be," "The course of true love never did run smooth," "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," etc. The origin of which lines will soon cease to be remembered with the works from they are extracted.

If our great dramatic poet is rarely read for recreation, there are still fewer who read at the present day our distinguished lyrical writers of a past generation. Wordsworth, famous in his own time, as the mark of equal love and hatred, the proud usurper of new domains for poetry, the founder of a school which has had its day of sunshine, is now wrapped in the shades of night. Only some select university scholars still handle his volumes fondly; the once infallible Pope is still less esteemed. Scarce a complete couplet survives, even of his satires; nor are Swift, Gray, Goldsmith, or Campbell much better remembered. Gray's "Elegy" remains a terror to schoolboys set for translation; Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is generally known as a name, but that is all. Each succeeding day which adds one novel, and each succeeding week which adds one periodical magazine, to the enormous sum of fugitive literature, is on its way to the complete annihilation of those fine works for which not only their authors but their students, half a century or even twenty years ago, thoughtfully prophesied an immortality. This is because—

"Des êtres par milliers suivent l'instinct fatal,
Et courent après l'or par le bien et le mal;"

for the rapidity of production means hurried money making, and when once the pay becomes the first object of the writer, his vocation will cease to be an art and become a trade. Thus, the favorites of to-day which are to thrust away the idols of yesterday, will become, as time goes on, less and less worthy of long life, and the few great works which will still occasionally come out with their own high impulse of genius for their first aim and desire of life, will before long be buried with the earlier classics. This could not be the case if readers were a highly educated class, but the mass of readers, not the chosen few, must supply the means of gain to the mass of publishers; and thus the increase in number of those who know their alphabet, and are, therefore, prepared to pass a judgment upon a writer, must be regarded as a formidable invasion of the privileges of the scholar.

Under a pressure threatening the existence of æsthetic development in our national literature, we turn our eyes to distant shores to see if there be any other country which will hold our poets dear and reverentially cherish their life. The Germans have told us that they maintain the glory of Shakespeare which we neglect—and it is no empty boast on their part; but, however favorable the conditions of their nation may be to the conservation of the treasures of literature, and especially of dramatic literature, it cannot be admitted that a poet is enjoying the fullness of his prerogative when he is wearing the fetters of translation; and only in a land where our own language prevails can our literature be duly recognized. It is then to the United States of America that we turn our attention. It is there that we see works produced which seem blood relations to the best of our own; it is there that our own classics are prized and revered as worthy models. In the very subjects of complaint found by some American writers we see grounds for the most reasonable hope. In Mr. Underwood's excellent volume entitled "American Authors," the following passage occurs: "Our great indebtedness to English scholarship seems likely to continue. . . . Literary labor is poorly paid in this country. . . . The few men of genius—half a dozen in a generation—will write because they must; and they will have their reward. As long as the results of an English scholar's labor can be imported and used without payment, the

American scholar can find no market in his own country."

Now, in these remarks we find reason for satisfaction. The American scholar having no profitable market at hand will only write because he is urged by an irresistible impulse; his art will not degenerate into a trade, he will dwell upon a hill apart, and meditate and record his meditations instead of forcing his ideas. The few like him will gather round him; a nucleus of first-rate work will be kept entire, the taste which originates such labor will demand for its gratification a constant supply of the best productions of English authors both of the past and the present time. We may point this observation with one fact—American publishers sell ten times the number of copies of "Philip Van Artevelde" that are sold in England.

Let us consider now the fields of American native literature which have burst into flower, and some of those that are yet budding; we must confine ourselves to works of imagination, for even a glance at history, science, and philosophy would be impossible in the narrow limits of a review article.

Literature may be said to have begun in America at the time of its separation from England; till then the puritanical sentiment was the only impulse it had; new settlers had little time for the indulgence of taste and art of any kind, and what compositions did force their way into print were chiefly of the hymn-book character. Stephen Daye was the first man who printed a book in America, and this was the Bay Psalm-Book, compiled by Eliot—known as the Apostle Eliot—in the year 1640. Daye's printing press was set up in the President's house at Cambridge, in Massachusetts. These psalms are only interesting chronologically, and but for the time and place of their production, they would not be worthy of record. In 1636, Harvard College was founded as a religious seminary, and for some time, indeed during a whole century, it produced no scholars of any great note, but gradually its restricted conditions changed; its sphere of activity widened, the spirit of national independence in the day when America declared its freedom affected it as it affected every other institution, and many of the most distinguished of American writers were educated under its auspices. Its influence has been considerable upon the world of letters, but not exclusive; many other institutions of a similar kind flourish in the United States.

In imaginative literature, next in order of development to rhyme founded on theology, which only by an act of courtesy can be allowed to belong to the region of poetry, follows narrative in the shape of fiction; and such narrative will assuredly in the infancy of a literature shape itself upon some old national type; that is, it will be distinctly imitative; not springing into ardent manhood all at once, as the newly-created Adam of Michael Angelo, but following rather the scientific theory of Mr. Darwin, and showing its pristine powers in the preceding stage of the ape.

Some novels of this quality, by one Brockden Brown, a native of Philadelphia and an imitator of Godwin, excited a good deal of attention in America in the last century. He is hardly known at all in England. American critics tell us that he transcended his model in the power of revolting his readers; an exhibition of force which should be sparingly used in works of art.

The beauty of American literature had its first blossoming in the productions of Washington Irving and Bryant, both of them founded on classical models of the English type, and reflecting not the spirit of their own new national vigor but the established taste of the old kingdom. They are both more distinguished by grace than force; not that either of them is feeble, for true grace cannot exist without a certain amount of power; it must be regarded as one of its modes of expression; an indication of it, taking a special form of beauty; a delicate shaping of thought, not demanding an impulse of great energy, but still requiring some innate strength for its existence. The finished perfection of Washington Irving's style was beyond the originality, and still more beyond the intensity of his conception.

There have been few writers more popular. He announced the dawn of a new day, and he rose like the skylark with the rising sun. He was the harbinger of his country's literature. He was not a poet, but his prose was full of melodious cadence and gentle utterance. His perceptions were vivid and tender. He had a fine spirit of humanity, with no national prejudice and hardly any national characteristic.

Irving was a fertile writer. "Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch-book," "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and the "Life of Columbus," are the works by which he is best known in England, but his "Life of Washington" is prized as much as any of his productions in America; and besides this he was the author of a life of Oliver Goldsmith, and of some other pleasant biographies and books of travel. His humor recalls to the reader's mind the genial pleasantness of Goldsmith, but it bears more the impress of books and less of nature; it is more elaborate and less spontaneous. In his meditative essays, Washington Irving's poetical mind engages the affection if it does not stimulate the intellect of the reader. He has not the original stimulus which excites passionate admiration, but the interest which he awakens is of a lasting kind.

Irving was the first popular prose writer, Bryant was the first popular poet, of the New World. He was born at Cummingtown, in Massachusetts, in the year 1794. His father was a man of considerable attainments, and educated him with care; he was for two years at Williams College, and he practised for a short time at the bar before he finally adopted literature as a profession. He was then something besides a student, and a man writes and thinks none the worse for that. Bryant's poetry is free from spasm, contortion, or gloom. It has nothing false in it. Its versification is melodious and sufficiently varied, it offends no old established laws. In reading Bryant we feel that Bryant has read Wordsworth; that he is a disciple of the school which had for its foundation a continual communing with nature, and in which the skies, the stars, the winds, the floods, and the fields were paramount; in which man derives the sole significance of his existence from his interpretation of the objects surrounding him. In this poetry, passion is subordinate to meditation, and meditation is stirred by the contemplation of the world outside. There can be no doubt that Wordsworth exercised a considerable influence over the mind of Bryant, but it would not be true to call him an imitator. His thought took its impulse from the school of English poets designated as the Lake School, but its shaping was not theirs; his composition was more finished and was finer than Wordsworth's, it was more symmetrical, and indeed there is hardly a fault to be found in it unless perfection itself be a fault. There is, perhaps, in some of Bryant's pieces a monotony of excellence, but he does not fall into the grave error of lengthiness as Wordsworth did, nor into that of exaggerated simplicity. On the other hand he is wanting in the passion which stirs with Wordsworth, whether in the woodland scene, by the river side, by the plunging cataract, or the ruined abbey. Wordsworth, in his raptures as a contemplator of nature, embraces with a yearning sympathy all humanity; his tenderness is deepest for the worker in field and wood, his sympathy is stronger for the shepherd than the king, but his desire for the improvement of the human race is everywhere apparent, and even when his volumes of poetry cease to be read, the influence of their pleadings for the suffering classes will prevail.

Bryant's field is more restricted; his meditations are less fervent; they are generally pervaded by a tender melancholy, gentle and soothing, without any rousing action. It is difficult to understand how it has happened that some distinguished critics have compared his "Thanatopsis" to Milton's outpourings of creative thought. In what passages of Bryant's work do they find the vast harmonies, or the great procession of imagery, which that magnificent old Puritan brings forth?

Milton's thought, freed, even by the loss of outward vision, soared and touched the illimitable. The boundaries of Bryant's imagination are discernible, and "Thana-

topsis," more than most other of his poems, suggests a recollection of Wordsworth. Might not any one conversant with the most remarkable works of the lake poet, "The Prelude," "The Excursion," or the "Ode to Immortality," imagine himself still meditating his pages in reading the opening lines of Bryant's poem? —

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

The poem rises into a higher eloquence as it proceeds, but its utterances are unlike Milton's; instead of the long sounding period, the rolling thunder, the imperious majesty, there is the divine sorrow of a contemplation deep and quiet. Selection is always difficult, and perhaps more so from a short than from a long poem, but among many beautiful lines in "Thanatopsis," perhaps these are the most striking: —

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun — the oaks
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there."

Let the reader pause upon that line which describes the dreariness of a far stretching colorless sea, and it will make an indelible impression upon him so that he will never again look out over the sad wide waters without the sound in his mind of Bryant's rhythmical words,

"Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,"

It is in glimpses of nature that Bryant's fancy wakes most brightly; he can with his delicate observation, set in sweet words, present a flower, a ray of sunshine, a rustling leaf, or a bird's flight, with all their perfume, color, and vitality investing them. At such moments the echo of another voice in his tones disappears; nature herself is forever original, and a perfect image of her must share the freshness of her life.

Upon the poets Pierpont, Drake, Dana, and Halleck, we have not space to dwell; they do not occupy a prominent place in imaginative writing; but we turn with pleasure to the animating scenes of prose and fiction which Fenimore Cooper constructed for the delight of all who love adventure, movement, and unfettered life, who care to listen to the rousing storm, to force a path through the dark mysteries of wild forests, to roam by the side of the painted Indian over silent prairies, to recognize nature in her primitive aspects, unrestricted: uncomfortable, perhaps, if the actual were to take the place of the fanciful, but full of attraction for those who like to give themselves up to the contemplation of the distant and intangible. Cooper described with the picturesque touch of the novelist things that he knew. He was two years in the navy, he was conversant with the sea in all her moods, and with the lives of those whose life depended on them; he passed a portion of his youth also on the border of the wilderness, and became familiar with the ways of the wild Indian. When he first published in the shape of a romance the

record of his experiences, he created an extraordinary sensation in his own country, which soon extended both to England and France. He was the favorite novelist of Balzac, who generally carried a volume of his romances about with him, and who, on one occasion, finding himself short of money to pay for an exorbitant number of patties which he had devoured, made up the overplus to the pastrycook by presenting her on the spot with a novel of Cooper's, the sole thing he had left in his pocket. Cooper was the first novelist of the United States whose genius gained universal admiration. He was born in 1789, and died in 1851. His works are as well-known in England as in America, and though not read with the same eagerness as at the time of their publication, they are certainly not forgotten yet. "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover," "The Pioneers," "The Spy," and "The Last of the Mohicans," are still familiar names among us; they have in them the life derived from an original observation of nature.

Catherine Sedgwick and Lydia Maria Child were novelists of subordinate power, but not without the merit of some picturesque fancy, and American imagination was not now to slumber any more; it was waked into full energy by the genius of Emerson, a name dear to all who know how to prize the richest gifts of the human intellect, and the highest instincts of the human heart. Emerson, forcible in creative thought and in mode of expression, linked philosophy and poetry together with bonds such as they had never known before. The union under his control is a perfect one, in which no change can be desired. His expressions in poetry are unconventional; he takes the word which fits his thought, not caring whether it has or has not been used by any preceding poet. He liberated American poetry from the thralldom of old models; he vivified American philosophy with poetic idealism. He is original and he is true. We approach his writings with that sense of animation which a fine semblance of life inspires in contrast with weak imitation of antique classics: those who have recently found themselves in the sculpture room of Burlington House, facing Dalou's French Peasant, and surrounded by attempts to reproduce old Greek forms of grace, will understand the strong impression which a perfect veracity in art makes upon the mind. This simple childlike mother nursing her infant, has the very breath of existence in her; it is felt in the countenance which gazes down upon the little tender thing whom she is nourishing; in her protecting upholding arm; in the characteristic dimple just above her elbow; in the folds of the homely dress she wears; in the baby's clutching action; in every portion of this model of unaffected nature. The artist has not sought to exhibit force in shapes of ugliness; his departure from the classical idea is only a different beauty — the beauty of such truth as he has seen in his own country by the wayside, opposed to that which he might vainly strive to imagine through the relics surviving of bygone ages and a glory that is past. There is the same charming truthfulness in Emerson's pictures of life. We may take as an example of his fine perception and peculiar power of expression, his little poem called "The Humble Bee."

"Burly, dozing, humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

"Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion;
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of night and noon,
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,
All without is martyrdom."

In these two stanzas there is much described with that accuracy which gives a faithful image to the reader, and more is suggested. It is the function of poetry to render the image of things seen, adding to them ideas, not definitely told. The poet who deals only in exact delineation soon tires the attention; the imagination must be roused to a perception of its own potentialities in order to enjoy the record of the poet's sensations. Without the quality of suggestiveness a man may be a good verse-writer, a sound thinker, or a clever satirist, but he cannot be a great poet. What a perspective of beauty those first ten lines of Emerson's open out! How blithely we follow that bee singing in his wanderings with a sense of the distant and the vast! What bright colors float about us as we voyage through the light and noon led by the sweet hum of that happy Epicurean!

And still more brightly, still more melodiously the next two verses carry us on:—

"When the south wind in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silters the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sods to violets;
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

"Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone;
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer and birdlike pleasure."

How deliciously in these two stanzas we feel the south wind stir! How many thoughts rise up with that romance which tints the human countenance, with those subtle heats which turn the sods to violets, and with that mellow breezy bass which displaces the green silence of quiet nature! In this green silence how much is at once understood; in the breezy bass what a pretty hint is conveyed of the bee's gypsy Bohemian life; and how poetically the sense of movement is enforced upon us by the force of contrast in that dreamy vision of repose conveyed in the "Syrian peace, immortal leisure!" The longer this poetry is dwelt upon the more it will unfold: whatever we discern at first in it, there is always something more to be discovered. Emerson is better known to the English nation by his essays than by his poems; yet they should be read together, for the same mind is in both, showing its quality of strength most in prose and of beauty in verse. It is difficult to resist the temptation to make some extracts from the essays, so vigorous in thought and so exquisite in their wording, but they do not properly belong to the class of imaginative works which are under discussion here: and even if they did, a selection of special passages would be almost an impossibility, when the coherence of the whole is so evidently important. The essay on Love is perhaps the most remarkable for its imaginative charm, co-existing with penetrating thought. Writing on a subject which might be supposed to be already exhausted by much thinking, much writing, and much singing, Emerson has made it new; and cutting fresh paths and diving into unseen depths, he seems a bold pioneer conquering a remote country rather than a traveller in beaten ways. There are other of his essays more profound, there is none more alluring. Emerson, known to be an admirer of Carlyle, has by such as have not read him been quoted as an imitator. This is an error so immediately detected by even a superficial reading of his works that it is not necessary to dwell upon it. Emerson, whether as a poet or a philosopher, is essentially original. He has the motive

power which comes from within, from a volcanic fire of his own, not the reflection of any other man's heat. Seeking always the true, and rendering it in the most exact expressions he can find, his style appears simple; but his thought is complex and built up in compact structure. His habit of concentration is an essential attribute of his vital energy which demands no doubt a considerable amount of mental vigor in the student who honestly seeks to master all his meaning. A creative genius induces new animation in all his surroundings, and he is happy when this appears not in imitative efforts, but in an upspringing intelligence in other directions.

Emerson was not adopted as a model; on the contrary he was inadequately recognized when he first appeared by the many; but a great spirit rouses its kindred, and after his advent American writers ceased to cling to the skirts of the mother-country and moved freely. The infancy of American literature was past. Hawthorne, Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most brilliant among the men who have stamped our English prose with the ideal beauty of a poetic imagination, was contemporary in birth with Emerson, but he is gone before: he has left us; we deplore him as a dear friend parted, for his place was in the heart of his reader—in the heart's core. He dealt with the profoundest emotions. He analyzed them with the most subtle investigation; he traced with complete skill the analogies between the seen and the unseen; he pierced mystery, he dived into the soul of man, his plunge was deep as Balzac's. French literature has exercised a wide influence over that of most other nations, and of all French writers Balzac has made the strongest impression. He brought to the examination of the human mind an exact anatomical knowledge, he took a bleeding human heart in his hands and unflinchingly dissected it; not a palpitation, not the faintest vibration of a nerve escaped him—he scraped away the integuments and laid the whole suffering system bare with his cruel knife. Such a process belongs more to the province of surgery than of art: and it is rather a sense of power and an admiration of extraordinary skill that we experience in reading Balzac's works than any sympathetic emotion or exaltation of passion such as should accompany the noblest efforts of the imaginative faculty.

But a new power revealed; human instincts strongly dealt with; an extraordinary ingenuity shown in the manner of their exhibition,—these were qualities to rouse attention and to turn thought into unaccustomed channels. In such channels many work now who are not aware of the master-hand which opened them out, who can truly say that they have not read a syllable of Balzac's writings. The influence of an original thinker is long before it dies out; perhaps never completely dies. In Hawthorne's works there is something felt of Balzac's sway; but Hawthorne is neither an imitator nor a disciple; and with him a similar skill in anatomical scrutiny is differently used. There is nothing of the gross and little of the physical in Hawthorne: his descriptions, except where they treat of external nature, are psychological and spiritual in the highest degree. He analyzes the human mind, surrounding it with strange, mysterious circumstances. He loves the remote, the romantic, the marvellous, the impossible: he blends with it so much elaborate and perfect detail that it seems real: we are taken up from our own atmosphere into his; there is no incoherence to startle us; and whether the subject of the romance be the human descendant of a faun who inherits his ears and his mental attributes, or a philosopher who passes his life in concocting the drink of immortality, we are never allowed for a moment to doubt the truth of their existence. Hawthorne's mind, fervent and brooding, often drew its inspirations from slight, hardly tangible hints of sorrow which appeared sometimes in the paragraph of a newspaper, or in a friend's letter, or in some passing word caught by chance.

The origin of the "Scarlet Letter" occurred in a passage of a daily journal, which an ordinary reader might have passed unnoticed, but which, suggesting to Haw-

thorne more than it told, caused him long pause and pondering, and gave rise finally in his fermenting thought to one of the most remarkable works of imagination that has ever appeared. It is very well known among us in England — perhaps the best known of the author's romances. It is the most persistently painful of them all. The plot works itself out among a small group of characters whose relations to each other are the most disagreeable that can well be conceived: a disgraced wife — her seducer — her husband — her illegitimate child, all living near together in the same settlement of New England, where puritanic manners, puritanic society, puritanic coldness, cruelty, and hypocrisy combine to bear down upon a woman's fault. The incidents and emotions arising from this terrible position are conceived and narrated with a power peculiar to Hawthorne. His touch is fine as it is strong; and through the horrors of the theme there pierces still a spiritual light, the reflection of the author's soul. There is also a local and historic interest in the life of the pilgrim settlers; and the traits of character, and bits of dialogue among casual crowds and mobs, jailers, officers, ministers, relieve by their dramatic power the subjective tendencies of the work. Hawthorne's habit of introspection is the result of his essentially poetical imagination.

The Poet broods over one thought and unfolds the changing forms, the altering aspects, the fever, the exhaustion, the never ending phases of an overwhelming passion. The Dramatist deals with the actions, thoughts, and speech of all manner of men, with their various motives and movements. The dramatist, however, may exhibit a passion that is lyrical in its character by concentrating his power upon one principal figure, and dealing with the soul of that personage with an exclusive partiality. This is the case in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. On the other hand, the most brooding and one-sided imagination, if it be powerful in the highest sense, must be provided with the dramatic element. This is the case with Hawthorne: his outside world is exhibited with a striking dramatic truth. He has an equal force in describing animate and inanimate nature. The arm-chair is real as the old woman who sits in it. No detail is too minute to escape his observation. Those who have read his wonderful romance called "Transformation" will call to mind how the actual and the marvelous, not to say the impossible, are here blended together with a vivid semblance of truth: how the Roman piazza, the artist's studio, the ordinary forms of Italian daily life are brought into harmony with the strangest, the most abnormal conditions of human passion and criminality; and how over all the utmost purity of a human soul prevails, having its home in a woman's form, shedding alike over æsthetic enjoyment and bitter suffering a divine radiance. Any one who does not remember these things on the mention of the word "Transformation," should instantly procure the volume and read in it till to forget becomes impossible.

The "House with the Seven Gables," inferior in constructive skill to the "Scarlet Letter," yet much narrower in its range than "Transformation," yet contains some of Hawthorne's most beautiful ideas and most remarkable descriptive paragraphs; for instance, when the poor old gentlewoman, Hephzibah Pyncheon, reduced to keeping a small shop, first opens business, how clearly the reader is made to see every corner of her wretched warehouse, and to recognize the existence of every one of her wretched sensations. Here is the description:

"Nervously — in a sort of frenzy, we might almost say — she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings and other little wares on the shelves and at the shop-window. In the aspect of this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, lady-like old figure, there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a great anomaly that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand: a miracle that the toy did not vanish in her grasp. . . . Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk: it has ceased to be an elephant

and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There again she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hephzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position; as her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her: for here — and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader it is our own fault, not that of the theme — here is one of the truest points of melancholy interest that occur in ordinary life. It was the final throes of what called itself old gentility." . . .

Let us pass from this exquisite grotesqueness to the perfect beauty of Phœbe's portrait:

"Nothing more beautiful — nothing prettier at least — was ever made than Phœbe, and therefore, to this man — whose whole poor and impalpable enjoyment of existence heretofore and until both his heart and fancy died within him had been a dream — whose images of woman had more and more lost their substance, and been frozen like the pictures of secluded artists into the chilliest ideality — to him this little figure of the cheeriest household life was just what he required to bring him back into the breathing world. Persons who have wandered and been expelled out of the common track of things, even were it for a better system, desire nothing so much as to be led back. They shiver in their loneliness, be it on a mountain top or in a dungeon. Now Phœbe's presence made a home about her — that very sphere which the outcast, the prisoner, the potentate, the wretch beneath mankind, the wretch aside from it, instinctively pines after — a home! She was real! Holding her hand you felt something: a tender something: a substance and a warm one; and so long as you should feel its grasp, soft as it was, you might be certain that your place was good in the whole sympathetic chain of human nature. The world was no longer a delusion. By looking a little further in this direction we might suggest an explanation of an often suggested mystery. Why are poets so apt to choose their mates not for any similarity of poetic endowment, but for qualities which might make the happiness of the rudest handicraftsman as well as that of the ideal craftsman of the spirit? Because probably at its highest elevation the poet needs no human intercourse; but he finds it dreary to descend and be a stranger." . . .

In this beautiful passage the charm of Phœbe is indicated by the description of the sensations she excites without any attempt at positive delineation of their features. This is by far the surest way of conveying an impression of loveliness to the reader: the grotesque, the awkward, the deformed, the hideous, may be exactly described — beauty evades hard handling.

Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Blithedale Romance," and "Our Old Home," are universally known, and the two first mentioned are universally admired. But to the "Old Home" England has not done justice. It contains some of the most delicious descriptions of our rural scenery ever written, and of all who have visited Shakespeare's birthplace, Hawthorne is the recorder who has brought the old house with its surroundings into the fullest life. Through fields and woods, by the river-side, he strolled, his poet's soul stealing fragrance from every wild flower that grew in his path. Through stately halls he moved with a deep historic interest — to every picturesque doorway, to every noble architecture, to every glowing picture, he brought that knowledge, that feeling, that richly-stored fancy which not only enabled him to appreciate what he saw, but to communicate his appreciation to others. This volume therefore should be cherished as a treasure-house by English readers; but unluckily the author dropped a few ill-advised words about the obesity of English women as they advanced in years, and this bitter ingredient poisoned the cup of sweets. The book is generally rejected by English society, for English women are not without their privileges. The remarks which rankled in the British mind made little sensation in America, while the images rendered of relics of the past in old castles and old towns, of the charms of the present in shadowy glades, wild heaths, and green meadows, excited a new deep interest, and set many longing to see the old country.

Hawthorne's posthumous work, "Septimius," has in it the essence of all his other writings. It is a psychological study of the finest kind. There is hardly any change of scene in it, there is not much variety of character; Septimius, with his whole soul given up to the pursuit of one object, the drink of immortality, remains rooted to one spot, seeking forever to decipher a strange mystic manuscript which is supposed to contain the great secret. In his garden is buried the body of a young English officer whom he has slain in fight, the time of action being that of the great American war with England. Flowers grow on the sod which covers the young Englishman; one rises up of extraordinary glow and brilliancy, of wonderful texture, of startling crimson beauty, which exhibits all the conditions of the plant indicated by the manuscript as the needful ingredient for the draught of eternal life. A pale girl who wanders up and down by this grave, having some mysterious relationship to the dead officer, and an old wizard aunt, are the sole companions of Septimius, and the dreary monotony is only interrupted by occasional glimpses of a healthy village-maiden named Rose. The book depends for its interest upon the alternations of feeling accompanying the passionate quest of Septimius, and upon his gradual alienation from human sympathy as he becomes more and more absorbed in that remote hope which, if fulfilled, would separate him from the daily interests of mankind. The force of Hawthorne's imagination is shown in this, that the feeling never lessens with which the reader follows Septimius, that the spell of wild magic operating on the characters of the book never ceases to work on those who enter upon its pages, and that over the dismal and grotesque ideas called up, a sense of spiritual beauty dominates; a communion of the soul with the distant, the invisible, the impalpable. Those who sympathize with the peculiar genius of Hawthorne, and long to go further into the fine intricacies of his mind, should procure his American, English, and Italian "Note-books," and there they will be able to watch the sowing of the seed which grew into the flower. Here is an idea which unfolds itself in "Septimius." The suggestion occurs in his American Note-book:—

"A girl's lover to be slain and buried in her flower garden, and the earth levelled over him. That particular spot, which she happens to plant with some peculiar variety of flowers, produces them of admirable splendor, beauty, and perfume, and she delights with an indescribable impulse to wear them in her bosom and scent her chamber with them. Thus the classic fantasy would be realized of dead people transformed to flowers."

It is strange how constantly Hawthorne's mind riveted itself upon death and all its accompaniments. The grave, the winding-sheet, the corruption of the body; he gazed into these things with an irresistible fascination, till at last he asked the question that he could not answer—Was there, under any conditions, a possibility of a human being evading the law of human decay? The physical process of death was at once alluring and appalling to him. He was fastened to it by the horror it inspired; a state of mind which, in a highly-strung nervous system and poetical temperament, it is easy to conceive. He shielded himself from his gloomy impression by evoking the aid of spiritualism; an environment of mystic supernatural agencies served to cast into shadow that which he saw so keenly and shuddered to see.

Hawthorne was born in 1804 and died in 1864. He was a fellow-student of Longfellow at Bowdoin College, and now it is time to speak of this comrade of his who, in another direction, has attained a distinction as widely recognized. With an imagination less fervid than Hawthorne's, Longfellow had sympathies more largely diffused, and his ideas clothed themselves in melodious verse; his sentiment is tender and pure; he is emotional, but seldom in the highest degree passionate. He deals with feelings universally understood, which he expresses in sweet cadences, and therefore his shorter pieces are admirably suited to an union with music. His songs are general favorites in

English society. There are few to whom "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Day is Done," "The Bridge," "Excelsior," are not familiar strains. The story of "Evangeline," in spite of its heavy hexameters, is also popular; "Hiawatha," less universal in its attractions, holds a dearer place in the affections of those who are able to prize it. It is a tale of savage life; its scenery is among dark forests and mighty rivers. Its motive or plot is the effect of the chief of the Ojibways, Hiawatha, to elevate the condition of his tribe: a superstitious reverence attaches to him, and being a reformer, he is regarded as a demigod. His character is noble, and in all his adventures the sympathy of the reader follows him. There is great life and variety of incident mingled with a fine spiritual essence throughout the poem, and the poet's passion is intense in the passage where Hiawatha's affliction overwhelms him upon the death of his wife. The "Voices of the Night," the "Poems on Slavery," "The Belfry of Bruges," "The Golden Legend," the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are well known among Longfellow's many poetical pieces; and in prose, his charming German romance of "Hyperion," has been read with general appreciation. His attributes as a poet and as a writer of imaginative prose are such as win for him a large amount of general affection and of feminine worship; few American authors have taken firmer root in our soil.

Among the essentially national poets of America, John Greenleaf Whittier ought to be mentioned. He is original, and his pictures of life are striking. His little poem of "Maud Müller" has in it so much of pathetic suggestion and vivid painting, that it is a favorite with public readers, and has been made popular by recitation; but the author has written works of higher significance. His eloquence has been strongly exerted for the redress of great wrongs. His "Home Ballads," his "Songs of Labor," and his "Voices of Freedom," have many admirers in America; and when the literature of the United States diffuses itself more in our country they will be appreciated here; but at present there is as little of American as of French poetry current in London society. There is a prevalent belief among us that Americans are all money-makers, and an association between the production of poetry and the acquisition of wealth is rejected as an impossible idea. It is true that the poets are not the money-makers of America, and it is also true that the habit of monetary speculation must induce excitements vivid and positive, which cannot co-exist with that high order of passionate ideality which is essential to æsthetic development. But though the eager bent of the mind towards the sole acquisition of riches is prone to wither the noblest intellectual faculties, it is not to be supposed that the practical work of a professional life necessarily interferes with literary achievements. It may, if not too absorbing in itself, promote their excellence by guarding the mind from that exaggerated idiosyncrasy which is too often the fate of secluded genius.

Nathaniel Hawthorne himself held a place in the Custom-house at Boston, and was for a time consul at Liverpool; and Wendell Holmes, the brilliant novelist and essayist, has a considerable reputation as a physiologist. His works are familiar to all the reading classes of England. Few novels are more often asked for at the circulating library or the railway bookstall than that of "Elsie Venner," and the charming essays in the form of scene and dialogue contained in "The Autocrat," "The Professor," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," are esteemed among us as treasures of thought. Through much subtle philosophy, which they set forth in the garb of familiar things, there runs a mixed current of practical and imaginative power which gives a peculiar character to all these works. The author is a man of the world, a penetrating observer, a humorist, and a poet with strong human sympathies in every direction, with a natural tenderness of heart, restrained by his robust vital energy from that sorrow, deep or bitter, which possesses minds more exclusively poetical. Wendell Holmes is that rare existence—a cheerful poet. His occasional deviations into

sadness, serve to enhance his more frequent geniality, and he leaves his reader the happier for his company, with no worse grief than the pleasant pang of parting; pleasant as an indication of the gratification already experienced, which is not recalled without a hope of renewal. Among the many charming poetical pieces introduced into the prose works of Wendell Holmes, there are few more graceful than that called "The Voiceless," which occurs in the course of some remarkably clever dialogue on music and poetry in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:—"

"We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber;
But o'er their silent sisters' breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

"Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross but not the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

"O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and fading tresses
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses:
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!"

The first two stanzas of this little poem are perfect in the beauty of their sentiment and the sweetness of their melody. The last has a blemish in it which may be indicated as characteristic of the author. It is to be found in these two lines,—

"Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses."

The conceit of Death pouring out his wine from Misery's crushing presses, strains the ingenuity and turns aside the feeling of the reader. The glow of sentiment is impeded by investigation of the analogy, and when it is all worked out between reader and writer, it is not worth the pursuit; the images it calls up are out of harmony with the theme of the poem, and fall below it. Vats and wine-presses, with a figure of Death perched on the top of them, are incongruous and grotesque. This passage may be accepted as typical of the one fault which occasionally disfigures the poetical conceptions of Wendell Holmes. On the other hand, his knowledge of science is often brought to bear admirably upon his imaginative and humorous pictures, adding force to their structural beauty. This power is felt in both his novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel." They are works of a high order of intellectual conception, to which no justice can be done by extracts. They abound in fertility of invention and in characters original and consistent; and they are lifted out of the commonplace of the workaday world by spiritual aspirations, by curious gleams of poetical fancy, and by the power of showing forth the workings of secret inward passion associated with the influences of outward nature. "Elsie Venner" is the best ordered story of the two, but in both works the interest is of a more enduring kind than that which consists merely in the intricacy of an ingenious plot. Wendell Holmes's last work, "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," misses none of the attributes of its predecessors, and many more treasures may be hoped for from his fertile mind. He graduated at Harvard College, which has before been mentioned here as sending forth many distinguished writers.

The men who are made prophets out of their own country are frequently those whose inspirations blaze with false fire: among such must be counted Edgar Allan Poe, who

was born in Baltimore in 1811, and died in a fit of drunken misery in the year 1849. He had a remarkable power of language, and a vivid impulse. His stories are singular in their constructive power; and in the conduct of a difficult plot, or the management of a long chain of circumstantial evidence, he has few rivals. His intellect is vigorous, his grasp is strong, and no man knows better how to shape his ideas; but these are not of a high character, and the popular element, the capacity which seizes the fancy of the grosser numbers of the effect which a surprise produces, is conspicuous in his writings. "The Raven" is the poem by which he is best known in England, and it has acquired so much celebrity for its author that it is not uncommon to hear in reply to such a question as "Are there any poets in America?" "Poets! oh, yes; there is Edgar Poe, you know, who wrote 'The Raven.'" America would be barren both in quality and quantity if that were all, or if that were the chief of her poetical productions. The poem of "The Raven" may be described as the remorseful shriek of a troubled conscience; it projects strange phantasms, it is a startling representation of a special form of delirium in a diseased mind, and its peculiarities of rhyme and rhythm force it upon the attention. The passion which inspires it, is one which is easily understood. It has more of spasm than of true vitality; but it is not altogether devoid of beauty. Its tricks of manner recommend it to vulgar tastes, and having enjoyed an immense immediate popularity, it is likely to be rated much lower a few years hence than it is now. Already it has sunk below the first estimate formed of it.

There is a poet little known among us, who is the author of a translation of Virgil and of some singularly beautiful original pieces. This is Christopher Pearse Cranch. He is a landscape painter by profession; he is a poet by inspiration. Every line of his writing shows a deep intimacy with nature, with her beauties and her mysteries, and a kindly sympathy with humanity. He ought to be quoted largely; but American poets crowd upon us, and justice, or anything resembling justice, to them all is impossible at present. Cranch's "Morning" and "Night" may be mentioned as gems of thought, feeling, and expression; but here he must be left with much regret, and other claims must be attended to.

Among novelists few have made a wider reputation than Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is a reputation well deserved. At the present moment it has fallen below its proper level, owing to the reaction which almost invariably succeeds to an extraordinary excitement. The highest mark of popularity was reached by her first well-known work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was in the year 1851 that this remarkable novel was published. It was written with a noble passion; it was a high-minded woman's protest against slavery. In her creative imagination, the evils of one of the worst forms of oppression that ever existed for the degradation of a great nation, shaped themselves into a story of which the central figure was a fine old negro called familiarly Uncle Tom. He is a true individual character, as grand in his way as the Jean Valjean of Victor Hugo. All his accessories are described with admirable skill: the sorrow of the narrative is relieved by traits of exquisite humor; the Whites are not painted too black, and some of the feminine characters are full of tenderness. As a work of art it has only one fault. This is the constant prominence of the purpose of the book; a great purpose, which had a great result, but which is destructive to the artistic harmony of parts, to the just proportion necessary to a perfect structure of the imagination. "Uncle Tom" was read in its day not merely with avidity but with fury. It was translated into every known language. It was the cause of anti-slavery movements everywhere. Society was all astir. The ladies of England were stimulated to open demonstrations. This book seemed to occupy all space for the time. It has dwindled now, not into actual death, but into the stillness which follows a tempest, and it may be laid down as a principle in art, that no novel will hold a permanently high place in literature if a special passion in its author is evident. The novelist should have no direct action of his

own mind to affect that of his characters; he should be impassible, so as to have them completely at his command; his own presence should never intrude: the same thing is true of the dramatic poet. The lyrical poet may indulge freely in his personal sensibilities; the essence of his beauty may be a long sigh or a bitter moan; it is his privilege to deal with himself till he brings a sympathizing world to worship at his feet and echo his complaint.

Mrs. Stowe's second anti-slavery work, called "*Dred: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp*," forces its motive less upon the attention than "*Uncle Tom*," and is a more artistic work; but it is in "*The Minister's Wooing*," where there is no paramount moral theory, that her genius as a novelist is perfectly developed. This is a beautiful story charmingly told. The characters are various and true; the scenery is admirably painted; and so long as first-rate works of fiction continue to be read this book will be cherished.

Those who have read the works of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "*Gates Ajar*," "*Hedged In*," and "*The Silent Partner*" (and her readers are innumerable), will not need to be told that a special purpose is the nucleus of each of her narratives, and that throughout them all her intention is present and undisguised; to such a point, indeed, that they should be viewed rather as tracts on a large scale than as stories to be considered as works of art. Yet the writer has the power of language, the conception of passion, and the skill in description, which may make her a great novelist, if she does not prefer the line she has hitherto adopted of eloquent exhortation in the shape of fiction.

One of the most original and picturesque novels ever written, is hardly known at all in our country. It is called "*Margaret*." Its author is Sylvester Judd; he was a native of Massachusetts and a Unitarian minister. His mind was stirred by earnest religious convictions and by a universal humanity; his story rather moves him than he his story, and he is remarkable for his dramatic power. The scene is laid in New England at the beginning of this century; and the manners of the people, their dialogue, their ignorant religionism, their drunken excesses, are so represented as to seem absolutely true; while as a background to these curious conditions of human life, there is a wonderful affluence of nature as seen in great forests, dreary wastes, remote villages, with an atmosphere of storm and sunshine, and flowery golden beauty, the whole rambling scenery and sometimes rambling interests of the story being harmonized and centralized by the essence of all beauty, which becomes definite and animated in the principal character.

Margaret unites the highest spiritual and the finest physical attributes of a woman. She is almost perfect, and yet she is possible. Those who seek in a novel the skilful development of plot, must not turn over the pages of Mr. Judd's "*Margaret*;" but those who like to dwell upon the diversities of human character, the impulses of human hearts, and the vicissitudes of human life apart from the conventions of civilized society, will find delight in the study of every chapter. The wide field of observation which this novel embraces, its meditative episodes, and its general indifference to established form recall to the reader Goethe's romance of "*Wilhelm Meister*;" but there is no sign of direct imitation in it—it stands alone.

Mrs. Whitney's clever novels of "*The Gayworthys*," "*Hitherto*," "*Margaret Faithful*," deserve notice; but they are well known to the British public and have been frequently criticised, and much read, while some writers with higher inspirations are not yet appreciated among us.

Possibly not many English readers are acquainted with the charming works of Colonel Higginson. His volume of "*Atlantic Essays*" and his "*Army Life with a Black Regiment*," being works of philosophical thought and historical narrative, are unfortunately excluded from consideration here; but his romance called "*Malbone*" is not unworthy of their author. It is a story in one volume; a form which the best of the French writers frequently adopt, but which English publishers are wont to reject as unprofitable. As a trade speculation the one-volume novel may

possibly be unsuccessful, but it is certainly favorable to the conditions of art. The author condenses instead of expanding his idea, and gains strength. He is able to concentrate his interest, and he is not driven to seek extraneous matter merely for the sake of bulk. George Sand, Octave Feuillet, Madame Keybaud, Jules Sandeau, Charles de Bernard, and Balzac, have issued some of their finest productions each contained in one volume, telling their stories simply, poetically, without trivial additions and undesirable episodes to increase the weight of paper in the market. Colonel Higginson's romance of "*Malbone*" is original; it is striking in its traits of national character and poetical in its descriptions of local scenery. It is essentially American; such affinities as it holds with any foreign school are rather French than English: not only the form of publication but the perfect finish of the style and the analytical tendencies of the author bring it into some sort of relationship with the fine subtleties and passionate imagination of French fiction. "*Malbone*" is distinguished by a singular power of penetration and by delicate discrimination of character. Knitting together the intricacies of incident and passion, by her continual presence, by her constant commentary, a lady known to everybody as "*Aunt Jane*," full of humorous peculiarities, is hardly at any moment absent from the scene, and when absent seems still present by the impression she has made. Opposed to this humorous element there is a high-minded girl, called Hope, who, without too much sublimity, shows forth the best qualities of womanhood, and who, without any unfeminine forwardness, is marked by a frank independence which may be considered a national characteristic. It is rarely found in English or French girls associated with perfect modesty and good breeding. The beauty of language, so remarkable in the author of "*Malbone*," tempts the critic to make extracts, but it is better to abstain. The story is told in a short space, and carefully constructed, so that to sever any of its parts would be to do it an injury.

Colonel Higginson is one of those writers whose imagination has been stimulated by active service and varied experience of life. He was pastor of the Free Church in Worcester before he adopted the military profession; he entered the army before the great war between the North and South took place. He was a friend to the suffering negroes. He was the successful leader of the first colored regiment in the war, and he had reason to be proud of the obedience and bravery of his men. In an engagement on the Edisto River he was wounded and disabled from service.

The union of literary distinction and soldierly enterprise is attractive, but we must not dwell any longer upon Colonel Higginson: the rigid laws of space oblige us to pass over with a bare word some poets with whom we would gladly linger. There is Helen Hunt, the author of a volume of poems called "*Verses by H. H.*," remarkable for their subtlety of thought and grace of expression; there is Thomas William Parsons, the accomplished translator of Dante, who has also written some excellent original pieces; and there is Julia Ward Howe, clever in many of her productions, and inspired when she wrote her "*Battle Hymn of the Republic*" with that impulse of worship and patriotism which kindles an answering fire in other souls; it was shouted with rapture on every battle-field by every northern troop; it stirred the hearts of thousands to devotion and to action. With a glance of admiration, these and others must be left. No pause may be made for the consideration of Mr. Moncure Conway's philosophical Essays, though they are remarkable for their imaginative eloquence as much as for the extended knowledge and thought of which they are the fruit. Nor can Mr. Lothrop Motley's brilliant histories be discussed here, though they are not less picturesque and vivid in their delineations of scene and character than Sir W. Scott's historical romances. It is evident that these things cannot come into the field of view which is limited to the survey of works of fiction.

The present catalogue of the imaginative writers of

America must close with the name of James Russell Lowell, at once the most and the least known in England of the great American authors. His name is familiar in every English assemblage as the author of the "Biglow Papers;" but his serious works have been less read. Yet they deserve at least equal attention.

That one small volume, "Under the Willows, and other Poems," contains a world of poetry within its pages. Meditation, in which keen and creative thought unfolds itself; pictures of nature, rare and true; the changes, the shifting colors and perfumes, the seasons' difference of another sphere brought into our own; a deep, and at moments almost bitter, pathos, are to be found concentrated in the poem which gives its title to this precious volume. The intimate union of external nature with the internal movements of the soul always calls up recollections of Wordsworth. But Lowell, nevertheless, is unlike Wordsworth. Wordsworth's sole passion is for nature; Lowell's passion is his own inward fire, associating itself with remote analogies in the outside world, and very subtly revealed. His words are never too many; they shape his idea sharply. They never sit loosely as garments put on in haste; they seem, indeed, the very essence of his thoughts. "The Wind-harp," "Palinodes," "The Dead-house," "Villa Franca," "The Washers of the Shroud," are pieces of concentrated strength and feeling. The "Commemoration Ode of 1865," beginning "Weak-winged is song," is an emphatic proof of the power of poetry to impassion and to exalt our sense, to touch us with a pain that is beautiful, to awaken our sympathy with the noble and the true, on which a whole treatise might be written to show forth the value of every line.

"The Cathedral," published in a small single volume, is a poetic meditation, full of deep, serious sweetness—pathetic, not passionate. Lowell, in all his moods, is self-sustained; his intellect is never blurred by passion. It is not less piercing in his emotional than in his satirical poems: on the other hand, passion is present even in the wit and humor of his "Biglow Papers." They may be considered as an anathema upon the Mexican war, not the less but the more impressive for the comic mask which the speaker wears. It is probable that Lowell's utterance of great truths in rough dialect gave an impulse to the poetry of the workaday world which reaches us from the far west; but this theme must be reserved for future comment.

In bringing these considerations to a close, we may remark that American writers, such as aim at anything beyond quick sale, are careful of their craft; they cultivate a choice and accurate style, and in this quality, as in some others, they resemble the French authors of fiction. Our English novelists are, with a few well-known exceptions, wholly indifferent to our English grammar, and beauty of style is so little prized generally in prose, that the symmetry of our language might run the risk of annihilation but for the reverence with which American men of letters cherish it. American literature is now in the vigor of its youth, but the danger of a feeble imitation of established models threatens every national literature as soon as it boasts many men worthy to be copied. The forces from the West, therefore, with a fresh impulse of life, are good as stimulants in a new direction for the American imagination. The greatest evil to be dreaded is money-getting; for when a great art becomes subservient to the desire of gain, the artist is transformed into the trader, the art languishes and pines, and in the midst of material affluence dies of want.

GEORGE CHAPMAN'S PLAYS.¹

It is surprising that the dramatic works of George Chapman have hitherto been left uncollected. We have

¹ *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman, now first Collected, with Illustrative Notes and a Memoir of the Author.* 3 vols. London: John Pearson. 1878.

reason to know that the late Rev. Alexander Dyce, the admirable editor of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Shirley, and others, and probably the most learned Elizabethan scholar that ever lived, meditated a critical edition of the old poet's dramas. Mr. Hooper, too, the editor of Chapman's "Classical Translations," had announced a similar intention, but he withdrew his proposals at Mr. Dyce's expressed wish. Had Mr. Dyce lived, we should doubtless have had an edition worthy of Chapman's fame, and we must ever regret the loss which Elizabethan literature has sustained. The publisher of the present volumes does not pretend to give us a critical text, but simply reprints the original quartos *verbatim et literatim*, and that so accurately as to reproduce all the errors and corruptions that so painfully beset Chapman's text in the earlier editions. This may be highly interesting to the antiquarian reader, but it is "caviare to the general." The editor tells us: "Our principle has been the *fac-simile* principle, a perfectly intelligible and reasonable one, if carried out with undeviating uniformity. There is much to be said in its behalf, especially when, as in the present instance, we have every reason to believe that the author supervised in many cases the publication of the original text." We should like to know how he has arrived at the knowledge of this fact, for we shrewdly suspect the contrary to be the truth. Many of the plays are so falsely printed, verse and prose being so strangely intermingled and confused, that it appears almost impossible for the author to have corrected the proof. To perpetuate obvious errors appears to us simply ridiculous, nor is the principle so "perfectly intelligible" as the editor seems to think. We are never sure that such egregious blunders do exist in the original rare quartos, or that they may not be due to the inaccuracy of the modern copyist. This, of course, is not meant to be a popular edition of Chapman's plays, for it would be almost useless to the ordinary English reader; but it places before the scholar an accurate reprint, and in a very beautiful form, of rare and almost inaccessible volumes, the original editions of which could not be purchased for fifty pounds. We regret that Mr. Pearson has not included, for completeness' sake, several plays which Chapman wrote in conjunction with Jonson, Marston, and Shirley—such as "Eastward Hoe!" "Chabot," "The Ball," etc.—but we have reason to hope that these will form a supplemental volume.

The life of Chapman deserves more investigation than it has met with. The fullest hitherto given to the world is that prefixed by Mr. Hooper to his second edition of the *Iliad* (Russell Smith, 1865), and from which the present editor appears to have drawn most of his information. George Chapman was born in the year 1559, at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and he seems to have spent much time in his native place when employed on his great translation of Homer. Nothing is known of his youth, or of the place of his earlier education. Antony Wood, who is not a very reliable authority, as he has erroneously supposed him to have been of a Kentish family, and fixes the date of his birth in 1557, tells us: "In 1574, or thereabouts, he, being well grounded in school learning, was sent to the University, but whether first to this of Oxon, or that of Cambridge, is to me unknown. Sure I am that he spent some time in Oxon, where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree here." Wharton informs us that "he passed two years at Trinity College, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman classics." As our University Registers at this early period are very incomplete, we are not surprised to find that these traditions cannot be verified by fact. There is no trace of Chapman's name in the books of either University. This gossip of Wood and Wharton is certainly not countenanced by the poet's after-love for philosophy. Chapman was undoubtedly a very learned man for the age in which he lived, and among the numerous friends with whom he associated and mentions with great regard, are Thomas Harriot and Robert Hews, the eminent mathematicians, two of the three Magi of Henry, Earl of Northumberland.

Moreover, many of his writings show a great love and knowledge of philosophy. Wood says that on quitting the University, he settled in the metropolis, associating with Spenser, Shakespeare, and others. But this, again, appears to be mere gossip. It is far more probable, as Mr. Pearson's editor well observes (p. x.), that "he travelled for some time in France and Germany, and perhaps also in Italy." Very interesting is the extract from the German critic Karl Elze's edition of Chapman's tragedy of "Alphonsus" (Leipzig, 1867), quoted pp. xxx.-xxxv., showing the estimate of the poet's learning by a foreigner. After his settlement in London, when near his fortieth year, he began his dramatic career. His earliest known play is the comedy of the "Blind Beggar of Alexandria," which was first acted in February, 1595, and published in 1598. From that year to the date of his death in 1634, besides his well-known noble paraphrase of Homer and various other translations and numerous poems, he was the author and joint author of no less than twenty-five dramatic pieces, besides the Masque acted at the marriage of the Palsgrave with the Princess Elizabeth in 1613. Of this vast amount of dramatic composition, fourteen tragedies and comedies are included in the three present volumes as the undoubted production of Chapman's pen. "Eastward Hoe," written in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston, and which caused the authors to be imprisoned, is a very interesting play, and should certainly have been included in an edition of Chapman's plays. "The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France," and the comedy of "The Ball," both written conjointly with Shirley, ought not to have been omitted. There were five plays in MS. in the library of the late Richard Heber, namely, "The Fountain of New Fashions," 1598; "The Will of a Woman," 1598; "The Fatal Love, a Tragedy;" "Tragedy of a Yorkshire Gentleman," and "The Second Maiden's Tragedy." This last was published as No. 1 of "The Old English Drama," London, 1825. The authorship in part of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," in which Shakespeare has been thought to have assisted Fletcher, is assigned by Mr. Charles Knight to Chapman and not to Shakespeare. In Henslowe's Diary there is mention of two tragedies which have not come down to us, namely, "Benjamin's Plot" and "A Pastoral Tragedy."

It is to be regretted that at the dispersion of Mr. Heber's library some of the above plays seem to have been lost. A comedy entitled, "Two Wise Men and All the Rest Fools," or, as the title styles it, "A Comical Moral censuring the Follies of the Age," was published in 1619, but the authorship, though attributed to Chapman, is very doubtful.

Chapman died in 1634, and lies buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, where a monument, erected by his friend Inigo Jones, is still standing, on the south side of the present church; but the inscription, defaced by time, or probably by the fire which destroyed the old church, has been recut, not in accordance with the original mentioned by Wood.

During the present generation much attention has been turned to grand old George's translation of Homer, and it has been duly appreciated; but his dramatic compositions, which Mr. Dyce styles "the original and deep-thoughted plays of Chapman," have not had justice done to them. He was greatly admired in his own day, and though he cannot be compared in parts with Marlowe, Jonson, Shirley, or Fletcher (Shakespeare one cannot mention, as he is *sui generis*), Chapman is certainly one of the greatest (and taking in his varied learning, perhaps the greatest) of that "race of giants" who were contemporary with Shakespeare. Charles Lamb's well-known criticism may be alluded to: "Of all the English play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakespeare in the descriptive and didactic, — in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakespeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences; but in himself he had an eye to perceive, and a soul to embrace all forms." The editor of these volumes has given us a fair

résumé of the various criticisms on Chapman's plays to which the reader may be referred. We should select as his finest tragic compositions the two plays of "The Duke of Byron;" and his comedies are ably represented by "The Gentleman Usher" and "All Fools." The Masque, too, is very interesting, as Jonson informed Drummond that next to himself only Chapman and Fletcher could write a masque.

The notes attached to the present edition, though good as far as they go, are far too few, and might have been reserved for a critical edition of the text. On the whole, however, Mr. Pearson deserves our sincere thanks for collecting the scattered plays, and giving us, if not very a readable, at all events the text as it stood in Chapman's day, and which the student must unravel by his own learning and ingenuity. The typography and paper are unexceptionable.

ELLICE.

BY IVAN TOURGUENEF.

I.

I COULD not sleep; vainly I tossed from one side of the bed to the other. "The devil take all table-turning," thought I; "it upsets one's nerves!"

I just began to doze when I fancied I heard the string of an instrument sound close to me; it gave a sad and tender note. I raised my head. At this moment the moon had just appeared above the horizon, and its rays fell full on my face. White as chalk was the floor of my room where the moonlight lay. The sound was renewed, and this time more distinctly. I leaned upon my elbow. My heart beat a little; one minute passed, then another. Far away a cock crowed; farther still another cock answered. My head fell back on the pillow. "I am all right now. I wonder [shall my ears sing again?" At last I slept, or thought I slept. I had strange dreams. I was surprised to find myself in my room, lying on my own bed, and unable to close my eyes. Again the same sound! I turned my head. The moonlight on the floor began gently to gather up — to take a form — it lifted itself. Before me stood, transparent as mist, the white figure of a woman.

"Who is there?" I asked with an effort.

A delicate voice, like the rustling of leaves, replies: —

"It is I, I; I come to visit you."

"To visit me! Who are you?"

"Come at night down to the edge of the forest, under the old oak: I will be there."

I try to see the features of this mysterious figure, and I shudder in spite of myself. I feel as if numbed with cold. I am no longer lying down, but sitting up in bed, and where I thought I saw a phantom, there is only a white moon-ray stretched along the floor.

II.

Now slowly the day passed. I tried to read — to work . . . in vain. At last night came; my pulse beat quickly in expectation of some adventure. I lay down and turned my face to the wall.

"Why didst thou not come?" murmured a small voice, low but distinct, quite close to me in my room.

It is she! The same mysterious phantom with her motionless eyes, motionless features, and looks full of sadness!

"Come!" she murmured once more.

"I will go," I replied, not without affright.

The phantom seemed to make a movement towards my bed. It wavered, its form became confused and vaporous. In an instant there was only the white moon-rays on the polished floor.

III.

I passed all next day in great agitation. At supper I drank nearly a whole bottle of wine. I went out on the

terrace, but returned almost immediately, and threw myself on the bed; my pulse beat quickly. Once more I heard the twang of a cord. I shuddered and dared not look; suddenly it seemed to me that some one had laid their hands on my shoulders from behind, and whispered in my ear,—

"Come, come, come!"

Trembling I answered with a sigh,—

"I come!" and I raised myself in bed. The white lady was there, bending over my bedside; she smiled sweetly and vanished. Yet I had time to glance at her face: it seemed as if I had seen it before; but where, and when? I rose very late, and all that day I spent wandering in the fields. I visited the old oak by the edge of the forest, and examined all the whereabouts. Towards evening I sat by the window of my study; my old housekeeper brought me a cup of tea, but I did not drink it. I could not make up my mind to anything, and asked myself if I was not becoming crazy. At last sunset came; not a cloud in the heavens. Suddenly, the landscape took an almost unnaturally purple hue; burnished with this lakey tint, the leaves and grass no longer waved, but seemed petrified. This brightness, this immobility,—the rigidity of the outlines, with the silence of death reigning over all, was something awful and inexplicable. Soundlessly a large brown bird alighted on my window-sill; I gazed at it—it also looked askance at me, with its round cunning eyes.

Thought I to myself, "You are sent, no doubt, to remind me of my *rendezvous*." A moment after the bird fluttered his down-lined wings, and flew away as noiselessly as he came. For long after, I sat by my window, but now all irresolution had ceased. I felt imprisoned in a magic ring. In vain I tried to resist, drawn on as I was by a secret force. Thus is the bark hopelessly carried on by the rapids towards the cataract that is to engulf it. At length I roused myself; the purplish color of the landscape had disappeared, its brilliant tints were toned down, and soon should be extinguished in an obscurity favorable to enchantments. A light breeze sprang up, and the moon mounted brightly in the blue heavens; under its cold rays the leaves trembled, now in shade, now in silver. My housekeeper brought in a lighted lamp, but a blast of wind from the window extinguished it. I rose suddenly, drew my hat over my eyes, and strode on to the corner of the forest where stood the aged oak.

IV.

Years ago this oak had been struck by lightning; its summit was blasted and dead, but its trunk had life enough in it for centuries to come. As I drew near, a cloudlet passed over the moon, and beneath the thick foliage of the oak the shade was deeply dark. At first I saw nothing remarkable, but on looking to one side—oh! how my heart beat quickly!—I descried a white figure standing still near a bush between the oak and the forest. My hair stood on end—I could scarcely breathe, yet I advanced toward the wood.

It was herself, my nightly visitant. Just as I approached her, the moon issued from the cloud that obscured it. The phantom appeared as if formed of a half-transparent milky fog. Through its face, I could discern a bough shaken by the wind. Only the eyes and hair were of a darker tint. I observed besides, that as she held her hands clasped together, on one of her fingers was a slight gold ring, pale, yet brilliant. I stood a few steps from her, and tried to speak, but my voice clave in my throat, and yet it was not all fear that possessed me. She turned towards me. Her look expressed neither sadness nor joy, simply a mournful attention. I waited for her to speak, but she stood wordless and motionless, transfixing me with her cold glassy eyes.

"Here I am!" cried I at length with a supreme effort. My voice resounded strange and coarse.

"I love thee!" her delicate voice replied.

"Thou lovest me!" cried I, thunderstruck.

"Give thyself to me!" she said.

"Give myself to thee! but thou art a phantom. Thou hast no being!" All my mind was upset. "Who art thou?—a vapor, a mist, an airy form? Give myself to thee! First tell me what thou art? Hast thou lived on earth? Whence comest thou?"

"Give thyself to me. I will do thee no harm. Say only these two words, 'Take me!'"

I looked at her bewildered. "What does she say?—what did she mean?" I thought to myself, "Shall I risk it?" All at once I cried out with a sudden impulse, as if some one had pushed me from behind, "Take me!"

Scarcely had I uttered the words, when this mysterious figure, with an inward smile that for a moment trembled over every feature, advanced, her hands unclasped and stretched out to me. I tried to dart back, but already I was in her power. She held me fast in her arms. In a twinkling my body was raised from the earth, and we flew gently above the tranquil, sleeping fields.

V.

At first my head whirled; involuntarily I closed my eyes, when I reopened them, a moment after, we were flying still, and the forest was already no longer visible. Beneath us stretched a great speckled plain. I perceived with stupefaction that we were at an enormous height.

"Am I in the power of a demon?"

This thought struck me like a thunderbolt. Until that moment the idea of diabolical power—of my possible perdition—never entered my mind. Still we flew, and still it seemed to me that we rose higher and higher.

"Whither dost thou carry me?" at last I demanded.

"Whithersoever thou wilt!" answered my companion, clasping me still closer in her arms. Her face touched mine, and yet I scarcely felt the contact.

"Take me back to earth. I am ill at ease at this great height."

"Well, then, shut your eyes, and breathe not."

I obeyed. Instantly I felt as if falling like a stone. The wind whistled through my hair. As soon as I could take breath, I saw that now we were sailing above the earth, almost touching the points of the high grass.

"Lay me down here," I said. "What a strange idea it was to fly! I am not a bird!"

"I hoped to give you pleasure. As for us, we do nothing else."

"You? But who are you?"

No answer.

"You fear to tell me?"

A plaintive sound, like to the melancholy note that awoke me the first night, resounded in my ear, as we flew in a dewy atmosphere close to the ground.

"Lay me down on the grass," I insisted.

She bowed her head in token of obedience, and I alighted on my feet. She stood before me, and again her hands were folded as one who waits.

I felt reassured and began to study her attentively. At first her expression appeared to be that of sad resignation.

"Where are we?" I inquired, for I knew not where I stood.

"Far from thy home; but we can reach it in a moment."

"How can that be? Shall I again trust myself to thee?"

"I have done thee no harm, and will do thee none. Together shall we flee until the dawn. Nothing more. Whithersoever wander thy thoughts, there can I take thee,—through all the kingdoms of the universe. Give thyself to me. Say again, 'Take me!'"

"Well, then. Take me!"

Once more her arms embraced me; once more my feet left the earth—we flew.

VI.

"Whither wilt thou go?"

"Straight on before us."

"But there is a forest."

"Let us pass above it — but not so fast."

Round and round upwards we flew, as the woodcock to the beech-tree top. Then we struck straight onwards.

It was no longer ears of corn, it was the summits of high trees that glided beneath us. How strange it was to look down on that forest from on high, with the rugged boughs shimmering in the moonlight! One might fancy it a Leviathan lying asleep, and breathing heavily with sighing, sobbing sounds. At times we pass above a clearing, and I admire the lacey shadows of the trees athwart the herbage.

Occasionally, the plaintive cry of the hare is heard. Plaintive also is the call of the owl. The air wafts to us odors of fungi and swelling buds and dewy grass. The moon bathes us in waves of her cold light, and the stars shine dazzling above our heads.

Soon the forest disappears behind us. A plain is there streaked with a long line of graying vapor, that marked the bed of a river. Our course lay along its banks, above the rushes that beat beneath the spray.

Sometimes the water glistened with a bluish light, sometimes it whirled dark and menacing. In some places a foamy vapor trembled over the current. Here and there I saw water-lilies expand their snowy petals, displaying their treasures of beauty like virgins that believe themselves safe from vulgar gaze. I wished to cull a flower; at once I almost touched the water-mirror; but as I tore away the thick stalk of the lily, a viscid wetness dashed in my face.

Hither and thither across the river do we fly, like the plover that we startle at every moment.

More than once we looked down into the pretty wild ducks' nests that lay in groups amid the rushes. But they did not fly away. One of them popped his head from under his wing, and stared and stared, then slowly dug his beak into the soft down, while his comrade uttered a weak *couec, couec!*

We started a heron from an alder-bush; as he jumped up and awkwardly shook his wings, he reminded me of a Prussian recruit. As for the fish, we saw not one. All were asleep at the bottom. I began to grow accustomed to flying, and even liked it. Those who fly in dreams will understand me.

Completely reassured, I now began to observe closely the strange being to whom I owed the part I was playing in this incredible adventure.

VII.

She was a young female, whose features betook nothing of the Russian type. Her half-transparent pearl-white form, with shadows scarcely indicated, recalled the carved figures on an alabaster vase, in the interior of which is a lighted lamp.

"May I speak to thee?" I asked.

"Speak."

"I see a ring on thy finger. Hast thou dwelt on earth? Art thou wed?"

I ceased — she replied not.

"What is thy name; how art thou called?"

"Call me Ellice"

"Ellice? That is an English name. Art thou English? Hast thou known me in former times?"

"No."

"Why hast thou appeared to me?"

"I love thee."

"Art thou happy?"

"Yes. Flying, floating with thee in ether!"

"Ellice," I cried, quickly, "art thou not in trouble? Art thou not a banished soul?"

"I understand thee not," she murmured, drooping her head.

"In the name of God, I adjure" — She interrupted me: "What sayest thou?" as if she could not comprehend. "I know not what you mean."

I thought I felt the cold hand that sustained me, tremble slightly.

"Fear not, fear not, my beloved."

Her face bent over mine. Upon my lips I felt a strange sensation, something like a soft pricking — like the touch of a leech before it bites.

VIII.

We floated at a considerable height. I looked down. We were passing over a town to me unknown, built on the side of a high hill. Above the dark masses of verdure appeared the church spires; across one of the windings of the river a great bridge stood out blackly. Gilded cupolas and metal crosses shone with a dull glitter. Silent was the white road that like a narrow ribbon traversed the city from end to end, and lost itself in the obscurity of the level plain beyond.

"What city is that?" I asked of Ellice.

"The city of N——."

"In the kingdom of —?"

"Yes."

"How far are we from home?"

"Distance is nought to us."

"Really?"

All at once I felt courageous.

"Bring me to America."

"Impossible, for there it is day."

"True, and we are night birds. Well, then, no matter where, but somewhere far, far away."

"Close your eyes and mouth," said Ellice.

We sped like lightning; the air whistled through my ears with a deafening sound. Now that we stopped it did not cease — on the contrary, it redoubled. It was like a terrible hurling, a frightful whirlwind.

"Now open your eyes," said Ellice.

IX.

I obey — Just God! where am I?

Above our heads, clouds low, heavy, thick, press and wrestle each other like a pack of savage, enraged monsters — below us another monster, the sea; the furious, untamed sea. With convulsive throes a white foam rises in boiling mountains; shivered waves beat with brutal force on rocks blacker than pitch. The bellowing of the tempest, the freezing air that issued from the depths of the abyss, the echoing of the waves as they dashed upon the beach, was now like to a great lamentation; now, to a discharge of distant artillery. At one instant I thought I heard the ringing of bells; a moment after it was the grinding of pebbles on the shore. Anon the shrill cry of an invisible gull sounded in my ear. Through a break in the clouds loomed the uncertain outlines of a ship. Everywhere death — death and horror! My head swam. I closed my eyes in terror.

"What means this? Where are we?"

"On the coast of the Isle of Wight, where ships are often wrecked," replied Ellice, with what appeared to be a malignant expression of joy.

"Take me away from this, far away to home."

I gathered myself up and covered my eyes. I felt that we flew more rapidly than ever. The wind had ceased, and yet I felt it rushing through my clothes and hair.

I was breathless.

"Stand," said Ellice.

I made an effort to collect my thoughts. I felt my feet touch the earth, and heard no sound. All around me seemed dead, but the blood throbbed violently in my temples, in my ears was a singular tingling. By degrees my giddiness went away, and I opened my ears.

X.

We were close by our own lake.

Straight before us, fringed by willows, lay a greet sheet of water, above which floated some cloudlets of fog. To the right the sour green of a barley field; to the left, half-enveloped in mist, my orchard with its great, stiff, grayish

trees. The dawn was just reaching them. In oblique streaks, across the pale sky, lay two or three gold-like clouds, touched, as they were, by the first rays of the aurora, yet goodness knows whence they came, for the uniform gray of the heavens gave no hint from what point the sun would rise. One by one the stars vanished. As yet nothing stirred. Nevertheless all nature seemed to awaken in this twilight of exquisite tints.

"Behold the day!" whispered Ellice: "adieu till tomorrow!"

I turned towards her, but already she had left the earth, and was floating away in the ether beyond. Of a sudden I saw her raise her hands above her head. This head, those hands, those shoulders, all at once assumed a living color, her deep eyes gleamed, a smile of mysterious softness played upon her reddening lips. It was a charming young girl I beheld. All that lasted but a moment. As if seized with dizziness, she threw herself backwards, and instantly was dissolved in vapor. For some time I remained motionless and stupefied; when I recovered, it seemed as if this corporeal beauty, these tints of rosy paleness, had not quite disappeared, and though dissolved in air, that she still floated around me. Perhaps it was the dawn that painted her. I felt fatigued and walked towards home. Passing by the poultry-house, I heard the fowl cackling. They are the earliest risers. Along the roof at the ends of the lathes that confine the thatch, some crows stood sentinel, all busily occupied at their morning toilette. How clearly they stood out against the milky sky! As I drew near they flew away, and a few paces off ranged themselves in a line without uttering a cry. Twice I heard in the neighboring wood the hoarse chuckle of the black-cock already searching for wild berries amid the reeking foliage.

Shivering I hastened to throw myself on the bed, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

XI.

The following night as I drew near to the blasted oak, Ellice advanced to meet me like an old acquaintance. On my side, all fear had disappeared, and it was almost with pleasure that I approached her. I had ceased to try to fathom the mystery, and now, my only desire was to go fly again and satisfy my curiosity. Soon her arms clasped me, and we take flight.

"Let us go to Italy!" I whispered in her ear.

"Whither thou wilt, my beloved," she answered sweetly, but with a little air of triumph.

Sweetly, too, and triumphantly did she bend her head towards mine. I thought her face appeared less transparent to me than yesterday, her features more feminine and less vapory; I was reminded of her beautiful aspect at the moment of our parting.

"To-night," said Ellice, "to-night is the glorious night—the night that comes so seldom; when six times thirty"—

Here I lost some words.

"It is then that is revealed," she continued, "all that lies hidden at other times."

"Ellice!" I cried beseechingly: "tell me who thou art; do now tell me at last?"

Without answering, she extended her long white hand, and with a finger against the dark sky she pointed out a spot among the twinkling stars where a comet shone redly.

"What dost thou mean? Livest thou as a comet, floating 'twixt stars and sun? Knowest thou not men? Or perhaps." . . . But the hand of Ellice pressed across my mouth, I was enveloped in a thick mist that rose from the valley.

"To Italy! To Italy!" she murmured: "this is the night of nights!"

XII.

The mist cleared away. An endless plain lay expanded beneath us; already the sensation of a softer, damper air

on my cheeks told me I was no longer in Russia, and, besides, this plain had no resemblance to those of our country.

It was of immense extent, sombre, treeless, deserted. Here and there, scattered over the surface, lay shining pools of stagnant water, like unto scraps of a broken mirror. Far away we could distinguish the gleam of a still and silent sea. Bright stars twinkled through the openings of rolling clouds. From all sides came a swelling buzz of many voices—ceaseless, but subdued. These dreamy sounds are the voices of the desert.

"The Pontine Marshes," said Ellice. "Hearest thou the frogs? Scentest thou the fetid odor of the sulphur?"

A great fear seized me. The Pontine Marshes!

"Why bring me to this cursed and stricken land? Why not to Rome instead?"

"Prepare! Rome is at hand."

Across the Latin Way we sped.

Plunged in the unctuous mire a buffalo lifted his hideous head, covered with short, sharp bristles, and tossed his back-turned horns. He showed the whites of his wicked, stupid eyes, and snorted loudly. Doubtless he had scented us.

"Roma! Roma! behold!" exclaimed Ellice.

What is that dark mass at the edge of the horizon? Are those the arches of a giant's bridge? What river does it span? Who gapped it thus? No, it is no bridge. It is an ancient aqueduct. This, then, is the Campagna of the Eternal City. Yonder are the Alban Hills. Their summits, as well as the gray masonry of the aqueducts, are faintly lighted by the rays of the rising moon.

Now we find ourselves close to a solitary ruin. A palace, a tomb, a bath? Who can say? Ivy clasps it in a cold embrace: low down like gaping jaws was seen the fallen-in roof of an underground vault. A charnel-house stench issued from those well-set stones, whose marble covering had long since disappeared.

"Now, quick! call twice aloud the name of a great Roman."

"What will happen?"

"Thou shalt see."

I reflected a moment.

"Dious Caius Julius Cæsar!" I repeated, prolonging the sound—Cæ-sar!

XIII.

The last echoes of my voice had not died away when I heard—but no words could describe what took place. First, there came a confused sound, ceaseless, yet scarce perceptible to the ear, of trumpets and clapping of hands. It was like as if far, far down in some bottomless abyss, a vast crowd were in uproar. In quick waves they seethed upwards, ever bellowing, but with stifled cries, such as issue from the breast in those nightmares one thinks eternal. Then the air grew troubled, and thickened above the ruin—shadows came forth, myriads of ghosts, millions of spectres, some rounded like casques, others darting like javelins. Innumerable flashes darted from these spears and helmets in the moonlight; and all this vast army, this countless multitude, pressed onward; approaching nearer by degrees—swelling, swelling. Instinctively one felt that the huge mass was imbued by one sentiment of dauntless courage that rendered it capable of overthrowing all nations. Yet not a single form was distinct. All at once a new excitement agitated the crowd; its waves severed and fell back: "Cæsar! Cæsar venit!" uttered thousands of confused voices, like the rustling of forest leaves in a storm.

A severe, pale head, crowned with a chaplet of laurel leaves—the head of the Emperor—issued slowly from the ruin.

No! not in human language are there words to express the horror that took possession of me. I thought to myself, let those eyes open, or those lips speak, and I die.

"Ellice," I cried, "I can bear no more—away! oh! take me away from Rome, terrible Rome!"

"Coward!" she muttered—and we fled. Behind me

I heard the clash of iron, and the hoarse cry of the Roman Legions. Then all was hushed.

XIV.

Behold! and calm yourself!

I remember that so delightful was my first sensation I could only sigh. An azure vapor of woolly silver, neither bright, nor yet foggy, enfolded me. At first I could distinguish nothing, but abandoned myself to a heavenly trance. Then the noble outline of beautifully-wooded mountains unrolled before me. Down in the depths of a lake trembled the starlight. I heard the gentle murmur of wavelets flapping on the beach; I freely breathed the perfume of orange-blossoms—as free, as pure, were the brilliant notes of a woman's voice that reached my ear. Attracted, fascinated by scent and sound, I longed to descend.

We stood in front of a noble villa, with its background of cypress; the sounds proceeded from its open windows. The lake, strewn with orange petals, beat with soft ripples the palace-walls; yonder was an island, clad in the sombre verdure of laurel and lemon-trees, with porticos, colonnades, temples, and statues, all draped in a luminous veil, as it stood projecting high from the bosom of the waters.

"The Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore," said Ellice.

"Ah!" I sighed, and stopped. The glowing melody of the songstress enchained me with ever-increasing delight. I must see the face of her who breathes such tones on such a night.

We drew near the window.

Surrounded by Grecian sculptures, Etruscan vases, rare plants, precious stuffs, in the midst of a *salon* decorated in Pompeian style, and that looked more like a museum of antiquities than a modern room, and lighted by high-hanging alabaster lamps, sat a young female before a piano-forte; with bended head and half-closed eyes, she sang an Italian melody. She sang and smiled: grave, even severe, her countenance revealed an absolute tranquillity of soul—and yet she smiled! And a marble faun of Praxiteles, young and indolent, like this fair girl—like her the spoiled child of tenderness, smiled also, it seemed to me, on her porphyry pedestal, surrounded with vases of roses, while around her ascended the fumes of spiced incense from the bronze urn on the antique tripod.

It was a scene of perfect loveliness! Enchanted with the voice, the beauty,—intoxicated with the song and the sweet night-air; moved to my very soul with this spectacle of youth and bloom and happiness, I entirely forgot my travelling companion; I forgot what mysterious destiny had led me to behold the privacy of an existence so apart and distant from mine.

I must step to the window and speak. Every member thrilled, as though I had touched a Leyden jar.

The face of Ellice, in spite of its transparency, grew dark and menacing. In her wide-opened eyes burnt an expression of profound malignity.

"Let us be gone," she said hoarsely.

Once again, amid winds, and noise, and giddiness. Instead of the cry of the legions, it was the voice of the songstress that vibrated in my ear.

We awoke, but the thrilling note, the self-same note, echoed still, although I hear also other sounds, and breathe another atmosphere. A reviving freshness, as if from a great river, reached me, with odors of new-mown hay, and hemp, and smoke. To the sounds succeed others, and others still, but of such a peculiar character, with modulations so well known to me, that I instantly said to myself, "This is a Russian singer, a Russian song!" At the same moment the surrounding objects grew distinctly visible.

XV.

We were on the banks of a wide river. Away on one side extended fresh-mown meadows, with great stacks of hay; as far as we could see on the other glistened the broad surface of the water. Near to shore long barges lay

quietly at anchor, rolling their long slender masts like telegraph signals. From one of those barks, whence issued the sounds, a bright fire reflected itself in thin, broken, red rays along the rippling river. Both on land and water burnt other fires. Were they near us or far away? My eyes are deceptive. One instant they flicker into nothingness; then again burst forth brilliantly. Numerous crickets chirped among the grass, equalling in energy the frogs of the Pontine Marshes.

The sky was cloudless, but lowered dark, and from time to time invisible birds uttered plaintive cries.

"Are we not in Russia?" I asked my guide.

"This is the Volga," she replied.

"Why didst thou take me from that delicious country?" I asked, as we dashed along. "Thou wert vexed, surely, or perhaps a little jealous?"

Her lips trembled, her looks became cruel; but in an instant her features had assumed their usual immobility.

"I wish to return home," I said.

"Patience, patience; this is the night of nights! It comes not soon again. Thou canst, thou mayst behold—just wait a little."

Then we crossed the Volga, skimming the water with quick turns, hither and thither, like swallows fleeing before a storm. Deep waters rushed beneath us; a sharp wind beat us with a strong, cold wing. One bank of the river disappeared into the night, and we approached the rugged cliffs on the opposite shore.

"Cry '*Saryn na Kitchkow*,'" I whispered Ellice.

I had not yet recovered from the terror caused by the apparition of the Roman Legion. I was fatigued besides, and felt melancholy and courageless. I wished not to pronounce the fatal words, persuaded that they would, as in the wolf's glen, in "*Der Freyschütz*," call forth some horrible spectacle; but in spite of myself, my lips unclosed, and with a faint, unnatural voice, I cried,—

"SARYN NA KITCHKOW!"

XVI.

Here, too, as in the scene on the Campagna, at first there was a dead silence.

Then abruptly, close by my very ear, sounded a coarse, brutal laugh, followed by a groan, and the splash of a body falling into the water, and struggling.

I looked around—No one! A few seconds elapsed, and the echo soon sent back to me the same sounds, and soon from all parts arose a fearful uproar.

It was a chaos of many noises; human cries, loud whistling, furious oaths, with laughers . . . laughter, more frightful than all the rest. The splashing of oars in the water, blows of the axe, the smashing in of doors and broken coffers, the creaking of the helm, the grinding of wheels on the gravelly beach, the stamping of a multitude of horses, the clang of the tocsin, the clinking of chains, the mournful crackling of large fires, drunken songs, indecent jokes, wailing and despairing supplications, words of command, and groans of the dying, all mingled to the joyous sounds of the fife, and the quick measure of wild dancing.

Then cries "Kill! hang! To the river—to the fire with him! To work, to work! no quarter!" I heard the gasping breath and last sob of the wretch expiring in the flames . . . and yet wherever I cast my eyes, nothing met my sight. No change was in the aspect of the country. Before us the river flowed silent and swift. The shore seemed deserted and wild. I turned to Ellice: she put her finger to her lip.

"Here is Stephan Trimofitch!² Long live Stephan Trimofitch!" This cry arose all over the plain. "Long live our chief, our Ataman, our foster-father!"

¹ These words belong to the Tartar dialect, and are the war-cry of the Volga pirates. When the pirates utter this cry on boarding a boat, all the crew thereof must throw themselves on their faces, under pain of death.

² Stephan, or Stenka Razin, Cossack of the Don, was at first a pirate of the Volga and Caspian Sea; afterwards the chief of a formidable insurrection of serfs, who took Astrakhan, and devastated several provinces of Southern Russia, towards the middle of the seventeenth century.

Suddenly I felt as if some giant sprung up beside me; he cried with a thundering voice, "Frolka, where art thou, dog? Set fire to all. Hallo! a stroke of the hatchet for these *white hands*,¹ to make sausage meat for me."

I felt the heat of burnt flesh quite close to me, and the fetid odor of the smoke; at the same time something warm and liquid, like drops of blood, spurted all over my face and hands. Shrieks of savage laughter rang in my ears. I lost consciousness. When I recovered we were gliding gently by the edge of my forest, at a short distance from the aged oak.

"Seest thou this winding path down there in the moonlight by the waving birch? Shall we go thither?"

I was so broken down I could only repeat "Home, home!"

And so I was, at my own door and alone.

Ellice had disappeared. The watch-dog approached, sniffed at me suspiciously, and fled away howling.

I got to bed, I know not how, and fell asleep without undressing.

XVII.

All the following day my head was on fire, I was scarcely able to move; but it was not my bodily suffering that troubled me most. I was ashamed and vexed with myself.

"Coward, coward!" I kept repeating. "Yes, Ellice is right; why be frightened? Why not profit by the occasion? I might have seen Caesar in person, and I lost my head with fright; I trembled like a child at the sight of the rod. . . . As for Stephan, that was another affair, in my quality of aristocrat and proprietor. Yet even so, why be afraid? Coward! coward! Besides, might it not all have been a dream?" I asked myself at last. I called my housekeeper. "Marfa, at what hour did I go to bed last night, do you remember?"

"Who can say, master? rather late, I believe. As soon as it began to grow dark you left the house. . . . Then tap, tap, went your heels in your chamber till past midnight. . . . Till near morning; yes, truly, till near morning; yes, indeed, master, and that has been going on these three days. Perhaps something has fretted you, master?"

Well, but these flights, thought I, those courses in the air; how can I doubt *them*?

"Marfa, how am I looking to-day?"

"Eh! what a figure! excuse me, master; but now that I look at you . . . your cheeks are hollow, and you are so pale, so pale! Yea, and you are as yellow as wax."

Rather out of countenance, I sent away Marfa.

It will kill me, or I shall grow insane, thought I, pondering by my window. I must put a stop to it, for it is too horrible. My heart still throbs loudly. When flying I feel as if my blood was being sucked, or that it escaped drop by drop, as the maple juice flows from the incision made by the axe. That makes me shudder. . . . And Ellice? . . . She plays with me like a cat with a mouse. . . . Perhaps she may have some ugly trick in store for me? No matter, this is the last time I shall trust to her. . . . I will be careful . . . and — But supposing she drank my blood? . . . Oh! horrible! . . . Besides, such rapid courses must be injurious. They say it is forbidden in England for the railways to go more than 150 miles an hour. . . . A long time I reflected; but as the clock struck ten I stood beside the aged blasted oak.

The night was black and cold; the air indicated coming rain. To my great surprise I found no one. I walked about for awhile; I went into the wood, returned, always trying to penetrate the obscurity of the gloom. Nobody! After waiting a considerable time I called aloud, "Ellice!" No answer. Again and again, still raising my voice. In vain! I felt dispirited, almost ill. But now were forgotten all the dangers that had preoccupied me during the day. I could not bear to think of Ellice returning to me no more. "Ellice! Ellice! come to me, wilt thou not come?" I cried with anguish.

A crow, awakened by my voice, darted from the top of a

¹ This is the name the serfs give to the nobles.

neighboring tree, cawed, and beat its wings wildly among the branches. But no Ellice.

With bended head I returned towards my house. I was soon by the side of the lake, and caught glimpses of the lamp in my window, as it was now and then hid by the apple-trees. It was like the eye of a guardian watching over me.

All at once came a sort of gentle flutter in the air, and I felt myself uplifted just as the sparrow is carried off by the hawk. It was Ellice. Her cheek touched mine, and her arm entwined me like a cold chain. She spoke, and her voice, ever subdued like a low murmur, now reached my ear like a frozen zephyr.

"It is I," was all she said.

I felt a mixture of joy and terror. We flew along not far from the ground.

"Thou carest not to come to night?" I asked her.

"And thou wert sorry? Thou lovest me then? Oh! thou art mine own!"

These last words troubled me; I knew not what to reply.

"I could not come," she continued; "they kept me."

"Who is it that has power to keep thee?"

"Whither wilt thou go?" asked she, as usual, without answering my question.

"Take me to Italy, to the Isola Bella, you remember."

She shook her head with a resolute air. In that moment, for the first time, did I remark that her face was no longer transparent. I caught her eye, and her expression affected me disagreeably. Deep in those eyes gleamed a sinister glare that reminded one of benumbed serpents just reviving in the sun.

"Ellice," I cried, "tell me, I implore thee, who art thou?"

She only shrugged her shoulder. I was vexed, and thought I would give her a lesson. I resolved I would ask her to carry me to Paris. There, surely, thought I, she will really find reason to be jealous. "Ellice, art afraid of a great city? Of Paris, for example?"

"No."

"No? Not of brightly lit streets like the Boulevards?"

"That is not daylight."

"Well then take me to the Boulevards."

She drew the end of her long sleeve over my head. At once I felt myself in a white mist, strongly impregnated with the odor of poppies. Then all disappeared; light, sound, almost consciousness. . . . I scarcely felt I lived, and this feeling of nothingness was not without sweetness. As suddenly the fog melted away. Ellice withdrew her drapery, and beneath me I beheld a great number of vast edifices, much light and motion . . . I was at Paris!

XVIII.

It was not my first visit to Paris, and I recognized the spot where Ellice had brought me. It was the garden of the Tuileries, with its old chestnut-trees, its iron rails, its street cries, like those of a besieged fortress, and its Turco sentinels, looking like wild savages. We left the Palace, passed by the church of St. Roche, and reached the Boulevard des Italiens. Crowds of people — young and old, workmen in blouses, ladies in *grande toilette*, jostled each other on the footway. Restaurants and begilded *cafés* blazed with a thousand lamps. Omnibuses, drags, carriages of every sort and every build, fled rapidly along the street. All so dazzling, so bewildering, one knew not where to look. Yet, most strange, I felt not the least desire to leave the high, pure air, and join this human ant-hill.

A reddish, heavy, warm, dubious-smelling vapor ascended to me. Pah! one suffocates in such an atmosphere. As I hesitated, almost like the whistle of a locomotive, I heard the voice of a *lorette*. Her words were impure, and touched me like the sting of vermin. Then I recalled the hard, flat, pasty face of the true Parisian type, with greedy, eager eyes; I thought of rouge and violet powder,

and crêped hair; of masses of artificial flowers in liliputian bonnets; of finger-nails cut like claws, and gigantic crinolines. I thought too of our moral provincial friend, who passes for a steady man, running after one of those spring-dolls exposed for sale. I see him mystified and gawky, imitating the manners of the waiters at Vefours, grimacing with many bows and platitudes. Seized with disgust, I said to myself, "It is not here that Ellice need be jealous." I observed we were descending. . . . Paris sent all her noises and all her smells to meet us.

"Stay," said I to Ellice, "do you not feel suffocating?"

"It was your own desire to come to Paris."

"I was wrong, and have changed my mind. Ellice, do carry me fast away! Hold! just look at Prince Katrinska walking yonder! and his friend Varaxin calls out to him, 'Let us go with these pets, and have some supper!'"

"Oh! yes, take me away far from Mabilles and the Maison Dorée; far from the Jockey Club, from soldiers with shaven crowns and palatial barracks; far from sergeants de ville, and milky glasses of absinthe; from players at dominoes, and players on the Bourse, from scraps of red ribbon in button-hole of coat and paletot, far from lectures on literature and government pamphlets, far from the Bouffes Parisiennes, and Parisian operas, and Parisian politics, and Parisian blackguardism! Away! away! away!"

"Look down," said Ellice; "you are no longer at Paris."

I reopened my eyes. A dark plain ruled by the whitish lines traced by the roads, glided rapidly beneath us. As far as the horizon, as from a great fire, the heavens loomed with the reddish glare reflected from the millions of lamps that illuminate the great capital of civilization.

XIX.

Once more the sleeve of Ellice fell across my brow; once more I lost consciousness; once more the cloud dissolved.

"Where are we? What is this park, with alleys of lime-trees clipped like walls, with pines spread out like umbrellas, with porticoes and temples in the Pompadour taste, and these rococo statues of Bernini nymphs, and tritons in the centre of fountains surrounded by balustrades of stained marble? Can it be Versailles? No, it is not Versailles; it is too shabby. The palace, rococo also, stands out from a mass of shaggy oaks. The moon is dim, shadowed by clouds; one might fancy it was a layer of smoke that lay over the earth; what it really is the eye cannot distinguish. Beyond, on one of the basins, a swan floats sleeping. His pure plumage reminds me of the snow of our steppes enchainé by the frost. Here and there glowworms shine like diamonds in the grass, and on the pedestals of the statues."

"We are near Mannheim," said Ellice. "This is the park of Schweitzingen."

"Ah! we are in Germany, then;" and I listened.

All was dumb save one solitary and invisible brook that trickled down an incline. I fancied the water repeated always the same words: "Here, there; here, there." Between high walls of verdure on the pathway I perceived a gentleman with an embroidered coat; on his feet red-heeled shoes, and by his side swung a slender rapier. With exquisite grace he gave his hand to a beautiful lady, all powdered and curled, and in hooped petticoats.

Quaint, pale phantoms! I tried to see them nearer, but they vanished, and I only heard the ceaseless cadence of the brook: "Here, there; here, there."

"See! The dreams are abroad," said Ellice. "Last night it was different; we could have seen other sights—grand sights; but to-night even dreams vanish from the eyes of man. Let us be going."

We glided on so swiftly that I felt not the least motion. Dark and dented mountains clothed with forests met, then flitted from our gaze, followed by other mountains with all their undulations, their precipices, their clearings, their gleams of light from chalet windows, their foaming tor-

rents, and ever mountain followed mountain. We were in the heart of the Black Forest. Glorious woods, aged, yet full of vigorous life! The night is clear; I distinguish all sorts of trees, more especially tall pines with straight rugged trunks. Sometimes, in the clearings, herds of deer showed themselves standing nobly on their slender limbs, and, with graceful turned head, they listened with ears expanded like the mouth of a trumpet.

The ruin of a donjon on the summit of a bare rock lifts its fissured battlements gloomily into the clouds. Above the old mouldering stones peacefully twinkled a little star. From a small black pond issued a mysterious lament, the mournful croaking of young toads. Other sounds caught my ear. They came from afar, like unto the deep and tremulous wail of the Æolian harp. We were in the land of legends. Here, again, the same smoky vapor floated all around close to earth, that I had remarked at Schweitzingen. In the valleys it was densest. I counted five, six, ten different shades of it on the mountain-sides, and over all this dreary and monotonous space the lady moon reigned supreme. The air was clear and lightsome; I felt lightsome myself, and at the same time strangely calm and sad. "Ellice," I said, "you ought to love this country."

"I? I love nothing."

"What! Not even me?"

"Oh! of course thee," she replied, carelessly. I thought I felt her arm tighten round me with fresh ardor.

"Onward! onward!" she cried, with a kind of cold enthusiasm.

A prolonged roulade sounded suddenly a little way high before us.

"It is the rear-guard of the storks *en route* towards the north. Let us join them if thou wilt?"

"Yes, let us fly with the storks."

Thirteen large birds of elegant form, ranged in triangle, advanced rapidly with vigorous darts, that were renewed at rather long intervals. Spreading their rounded wings, stiffening their necks and legs, swelling their full breasts, they sped with such impetuosity that the air whistled around them.

How strange to see at such a height, so far from living creature, this bold and energetic life, this invincible will. Without ceasing to cleave the air, from time to time the storks exchanged signals with their comrades at the triangles; and in this conversation in the high heavens, in those piercing cries was revealed the pride of dominating a perilous situation, and of absolute confidence in their own strength. "We shall reach the goal in spite of fatigue," they screamed, encouraging one another.

I thought myself in Russia. . . . Aye, even in Russia there are few men as strong as these birds.

"Now we are off to Russia," whispered Ellice.

It was not the first time that I observed that almost always she read my thoughts.

"Wouldst thou change our route?" she asked.

"Change? . . . No. I come from Paris, let us go to Petersburg."

"Now?"

"At once. But cover me with thy mantle for fear of dizziness."

Ellice extended her hand; . . . but, before the mist enveloped me, I felt on my lips the contact of the smooth dart, whose slight sting I had already experienced.

XX.

Beware—ware—ware! This prolonged cry tingled in my ears. Beware—ware—ware! was answered from the distance with a despairing effort. Beware—are—a-r-e! The cry expired somewhere at the end of the earth.

I roused myself. A great gilt staff stood before me. I recognized the fort of Petersburg. Pale night of the North! But is this night? is it not rather a pale and sickly day? The nights of Petersburg I never liked, but this one frightened me. The face of Ellice had completely disappeared, like a thick fog before a July sun; and yet my

own person I could see distinctly suspended in mid-air at the height of Alexander's Pillar.

This is Petersburg, with its wide ash-colored streets — these houses of whitish-gray, grayish-yellow, grayish-lilac, plastered with scaled-off stucco — their deep-set windows, their signboards of gaudy colors, their iron fanlights over the doorways; the dirty fruit-stalls, the trumpery Greek architecture, the flaring advertisements, the carriage-sheds, the police offices! Here is the gilt cupola of St. Isaac, and the useless Bourse with its gimcrack ornaments, its fortress-like walls of granite, and its wooden pavement full of ruts.

Familiar to me are those barges laden with hay and fag-gots; I recognize the odors of dust and cabbage, of oak bark and of stable, these porters frozen in their sheepskin pelisses, these coachmen asleep on their drowski. Yes, this is indeed our Palmyra of the North! All is bright, all stands out with a clearness that dazes me; and all Nature sleeps in this diaphanous yet impure atmosphere. The rose-color of last night's sunset, like bloom on the consumptive cheek, is not yet effaced; there will it linger on the pale starless sky till dawn. It casts a long-rayed reflection on the wavy waters of the Neva, that ebbs on gently its cold blue current towards the sea.

"Let us be going," said Ellice.

Without awaiting a response she carried me to the off-shore of the river, beyond the Palace Square. Below I heard the sound of footsteps and voices. Through the streets pass a group of weary-looking men who discoursed of the ballet. Close by a mound of rusty bullets a sentinel, startled from his doze, cried, "Who goes there?" A little farther on, at the open window of a fine house, sat a young girl in a slatternly silk gown, with bare neck and arms, her hair bound in a pearl net, and a cigarette between her rosy lips. Her attention was absorbed in a book. It was a volume due to the pen of a modern Juvenal.

"Away quickly," I whispered Ellice.

The reedy marshes and clumps of stunted pines that encompass Petersburg vanish quickly. By degrees the heavens and earth grow dark and indistinct, for we journey southward. Adieu, pale night, garish day, sickly city, adieu!

XXI.

We flew more slowly than usual, my eye could follow the various landscapes that presented themselves. It was an endless panorama that unfolded itself before me; woods, heaths, rivers, mountains, lakes; here and there churches and hamlets; then again more forests, glens, plains.

I was in bad temper, nervous, and weary. Not cross and weary because I traversed my native land. No!

But this earth, this flat expanse beneath me; all the terrestrial globe, with its ephemeral, puny inhabitants struggling against want and pain and misery, confined to this wretched clod of dust — this rugged and fragile crust; this excrescence on this sand-grain planet of ours, upon which clings a mould, dignified by us with the title of vegetable kingdom — those man-flies, a thousand times more despicable than real flies, their dwellings in the mud, the red traces of their silly, monotonous quarrels, their ridiculous strivings against the immutable and inevitable!

Ah! how odious was all this to me! By degrees my heart grew sore, I would no longer contemplate a picture so insignificant, a caricature so debasing. I was weary, more than weary; I even felt no longer pity for my brethren. All my feelings resolved into one, — one that I scarcely dare to confess, — disgust, and what is more, disgust of myself.

"Have done," murmured Ellice, "have done, or I can no longer bear thee up; thou growest heavy."

"Home!" I said, in such a tone as I would have addressed to my coachman.

"Home!" I repeated, and I closed my eyes.

XXII.

I reopened them soon, for Ellice held me fast in a strange way, as though she would stifle me. I glanced at her, and

my blood ran cold. He who has seen a human countenance express a sudden fright without any apparent cause, will understand my feelings. Horror, the most extreme terror, contracted and transformed her features. Never did I see the like on living face. . . . A lonely phantom, a superhuman creature, a shadow; and yet this terrible fear! . . .

"Ellice, what ails thee?"

"It is she! It is she!"

"She! Who is she?"

"Breathe not her name! Hush! Say it not!" she stammered quickly. "We must fly! All hope is past . . . And forever! Look! look!"

I turned my eyes in the direction of her trembling hand, and perceived a something — something truly frightful. This something was all the more horrible that it had not a determined form. . . . It was a heavy, sombre mass, of a yellowish black, speckled like a lizard's belly. It was neither a cloud nor a fog. The Thing dragged itself slowly along the earth after the manner of a reptile; then gave, all of a sudden, a great whirl, now above, now below, like to the action of a bird of prey about to seize its victim. At times it lowered itself to the earth with hideous plunges. Thus does the spider dart upon the fly caught in its web.

What art thou, ghastly monster? . . . At its approach, — how I saw it, I felt it, — all nature was stricken with numbness, all creation fell into dissolution. A plague-laden, venomous chill spread around, and as this chill struck one, the heart fluttered, the eyes ceased to behold, the hair stiffened on the head. It was a power in movement, an invincible force nothing checks; that, formless, sightless, mindless, — sees all, knows all, kills all! Eager as the tiger for its prey, subtle as the serpent, and like him, armed with an icy dart.

"Ellice! Ellice!" I cried, shuddering; "it is Death! it is Death."

A cry of anguish, such as I heard once before, issued from her lips, but this time it was the cry of despair! We fled precipitously, ever changing our course, like the wounded partridge mother that strives to entice the fowler from her young. Still the formless mass sent out feelers like immense arms, as if in pursuit . . . grabbing at us with horny claws. . . . Then appeared in the heavens a gigantic spectre riding a pale horse. . . . Ellice redoubled her despairing efforts. "She has seen us! . . . I am lost!" she sobbed. "Alas! alas! I might have been. Life should have been mine. . . . And now — now, lost! lost!" Whilst listening to these half-whispered words, I fainted.

XXIII.

Conclusion.

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on the grass, and in all my members I felt a heavy pain, as after a severe fall.

Dawn broke, and objects were becoming distinct. At some distance from me was an aspen-bordered road, close by a forest. I recognized the place; I began to recall the events of the night, and I shuddered at the thought of the horrible spectre I had seen. "But why," thought I, "was Ellice so terrified? Can she also be subject to its empire? Perhaps she may not be immortal, perhaps she also is predestined to destruction — to nothingness! Can it be possible?" I heard a low sigh near me; I turned. A couple of feet from me lay motionless a white-robed young female on the grass. Her long fair hair was dishevelled, and on shoulder was bare. One hand was under her head, the other rested on her bosom; her eyes were closed, and on her shut lips I saw something like a bloody foam.

"Is this Ellice? But Ellice was a phantom, and this is a woman of flesh and blood." I dragged myself towards her, and stooping over her, asked, "Ellice, is it thou?" Then she shivered, her eyelids unclosed, and her large black eyes were fixed on me. I felt as if transfixed by her look . . . and almost at the same moment, on my lips were pressed other lips; warm, soft, but with a smell of blood.

I felt her burning bosom upon my breast, while her arms clasped my neck. "Adieu, adieu forever!" she said with an expiring voice. . . . Once more all disappeared.

I got up staggering like a drunken man; for a long time I searched around, passing from time to time my hands across my eyes. At length I found myself on the road to N—, two miles from my house. The sun had risen long before I reached home.

The following night I waited, and I confess, not without fear, the coming of my phantom, but no one ever came. Once I went at night to the old oak, but saw nothing extraordinary. I regretted little my strange adventures. Long have I pondered over all the circumstances; I convinced myself that science could explain them not, and that legends and traditions spoke not of the like. Who was Ellice? An apparition, a soul in trouble, an evil spirit, a vampire? Often it seemed as if Ellice was some woman I had formerly known. . . . In vain I strove to remember where I had seen her. . . . Once. . . . To-day. . . . This very moment, I remember. . . . Where? . . . No; all is confused in my memory, as in a dream. . . . Yes; long have I thought over it, but am no wiser. I could not resolve to ask the opinions of my friends for fear of passing for a fool. At last I determined to think no more about it, and, indeed, I have plenty of other things to occupy me. . . . One is the management of my estate on account of the emancipation of the serfs. Another is my health, which is much impaired. My chest is delicate, I have a bad cough, and cannot sleep. I have grown very thin and pale. The doctor says my blood is poor. He says I must go to Gastein. My steward swears that without me he will never be able to settle with the serfs. By Jove! let him settle with them as best he can.

But what mean these clear ringing chords, like those of a harmonica, that I hear every time they speak of any one's death before me? Ever they grow stronger and stronger, sharper and sharper. And why this painful shudder at the mere thought of dying? . . .

"DIANE DE LYS."

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

In a recent paper in this magazine, an accomplished lady-contributor divided the visitors to the theatre (as it now exists) into certain classes, but her classification, though good, was not perhaps exhaustive. I say, perhaps, because it may be the case that I am one absolutely solitary instance; but probably there is after all a class of persons, however small, who sometimes go to the theatre, as I have often done, for sheer distraction: in order to put a solid barrier of vivid sensuous impressions between two different kinds of labor; in order to get thoroughly tired out and force the sleep that otherwise will not come; in order to get a good sound horse-laugh out of some broad bit of farce; or for all these purposes put together. It was, however, a feeling of genuine artistic curiosity that took me the other night to the Princess's Theatre to see the acting of Mlle. Desclée in the "Diane de Lys" of Alexandre Dumas, of "Dame aux Camélias" and "Tue-la!" celebrity—a fellow whom I so thoroughly detest, that nothing but a strong motive would ever have taken me to witness any piece the text of which came from his brutal paws. Mlle. Desclée charmed me so much, that I went a second time to see the same piece when performed for the lady's benefit. There was a crowded house, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with another prince, and, I believe, another princess, were present. The heir-apparent applauded heartily, and the lovers of paradox were at liberty to enjoy the puzzle that was thus put before them. The Lord Chamberlain at first interdicts a play because it is immoral. The Lord Chamberlain then withdraws the interdiction, although the grounds upon which a play is shut out ought, one would say, to be so clear that no decision could ever bear a reversal. And then the younger members of the royal family

of England go to witness the piece. Lord Sydney acted in this case as keeper of the consciences of a great many English youths and girls besides; for the audience was very miscellaneous, and included young ladies of bread-and-butter age come to pick up ideas about French manners and accent. If you ask me whether they got good or harm, I answer, Neither in any appreciable degree. Critics write about English young ladies as if they never read anything. But does the intelligent middle class Englishman as a rule lock up his Bohn's Libraries? Are there no perfectly pure young ladies who have read "Wilhelm Meister," the "Elective Affinities," or "Chatterton," or Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and even dipped for a minute into Boccaccio's "Decameron"? Candidly, I am quite sure these things are chips in porridge. Somebody must know them; and to go out of the way to hide them up is idle stupidity.

Those who have happened to read many pages of mine know well that I think the Lord Chamberlain a mediæval absurdity, with a function that cannot be justified by any sane political philosophy. But it does not follow that we should be hard upon him. So long as he has to exercise that function, let us recognize its difficulty. He has to be guided not only by his own ideas of what is right but by other people's, since what is allowable as a question of "public morals"—I put the phrase in commas as a mark of contempt, not believing in anything of the kind—is very largely a question of the impression certain things make under given conditions of use and wont. And here any such officer as Lord Sydney has, and must always have, a most difficult part to play—indeed an impossible part, and one which may be taken as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole thing. While he is there he must do his best; but how ludicrously persons differ in their notions of what is moral in its effect, what is modest, and what is "proper," any intelligent and candid person who will think a little must know. I was present when Mr. W. Bodham Donne, the accomplished and highly intelligent Examiner of Plays, was examined before the Theatrical Committee of 1866; and the questions that man had to answer were enough to pose a college of Seraphic Doctors, instructed by Aldrich himself. The tax-gatherer uncle in Nicholas Nickleby—I forget his name—asks Nicholas, "Pray, sir, do you consider the French a cheerful language?" and just such a question, did Lord Eustace Cecil put to Mr. Donne. I can see him now, cocking his head, like my magpie, as he let off this droll pistol-shot: "Do you consider the story of 'Faust' a moral story?" Mr. Donne looked down his nose, and after a slight pause, and with a nuance of surprise in his accent, said, "The—ah—story of 'Faust' is—ah—a world story." What else could he say? To another similar question, the exact terms of which I forget, the same ingenious gentlemen replied: "The morality of the stage is—ah—is the morality of the stage." The reader whispers with Dogberry, "A marvellous witty fellow!" and the reader is right. I do not think stage managers or others concerned would get much change out of Lord Sydney's department if Mr. Donne did all the work.

The opinions I have to give are those of a perfectly "emancipated," and, I hope, a perfectly candid person; who is bound to no "line" of criticism; who cares nothing for producing a "sensation" by "pitching into" anything; who has, in fact, not the faintest shadow of inclination to write up to any particular view of the subject, moral, literary, or dramatic.

Rose Chéry, the predecessor of Mlle. Desclée in the part of the Diane de Lys, I never saw; with Mlle. Desclée I was inexpressibly charmed, but a degree of coarseness in her laugh, and her want of intensity, sometimes broke the spell of her otherwise perfect acting. It must, however, be borne in mind, in justice to her, that I am ignorant of French manners except so far as I infer or "realize" them, and that I have no means of comparing her with any other actress in such a part. I tried in vain to conceive Mrs. Stirling, or Miss Terry (now Mrs. Lewis), or Miss Wilton as Diane de Lys. There is no modern English

play of any such order, — I think we may say no English play of any age that resembles this French comedy, in its mixture of bastard earnestness and bastard levity. In judging, however, of its cynicism, which is extreme, and what to English eyes and ears is its indelicacy, we must not fail to place ourselves at the French point of view, — remembering, as we do so, that we are not necessarily lowering any moral standard of our own. Much depends upon the suggestiveness both of language and incident, and that is matter of use. This can be brought home to us in a moment. The words birth, death, marriage convey as much information as a chapter on physiology, but the most modest young lady does not hesitate to use them. And when we find a young painter closeted with a countess for the first time, suddenly hidden away in her chamber to avoid a scandal, and then telling her, in a neat moral lecture, on being let out, that the world will be sure to maintain "qu'un homme caché le nuit dans la chambre d'une femme a bien des droits sur cette femme," we must remember that the words do not to a French ear carry the force they would carry to an English ear. One instance may serve for a hundred. It may very well be contended that the Lord Chamberlain every day licenses plays that are as immoral as "Diane de Lys," though very different in character. I know of one very successful piece that I consider quite as cynical. But no modern English play puts certain situations so openly before the footlights as "Diane de Lys" does. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu puts the central situation into verse with her usual frankness: —

"Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear?
Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere?
Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze,
Love is a child, and like a child he plays,
Oh, Strephon, if you would continue just,
If love be something more"

She paused, and fixed her eyes upon her fan!
He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began:
"Madame, if love" — but he could say no more,
For Mademoiselle came rapping at the door.
The dangerous moments no adieu afford;
"Begone," she cries, "I'm sure I hear my lord."
The lover starts from his unfinished loves,
To snatch his hat, and seek his scattered gloves:
The sighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While Strephon, cursing, slips down the back-stairs.

But the loves of this Strephon and Chloe are wanting in the kind of elevation that belongs to those of Madame la Comtesse de Lys and the poor painter, Paul Aubry; and they are introduced only to be made game of. In "Diane de Lys," all the petty intrigue of the story is acted out under your eyes; the persons concerned tell lies on the instant with the most gracious facility; and the lovers do their courting in your presence. In England, when matters of this sort are just grazed by the dialogue or the action, it is usually in such a way that the "lover" is made ridiculous. True, the moral spirit of the thing is sure to be conventional — it is to the German stage that we must look for a little occasional simplicity and sincerity — but when Benedick for instance epilogizes that "there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn," are there five husbands in an audience of as many thousands of persons, who are made uneasy?

The story of "Diane de Lys" is something very different indeed from what is usual in English plays of temptation. In France, whatever may be said, and with much truth, about the interior domestic life of the people, it is certain, unless their whole literature lies, that the sentiment of conjugal fidelity is not as general as it is in our own country. We find this not only in the literature of intrigue and persiflage, but in writings that have an avowed ethical purpose. Take the "L'Amour" of M. Michelet. "Res-serrer le foyer" is the motto of the book, and its whole object is to glorify marriage. Yet what do we find? That the wife will be tempted comes as quite a natural assumption, and there are one or two chapters devoted to the regimen which the husband is to apply in case the spider

gets the fly into the web. He is to treat her kindly; he is to take her away from the scene of action; he is to handle her as an almost irresponsible being; in case of need he is to apply a slight personal chastisement — a subject which is dealt with in terms truly ludicrous. On the other hand it is almost as certainly assumed that "la bégueulerie des femmes" must, after a few years of marriage, send the husband from home to "la dame entretenue." And what have we in "Diane de Lys"? I have not read the novel, but the play was, as Mr. Carlyle says, "thus and not otherwise." A charming girl — an heiress — bred in a convent school, marries, at about eighteen, a man of five-and-thirty, who is up to his neck in public business, but who continues after his marriage "sa vie de garçon." We gather that he is not faithful to his wife, though he treats her as a gentleman should, and allows her to spend her own money pretty much as she pleases. As to the company the lady keeps at home, M. le Comte is not quite as indifferent as the shopkeeper in Sterne, but he is nearly. "Monsieur is so good," says the wife, "as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse." The husband lifts his hat, and goes out, saying, "Monsieur does me too much honor." M. le Comte de Lys has, however, a sister, a certain Marquise, who keeps a sharp watch over his wife, and repeats to him from time to time anything noticeable in her conduct. The young countess, leading a tame and "neglected" life, is easily tempted into any small excitement, and the number of "amants," or rather possible "amants," — pretenders to her love, — is incredible. The words "amour" and "amant" are bandied about like marbles in the dialogue of the piece. At last a certain "étourdi" (though he is not, I think, called by that name, and is more than "étourdi") who had courted her when she was at school, writes and asks her to meet him one evening at a certain place. This is the "atelier" of a young painter, — of course. The lady has herself "a taste," — "elle est artiste, spirituelle," — and, in company with a lady friend, she goes and sees her old lover. Him she gayly puts aside, but he, fond of mischief, and an amateur in "spooning," must needs introduce her to the young artist, — "ce Paul Aubry." The rest is simple. In less than half no time, it is, "Sachez que je n'ai jamais aimé que vous!" It is all within bounds; the story goes no further, so far as I can make out, than the final episode in Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" (which comes handy to my pen because I have just read it for the first time in my life); but society takes alarm. Diane sets her back up, and takes "ce jeune artiste" boldly under her wing. Hence, scandals, complications, jealousies, and the one good thing said in the whole play, — which is to the effect that society will never forgive you for a great joy which makes you shun "company." However, the terrible Marquise alarms her brother. M. le Comte dashes upon the scene, and insists upon carrying the lady off from Paris in a way which, all things considered, is an outrage. "Ce pauvre Paul Aubry" has clearly whatever rights over Diane de Lys a sincere attachment can give him; but the Count has clearly none. He is a polite ruffian accidentally chained to a woman who is ten times too good for him; and when, having discovered that his young wife can excite other men to earnest passion, he returns from his diplomacy and his dissipation to offer his "love," he is, at least, as great a criminal as "ce Paul Aubry" — I mean, measured by any standard whatever; my own standard I decline to bring into court. Well, there is a scandal, and "un éloignement," during which "ce Paul Aubry" is, of course, very bad; according to the usual formula, "Il est souffrant." M. le Comte, having once surprised him with his wife — and after this, the highminded husband goes on making love to her! — tells him he shall not condescend to notice him, except by means of a pistol shot, the next time he catches him with poor Diane. "Ce Paul Aubry" runs after him everywhere in order to provoke him to a duel; but the "bloated aristocrat" declines to recognize him until the hour has struck. Without much trouble he tracks him to his wife's company, and then shoots him on the very coolest *Tue-le* principles. "Ce Paul Aubry" dies game, and it appears that he really

loves Diane, and she him. "Vivant à moi, mort, à ma mémoire!" says he (I have not the play before me), and she falls fainting on his corpse when he falls. In answer to the inquiries of sudden visitors the Count explains the situation very simply: "C'est que cet homme était l'amant de ma femme, et que je l'ai tué." — Curtain.

Among the minor characters of the play is a sort of inferior Warrington, who is pretty well sketched and was well acted. One or two other parts were also well filled — but it was difficult to make much of such an empty piece of work. Take out Rose Chéry or Mademoiselle Desclée, and there was nothing worth crossing the road for. The writing does not contain one notable stroke of wit or humor; or one original line of writing that deserves notice. The first scene, in which two ladies ransack a young painter's studio and turn out the boots and gloves of the "model" Aurore, and read the painter's love-letters (at least Diane does, much rebuked by her married friend, Marceline), may have been original in conception; it was certainly amusing. But in order to be effective, the moral pitch of such a story must be much higher or much lower. As it is, you neither laugh nor cry, and feel something like contempt for the whole lot when the curtain falls. Their facility in lying — even the good Marceline lies, though it is for "virtue" — is sometimes marvellous. "Voilà un noble cœur!" exclaims Diane, after her first interview with Paul Aubrey; but in the next scene, or near it, this noble young man is playing tricks of petty deception worthy of a naughty school-boy.

On the whole, in spite of the fuss made about this piece between the Lord Chamberlain and the press, it is perfectly fair to say that it was a mere chip in porridge, and that the fact of the fuss points to only two things which are of much importance to us English: the unworkableness of Lord Sydney's function; and the insincerity and inconsequence of English public opinion in questions of morals. The facility with which it gets upon its high horse — winking all the while at the Sons of Belial behind — is no new topic of mine, but it would be silly to waste powder and shot upon it now. I fear this is rather a flippant little sketch; but the accent of scorn *will* intrude when I speak of such stuff at all.

A VISIT TO ALBION:

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF HIS SUBLIME MAJESTY, THE GREAT LLAMA OF THIBET, DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

CERTIFICATE.

On the fifth day of the month, in the year of the Hegira 1290, being at the time on a journey, and about to embark ourselves upon the sea — on which dangerous voyage the holy Prophet extended his protection to us, praised be his name! — my lord and master, the sublime Llama, caused it to be signified to me, Abdool-Muzed-Mirza-Khan, the slave and unworthy chief keeper of books and records to his Majesty — his wish to have, and immediately to consecrate, by his sacred writing, one of the books, prepared for his Highness's use by the scribes and under-writers of his Majesty's court at Thibet, to receive the sacred record of his Majesty's impressions during his journey. These books, in number five — made of snow-white parchment, bound in white velvet, with clasps composed of the small diamonds taken from the turban of Abdoolah Darc Caval-Khan, the former Prince of Caoutchouc, before he was beheaded — and enclosed in a ruby cabinet, with clasps and hinges of gold — had been committed to me, his unworthy slave, as chief of the literary department in his Majesty's imperial retinue. When I ventured to approach his Majesty, in obedience to his sublime commands, bearing this ever hereafter-to-be-considered-as-sacred volume, the grand Llama, our lord, was pleased to accept the obedience of his slave, and to signify at the same time my release from further attendance at the moment by gracefully touching, with his

sublime toe, that part of my unworthy person most appropriate to such a symbol, saying, with the nobility which accompanies his every action, "Begone, dog!" I describe this gesture and exclamation, though unable to express, in the hundredth degree, the inimitable grace which distinguished them, in deference to the inextinguishable and most natural and laudable curiosity with which the Feringhee people keep their eyes fixed upon my sublime master, and which by all right-thinking persons must be received as an evidence that this wonderful fire-eating nation has at last entered the path of true civilization and progress — progress which no one can doubt will be, by the help of the Prophet, infinitely accelerated by the condescending visit paid to them by our great master and lord. Having thus graciously intimated his desire that I should take the air for a few minutes, his Majesty placed the book upon the shoulders of the slave Ahmed, kneeling before him for the purpose, and with the diamond pen presented by his Excellency the Prince Gillott-beg, keeper of the writing implements to his Majesty, began — at this moment, in celebration of the great event — for what event could be more remarkable than a composition begun by his Majesty for the instruction and delight of the world? — the guns poured forth their thunders, volumes of smoke rolled majestically over our heads, and with a curious thrill as of conscious triumph, the very vessel upon which we had embarked moved under us, making as it were the graceful undulation of an obeisance to the royal and sublime author. This unexpected movement, which seemed to most of us like an earthquake, and which his Majesty's suite did not at first realize as being the sole act of homage possible to be performed by the prodigious vessel in which we were, decomposed sorely several of his Majesty's attendants; among whom, I am sorry to say, was the slave Ahmed, who fell prostrate on the ground with a cry comparable to nothing but that of the ostrich as it flies across the desert, or the midnight shriek of the hyena. For one terrible moment it seemed possible that the sacred book, consecrated by his Majesty's handwriting, might be thrown upon the common floor, where the feet of ordinary mortals tread. This terrible stain, only to be washed out by blood, was happily averted by the activity of a noble Feringhee who stood by, by name Penguin Bey, an officer like myself of the literary department, in the service of her Majesty, the reigning sovereign of the island of Albion — who, throwing himself upon the precious volume, saved it from desecration. "Ask what boon thou wilt, infidel gentleman," said my sublime master, after he had intimated to me, by a well-known extension of his finger, his command to remove the slave Ahmed (who was led away for execution), and to replace him by another slave of my department. "Your Majesty!" said the young unbeliever, "grant me a concession such as that which you have granted to Baron Reuter, but more valuable still, — the sole, inestimable, and never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated right of copying and reproducing the royal sentiments which your Majesty is about to record in this book, for the edification and delight of my country!" "Granted!" said our sublime lord, signing to the Grand Vizier to approach and prepare in letters of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds, all the necessary writings. I, Abdool-Muzed-Mirza, having been present when this concession was made, do, by permission of my royal master, hereby certify these facts, and declare that the extracts to follow were made under my eye from the original and sacred manuscripts, and translated with my aid from his Majesty's own imperial writing, by the said Penguin Bey, officer of the literary department in the service of her Majesty, the reigning sovereign of the island of Albion. In the name of the Prophet — Amen!

(Signed) ABDOL-MUZED-MIRZA-KHAN,
Lord High Book-keeper and Master of the Records to
his sublime Majesty, Bedr-ed-din, Grand Llama of
Thibet.

NOTE BY LIEUTENANT PENGUIN, R. N.

The facts being as certified above, and my luck in seizing the old Llama's book just at the right moment being

thus rewarded, thanks, I must say, to my own presence of mind — and body — at such an affecting moment, I am delighted to be able to send to *Maga* a few gleanings from the journal of the jolly old swell whom you have all been making such a fuss about. I've seen a great many worse fellows than the grand Llama, if he wouldn't make such awful faces when the yacht, bless her, makes a courtesy under him, according to the description of old Abdool-Mirza. He takes it for no end of a compliment, but I think he could dispense with such obeisances, and in this point feels the etiquette excessive. Poor old fellow! I am always sorry for a man who can't appreciate the bound and quick elastic moving under his foot of a fine ship, like the grand action of a horse, carrying you like a bird across country; but what can you expect from a set of poor wretches who never in their lives saw the sea, or knew about anything more natural than bulbuls and roses? — which are the staple commodities, it appears to us, of their queer old country. However, dear Ebony, it may be some surprise to your readers to know that, strong as we all are on the point of improving the mind of the Llama, he and his people are no less convinced that his visit will help to civilize us; which is a great joke, and worthy of consideration as a lesson in human nature, which does not come in our way every fine morning. I need not describe the voyage which (if you take an interest in it) you will find already in the *Jupiter*, to which I telegraphed it, every word, the moment we landed at Dover, being, as you are aware, the special correspondent for the moment of that leading journal. I don't doubt that you will appreciate the loyalty to old impressions which makes me, instead of sending the precious extracts given below to the *Jupiter*, forward them post haste to *Maga*, from whose hands they are more likely to receive, if not the pecuniary recompense dear to literary officers of all services, at least the immortality which befits the lucubrations of a Grand Llama of Thibet on his first visit to what we call civilization and the nineteenth century. I assure you that, standing in the light of his diamonds, and seeing the sinister look of the old black fellow, who appeared suddenly as if by magic, and led away poor Ahmed, the nineteenth century and civilization don't look such imposing things as we take them to be. (N. B. — Ahmed was not executed; captain would not permit it; stowed him away in the hold, and liberated him when Llama and suite were well out of the way. He's a good grateful fellow, and would make an excellent servant, especially to any gentleman of the press, who might get a great deal out of him. Apply to the night-porter at the Lord Warden, who knows where he is to be found, and will produce him by appointment, on using my name.)

Accordingly, without troubling you with any more of my remarks, of which you can see as many as you please in the *Jupiter*, not to speak of other journals, I hand you over at once the Great Llama's notes. Being told off to attend him, in consequence of the above transaction, and also because of my knowledge of a few words of the difficult dialect of Thibet, I am able to add, from personal observation, that the volume marked "Albion" went everywhere with him, and that he would pause even in the midst of an observation addressed to a princess — whom any other fellow would give his head for the chance of talking to — to jot down something in his journal. It is far too full to be given at length. In Thibet, where there is not much literature, and where all the cultivated classes are agog for news, and have plenty of time to read, it is, I believe, to be published *in extenso*. But I have my doubts as to how this treatment would answer here. Anyhow, you are always capable of letting me know if *Maga* wishes any more; and, as the concession made to me is as full and uncompromising as that to Baron Reuter (I wish him well through with it!), your readers have only to intimate their wishes — and though old Abdool-Mirza will be out of the way, by the help of a good dictionary I have no doubt of being able to produce for them another series of the Great Llama's impressions. With which assurance I leave the field clear for his Majesty. He gave me a diamond out of his waistcoat-pocket the day before he left,

which he said would buy me a wife in any market he knew of: and so it shall, by Jove! for I mean to have it set in a locket, and if Edith's family go on with any of their nonsense about settlements after that, I don't know the nature of the British Philistine. Three cheers for the old Llama! Hurrah!

J. PENGUIN, R. N.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF HIS SUBLIME MAJESTY.

In the name of the Prophet — Amen! I begin with satisfaction a new volume of the travels which are intended for the general benefit of mankind. No member of my house can open his lips without doing good, for great are the privileges of our holy family. I need not, however, hesitate to record the well-known fact that I am myself the most enlightened member of our race, and therefore still more divinely gifted with the power of instructing the world concerning everything that is novel, and remarkable in the distant and obscure countries of the earth. My views in visiting the island called England are many. First, it is, I am informed, the extreme and last fortress of savage nature, being the farthest distant from the source of civilization. Second, it is distinguished by certain natural gifts appropriate to the people, who, with the well-known cleverness of primitive races, have produced some remarkable inventions, skilfully adapted to the wants of their terrible climate. There is therefore to be found in this distant race that combination, which is always so attractive to the philosophical mind, of great practical ingenuity with the densest mental darkness and ignorance. While, therefore, I will not disdain to carry back with me any of the inventions by which they have acquired so much power, my aim at the same time is to sow among a clever but benighted people the seeds of that higher civilization in which, as is well known, the sacred realm of Thibet precedes all inferior nations. Since the day when, by the instigation of Heaven, the idea of this journey — destined to be a new commencement and Hegira from which shall date the renewed life of these Western peoples, now for the first time visited by a member of my sacred family — came into my mind, the accomplished Fakur Haji Sadr-Azen, under the supervision of Abdool-Mirza, keeper of my books and records, has occupied himself solely in the task of reading the confused and often unauthentic chronicles in which the history of England is contained. A carriage fitted up for his accommodation, and containing volumes written by many ancient and some modern writers, such as those of the respectable Dervish Ume, the learned Makoulay Khan, the perspicacious Mahoun Bey, and other well-known authors, has been attached to my train wherever I have travelled; and, as an instance of the true candor and humility of mind in which, as in rank, I excel all mankind, I may here mention that at any hour of the night and day, when the excellent Sadr-Azen lights upon some fact worthy to be reported to me, my High Chamberlain has orders to awaken us, and an exemption signed by the Grand Wazir, from the penalty of death usually allotted to those who disturb my slumbers. The only moment at which my patience has wholly deserted me, and a natural and righteous anger has taken the place of my usual forbearance, was when, after some very fatiguing receptions at the heavy and bewildering city called Berlin, I had fallen into a sweet sleep, and losing myself in dreams of the rose-garden of my palace at Thibet, was about in fancy to draw towards me the moon-faced Zaidee — I was suddenly recalled to the flat and yellow landscape, and to my solitary and wifeless condition, by a hasty messenger bringing a dispatch from the Haji to the effect that Gladstone Bey was the present ruler of England. Had not the name of Gladstone Bey already come to my ears by means of the British Embassy and other troublesome visitors? "Off with his head!" I shouted, in the painful change of sentiment thus involved. I regretted it afterwards, for the slave who brought the message was one of my favorite slaves, and the real offender was Sadr-Azen, whom, how-

ever, I could not afford at that moment to dispatch. When we reach Thibet, let him beware !¹

I have one preliminary remark to make in respect to England, and it is from my personal observation. It is popularly believed, and I have been trained in the idea, that this wonderful island is surrounded by clouds and mists arising from the sea. This is not the fact. The mist which surrounds her is produced by one of those clever devices which I have already mentioned, and is resorted to by this ingenious people as a means of concealing the position of their island from their warlike neighbors. The mist in question is nothing less than the smoke produced by a number of iron ships, which are placed for that purpose in two lines, like an avenue, across the sea. When any strange vessel approaches, these ships all open fire, sending forth such a confusion of black bellowing smoke, that the spectator feels all Gehenna to have broken loose, and the most accomplished foreign admiral could not find a landing. It is quite harmless, as is the fashion of this strange nation, which is very fond of smoke, but shrinks from giving a real blow. Though I have been the first to penetrate the real fact in respect to these fabled mists and clouds, other persons, as Abdool-Mirza informs me, have already discovered that these prodigious volleys produce smoke only, unaccompanied by any personal danger, — a fact which is likely, he informs me, to produce, some time or other, very important political changes.

I confess, however, that when the vessel in which I was — though an English vessel, and thus safe from all peril, had any peril been possible — sailed between the lines of these great iron monsters, and on all sides there began a bellowing as of wild beasts more monstrous than any elephant, with flashes of red fire, followed by puffs of white and prodigious clouds of darkness, it required all the courage of my sacred race to convince me that these horrific and diabolical sounds were intended only to give me pleasure. The Grand Wizier, who has not the calm of royalty to support him, ran here and there in a state of panic, which was excusable, since he had my sacred person to guard. "Lord of life," he cried, "these accursed infidels have got us in a trap. Behold, to the right and to the left and on every side, these monsters of destruction ! Glladstone Bey has conceived the intention of blowing your Imperial Majesty and your suite into Paradise, and taking possession of our glorious Thibet." "Be composed," I said — for after the information conveyed to me by Abdool-Mirza, my mind was at rest ; "Glladstone Bey does not strike. His ships do nothing but smoke." And so it proved.

How sweet it is after a storm to pass into the calm and sheltering arms of peace, extended to receive the wayfarer ! Such were my feelings when, steered by an English pilot, my ship finally penetrated the dark and awful cloud which thus surrounds England ; and lo ! leaving the smoke behind like a black curtain, there suddenly opened before us, land ! very white and shining in the sun, adorned with many flags, and with groups of red soldiers. Many small ships, gayly decorated, were on the water, which looked like a calm lake ; and though the favorite smoke of the English once more puffed forth to greet me from the guns fired on shore, yet this was not sufficient to veil from me the crowds of people, and the red coats of the soldiers. This, then, was England ! A few minutes before my arrival I received an express from Sadr-Azen, informing me that the name of Albion, once given to the island, came from the extreme whiteness I had already observed — and that of Angles, also borne by the nation, bore reference to the many corners into which the coast was broken ; and that it was my duty, as a well-informed sovereign, to make special inquiries after one Shakespeare, who was greatly connected with the place, though in what way the Haji did not narrate. I therefore stepped on shore, with all the information necessary, and gazed with emotion at the

throng of people who gazed at me with eager and well-pleased countenances, no doubt wondering what extraordinary chance it was which brought a Prince of the sacred house of Thibet, the most illustrious monarch in the world, to their distant shores. They gazed with all the curiosity of intelligent savages — an emotion no doubt somewhat humiliating to those who exhibit it, but gratifying and flattering to the superior being, who, by this means, can clearly behold, as in a mirror, the sentiments awakened by his presence. They gazed, they smiled, they uttered strange, sharp cries. Those of them who were men waved their head-coverings in the air, instead of putting them to their natural use ; and the unveiled, unabashed women, turning their moon-faces broadly upon me, with all the arts and allurements which this barbarian race permits to be openly exhibited in public, indifferent to the results, waved white cloths, which is their manner of saluting a stranger, and pressed as close to my person as the red and stern soldiers would permit them. Though prepared, by previous encounter with others of the unenlightened nations of Europe, for this promiscuous mingling of the sexes, my soul was yet filled with wonder and shame, mixed with a certain pleasure, for which, in my own mind, I can find no excuse. These beings, unabashed themselves, abashed me by their utter absence of decorum, and the shamelessness with which they gazed ; yet gave me at the same time an agreeable sense of my personal comeliness, and the pleasure which the mere sight of me afforded to so many thousands. If this sensation was scarcely of the dignified and elevated order becoming to my sacred rank and position, an angry heaven avenged the unworthy pride by an interruption which since then has fallen so often in my way that custom has somewhat dulled the shock. A number of men bearing the aspect of Kadjars of some mean tribe — being small of stature and obese, with physiognomies of a sordid cast — approached me, making salutations of a timid description, and holding in their hands papers, which they proceeded to read. "What tribe is this ?" I asked of Penguino Bey, who acted as my interpreter. "Sire," he said, "they are of the tribe of the Lordmares, a class who will occasion you much inconvenience, but who come to compliment you upon your arrival." "Lord of life," said the Grand Wizier, who possessed some knowledge of English, "those barbarians congratulate themselves that your Majesty has arrived to bring civilization and all its blessings to this eager country." "It is well," I said, pleased with the instant perception shown of my sacred mission ; and added, "let them be assured of my good-will. The white country of many corners will ever retain my interest." As Sadr-Azen, however, had given me no sufficient information about the prince called Shakespeare, I refrained from any inquiries on that subject.

Immediately after this the red soldiers, with white plumes in their hats, and orders upon their breasts, who were evidently, by their stature and appearance, of a superior caste, circled me round ; the group of the Lordmares disappeared into the crowd ; and I was assisted to mount into the carriage prepared for me — the carriage of the Queen herself. This female sovereign, the first whom I have yet encountered, henceforward occupied all my thoughts. With what feelings must she contemplate my arrival ; with what emotions prepare for my appearance ! If all these bare-faced women betrayed so much causeless delight from the mere glimpse of my countenance, what must be the result of that appearance upon the woman specially honored by my visit ! A pleasing pain stole into my breast. I was distressed to think of the emotion I must cause, yet not displeased — and, as the Prophet says, "the glorious face of a man, like the shining of the sun, causes men to glorify their Maker," — so I consoled myself that the sight of the Grand Llama of Thibet might elevate the Queen of England into an enlightenment which she had never had it in her power to taste before.

[Here occurs an elaborate account of his Majesty's progress, of the feelings aroused in his mind by the journey through Kent, and by his arrival in London — passages

¹ I have reason to believe that this warning will not be unheeded, and that Sadr-Azen intends to remain in Paris to recruit after his exhausting labors in the history of England, upon which subject he is, I believe, at the present moment the best informed man in the world. J. PENGUIN, R. N.

which, being extremely minute and detailed, and being besides fully reported in the pages of the *Jupiter* and other journals, need not be repeated here. His Majesty's sentiments on the subject of green fields will be quoted further on, as I am anxious to avoid repetition. — J P]

Sadr-Azen has been occupied for some time with an investigation into the origin of the tribes whom Penguino Bey described by the name of Lordmares. He informs me that they are closely connected with another sept commonly entitled Nightmares, though which is the original stock he has been unable to discover. They make their dwellings in a peculiar kind of habitation known as Mare's nest, from whence they appear spasmodically at intervals to terrify the Queen's enemies or congratulate her friends. These two families are so closely connected, that neither by Sadr-Azen's researches nor my own observation have I been able to discover which is which — though, having been in every other particular treated as the Queen of England's friend, nay, brother, and favored guest — I am convinced that it must be the Lordmares, the milder of the two species, who have been permitted to assail me. During a whole day, — according to a curious custom of this people, which Sadr-Azen has vainly attempted to explain to me, called Payingyrway, or Pai-ing-your-uay, an equivalent of suffering always exacted from every distinguished visitor to make up for the delights freely lavished upon him during the rest of my visit — I was subjected to the persecutions of this curious sept. They are, as I have already described, generally obese, and much resembling the race of Kadjars in our own beloved country: they wear curious mantles, sometimes red, sometimes black, with gold chains round their necks, and are invariably hot, requiring to be wiped about the forehead, and panting as does a runner after a course. The resemblance between them is so great, that though their different names and titles were carefully proclaimed before me, it appeared to my eyes, and also to those of the Grand Wizier, and to Abdool-Mirza, and others of my suite, that the same individual was reintroduced time after time, making the same obeisance, and reading the same words, which gradually became recognizable by our ears, and in which "civilization" held a great place. I will not deny that, conscious as I am of exalted merit, and inferior as was the race which thus presented its homage, I was struck with pleasure to find the real object of my mission so clearly acknowledged. Yes, O England, island of the seas! Thou hast given me of thy best: thou hast seated me amongst thy fairest Houris, thy most noble princes; thou hast moved heaven and earth for my honor. And I, in return, will not shrink from accomplishing my high mission. Civilization shall come to thee, bearing such fruits as thou knowest not — as thou art as yet incapable of appreciating. Thou shalt yet bless the name of the Grand Llama, thy civilizer, thy regenerator. This thought gave me strength to go through the ceremonial entitled Pai-ing-your-uay. For it shall never be said of Bedr-ed-din, the successor of the Prophet, that while receiving the gifts of a pagan people, he shrank from his duty towards them. Not if there had been a million instead of a score of Lordmares! This generous though strange nation shall not be disappointed in the confidence with which it has received me. I will civilize them all!

This resolution was strong in my mind when I set out, somewhat moved from the royal composure which generally distinguishes me, to visit the Queen of England. Already, with dazzled eyes, and sentiments which I cannot describe, had I found myself introduced into the presence of the daughters of princes, unveiled and ravishing beauties, whom to think of only makes the blood warm in my veins. "O Lord of life," cried the Wizier, "in thus beholding those unspeakable Houris of Paradise, does not your Majesty wish for a war with this rich and cunning but not warlike nation? — for who can look upon this garden of beauty without desiring here and there to pluck a flower?" "Be comforted, Hassan Ali," I replied; "when I behold these princesses beautiful as the sun, I think upon the

moon-faced Zaidee, the daughter of thy brother, and my longings are staved, and my soul calmed." Upon which the excellent Wizier, in his satisfaction, sang to me several verses of the well-known and dulcet song, —

"Mootra be koosh
Neva bego
Taza bu taza
No, bu, no."

As I listened to this seductive song, with the sweet and thrilling burden, —

"Taza bu taza
No, bu, no,"

in which I could not refuse to join my voice, the moon-faced Zaidee seemed suddenly to appear before me. "O Zaidee," I cried, "youngest and fairest of the wives of the Llama! — sweet art thou as the sweet song of Hafiz; my heart to thee can never be unfaithful!" Nevertheless, notwithstanding this moment of delicious emotion, and though I preserved unbroken that royal calm which is the inheritance of princes, a pleasing yet overwhelming excitement, a ferment of the imagination which all can fancy but few describe, passed over me as I set out upon the final end of my journey, to see the Queen.

Flags are universal in England; not a great standard here and there, as with us, but strips of gaudy color, with which every street is ornamented, and which flutter from every door. The love of gay colors is characteristic of all savage people. The sun was shining not too coldly for this climate; and with a warm quilted coat of silk close-buttoned under my usual dress, I felt myself able to face the inclement air. Before I left my palace, Sadr-Azen sent to me a breathless dispatch informing me that he had just discovered two very important facts in connection with the Palace of Ouidors. The first of these was that there exists near the favorite dwelling-place of the Queen of England, a beautiful lake called the Lake of Virgins, on the banks of which the most beautiful women in the country are carefully kept apart from public gaze. The second was less interesting. It was to the effect that all the younger children of the Queen, a vast number of whom are permitted to exist, but confined within a species of state prison, called Eat-On, would be liberated for the day to see me pass.

Sadr-Azen further informed me that it was customary for every royal visitor to ask for the liberation for one week of these unhappy ones. On reading this to Penguino Bey, that amiable young infidel laughed, but expressed no opinion, further than that his Excellency Sadr-Azen's information was wonderful. "I shall not, however, make this customary request," said I; "the existence of younger children is a danger for the state. On the contrary, I shall advise that noble Prince, the charming O-uales, to have them at once decapitated. It is wiser, and also kinder in the end." To this statement of my opinion none of my suite ventured to make any reply.

The Queen of England lives in a great and noble castle, with many palaces of her chief nobility grouped around her. Here music resounds all day long, and the air is full of innumerable melodies, as well from the birds in the lofty trees, as from the delicious flutes and fifes of the splendid soldiers who encamp around their beloved mistress, ever equipped and fully armed night and day, and ready for her service. In all this joyful and splendid court there is nothing to be heard of but feasts and dances, with songs to cheer the day, and endless representations and spectacles for the night. In the air there flutter a thousand flags, beautiful maidens in robes of the finest texture wander up and down, and horsemen dart about on horses so full of fire and spirit, that our high-bred Arabs are in comparison to them what a cat is to a tiger. The most learned men in the kingdom, and the sweetest poets, have lodgings allotted to them within the Queen's palace; and those painters of whom I have so often heard, who mimic nature with their pencil, produce their great and exquisite works under her eye. In all this it will be seen how even a court

like that of Thibet may learn from the semi-barbarian majesty of England; for Hafiz and Firdoozi, alas! died unhonored by my great predecessor, though had those delightful bards lived during my reign they had known what it was to please a monarch! Something, however, to counterbalance this advantage exists in the princely streets of Oundsoor which is not to be found in Thibet.

"Who are these?" I said to Penguin Bey, calling him to my side, and pointing to him a certain portion of the populace, whom, mingled with the rest of the crowd, I had remarked wherever I had passed — "those beings with torn and ragged garment, with careless draperies huddled about them, with defective shoes on their feet, and battered head-coverings. Are they some wandering tribe from the plains, or religious penitents under a vow?"

"Your Majesty," said Penguin Bey, "we have no religious penitents in England; they are the most numerous of all classes in our happy island — they are the poor."

"And does the Queen of England," said I, "permit such persons to exist in the precincts of her palace?"

To this question Penguin Bey made me the most curious answer which ever was made to a monarch. "Sire," he said, "her Majesty cannot help it!"

By the beard of the Prophet! I turned my eyes upon my Grand Wizzer, and he gazed upon me. What words were these to be applied to a daughter of kings? I could not refrain from making with my finger the peculiar sign which means, "Lead these dogs to instant execution;" nor could the Grand Wizzer, the executant of my royal pleasure, refrain from turning to the officer of justice, whose place is at his right hand. "Lord of life," he said, with a tremulous voice, "this country has indeed need of your mission." "It has, Hassan Ali," I replied.

But these serious subjects of conversation were all forgotten when the Majesty of England, with many lovely Houris smiling around her, approached me, on the threshold of her palace, stretched out her hands according to the fashion of the English, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, bade me welcome! If I were to describe the sentiments which rose tumultuous in my agitated bosom —

[Here I consider it is perhaps wiser and safer to cut short the expansion of his Majesty's feelings. They do him credit, and they do nothing but honor to the illustrious lady who called them forth; but the warmth of expression proper to an Eastern may perhaps mingle more than is, strictly speaking, usual, with the record of facts. With the exception of this outburst of natural enthusiasm, the Grand Llama's account of his visit will be very welcome, containing as it does, many details quite unexpected by the public. — J. P.]

"We have conversed upon the affairs of state," cried the Pearl of England — the Rose of Princes, "and we have settled at this royal conference many difficult matters, which our respective statesmen would have lingered over for months. Llama, what can the Queen of England do now, to show how much she honors her imperial guest?"

"Madam," I replied, "there is between royal persons an intimate sympathy, which beings of a lower race can never know. Your Majesty divines my wish. Call your noble laureate to sing before me that famous hymn upon your beauty, which has resounded to the end even of my distant dominions."

"Let the great Pasha Tennyson be called," said the Queen of Monarchs; upon which there appeared One whose aspect was as that of the ancient gods whom the Prophet, honored be his name, expelled from earth. At the end of his song, I detached from my neck the famous collar of the sun, in diamonds of Golconda, which came to me from my earliest ancestor, and presented it to the great singer, — while the Mistress of all the Graces held out her snow-white hand for the poet to kiss. "Your Majesty," said I, "has given to Song its most beautiful reward."

"Llama," said the most divine of sovereigns, "ask of me if there is any other delight which we can lay before you."

"Majesty of the World," I replied, "let your chief story-

teller, the renowned Eliot Khan, narrate to me one of his thrilling tales."

It is thus that the days are passed, with story and with song, at the court of the Queen of Monarchs — the Empress of Hearts, who reigns over England. In celebration of this meeting, never to be forgotten, and in homage to a sex of which I never till now knew the full perfections, I, Bedred-din, Llama of Thibet, instituted on the 4th of the month of the Latter Rabbia, called by the Franks June, in the year of the Hegira 1290, the new and noble Order of the Sun. It is created in honor of those upon whose lovely countenances no veil is hung, who are no longer to be called moon-faced, like the beauties of my Harem, but whose shining is like that of the great luminary of the day. The effulgent Majesty of England, and the princesses who move around her like lesser lights, resplendent when she is not near, are the first members of this new order. But not to thee shall the diamond star be given, my moon-faced Zaides! thou art of the moon, not of the sun. Sweetly comes thy recollection upon me, peeping from thy voluminous veil, even at the moment when the mystic shades of the Lake of Virgins await my eager feet.

"Conduct his sublime Majesty to the Lake, which he condescends to wish to visit," said the Queen of Monarchs to her slaves. My request had been in the first place received with some surprise, and I perceived for a moment a shadow steal over every brow. But to a visitor like myself nothing could be denied; and with a pleasurable thrill of expectation we were driven away, myself and my suite, to this enchanting spot. I will not deny that visions of a damsel or two, whom it might enter into the mind of the fairest of queens to offer as a souvenir, had found a place in my imagination, as also in the thoughts of Abdool-Mirza, and various others of my attendants, who had pictured to themselves the mysterious beauties of the Virgin's Lake. But to know that hope is often vain, and expectations are formed to be deceived, has been long taught to us by the wisdom of our Prophet. "Your Majesty, this is the Virginia Lake," said Penguin Bey, after a brief communication with some of his companions. I raised my eyes with eagerness; Abdool-Mirza shaded his from the light, and gazed under the shadow of his hand; and the Wizzer, who is old, and ought to have gained wisdom, twisted his neck in his anxiety to get the first glimpse. All was silent; the trees, clothed in that intense green which is almost painful to the eye, dipped into the waters of a still and lonely lake. At one spot certain glimmers of white made me for a moment hope that our expectations might be realized, and that the virgins were invisible only because in their bath; but alas! these glimmers of white turned out to be only a species of lily which grows upon the surface of the water. "Where are they?" I asked, preserving my royal calm. "Where are — whom, your Majesty?" said Penguin Bey. "The virgins!" burst simultaneously from my lips and those of my suite. A horrible contortion passed over the face of the Englishman. "There are none here," he answered, displaying an amount of hoarseness and confusion, which betrayed some guilty knowledge. With that power of self-control which distinguishes my royal race, I turned to the Wizzer without altering a line of my countenance: "Let Sadr-Azen have the bastinado," I said, quietly. The wretched slave had deceived me.

I have already remarked (continues his Majesty) upon the curious green, almost painful to the eye from its vividness and intensity of color, which distinguishes the trees of England, and which, together with the brilliant hues of the flags with which it is their custom to dress everything, and the intense red of the soldiers, produces a panorama very dazzling, but sometimes terrible to the unaccustomed eye. It may thus be supposed what was the effect when a small party of soldiers, chosen, I was informed, for their extreme height and strength, and necessarily small in number, as giants generally are, were manoeuvred before me in their red dress, upon grass so violently green that my subjects in Thibet could form little idea of the overpowering force of the color, and under

trees equally glaring in tone, surrounded by a square of eager spectators anxiously following my every movement, and feasting upon me with their eyes, dressed in many brilliant colors, according to the savage taste for bright tints which I have before indicated as characteristic of the people. This is what the natives call a Review; and I am informed that it was considered a very fine sight, the senses of the English being so dull as to require something very strong and harsh in color, as well as in food to excite them. This I have ascertained from a famous Dervish of France, call Taine Agha, and it agrees with my own observation. The wildness of the barbarian nature breaks out also in the preference shown for untrained and fiery horses, which prance and bound so wildly about during even the most solemn ceremonials of the review, as to deprive these ceremonials of that dignity which, in the opinion of highly civilized nations, befits every occasion on which monarchs present themselves before the eyes of their subjects. My own well-known and beautiful Arab, the Star of the Desert, had received his usual cordial before coming upon the field, and comported himself with the gravity and gracefulness becoming the charger of a sovereign. Far different, however, was the fate of Abdool-Mirza, who being, as everybody knows, an accomplished rider, rashly mounted one of the wild and untrained animals which English soldiers love to make dance and leap, by the very side of their queen. The brute put its four legs together, being inspired by some spirit hostile to the true servants of the Prophet, and performed a savage leap, which pitched my faithful servant on the ground at my feet. Though my desire is, so far as the facts will permit, to quote everything to the credit of a people who have shown their admiration of my royal person and reverence for my office so clearly, truth compels me to add, that the uncivilized nature of the race becomes painfully evident when such an accident occurs. A slight ripple of laughter, like a breeze upon the water, ran round the brilliant circle. Even upon the lips of Majesty itself I perceived a smile. "Is he hurt?" said the fairest of queens; but though her royal training imparted to her manners a grace not within the reach of her subjects, yet even this Rose of Monarchs smiled. In my heart I dedicated Abdool-Mirza to all the demons of Gehenna, for having thus disgraced our lofty and noble nation; and had he not sprung to his feet, and run along the line, in evidence that his limbs and his courage were both sound, the bastinado or the bow-string had by this time been exercised on my master of the Records. Let the slaves of Bedr-ed-din hear and tremble!

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. DU CHAILLU is said to be writing a book of travels in Sweden and Norway.

M. EDMOND ABOUT takes the place, which the late M. Philarrète Chasles so admirably filled, of Paris Correspondent to the *Athenæum*.

THE *Illustrated Review* (London) has discovered that the English magazines do not compare favorably with the *Atlantic Monthly*.

WE infer from a notice in the *Examiner* that Mr. Henry Morford has published a volume of very silly verses in London. The book is called "Rhymes of an Editor."

THE *Athenæum* notices that "the new volume of Mr. Longfellow's poems, 'Aftermath,' will contain another series of 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.'" Messrs. George Routledge & Sons are the English publishers of the work.

IN the course of a very handsome review of John Fiske's delightful volume, "Myths and Myth-Makers," the *London Spectator*, says: "This book, which Mr. Fiske modestly introduces as a 'somewhat rambling and unsystematic series of papers,' seems to us to give the leading results of comparative mythology in a happier manner and with greater success than has yet been attained in so small a compass. It is the work of a student who follows in the steps of the great leaders with right-minded appreciation, and who, though he does not make any claim to

originality, is no ordinary compiler. He is enthusiastic in his pursuit, without being a fanatic; his style has the attractiveness, due to a certain subtle tact or refinement hard to analyze, but quite sensibly felt, which marks the best American essay-writing; and his manner of dealing with his subject is well fitted to reassure those who have been deterred from seeking any acquaintance with comparative mythology, either by the formidable appearance of philological apparatus and Vedic proper names, or by the aggressive boldness of one or two champions of the new learning."

THE *Athenæum* prints the following pretty lyric entitled "Long Ago:"—

"Two Roses bloomed upon a tree:
Their white leaves touched with every swaying.
I bent to gather one, while she
Plucked off the other, gently saying,
'When things do grow and cling like this,
And Death almost appeareth loath
To take but one, 'twere greater bliss
To both for Death to smite them both.'

"Lost Love! Dead Love! They come and go,
The summers with their sun and flowers,
Their songs of birds. I only know
There is a blight upon the hours.
No sun is like the once bright sun
That shone upon that golden weather,
In which she said those flowers were one,
And Death should spare or smite together."

THERE is in Hamburg a mercantile house as devoted to the interests of science as to those of trade. Messrs. Godeffroy, South Sea merchants, employ their fleet of five-and-twenty merchantmen not only to carry on their business, but to obtain information of all kinds relating to the geography, ethnology, and natural history of the South Sea Islands and Australia for a periodical published by them from time to time, and to collect curiosities for the museum established in connection with it. The following singular fact was lately recorded in the *Journal of the Godeffroy Museum*. An Englishman residing in one of the South Sea Islands possesses the faculty of discerning the approach of a vessel a day or two before it becomes visible, and even of describing its shape, and whether it is a brig, a schooner or a barque. He states that it is possible to discover ships which by reason of the shape of the earth are not perceptible by the direct action of sight, by means of the vapors which collect on the horizon at a certain height above any solid object. The shape of the little cloud thus formed enables him to determine that of the vessel beneath the horizon. He adds that such observations can only be relied upon in clear weather and when made from high ground.

It is too bad. When Mr. Joaquin Miller turned up as a poet in London—a real, wild, characteristic, American poet, with no manners and a silver-mounted revolver—*The Academy* blew the poet's trumpet furiously, but now *The Academy* is blowing the poet. The critic ends his notice of "Songs of the Sunlands" with the following statement: "Mr. Miller has the faculty of making himself felt through what he writes, and we quit his poems with a mingled sense of admiration and regret; admiration of his really great powers, regret that he seems unable to pursue one of two courses in their application, either to strike out a style for himself as original as his own theory of art, or else to acquire the principles developed by his masters, by Byron in the treatment of a subject, by Swinburne in versification." The writer also says, elsewhere: "One whole section of this volume, 'Fallen Leaves,' is very correctly described by Mr. Miller in an introductory quatrain.—

'Some fugitive lines that allure us no more,
Some fragments that fell to the sea out of time,
Unfinished and guiltless of thought as of rhyme,
Thrown now on the world like waifs on the shore.'

All this is so different from the praises which this same journal lavished on Mr. Miller's first poems, that one is tempted to smile. Mr. Joaquin Miller is just as good a poet as he ever was!

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EVERY SATURDAY.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON.

WITHOUT disrespect to the gallant soldier who now rules France, it may be said that to the redoubtable history of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis alone might one turn for a precise parallel to many of his exploits and achievements. Here is a private who has carried his *bâton* in his knapsack. Here is an adventurer who at the sword's point has won his way up the perilous acclivity of promotion — not unlike the Grand Plateau above Chamouni, in traversing which the climbers of Mont Blanc are liable at any moment to be swept from Creation by the storm-bolt of an avalanche. Here is a younger son who, sent into the world to seek his fortune, has advanced step by step to the very summit of his ambition. Entering the military service of France in 1825, when barely seventeen, he became in 1833 Captain, in 1840 Major, in 1845 Colonel, in 1848 General of Brigade, in 1852 General of Division. In 1859 he obtained on one day the coronet of a Duke and the *bâton* of a Marshal. In 1864 he assumed proconsular power as Governor-General of Algeria. In 1873 he grasped the supreme bauble of dominion, almost reluctantly, when an overwhelming majority of the Assembly thrust upon his acceptance the Presidency of the French Republic. His career is all the more extraordinary, moreover, by reason of its startling contradictions. As Sydney Smith once laughingly said to his brother, "My dear fellow we are running counter to the laws of nature. You have risen by your gravity, while I have sunk by my levity!" so one might say of MacMahon — his brightest successes have come to him out of his darkest defeats. He has fallen to the lowest only to rise to the highest. Where others have found merely obloquy, ingratitude, and expatriation, he has actually found the way back opened to him, through a chaos of disasters to higher honors, greater power, and a loftier position than he had ever before ambitioned. His apparent death-wound at Sedan not only gave him a new lease of life, but won him sympathy where others encountered only execration. Notoriously outwitted, both at the opening and the closing of the campaign, he was nevertheless welcomed back by his afflicted country as no other Marshal of the Empire was welcomed. France in him again found one who, if he had lost everything else, had certainly not lost honor. Returning from the very jaws of death, he did so not only after having successfully sought in the cannon's mouth the bubble reputation, but after having found it harden in his grasp into an orb of empire as solid and real as in any golden regalia. If his scabbard was empty on his return as a prisoner of war from Germany, a Sword of Honor was eagerly presented to him by his brother Frenchmen. Hardly was the formidable wound in his thigh healed when he was placed anew at the head of the army as Commander in Chief. Upon the morrow of his restoration to authority, there devolved upon him the lamentable, yet in some sense also the enviable responsibility of subjugating in the leaders of the Commune a horde of miscreants exactly resembling those of whom Lord Macaulay had long before spoken prophetically as "heathens in the midst of Christianity and savages in the midst of civilization." Having extinguished the flames that threatened at one time to reduce to ashes the stateliest capital in Europe, he stood there, as it were, upon the very steps of the throne, or

at any rate close to where the now subverted throne had been standing but yesterday. A while ago he had been there as one of its chosen Paladins — one of the Dukes, one of the Senators, one of the grand Crosses of the Legion of Honor created by the Emperor before the floodgates of disaster had opened from heaven above France. The storm of misfortune having exhausted its fury, Napoleon III. having bent before it with a noble and affecting submission — the bravest and truest of all the Satraps of the Second Empire had been debarred by the very responsibility of his position as Commander in Chief of the victorious army of Versailles from offering the last tribute of his allegiance when the grave was closing over his imperial master in his honored exile at Chiselhurst. The Marshal remembered that while the great prince to whom he owed everything was no more, the dead Cæsar had left an heir to his fortunes. Hence, upon the morrow of Napoleon's obsequies there, upon the steps of the overturned throne at Versailles, MacMahon was still standing, with the sword of France in his grasp, ready for any emergency. There he yet remains in the same attitude, only in a higher position, — no longer upon the steps of the throne merely, but upon the very place where the throne itself stood, and where at any moment it may again be standing. The opportunity he awaits is the one for which he has all along been prepared, namely, that of proving his loyalty to the will of France whenever that will may be again pronounced. Not the will of a little gang of half a dozen intriguers, like the men of the Fourth of September, but of ten millions of adult Frenchmen. Meanwhile, pending its coming, let us glance for a moment at the gallant history of the man whose chivalrous form stands forth so conspicuously in the gap of the present interregnum.

Marie Edme Patrick Maurice, Comte de MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, Marshal of France, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, Knight Grand Cross of the most honorable Order of the Bath, and wearer of a large number of other knightly decorations, ex-Senator of France, and President of the French Republic, was born at Sully, just sixty-five years ago, on Wednesday, the 13th July, 1808. At the time of his birth Napoleon the Great dominated over nearly the whole continent of Europe. At that moment also, the prince, who was afterwards for twenty years to reign over France as Napoleon III., was then living, as an infant of three months old, in his birthplace and his familiar home so long afterwards — the now ruined palace of the Tuileries. Upwards of a hundred years before the dawn of the century, the progenitors of the Marshal, having chivalrously risked everything in the hazard of war, out of a loyal devotion to the cause of the Stuarts, passed over as exiles into France from their native land, Ireland. Carrying with them their ancestral traditions (for the race of the MacMahons was at once proud and historical) these Jacobite forefathers from whom the Duke of Magenta has descended, soon became naturalized in the country of their adoption. Centuries previously their house had won distinction to itself among Irishmen. Received now among Frenchmen with the sympathy due to a patrician race in misfortune, they allied themselves by marriage now with one, now with another, of the *ancienne noblesse*. It was one of the earlier of these gallicized MacMahons who, together with the hand of an heiress, obtained the ancient cas-

tle and the vast estates of Sully. Lineally descended from him, the President's father was himself in many ways noteworthy. He was a peer of France, an officer of high rank in the royal army, a Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Louis, and a personal friend of King Charles the Tenth. Through his marriage with a lady of the ducal house of Caraman, he became the parent of four sons and four daughters. As a younger son, the now chief of the state in France was destined even in his boyhood for the military profession. His preliminary education for the service was at the academy of Saint Cyr. At seventeen he began his career, in 1825, as a soldier, first entering the corps d'état major. When twenty, he, in 1830, crossed the Mediterranean into Algeria. There he signalized his prowess by many radiant exploits, giving evidence not merely of his gallantry, but of his intelligence. At twenty-four he took part as *aide-de-camp* of General Achard in the joint expedition of France and England against Antwerp. There he so far won his spurs, that he gained a right to the title afterwards accorded to him of Captain. Returning to Africa, he there, in that practical school of fighting, assumed to himself a conspicuous position among the gallant body of horsemen then first called into existence, and since famous all over the world as the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. In appearance and bearing he exactly answered Sydney Dobell's animated description of that typical French soldier:—

"Oh a gallant *sans peur*
Is the merry Chasseur,

With his fanfarron horn and his rifle, ping! pang!
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back,

And his pistol, crack! crack! and his sword, cling! clang!"

While the Citizen King, with a cynicism beyond even the reckless "*cœur léger*" of Émile Ollivier, was saying with a chuckle, "I love to listen to the cannon in Algeria—it is not heard in Europe!" young MacMahon, in 1837, was distinguishing himself in the assault on Constantine. He was *aide-de-camp* to a succession of African Generals. Invited by Achard to carry to Colonel Rullières a critical order for a sudden change of march, he disdain the proffered escort of a squadron of light dragoons, and putting spurs to his horse started off alone to Blidah. When half a mile from his destination he found himself all but surrounded by the enemy's horsemen. Immediately in front of him, as he knew, was a terrific chasm, formed by two confronting precipices of enormous depth, called the "Ravine of Blidah." Happily MacMahon bestrode a noble charger. Dashing forward, he lifted his destrier at the appalling gap, which his steed just cleared, breaking both its fore-legs, however, in its tenacious grasp of the rocky brink. The desperate leap set at defiance the valor even of the Arabian horsemen; and the young Chasseur, constrained to abandon his charger, reached Blidah on foot with his despatches. Colonel of the Foreign Legion in 1842, and of the 41st Regiment in the April of 1845, the future Marshal was on the 12th of June, 1848, promoted to be General of Brigade, and as such for some time administering the province of Tlemcen.

On the 6th July, 1852, he was gazetted as a General of Division. The dates of his decoration with the Legion of Honor were as follows: November, 1837, officer; July, 1849, commander; 10th August, 1853, grand officer; 22d September, 1855, Grand Cross. Other insignia have since adorned his breast in abundance, notably in May, 1869, the cross of the Danish order of the Elephant, and more recently in the July of 1873, the Persian Order of the Sun emblazoned with diamonds. MacMahon's advance forms part and parcel of the History of the Second Empire. His name is associated with many of the most resplendent exploits of the reign of Napoleon III. On Canrobert's quitting the Crimea, in 1855, he was selected to succeed him in the command of a Division. When the allied army on the 8th September, made its final assault upon Sebastopol, he it was who, sword in hand, carried by a dazzling *coup de main* the formidable works of the Mal-

akhoff. For this he was at once made Grand Cross of the Legion and immediately after, in 1856, Grand Cross of the Bath. Three years later, in 1859, he was handed the truncheon of a Marshal and was created Duke by the Emperor on the field of Magenta, as signal tokens of his prowess and of the approval of his imperial master in Napoleon III's twofold character as Sovereign and Generalissimo.

During the November of 1861, it is curious to remember now, that the Duke-Marshal represented France at Berlin, on the coronation of William as King of Prussia. Ten years afterwards the latter was crowned Emperor of Germany in the palace at Versailles. Reverting to MacMahon, however, it was on the 14th October, 1862, that he was appointed to the command of the Third Corps d'Armée, and it was on the 1st September, 1864, that he was nominated Governor-General of Algeria. His abortive attempt to establish there an Arab kingdom was the prelude only to a disastrous famine, and a still more disastrous immigration of the colonists, in sheer disgust, to Brazil. MacMahon's mistaken policy was formally denounced by the Bishop of Algiers, Monsignor de Lavigerie. Eventually at the turn of 1868 and 1869 the bungling project of the Arab kingdom was abandoned, and the regular principles of colonization reverted to, greatly to the satisfaction at once of France and Algeria. As to subsequent events, immediately following the outbreak of the terrible Franco-German war, those are too painfully within the recollection of us all to require enumeration. Three dates glare upon the remembrance of all out of the gloom and terror of the turmoil in which the destinies of France were (and for that matter still are) perilously involved. Upon the 6th August, 1870, at Woerth, 50,000 men under MacMahon after a stubborn resistance of many hours were utterly routed by the Crown Prince Fritz. Upon the 1st September, 80,000 men laid down their arms at Sedan, at the behest of General Wimpffen who had succeeded to the command immediately MacMahon, sorely wounded, had been carried from the battle-field. Having on the 3d April, 1871, been appointed Commander in Chief of the army of Versailles, MacMahon, on the 24th May, 1873, was by 390 votes of the Assembly, proclaimed, in succession to M. Thiers, President of the French Republic. Imperialist as he has been for twenty years and upwards, soldier as he is and always must be *aux points des ongles*—it yet remains to be seen whether the Emperor's Marshal and Duke, whether the Republic's President and Commander in Chief, will emulate his Highness the Lord Protector, or his Grace the Duke of Albemarle.

A VISIT TO ALBION:

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF HIS SUBLIME MAJESTY, THE GREAT LLAMA OF THIBET; DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

I ADMIRE the soldiers of England—they are giants. In the wars of ancient days, when one man fought against another, their valor would have been as the valor of Roostum. But here again, as in so many other particulars, the mixture of a spurious and imperfect civilization makes itself felt in this great country. "A slight amount of knowledge is an unsafe possession," says the great poet, Firdoozi. The English barbarians do not leave their giants at liberty, each to make his own battle, as would be the impulse of nature, when the individuals are so mighty and the number so limited. But the light of nature, which the highly trained intelligence accepts as an invaluable aid, is a light which all uneducated persons strenuously abjure. England, on the contrary, attempts to train her handful of soldiers to the exact discipline which is indispensable in a great army. The band of artillery made their movements as if they had been one man; the regi-

ment called Guards moved like a strain of music. It was beautiful; but of what use? With us who have squadron on squadron to dispose of, it is indispensable to preserve the highest order and discipline; but with the handful of giants whom I saw running up and down, how little avails the exact movements of a numberless army! They are as the giants of story and tradition, as the great Nimrod, and Atlas, who carried the world on his shoulders, or the great Sheikh David. It is characteristic, however, of the semi-civilization of the English nation, that it has not enlightenment to perceive which of the modes of warfare is most adapted to its own capabilities, — which should be received and which rejected. "A slight amount of knowledge," I repeat after the poet, "is an unsafe possession."

One of the days of my sojourn in England I condescended to pass in the castle of a great chief, which, to the wonder of all my attendants as well as myself, I found to be as sumptuous, as splendid, and as gay as the palace of the Queen herself. The chief in question was called Duke, a title of which I have not been able to discover the meaning. Sadr-Azen (whom may the Prophet confound!) has made a great many researches, not only in the historical books mentioned above, but in other works of a more compendious character, and has not been able to satisfy his mind on the subject. He informs me it is a word often used as a term of endearment, and that at the same time it means the female of a domestic fowl. Duke, however, is a great chief, with a hill-tribe entirely devoted to him, besides large possessions in the plains; and has many dependents and servants, and much wealth. On my return from his great castle, I ordered Abdool-Mirza with ten attendants to carry my salutations to the son of the Queen of England, the splendid and amiable Highness, whose learning and modesty are in all men's mouths, and to demand an audience in my name. Without any hesitation or state ceremonial, this admirable Prince immediately came to me. "What can I do for you, Llama?" he said. "Princely O-uales," said I, "permit me to offer you advice. There is a chief in your dominions who is as powerful as you are. Already he imitates the pomp of a sovereign. It is enough; you understand me?" "Hanged if I do," answered the noble O-uales, using a phraseology which is considered courtly and elegant here. "Ah, oh! you have been to see the Duke?" "I have seen him," I answered, solemnly; "in your interest, O amiable O-uales, I have marked him closely. Take off his head. Great chiefs and nobles like these are a danger to the state." "Oh, hang it all!" cried the princely Highness.

"The bow-string is more expeditious and more secret," said I; "but you do not use it in your barbarous country."

The reply which this great Prince made to me was to laugh, a foolish and undignified mode of expressing their sentiments, very common among the English. "Hang it all, Llama," he said again—using an oath very popular among this nation, and which corresponds closely, I am told, with our solemn asseveration. "By the beard of the Prophet,"—"there are about a hundred nobles in my mother's dominions who are as great as he!"

"Then I am very sorry for the kingdom," said I, with a gravity becoming the occasion; and Abdool-Mirza and Hassan Ali looked at each other with tears in their eyes. For, having eaten the salt of this noble Prince, the terrible dangers which we foresaw were about to assail him, melted even the hearts of my servants—how much more mine, who can understand the feelings of a king?

These are the only political dangers which attracted my attention in England. There is a point at which humanity itself becomes cruel; and to permit the existence of a number of royal male infants in the prison called Eat-On; and of a hundred nobles and chiefs so powerful as Duke throughout the country, is a fatal weakness. It will, I fear, make the throne of my friend insecure. Noble and princely friend! for his sake, as well as for their own attractions, how often have I wished that the princesses of

this royal house were unwedded! By the beard of the Prophet. I would have married them all!

On another day, escorted by my usual companions, great princes and lovely princesses, I went forth upon the great river which flows through London. The ships of the English people are wonderful, the number of them is infinite. According to the calculation which I and my suite have made individually and together, there must be at least two and a half vessels built for navigation for every English child born into this kingdom. This result Sadr-Azen has ascertained beyond doubt from the statistical tables; yet, wonderful to relate, all these vessels are full of men. Some are huge, as the monster ships which produce smoke in the Channel. Some are like a long wand from a tree, carefully pared to a point at both ends, with holes through which four, or sometimes as many as eight, men are stuck, and from which they use long oars, all the lower part of their persons remaining in the water,¹ a very curious but alarming sight. Between these two sizes are a great many others which crowd the river, so that little of the water is to be seen; wherever there are not any people there are flags, and every line of the cordage as well as every scrap of the decks is so thoroughly crowded, either by human beings or by strips of colored cloth, that the river becomes like a street, and the vessel is pushed through the water as a man jostles against his neighbors in a street upon the first day of a feast. Sadr-Azen directed me, on one of the days which followed, to order that my *cortège* should be led to the mansion of a great pasha of England, living in a beautiful park not far from the crowded river. "Lord of life," the slave wrote to me, "what will the infidels think of my royal master if he passes the palace of Johnni Pasha without paying a visit to that distinguished Prince?" "Lead me to the palace of Johnni Pasha!" I exclaimed, accordingly, as my *cortège* turned towards the region of huge trees, distressingly green, which is called Richmond. An expression of wonder at my universal knowledge covered the countenances of these barbarians. Penguin Bey, bowing to the ground with an imitation of the graceful salaam of an Oriental courtier,—imperfect but laudable,—gave instructions to the slaves who conducted the carriage. Thus we arrived at a house of small pretensions, from which there came forth an individual bearing the aspect of a venerable dervish, so small in size, and so shrunken with prayer and fasting, that the eagerness of my curiosity was changed into reverential awe. "You do me an overwhelming honor, O Lord of life and King of kingdoms!" said the holy man. "Smallest of human beings, salaam," I replied. "Remember me, O venerable dervish, in thy prayers!" I here remark, for the instruction of my much more highly cultivated subjects, upon the rude piety of this semi-civilized people, which thus accords the rank of Pasha to pious recluses of preternaturally small stature, who devote their prayers to the benefit of the realm.

There is another palace in this country—a palace of magic and wonder, raised in a single night by the hand of a great magician from the north. This palace is entitled Crystall, and is full of marvels. It resounds all day long with music, and is thronged with Houris, many of whom offer to the spectator the most beautiful ornaments, fruits, flowers, and sweetmeats of cunning manufacture, which may be purchased for the small pieces of money current in the country, or even for pieces of paper upon which charms are written, and which are to be obtained in a species of bazaar entitled a bank. So charmed was I with the aspect of this wonderful place that I paid to it a second visit attended only by my suite, in which I found much enjoyment. Here I purchased many copies of my own portrait, painted in brilliant colors, which, as I am informed, the English people delight to hang up in all their public places, and even in their private chambers—a species of homage which gratified me much, and which proves the great advantage which an apostle of civilization possesses among a

¹ This is the Llama's idea of an outrigger racing boat.

race whose mental development is yet incomplete—the frankness and freshness of the primitive mind, and its readiness to take any new imprint, making a powerful counterpoise to the obvious drawbacks of semi-barbarism. Indeed the palace called Crystal, with its tinkling fountains, its rose-gardens, its smiling Houris, its music, and the showers of artificial fire and brilliant glowworm lights which illuminate its precincts in the evening, transported me in imagination, as by magic, to my own beloved land. So rapt in spirit was I, that when I returned into the royal pavilion with my attendants, to refresh myself with the sparkling sherbet called champagne—a cooling and delicious beverage, which the Prophet himself would have regarded with delight, and which Hughes Khan and Grovó Bey served to me in silver cups on their knees, with a reverential respect which, even in England, I have never seen equalled—my feelings overcame me; and while Abdool-Mirza sang the song of the Bulbul, the favorite melody of Thibet, I, extended on my couch, wept tears of delight. The sight of those sacred tears, so unusual from my eyes, inspired Abdool-Mirza to one of those rare but beautiful effusions which raise him to so high a rank among the poets of Thibet. “Bring golden cups and diamond urns,” he sang, “to receive the tears more precious than diamonds of the Lord of life. But nay! let them sink into the blessed soil—let them produce roses to which the rose of Thibet is as a weed, and lilies worthy to bloom around the Prophet in Paradise.” Transported by this beautiful poem, I embraced Abdool-Mirza, and on the spot promoted him to the high dignity of Possessor of the Royal Portrait set in diamonds—the greatest honor which even a Grand Llama can bestow.

There are many other incidents which I shall record in their proper places, but here I must remark the absence of one incident which no visitor to Thibet could pass a day without beholding. It will illustrate the singular weakness of this barbarian Government at home as well as abroad. During my visit to England I have not once beheld the sovereign's authority vindicated by any capital punishment. “O powerful Bey,” I said to the learned Dervish who rules over England, “I have never seen the sword of justice uplifted in your country—command an execution for to-morrow.” “Anything to please your Majesty,” said this wise and holy man, “but we cannot; there is no one condemned to death.” Great Prophet, have I lived to hear these words twice! “Gladstone Bey,” I said, sternly, “beware how you trifle with kings—condemn some one! Where is the difficulty?” “But, if it please your sublime Majesty,” said this miserable Wizier, “there is no one to condemn!”

Impatiently I looked around me; there were thousands of people in the streets, any one of whom would have been too much honored had his worthless head afforded a moment's instruction to royal eyes. I pointed to them indignantly with my hand.

“Why not take one of these?” I cried; “there are enough and to spare!” Then, with a majestic contempt peculiar to myself, “Or, if you are afraid, Gladstone Bey, take any two of my followers.” I turned and gazed at them, and a trembling ran through my suite, like that of ears of corn under a breeze. Abdool-Mirza and Hassan Ali, who were nearest, turned pale. But before any active steps could be taken to satisfy my desire, Gladstone Bey burst forth into an address, during which, as it was very long, I went to sleep, and nothing further could be done.

But how shall I describe the feelings with which I beheld the time approaching in which I must take my last leave of England! My courage fails me to set down fully, as I have hitherto done, the last visit paid to the Queen of Monarchs—the last salute which I was privileged to impress upon her white hand! Through the streets waving with flags and resounding with shouts, I passed sadly. The thoughtless people shout—they strike their hands upon one another, and cry, “Great is the Grand Llama; may the King of kings live for ever!” But their cries and strikings of the hands are the same as when I made

my first appearance in their streets. What, then, have I been for them but a passing pageant? What have they seen in me but a prince greater than any prince that has heretofore visited their country, a king more glorious than any they have yet beheld? Have they recognized the moral meaning of my mission, the height of civilization to which I hoped to aid them to ascend? “Greatest of monarchs,” said my faithful Abdool-Mirza, “be comforted: to see you is of itself a moral gain. You, O Lord of life, are Civilization.” “Besides,” added Hassan Ali, “my sublime master must remember the saying of the poet, that even Thibet itself was not built in a day.” These true and beautiful remarks consoled my mind, and, with sentiments of calm but elevated melancholy, I clasped in my arms the amiable Prince, whom I love as a brother. “Princely O-uales,” I said, “how I regret to leave your beautiful barbarous country! Receive my best wishes; and, ere I go, tell me if you agree with my faithful servants in believing that my great mission has been partially at least accomplished; convince me from your own lips that my visit has not been in vain—that the seeds of civilization which I came to sow have begun to take root”—

“Oh, come now, Llama,” said the royal O-uales, “hang it all! civilization, you know”—

“Royal brother, I take your princely word,” I said; and, thus reassured by England's Prince, took my leave, amid the tears of all the people. How sweet thus to secure a people's love! how noble thus to aid a nation in the hard task of its development! Blessed be the Prophet! thus I leave England with a noble enthusiasm and melancholy joy.

First day of the month Gomada, Portsmouth. The heaven weeps in sympathy with my feelings. Fair England, I go—soon shall thine everlasting veil of smoke drop across the waters of the sea—(O dolorous and terrible sea! May the Prophet grant to England the grace, as she rises in the scale of nations, to be no longer an island!)—soon shalt thou again be lost to view behind that cunning but airy rampart of invisibility. Farewell! Moon-faced Zaidée! fair delight of my home! I bring to you no sister spirits from this island of the sea. Probably the fact will not be so painful to you as to me. Zaidée, I come! England, farewell! I go!

NOTE BY LIEUTENANT PENGUIN, R. N.

About this period of the journal the old Llama becomes inarticulate. He had, I am aware, sustained several disappointments not mentioned in these records. One of them was the failure of certain negotiations he had entered into, through Abdool-Mirza, for the transfer to himself of a noble lady whose charms had overcome his fortitude—negotiations to which the husband of the lady in question turned an obstinately deaf ear. Another cause of his deep depression was the fact that the Princesses of England were all but one already married, and that the illustrious young lady who remains showed no inclination to listen to his Majesty's suit. It is curious how often private motives mingle in the elevated distress even of an Apostle of Civilization. I have reason to believe that Abdool-Mirza, who takes a more hopeful view of matters in general, had been more successful in the conquering hero way, and therefore felt less melancholy about the results. At all events, I know that the latter gentleman wore an English locket with an English photograph in it, at his watch-chain; and that I encountered and recognized—though her veil was down—hurrying in the rain to catch the boat, a certain young woman; to whose friends I will communicate all further particulars on application at the Army and Navy Club, any day between three and seven in the afternoon.

THROWN AMONG WILD BEASTS.

My worthy friend Sparrowshot is one of the most delightful and one of the most inconsequential of human beings. Therefore it was that, as we sat at breakfast the

other day in his airy upper chambers in Raymond Buildings, with three young rooks balancing themselves on the long green bough that waved close to the window, I was not surprised when he suddenly ceased singing a snatch from "Les Brigands," and said, —

"I should like you to see a man who has just bought up twenty-four lions at one go."

I said I certainly should like it too, on which Sparrow-shot inserted a long cartridge of toast between his lips, and leaping from his chair, snatched up a single-stick, and performed a sort of Shaw the Life Guardsman's combat with four imaginary enemies, the result of the perusal of a page of one of Marryat's novels that lay open on the table.

"What a fellow Nelson was. There was a beggar," said my volatile friend. "Feel that muscle. Oh, you'd like to see my friend Dan'll's lions? — so you shall. I promised Bonsonby to meet him at the International, but he knows what sort of a fellow I am, and he's sure not to go. You've heard of Noah — well, now you shall see his ark."

Sparrowshot is one of the most industrious idle men I know; he is always at your service, and executes more commissions for country friends than any one I ever met. I firmly believe that if you went in now and found him in the agonies of devilling for the Tichborne case, he would leave it all if you proposed it, and at once start on an expedition to go and chop up the North Pole for firewood, to keep down the present enormous price of coal. But then, on the other hand, the odds are that before you got him to the North Cape, he would be led off by some passing acquaintance to accompany the enterprising aeronaut, who, with a one-horse steam-engine, is about to raise the wind by defying the Atlantic breezes. His mind is so mercurial, that it begins falling before it is well done rising, and it flies off so quickly at a tangent that his sentences seldom seem to reach their journey's end.

"You've heard," he said, suddenly emerging in shirt-sleeves from the inner room, into which he had a moment before retired to dress, working away, for his life, at his scrubby reddish hair with two enormous brushes, "you've heard, old boy, of the party who ordered two monkeys from Brazil, and the agent mistook the figures, and sent two thousand?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, that party was a fool to Dan'll, whom we're going to see; he would not have been bothered by suddenly receiving two thousand monkeys; Lord bless you, he would have been delighted. Where has that old idiot of a laundress put my boots? I've told her twenty — Why, when I first called on him, he'd — how many paroquets do you think, just come from Australia?"

I mildly guessed a dozen.

"A dozen! five hundred and twenty-two. What do you say to buying a rhinoceros for your uncle, the old party who said he thought my tobacco rather strong? 'Strong,' said I, 'I rather flatter myself it is, for I always steep it for three weeks in brandy and gunpowder.' How he warned you about me afterwards! I'll kill that boy when he comes." (Clerk one hour behind time.) "I'll leave a torpedo in his desk, with a half-hour fuse — see if I don't."

"And where is this ark?"

"Why, in Ratcliff Highway, of course, to be near the shipping. What do you think was Dan'll's consignment the last time I went there, to buy an elephant for my friend Slocum, at the Salisbury Zoölogical?"

I could hardly guess, so I did not.

Sparrowshot totted it off on his fingers, the water dripping down his face, for he had just raised it from the washing-basin, and looked like a water god just landed.

"Three elephants, five boa constrictors, six Guinea baboons —"

"That's cheap for a poor relation."

"Get out with you! Six Guinea baboons, ten alligators, twenty prairie dogs, ten rattlesnakes, fourteen cockatoos, twelve tigers — or were there eleven tigers, hang me if I — Now where the deuce is that collar?"

I did not venture to suggest the completion of the Dan'll catalogue; but I thought it right to suggest that Sparrow-

shot had been talking in my presence the night before of a consultation that afternoon in the case of Goodson versus Chattlebury, which Sparrowshot was devilling for that eminent Q. C., Bothrem.

"Oh, let 'em wait. I'm not going to lose a day like this grubbing over the Chattlebury pedigrees, and the right of a turbary on Chattlebury goose green. I've worked quite enough over that case, and all I got is a snubbing from Bothrem, because I did not remember how many nephews an old Chattlebury of Queen Anne's reign had. I'd sooner spend a night in Dan'll's menagerie than get wigged again by old Bothrem. Just write a card, and put on the door, 'IMPORTANT BUSINESS — BACK TO-MORROW.'"

I believe that Sparrowshot was just that sort of fellow, that if he had had five hundred pounds in his pocket, and Dan'll had tempted him with an elephant newly imported, and recommended him as a serviceable animal "for single or double harness," Sparrowshot would have closed with him at once, and gone off delighted with the bargain.

We were soon on our way to the distant region beyond the Tower where Dan'll and his twenty-four lions resided. On the way Sparrowshot discoursed much of a naturalist friend of his, one Strongitharm, according to Sparrowshot's account one of the most delightful and most eccentric enthusiasts of science, and certainly one of the most athletic. He had held down a lion at the Zoo while the royal animal had an eye-tooth drawn. He had thrown a young dragoon officer bodily out of window at Canterbury, for balancing a water-jug on an open door, and nearly fracturing his (Strongitharm's) skull. He had fought three fishermen in the north of Ireland for ill-treating a seal. He had sat up for nights feeding a sickly young rhinoceros.

"But it's no joke staying down at Strongitharm's," said Sparrowshot, with sudden gravity. "I've seen his little girl in bed with a snake round her neck and two monkeys on the counterpane. When my governor was living near town, down in Hertfordshire, the beggar was always sending us queer things to take care of, till we got the house choke-full, and the governor grew rusty. I remember at one time we had two large white rats, a badger that eat up half the furniture, and a monkey that bit every one. He then sent us a tame cobra, but the governor could not stand that, and there was a regular row." Here Sparrowshot opened the trap-door in the roof of the cab and asked the cabby, in a loud voice, whether he was ever hired for a funeral, and whether he thought he was going to be paid by the hour; he then made a sudden dig at the horse's flank with his umbrella, which sent us off with a jerk that produced a low mumble of oaths from the back of the hansom.

A clear bowl over the smooth asphalt of Cheapside, a flutter of green at the corner of Wood Street, a glimpse of stately Bow, and we were in Eastcheap, a narrow defile with bales descending into wagons, a block of carts, and the four pinnacles of the White Tower rising before us. A rattle of wheels, more mountainous warehouses, and we were in the amphibious world beyond the Mint. Every shop now seemed nautical: at nearly every door hung waterproof coats and sou'wester hats; and ship biscuits, binnacles, and canvas, were apparently the chief articles in demand.

"Here we are," said Sparrowshot suddenly, as the cab stopped with a jerk, and leaping out, was hurrying into the ark, when the cabman with a "Hi!" suggested payment.

Our cabman strongly objected to Sparrowshot's theory of the distance from Raymond Buildings to Ratcliff Highway and on eventually accepting his fare under protest, muttered something, and drove sullenly away.

"There's a beggar," said Sparrowshot. "That reminds me of a driving fellow at Naples who wanted to draw his knife because I didn't — But here, come along, here's the ark, and a pretty happy family you'll see in it — but what are these young covies looking at?"

There were half a dozen street urchins lying flat on their stomachs near Dan'll's cellar rails, and looking in with all their eyes.

"What's up, you boys?" said Sparrowshot, paternally.

"Why it's a lot of young halligators just brought in, mister; there's one by the window there in a box; you can see his tail. He's a venomous one, I know; ain't he Bill?" said the spokesman of the party.

"I don't want to make you nervous, old boy," said Sparrowshot, as we looked in at Dan'll's windows, "but Dan'll keeps his wild beasts in very rickety cages; so look out. I never go up-stairs there but I expect to meet a tiger on the first-floor landing, and a boa constrictor winding round the bannisters. He doesn't care what the creature is; I believe if he had his own way he'd keep them all loose."

"A nice republic there would be then," said I.

"I believe you," said Sparrowshot. "There was a fire close by Dan'll's yard, a house or two up, and I believe the way the tigers howled, and the hyenas laughed, and the monkeys screamed, was something not heard every day; but luckily none escaped, or we might have heard of a lion eating a policeman or a fireman or two, and have had a tiger-hunt in Wapping."

We found the long, low-roofed shop littered with cages and packing-cases, and full, as the magician's room in the Arabian Night's story, of cockatoos, polecats, lovebirds, and other pleasant and unpleasant creatures. That scarlet macaw had perhaps been a vizier of Persia, that sullen falcon an Indian prince, and here they were after long and rough voyages in Dan'll's Noah's Ark, ready for shipment to any part of the world.

We found Jam, alias Dan'll the head magician, in a little back room, wrapped in a dingy dressing-gown, a German smoking-cap adorning his head. There were birds and beasts all around him, and a clothes-basket covered by a rug on one side of him. He had just received an order for six pumas and two camelopards, and was giving directions to a piratical-looking workman whom he was perhaps ordering off to Africa at a moment's notice to scour jungle and desert.

"Well, Jam," said Sparrowshot, "and how's the world going with you?"

"Oh, round, round," replied the magician, in a strong foreign dialect.

"Just brought a friend to see you."

"Quite welcome," said the magician, waving his smoking-cap and pointing generally round with his pipe, "but stock rather short just now — sent off our last lion yesterday."

Just at that moment the rug lifted off the washing-basket at Noah's feet, and out stretched two red hairy arms and a round head covered with soft thin red hair. It was a young ourang-outang from Sumatra, and as we looked it drew the rug half over itself again in a sly cross way, and peeped out with cunning, frightened, yet malicious eyes.

"Take care of him," said Dan'll, "he bit a man badly yesterday."

"By Jove, did he though?" said Sparrowshot, looking at our poor relation as if he were a barrel of gunpowder; "you ought to warn a fellow, Jam, you know."

Jam laughed gravely at this, as if the idea of Sparrowshot being bitten by his young protégé was the most exquisite of practical jokes.

"Ah! ah!" he said, like one of those Dutch goblins whom Rip Van Winkle revelled with on the Catskill Mountains, "you should see one of my yellows handle a basketful of cobras; why you ain't afraid of a rang-etang? he'll be as tame as a child in a week."

"Isn't it true, Jam, that you once had four-and-twenty lions at the same time?" said Sparrowshot, examining a seedy-looking, disreputable vulture who blinked at him from inside a very dirty cage.

"Vy, who told you so?"

"Who told me? why, Harry."

"Very vell then, Harry ought to know. I can't keep all these things in my head. I know very well that there have been times when I should have been glad of fifty."

Harry, a short, swarthy, nautical, I may say piratical sort of person in a red shirt, here came up and asked the great magician whether he should take the gentlemen

down into the cellars to see the lot of young alligators "wot" had just arrived.

The magician expressing a certain gloomy approval as he scratched a black cockatoo's head, we descended some dark stairs to a sort of smuggler's cellar, where, after clambering over an alpine region of packing-cases, we reached a clear space by the window, where in long barred boxes the alligators were placed. The boxes seemed full of some bossy india-rubber substance, but on Harry stirring them up, the masses began to undulate and snort with repressed rage and vexation.

"Why, they can't feed, shut up like that," said I.

"Oh, they won't eat," said Harry, "nor will the snakes, not one in a dozen; but if they keep alive three months that pays their expenses for showing, and then they can be stuffed."

"Poor beggars," said Sparrowshot.

"Precious wishious, that's what they is," said Harry, "and they've got teeth enough to stock a dentist, and yet you can't get 'em to eat no how. It's their temper, I s'pose."

"Enough to put out any one's temper, being boxed up like that," thought I.

Harry now proposing to show us the "gubnor's" museum, we reclimbed the stairs and ascended to the rooms above the shop. They were old rooms, with all the dusty furniture of the last occupant still there — dusty sofas, grimy mirrors, and dingy carpets, like a Dirty Dick's of twenty years ago. At first the place seemed to me like the cabin of a vessel, then like the bivouac of a tribe of South Sea Islanders, for the walls were hung with war-clubs, waddies, and spears, and weapons ferociously edged with shark's teeth, and sheaves of poisoned arrows. Then again it presented the appearance of a deserted curiosity-shop, the proprietor of which having been lost at sea, the motley treasure had never since been touched, for the dust, gross and palpable as pepper, lay thick in the china cups, and on the lacquered shields and Indian models; and as Harry prefaced every remark with "when I was in the Bight of Benin," or "last time as I was in Sumatra," the general result was that of going round the world in a heavy sea on board a Noah's Ark laden with curiosities, to purchase wild beasts.

"I've just come from Bombay," said Harry, in reply to Sparrowshot's inquiry as to what he had been up to lately; "and am off next Tuesday to Cape of Good Hope to pick up one or two things for the gubnor," and here he struck a gong spitefully.

We had now got into a sort of gallery hung with South Sea weapons.

"Take care of them arrows," he said; "they're every one poisoned: you see that red mark on the club, that's human blood — bought that yesterday. The sailors bring everything here. You see this club" (pointing to a huge semi-circular flat hatchet of wood), "they takes off heads with that."

Certainly, if bludgeons are any indication of ferocity, I should not select the Fiji Islands to go to as a missionary, for such skull-cracking monsters of clubs I never saw as came from that happy land. Fourteen shillelahs would not make up that enormous stop-thief that had the blood stains. Models of Chinese junks, Kaffir cloaks, New Zealand mats, Japanese fishing-rods, daggers, and swords, and guns of all sizes and bores, hung beside these trophies of our commercial enterprise, ready for Jam's queer customers — the naturalists, showmen, museum collectors, and odd people of Great Britain.

At spare moments Harry drew a sword or struck a gong, just to keep his hand in as the governor's showman.

"I knew a fellow once," said Sparrowshot, apropos of nothing, "who drove four deer in a pony carriage, and he got on very well till one day he fell in with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and that time they may certainly be said to have had a run. Indeed, if he hadn't bolted into a stable-yard just in time, and shut the door, I don't think there would have been much of him or his prancers left."

Harry, who was beginning something about the Straits

of Malacca, said that was a rum start as ever he'd heard, an approval which much pleased Sparrowshot.

We now proposed to go and see the animals which Jam keeps in various stables and yards in adjoining streets. We might, perhaps, pick up a lion cheap, or find a bargain in a knot of boa constrictors. We found Jam still in the back parlor, nursing that prematurely old young man, the "rang-etang," who seemed to regard his master with anything but filial regard.

"You come again ven our next sheep comes in," was the magician's parting valediction, "and then we shall have something to show, for we expect half a dozen of about the finest tigers in all Bengal."

"Did you ever hear the story of old Monson chloroforming the tiger, and taking out his eye-teeth?" inquired Sparrowshot of me. "You haven't? well, then, just you remind me at dinner-time. We'll have a fish dinner at Billingsgate after this, and some cold punch. Are you game?"

I replied that I quite thought I was, and that I was prepared then to endure any number of tiger stories; and might even, if pressed, swallow a snake or two, provided they were fresh.

"Oh, there's no gammon about Monson. Any one in Bombay?"

"Bengal, you mean."

"Well, Bengal; what the doose does it matter? Tigers ain't confined to Bengal. Monson was out with two famous shekarries, and had fallen asleep in a rock temple near Avadarah waiting for tiffin. I had two uncles in Madras?"

"Bengal."

"Well, what the — two uncles in the?"

Here Harry threw open the yard door.

"Our stock's very low just now, gents. I must apologize to yer for our last lion being sold two days ago; but we've one or two choice things." Here he pointed to some rickety dens with rather insecure bars that stood round the yard, which, by the way, a sensitive nose would have found "rather high." "Here's a black panther — rather scarce. Savage? I believe you; eat you without salt if he could get at you."

"Any bears?"

"Not a mortal one. Hyenas, leopards, vultures, Barbary rats, wolves, but ne'er a bear; not much asked for just now."

"By Jove! what a brute," observed Sparrowshot, as he poked the black panther with his umbrella, and it retreated sullenly, hissing spitefully, with closed teeth, like a mad cat, his eye-balls reddening slightly as the blood mounted to his head.

Above it were two leopards, agile and cruel; beautifully marked, and every motion instinct with a certain diabolical grace. Swift on an Indian pitcher-carrier I think I can see them dart, and my imagination can almost call up the screams through the jungle which mark where they drag the body, and the spotted cubs gambol and rejoice to see the mangled and bleeding prey!

"I'd buy that lot, Harry," said Sparrowshot, who assumed the air of a purchaser of vast wealth, "if I knew where to keep 'em, but they wouldn't do in Gray's Inn, eh?" This to me.

I expressed an opinion that they scarcely would, unless he occasionally fed them with an old Q. C.

"No ostriches, I suppose, Harry; no camelopards?"

"Not a shadow of one."

"I was afraid not," said Sparrowshot, in a mortified way, as much as to say, If there had been, then I'd have been the man for you. He had been rather distant with me ever since the chloroformed tiger story in the uncertain presidency. The beauty of some mouse-deer from Ceylon, however, made him relax a little.

"Did you ever see such dainty little beggars?" he exclaimed, turning back to insult the black panther for the last time.

They certainly were beauties, the deer minimized by climate till he did not stand higher than a toy terrier —

deer that a rat would slay in open battle. I began to fall into a reverie, as we moved on to the coarse, low-bred, skulking, blackguard-looking hyena, on the mighty power wielded by Jam. In all parts of the world, savage and unsavage, people to secure his guineas were hunting and trapping, as one of the most eloquent of the London papers said the other day in the most simple language, "From where the floating icebergs, like diamond mountains, drift before the fierce northerners to where the Bushmen warriors dance like armies of pigmies round the gigantic elephant, Jam's emissaries are at work, with assegai and kreasie, with the keen Damascus blade, and the fatal blow-pipe," etc.

"Sparrowshot," said I, grasping his arm, as I quoted Keats. "'Are you prepared to go all naked to the ravening shark?'"

"Not if I know it, old boy," was the not unnatural reply with which my enthusiasm was rewarded.

"Very well, then, push on. Here's some white peacocks fit to draw the car of Juno — of Juno? nay, of Venus."

"By George! look at these spoonbills," cried Sparrowshot, from a rival cage. "Did you ever see such queer beggars in your life? There's a bill for picking up peas. I used to think fish the queerest beggars ever made; but 'pon my word, when you look at the toucan's nose and the — By the bye, what time is it by your tucker?"

"Only fancy those white peacocks," said I, reverting to the cage of those beautiful birds, looking like brides in a state of metamorphosis, "with emerald eyes in their tails, and golden crests."

"Ah! you always want to embroider nature," said Sparrowshot, sarcastically; "and if you had your emerald tails, then you'd want opal eyes. There is no satisfying you."

"Last year," broke in Harry, who did not choose to remain in the background, and who evidently thought my peacock suggestion an absurdity, "when we was going through the Straits of Madagascar, with some three dozen monkeys for the gunvor?"

"Have you got any kangaroos to show us, Harry?" said Sparrowshot.

"Well, we're just out of kangaroos now," said Harry, apologetically, "but we expect some in at the docks every day. They go so very fast, kangaroos does."

In nearly every shed in the yard, untenanted by wild beasts, into which I peeped, I saw rats peering about for provender, and darting back through small corner holes almost before I could well see them.

"Ah," says Harry, "there's an uncommon lot of rats here; they come after the animals' wittles; but they make a mistake sometimes with the vultures, and have to pay entrance fees pretty heavily."

Stopping to look at a large falcon, the very acme of cruelty and grace, we passed out of the yard into a large stable surrounded by cages and barred boxes.

"This hanimal," said Harry, pointing to an old forlorn-looking monkey, with one side paralyzed, "this hanimal's mind's gone; he don't observe anything. It's not worth much, but the gunvor doesn't like to kill him, as he's been with us a long time, and we've got accustomed to him like."

The monkey had exactly the expression I have seen in human beings under the same double affliction. He looked at us with a vacant, stunned, suffering expression, as if he had been struck a blow and was expecting another. Our poor relation, indeed, presented a woe-begone helplessness that even the hardest heart must have pitied.

"There's an argument for Darwin," said Sparrowshot, who had shot off at a tangent to see a wild-cat in a distant cage, and now returned; "you see he had a mind once, or else it could not have gone. Why, any fool can see he's got a tile off — poor beggar."

"A black fellow in Bonny River told me," said Harry, "that the devil made monkeys as a caricature of man, and that after that he made the nigger; but the nigger turned out so ugly that the old gentleman struck him in the face, and that flattened his nose, turned his face black, and curled his hair."

"Well done, Harry, that's not bad for Harry; but he's

evidently not read Darwin, or he'd have more respect for his great-great-grandfather."

"Here's a mongooze," said Harry, rousing an animal out of the back of a long dark box; "one of the prettiest things to make a pet of. Kills snakes before you can say Jack Robinson, and never gets bitten to speak of. There's a law against taking them out of the country, so we has to smuggle them, or we should pretty soon get pepper, as my mate here will tell you."

The mate, a rough-looking fellow, who was cleaning out a cage, grunted assent, as much as to say, "Oh, you go on with your patter. I shan't get any fees out of the gentry coves. I haven't got the gift of the gab, I haven't, and I don't want to have. Patter away; the more lies you tell, the more they'll like you. I've got a job here, and I'm going to do it. Patter away!"

Harry now proposed an ascent into a loft, where he had some young boa constrictors to show us, and up we went.

"We had a fire near here," he said, "a month or two ago, and you should have seen the animals. We happened to have twenty lions or so in stock, and an elephant, and two or three tigers. We've been nearly cleared out since that. I never did hear such a noise in my born days; it would have frightened you gents who isn't used to it; monkeys screaming, lions roaring, tigers trying to break loose, paroquets (we'd got a room full of them) squalling. I tell you I wasn't sorry when things got a bit quieter, for I thought at one time they were all going stark staring mad together. It reminded me of a mutiny of coolies I once saw in coming back from Valparaiso. Our cages are rather old, too, some of them, and if they had given way — well, I shouldn't be here now, gents, a-talking to you."

"I quite agree with you there," said Sparrowshot.

"Yours is rather a risky occupation," said I.

"Well," said Harry, wiping his forehead with a red strip of handkerchief which he took out of his cap; "but you see habit is second nature, and like people who takes care of loonatics, and knackers, and others of that sort, I never thinks much about the danger. We knows what to do and how to handle 'em, and they don't get much chance of hurting us, or they pretty soon would, you may take your oath, for there's no coaxing some of them; they've that devil's own temper in them, and I suppose the keeping them shut up doesn't improve that. As for some of 'em, I'd sleep in their dens for all the fear I have. Jim."

Here he shouted down-stairs.

"Come up, Jim, and give us a hand with these 'ere snakes, to show the gentlemen."

Jim shambled up, grumbling under his breath, and dragging out a huge chest, opened it, dived his hand among the blankets, and drew out two great spotted cables of snakes, holding their heads just below the air-gills, as gamekeepers hold ferrets, as I perhaps unjustly thought to convey an impression of the danger of their bite. It was Hercules grown up and struggling with the Hydra, but Jim had no sense of posing, and was evidently only meditating whether he should get anything for beer.

"You see," said Harry, "there's a steady demand for these 'ere snakes in the travelling shows. They must have 'em, whatever the price is, because country people who've never seen anything larger than a blind-worm, or a stray hadder or so, open their eyes at big fellows like these, and go home and tell everybody to go and see 'em. They'd put a nice grip on a fellow, even these young uns would, if they had a chance."

As he said this, Harry flung the great slimy black and yellow coils back into the box, and slammed down the chest as if it had been Pandora's casket, and all the blessings of the gods were escaping.

I had long felt a nightmare kind of diabolical wish stealing over me to overpower and blind Harry and Jim, and then to let out all their prisoners, to the terror of Wapping and the dismay of Rotherhithe. Boa constrictors, vultures, wild-cats, my poor friend the insane monkey, black panthers, white peacocks, spoonbills, leopards, badgers, mongoozes, and all. I should like to have emptied Noah's Ark and given them all liberty in one general grotesque

emancipation. What right had Dan'll to set half the world to work catching the other? what right to sweep sea and rock, and sand and forest, to fill caravans with misery? was the lion, regal in his strength and freedom, intended to be shown at a penny a head, or the bear to be deprived of his hermitage in the snow? Certainly not. Behold, then, in me your liberator, and when you are free respect your emancipator. Be gentle, be merciful, respect property — *Vive la République Universelle* — make good use of your liberty. Attack only the emissaries of Jam, wage war on Dan'll and Dan'll's men, even though ust returned from the Straits of Madagascar!

"How long are you going to stand there, staring at that fool of a spoonbill?" said Sparrowshot, rudely breaking up my day-dream of freedom and universal republics. "It's time we were off. Harry has got to go to the docks about a rhinoceros and some more alligators, and we mustn't keep him."

Harry here remarked that many swells bought beavers, buffaloes, and what not, but that it was only the regular "Onner" who bought a rhinoceros.

We "backsheeshed" the men, left Harry in the Bight of Benin with a cargo of cassowaries who wouldn't take kindly to their food, and started for a walk to Stepney to get an appetite for our fish dinner.

As we stopped at Dan'll's window to take a last fond look at the black cockatoo, Sparrowshot, after a moment's reflection, exclaimed, —

"What queer beggars there are in the world!" A quarter of a mile farther on he said, "I'll tell you what I mean to do, old man: I'll get an aquarium and keep white-bait, to see what they come to. It'd be jolly to have one now and then for luncheon, too, while the investigation was pending, eh? And by Jove, if I ever come into the money of that uncle of mine at St. Mary Axe, and get his place down at Bootleham, I'll be hanged if I won't buy two camelopards. I can't fancy anything jollier than driving camelopards tandem, can you?"

A SNAKE SPIRIT.

ONE morning, when I went into the fields after breakfast, to see how the hands were getting on among the sugar-cane, one of them, a great hulking Kaffir, who had been nearly two years with me, came up and asked leave to go to his kraal. They were all obliged to do this, not being free laborers, but refugees from the neighboring kingdom of Zululand; and as the colony was already overstocked, the law obliged them to work for three years at lower wages than their fellows, and did not allow them to go away even for a day without their master's permission.

I was very busy at the time, preparing for the crushing season, and told him that it was out of the question, asking at the same time why he wanted to go. The answer was, his ancestral spirit had appeared to him and told him to go. Feeling rather curious, I asked him to tell me all about it; and he related the following story, which I will give in his own words.

"Two nights ago, on coming home from work at dusk, I saw a green snake on the fence that surrounds our huts; on going up to it, I saw by the markings that it was one of those that the old men had told me contained our ancestral spirits. Wishing to please it, for fear they might hurt me, I went into my own hut, and took some thick milk and maize-beer, and some of the meat of that ox that died a few days ago, and was in the act of coming out, when it met me. Although it is not lucky to go backwards through one's doorway, I was obliged to do so, to get out of its way. It came into the centre of the hut, and raised itself on its tail, and looked at me. I was very much frightened; perhaps it was not an ancestral spirit at all, and might bite; but to make sure, I put down the food close to it, and shouted out all the praises and great names which belong to our family. By and by it lowered itself,

and without looking at, or taking any notice of, my offering, went out.

"I was glad it had done so, but did not think much more about it; and after having my supper, and smoking wild hemp for an hour with the other men, I went to sleep. It must have been a long time after that I had a dream, for when I awoke the fire was out: I saw my father, who, you know, was killed in the battle of the Princes, standing and looking angrily at me. I saluted him. He did not answer, nor speak for a long time, but at last said, 'What are you doing here among the whites, when your father's house is being destroyed? Get up early, and go.' I tried to say something, but could not, and in the effort awoke. The moonlight was streaming in through the wicker-door, and sitting full in it was my ancestral spirit-snake, motionless, and looking at me as it had done before; and then I knew I had in truth seen my father.

"I did not sleep much more that night; indeed it was near dawn; and as soon as Umpondo" (the European overseer) "was up, I asked leave to go; but he would not let me, and I was afraid of the magistrate if I went in spite of him, so I worked as usual all day. Some of the men, whom I told about it, said, 'You are sure to die; the spirits are angry.' In the evening, when I entered my hut, there was the green snake again, lying in the same place, only this time it never moved or noticed my entrance. I was glad to get out quickly and sit in the big hut with the other men; and when I returned to sleep, it had disappeared.

"This night, my father appeared again, and at the same time too, for I had heard the cocks crowing when I awoke previously, and I heard them immediately afterwards this morning.

"He looked ten times more cross, just as he used to when his wives bothered him, and only spoke once to say, 'Get up early, and go.' I awoke immediately; and there, in the very spot he had been standing, was the green snake. I knew it understood me, so I said I would go, whatever happened; and that if you would not let me, I should run away. As soon as I had finished, it turned round, and left the hut. Now, may I go?"

I was rather puzzled what to say; the man was evidently speaking in good faith, and if I kept him, he would only half work; but then I reflected that his kraal was beyond the boundaries of the colony, where he would be certainly killed if found and I could not afford to lose so good a laborer, besides, I was really very short-handed, and so I told him; and he walked away looking very grand and sulky. Next morning, he had absconded, and I did not think it worth while to send the police after him, but merely reported it as a case of desertion to the magistrate, never expecting to hear anything more of him.

About a week after, on coming outside at daylight, who should I find but Jack squatting under the verandah post, accompanied by two native girls and an old woman, carrying something on her back tied up in a greasy goatskin, which, on inspection, proved to be two little naked black babies.

"Hollo, Jack, where have you turned up from?" I said.

"From Zululand, sir."

"And who are all these?"

"My mother and sisters."

It was evident something had been wrong at home, and there was the result; but I was anything but angry at seeing Master Jack again, especially as I was rather in want of a girl to help in the house, for my own mother was getting old, and not quite up to the work, though she would not admit it. On looking more closely at him, I noticed he seemed dreadfully thin, and asked when he had food last.

"Three days ago, sir," was the answer.

"Well, go down to the huts, and get something at once. You can apply to the magistrate and get the girls registered afterwards, and when I have heard your story."

When he came back again, having evidently amply made up for his long fast, I made him sit down and take up his story where he had left off.

"When you said I mustn't go, sir, I made up my mind that if I saw my father again, I would run away. That evening, everything happened that had occurred on the previous nights. The snake was there when I came home, and my father appeared as before, only adding to the former sentence of 'Get up early, and go,' the words, 'It is the last time.' When I awoke and found his snake opposite me, I said, 'I am off; but it did not move, nor would it until I had taken my spears and sticks, put on my leopard-skin dress with the wild-cats' tails, and was ready to start, when it glided out before me. I made straight for the Tugela" (the boundary river), "which I reached in the afternoon, but waited till it was dark to cross. It wasn't pleasant swimming over the hole where I had seen so many of our men drown in the great battle, and the alligators quarrelling for them, but I was afraid to ask for the white man's boat, as I had got no pass.

"When I reached the other side, I made direct for our kraal, walking the whole night; but when it dawned, I was still some distance off, and did not dare to go on, for fear of being seen; so I crept into a clump of bush, and lay there all day. I saw several people pass—some that I knew—and just at dusk a company of soldiers came up and sat down under the bush where I was. I soon learned from their talk that they had been sent to destroy some village for sorcery: you know what that means—killing every living thing, men, women, and children, even cats and dogs; sparing nothing. They were going to remain about here, some said under this very bush, until near dawn, and then surround the sleeping kraal. Luckily for me, they saw a better-looking clump a few hundred yards away; and all the younger men were sent to light fires, and make it as comfortable as possible, while their seniors sat and talked. Judge of my feelings when I heard that it was my own home they were going to; and my uncle, now head of the kraal, who was accused of sorcery! Not that I cared much about him: he was a bad man, and had got all my cattle as a reward for fighting on the other side; but my mothers and sisters were there also. I lay quite still, long after the supper star had come out, and the soldiers had all gone to their fires, thinking what I should do. It is so hard to escape when everybody is on the lookout for you, and all the fords into the colony are guarded. After a time, I got up and stole away. It was not necessary to crawl or take much care, for the bright firelight in which the men were sitting prevented their seeing anything outside of its glare. The great danger was at home. If the dogs heard or smelt me, I knew they would rouse everybody, and then all would be lost. At last, I got close outside the kraal-fence opposite our hut, where my own mother and sisters slept; and I lay and listened. Was my uncle in it or not? Of course all my mothers were his wives now. The people were not all asleep, though some were, and all the hut doors were fastened; but I could hear them talking in our hut, women's voices, and at last I distinguished my sister's. You know Umxakazi" (another refugee who had come to me about the same time he had). "Well, he used to be her lover, and often came at night, and called her out by imitating the *tithoya* plover when it is disturbed. I knew all about it, though I always pretended not to hear him, and now I made the same signal. Once, then a long interval, during which I could not hear my sister speaking again. Had she fallen asleep? I repeated it, and after a few minutes' listening the voice said, 'Mother, did you put that bundle of sticks away that you fetched this afternoon? You know how old Umteteva steals.' 'No, I didn't, my child.' 'Then I'll go and do it;' and I heard her unbarring the door, and knew she had recognized the call. She came out, and walking to the private entrance through the kraal-fence, stood still. I croaked like a frog and then she took down the blocks of wood which fastened it, and came on until she saw me, and said in a low tone, 'Umxakazi?' I answered, 'No, it's me, Umkungu. Who is in the hut?' 'No one but ourselves. Where have you come from?' 'Go back and tell our mother I am here. I have come from the colony on important business; and take care you don't wake any one.' She turned back, and I followed to the

door of the hut, and, when I made out that they understood who it was, went in. In a whisper I told them all that had happened; and we consulted what was best to be done. It would certainly be quite impossible to get clear off that night, and probably not easy the next one, with the country all disturbed. By this time, sentinels had no doubt been placed all around; and it was too dangerous to attempt to get through their circle; but I knew a place on the river, about a quarter of a mile off, where I did not think we could be easily discovered, and which I thought we might reach. They told me my two other mothers were away helping to make beer at a neighboring kraal, and I had little compunction in leaving the others to their fate, particularly as to disturb them was to prevent our own escape. I got them to hunt up every bit of food there was; and after making a good meal, for I was very hungry, tied the remainder up. Then the women took their blankets, and we went out, going down to the river by the path used to fetch water, for I felt certain our footsteps would not be noticed there. Then we waded up the stream, avoiding the deep places, for we knew every yard of it, until we reached the spot I thought would do to hide in. We had first to cross a hole taking us over our heads. The opposite bank was high and perpendicular, and covered with small thick bushes, without room, apparently, for a fly to hide in; but in one place the water, when high, had washed out a lump of light soil between two large rocks, and the bushes quite concealed it. We crawled in; there was just room for us all; and there we crouched the whole night, not daring to move.

"I was half-dozing, and daylight had just broken, when we heard the dogs at the kraal barking furiously; in a minute more the war-cry sounded clear through the still morning, and then a tremendous row, dogs barking, howling as they were speared, women and children screaming amidst shouts of, 'Come out, you witches;' 'Set fire to the huts;' 'Stick him;' and now and then the terrible 'Ngahla'" (said by a man when he stabs another, literally "I eat"). "I could feel my mother shuddering as she cowered down beside me: but our attention was soon called away. A lot of men appeared running at full speed on the opposite bank. I recognized my uncle; he was a little in front of his pursuers, who delayed themselves by ineffectually hurling their spears. One, however, running in a slanting direction, was trying to cut him off, and as my uncle passed within twenty yards of him, he pulled up, and poising his assegai for a second, sent it quivering into the wretched man's body. He fell on the spot; and the others coming up, finished him on the ground, amidst cries of 'Ngahla.' I thought we at any rate were to be left in peace; but I suppose they must have heard at the neighboring kraals that my mother and sister had escaped; and knowing from their sentinels that we must be somewhere within their lines, they set to work to beat every bush or hollow capable of concealing a human being. Once, two of them came down to the water, but on reaching the deep place opposite our hiding-place, and seeing how bare the stunted bushes under which we were seemed to be, they skirted along the shallow and passed on. In half an hour one of them came back, got out of the water, and walked along the bank above us, and looked down. Something must have aroused his suspicions, perhaps some involuntary movement, for he stopped and watched the place, and then running down, got into the river, and came along plunging his spear through the bushes. I saw we should be discovered, and quietly rose and slipped into the water till only my head was out, half concealed by a projecting branch. As he came abreast of me, swimming, for it was very deep, I thought it would be all right; he was too much engaged treading water to examine the bank very closely; but unluckily one of those babies made a little squall, and I saw by his face he had heard it. He half turned in the stream. I had a heavy knobkenie in one hand, and making a spring, struck him on the head with it, and throwing my body on his, pressed him down. He must have been half-stunned by the blow, for I got him to the bottom, and catching hold of a root with one hand,

wrenched his spear from him with the other; and in a second more that danger had passed away. I came up again as quietly as possible, and with a look round to see that no one was in sight, got back to my old shelter.

"There is not much more to tell. They kept prowling about till afternoon, when we could hear them driving the cattle off; but we were afraid to move that night, though I went back to the kraal to see if anything had escaped. You would not care to hear what I did see. We lay there all the next day, starving, for we had not brought much food with us, and then started next night. We dared not make for the lower fords, which were sure to be watched, and so lay in a bush all the following day. I was dead-tired, for I had carried those two babies most of the way. My sisters ought to have done it, but one has been sick, and the other is lame. We got to the upper ford in the middle of last night, and here before daylight this morning." And so he finished his story, ending by shouting out praises and thanksgivings to his ancestral spirit, who had saved his mother and sisters.

ROYAL EPITHETS.

THE most elevated title which has ever been conferred upon kings and queens is the unworldly title of "Saint." Royal saints are comparatively numerous in the earlier history of Christian nations. Each of the kingdoms into which our own England was divided before its final unification under the kings of Wessex had his own saints. Royal saints, however, have become fewer and fewer as Christendom has grown older. This decrease of saints upon thrones is not, of course, the result of any increased wickedness of sovereigns as such; it is simply the necessary outcome of the gradual absorption of the ancient popular and democratic right of conferring canonization into the one person of the pope. In early ages a deceased king or queen was declared to be a "saint" by some spontaneous burst of popular and national enthusiasm. The *Vox Populi* was taken as the *Vox Dei*: miracles were supposed to be performed at the saint's tomb, or discovered to have been wrought while the saint lived; a festival day was appointed; offices were drawn up. The popes, so soon as they took official part in such canonizations, had at first little more to do than subscribe their assent and confirmation to the given judgment of some national church. It is certain that any king or statesman declared to be a saint by a popular and national acclamation in our century would be the very last person likely to get his sanctity confirmed by the promulgator of the syllabus.

The most saintly of all the canonized kings of whom we have any clear historical picture was the honest and lovable Louis IX. of France. We need no hagiographer by profession to bear witness to his marvellous sanctity; it comes out clearly enough in the somewhat worldly but awe-struck and admiring Joinville. We have had no "saint" upon our English throne since the death of Edward the Confessor. The canonization of Henry VI. was seriously proposed; indeed, the people carried their part so far that statutes of him were venerated, and he was for some time treated as a saint; but the accession of the rival House of York to the throne, and the impossibility of satisfying the pope, prevented the meek and simple king from leaving his name upon the English list of sainted monarchs.

The Church of England, after the Restoration, was greatly inclined to canonize Charles I.; and until a late period he was constantly spoken of as a Martyr, and there is at least one church in England called after his name. Mr. Carlyle, on the other side, has given his canonization to Oliver Cromwell. Some kings have had the title "saint" in one place and among certain persons, but have been no saints in other places and to other persons. This was the case with many of the early national saint kings, especially in England and Scandinavia. The Norman primate, Lanfranc, wiped off the names of many national saints from the calendar of the church of conquered England. It was

part of the process of romanizing and denationalizing our church. This is still more remarkably the case with one of the greatest kings who ever reigned, and to whom the church probably owes more than to any earlier or later monarch—Charles the Great. Charles, a thorough German, was for a long time the chosen patron-saint of the German students of the splendid University of Paris, although he was unacknowledged as a saint by the Roman court, for he had been canonized by an old anti-pope, Paschal III. and that by the demand of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Louis XI., the least saintly of all kings who have ever ruled, imagining the Great German Cæsar to have been his predecessor as “Charlemagne,” king of France, ordered saintly worship to be given to him, and fixed upon the 28th of January as his feast-day in the church of France. The saintship of Charles the Great, however, was never adopted by that church; but in the seventeenth century the University of Paris proclaimed him as its patron, and ordered his day to be solemnized every year. M. Guizot, who, like all his countrymen, still regards the great Frankish Cæsar as a Parisian Frenchman, tells us that “In spite of the hesitations of the *Parlement* of Paris, and the revolutions of our century, it is still celebrated as the chief fête-day of the great classical schools in France.” The German Cæsars, however, were able to reckon one saint amongst them, Henry II., who was elected in the year 1002; his wife shared the honor of canonization, probably from the fact that they had no children, and that she retired into a convent after the emperor’s death. Austria has had her Saint Leopold (the Margrave), and Hungary her sainted Stephen, Ladislaus I., and Margaret. A full list of the kings and queens who have borne this epithet would leave too little room for the monarchs who appear in history with more earthly titles.

Probably the nearest epithet to that of “Saint” is that of “the Pious,” which was borne by Charles the Great’s weaker successor in the empire, Louis the Pious. He is also, of course, claimed by the French historians as a French king, and the *Ludwig der Fromme*, who died with a German exclamation upon his lips (“*Aus, aus!*”), appears in lists of the French monarchs as *Louis le Débonnaire*,¹ from whence he reappears in modern English and American histories as Louis the Gentle. Amongst Sweden’s fourteen Erics (the name is the same as the German Heinrich and our Henry) she possesses in the ninth of the list an Eric the Pious. The ninth Eric of Sweden, like the ninth Louis of France, also bore the title of Saint. It was originally given him by a really popular and national canonization. He was in church, either on the 11th or the 18th of May, 1151, when news was brought to him that Magnus of Denmark had landed on the coast and was marching against him. He said calmly: “Let us at least finish the sacrifice: the rest of the festival” (it was Ascension-tide) “I shall keep elsewhere.” When the mass was ended, he went forth at the head of his guards; and after a brave defence, was slain, the hagiographies say, by the pagans. He came to be regarded as the ideal good king in Sweden; he had compiled a code of laws from the ancient constitutions of the nation, and “St. Eric’s Law” was long spoken of in Sweden with that kind of reverence with which the laws of St. Edward (the Confessor) were regarded by the English people under the rule of the foreign Normans. Hungary and Spain are the only other nations which now occur to me as having given the epithet of Pious to either of their kings. Stephen the Pious, who died in 1308, was the first king of Hungary. He has long held amongst the Magyars the same place as ideal king of their nation as Eric holds amongst the Swedes. Like so many kings who appear in history with religious epithets, he was the founder or establisher of the church among his people, and the secular destroyer of paganism. Rome, either by her Cæsar or her pontiff, by the temporal or the spiritual head of Christendom, was supposed alone to have the power of changing counts and dukes into kings. Pope

Sylvester II. sent the crown to Stephen, and bestowed upon him the official title of the Apostolic king which still is used by his successors the Austrian monarchs. Stephen was afterwards canonized, like other kings of Europe who stood in a like relation to the christianization of their peoples. The claim of Philip III. of Spain to his epithet of Philip the Pious had been vindicated by Arch-deacon Churton in the interesting essay prefixed to his translation of the poet Gongora.

Perhaps the most desirable title any king could covet after that of “Saint” or “the Pious” (or perhaps before them) is “the Good.” The other titles came in time to be only obtainable from the clergy, who were but a section of the nation, or from an extra-national bestower, the pope. But the epithet of “the Good” was attributed to monarchs by a more universal and unquestionable voice. When the gift of canonization had become little more than official, by totally passing from the nation and people to the Roman Bishop, this epithet was the highest tribute of love and approval which nations as a whole could bestow upon their princes. It was borne by many sovereigns between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. Richard the Good, Duke of Normandy, the grandfather of our William the Conqueror, died in 1026. Norway a few years later lost her Magnus the Good. Charles the Good, Count of Flanders, was assassinated before the altar of St. Donatus, in Bruges, early in the eleventh century. John the Good of France, the second French John, died in London in 1564. The maxim is attributed to him: “If justice and good faith are banished from the rest of the world, they ought still to be found in the hearts and on the lips of kings.” He certainly gave an example of the maxim in his own person; for when the English had released him on his kingly word of honor, he voluntarily surrendered himself prisoner as soon as he found that he could not fulfil the conditions on which he had received his liberty. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, whom the Council of Basel declared “First Duke of Christendom,” has had the grounds of his title set forth by Comines. This mighty prince, who died at Bruges in 1367, was at once the patron of art, the developer of commerce, and the friend of scholars; and Erasmus compared him to those great ancients who were the ideal princes of the men of the Renaissance. George the Good was for a time amongst a certain class of our fellow-countrymen proposed as a fit designation for George III. The title has been given with a fuller assent, and on clearer grounds, to one who was not a reigning sovereign, the late Prince Albert.

The epithet which still demands the severest scrutiny of historical criticism in many of its specified applications is undoubtedly that of “the Great.” There are a greater number of regal claimants for this than for any other title. Ancient history is full of them; as Cyrus the Great, Alexander the Great, Pompey the Great, Herod the Great, and many more. The Roman Empire had on its eastern throne, which was founded by a Constantine the Great, a Theodosius the Great, and a Justinian the Great. It was destroyed by a Mohammed the Great (the second). The German Cæsars, of whom a Charles the Great was the first, include in their list Otto the Great (the first) and Henry the Great (the fourth). The epithet is also borne by the fourth Henry of France. Russia had her Vladimir the Great in her first Christian king, and her Peter the Great; Poland, her Casimir the Great (the third); Navarre, her Sancho the Great. In the last years of the tenth century, there were three contemporary monarchs with this epithet, Otto, Vladimir, and Sancho. Prussia has had her Frederick the Great, whose right to the epithet has been demonstrated with such pious admiration by Mr. Carlyle; and Hungary her Louis the Great (the first). The French *le Grand* seems better suited to the Fourteenth Louis of France than our English word Great. Most of the sovereigns whose names have come down to us with this suffix have either been great conquerors, founders of great reigning houses, or great legislators who have marked an epoch in the political history of their peoples. Three kings have borne this title in our own land, Alfred, Canute, and William I.

¹ The word has been at least half-adopted into the English tongue. Pepys uses it to describe the character of the queen of Bohemia, daughter of our James I.

The greatness of Louis XIV. was a sort of attitudinizing greatness. He had a kind of magnificence which was splendid in the eyes of courtiers and valets, but it was of a lower kind than that of our own West-Saxon Edmund the Magnificent, "the transactions of whose reign," said William of Malmesbury, "are celebrated with peculiar splendor even down to our times," — that is, nearly three hundred years after the death of Edmund. Two princes of later date are known by this epithet of Magnificent — one, the Florentine Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who died in 1492, attended on his death-bed by the rigorous patriot and saint of Florence, Savonarola; the other, Suleiman the Magnificent, who, a few years later, startled Christendom in the midst of the excitement about Luther, and excited Luther himself, by pitching his Moslem tents before Christian Vienna.

Our old historian, Florence of Worcester, has not only provided Edmund with the epithet of the Magnificent, but he has attached some splendid epithets to the name of each of the great conquering English kings of the tenth century. Edward the son of Alfred is the Unconquered, Athelstane is the Glorious, Edred the Excellent, Edgar the Pacific. The last epithet has been attached to the names of the Emperor Frederick III. and of our James I. Florence wrote whilst he and his fellow-countrymen had to see foreigners sitting upon the throne of the English, and he took a kind of national pride in the recollection that it had once been occupied by great Englishmen.

The Bold, a character of great esteem in the chivalrous Middle Ages, was borne by Boleslaus the second duke and first king of Poland; the kingly crown was placed on his head by the German Cæsar, as presumed secular head of the Christian world. Burgundy had two Bolds — Philip, who died in 1404; and the famous Charles (called as often *le Téméraire*, or the Rash), under whom the great middle kingdom burst in pieces. The Bold princes were sometimes described by the suffix of the name of the king of beasts, as Louis VIII. of France, Louis the Lion, Henry the Lion, Duke Boleslaus I. of Poland the Lion-hearted, and Richard the Lion-hearted of England. Philip the Bold's son is known as Duke John Fearnought, or the Fearless; and Philip III. of France as Philip the Hardy. Such epithets as the Grim, borne by Kenneth IV. of Scotland, and by Ivan IV. of Russia, who first took on himself the title of Czar, mark the passage from the good use of strength to the bad use of it. We find amongst the kings of Castile a Pedro the Cruel, who died in 1369. The emperor Henry VI. had received the same epithet in the end of the twelfth century.

Two kings of France have been decorated with the title which was coveted by James the "British Solomon" — Robert the Wise (the second), in the end of the tenth century; and Charles the Wise (the fifth), the son of that John who died in England. Castile had her famous Alfonso the Wise, who reigned during the latter half of the thirteenth century. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, Spain called her Ferdinand IV. the Wise. Sancho III. of Castile is known as the Beloved, an epithet granted for a time to the wretched Louis XIII. but afterwards recalled; it was borne earlier and more justly by a predecessor, Charles VI.

The moral epithets bestowed upon monarchs demand, in many cases, as I have already said, a critical reinvestigation. A great number of kings have been distinguished by their mere physical qualities. Thus, we find a Spanish Sancho the Fat (the first) in the tenth century; he was preceded by a Frankish Charles the Fat in the ninth century. Portugal knows her Alfonso II. as the Fat. France had amongst her Capetian kings a Charles the Handsome (her fourth Charles), and a Philip the Handsome, also her fourth Philip. The latter is sometimes called the Fair, the epithet bestowed also upon Philip I. and upon the Austrian Frederick III. Some kings have taken their epithets from their physical defects, as two monarchs of the ninth century — Michael the Stammerer, on the throne of the eastern Cæsars; and Louis the Stammerer, who was crowned Western Emperor by the pope at Troyes. The

Emperor Albert I. was known as Albert the One-eyed; our Richard III. as Crook-back; the Spanish Henry III. as the Sickly; and Boleslaus III. of Poland as the Wry-mouth. The sainted Emperor Henry is sometimes marked down as Henry the Lame. I might increase the list with kings known as the Black, the White, the Red, the Curly, the Gouty, the Short; but I could attach no lively interest to each unless I could enter into such an amount of detail as would make this paper unreasonably long. All such titles are chiefly important to us as rough, but characteristic expressions of contemporary criticism.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A PERSIAN POEM.¹

OF the many who have recently seen the Shah of Persia in all the glory of his diamonds, few are acquainted with anything more than the names of the most famous Persian writers; indeed, beyond specimens of Hafiz and Safi, there is nothing translated, and those have not got into general circulation. Oriental poetry, like Oriental art, has its own peculiar genius, and the Western mind must be trained before it can enjoy or admire it. The poem of "Joseph and Zulaikha," one of the gems of Persian poetry, by Abderahman Ibn Ahmed, — or, as he is usually called, Nured-din Jami from the place of his birth, — is, perhaps, the work most likely to be attractive, though we doubt whether the most patient of readers could get through the poem as a whole, in spite of its many beauties. The present modest little brochure, which contains the analysis of the story with connected specimens of the most interesting portions, is quite enough to satisfy an English reader. There is no name attached to the work, only the initials "S. R." at the end of the preliminary notice. The translation reads, freely and fluently; and it has evidently been a labor of love — a memorial of the translator's own love and admiration for the poem. It is, apparently, printed for private, or at least very limited circulation. We could have wished that we had been told a little more about Jami himself. He was born 1414 A. D., or 817 of the Hegira. He dedicated his whole life to literature, and appears to have been a very prolific writer: the titles of thirty-four of his works in prose and sixteen in poetry remain. He wrote on all subjects, — history, religion, theology, morals, — and numerous expositions of the mystical doctrines of the branch of Mohammedanism to which he belonged. His strong mystic tendencies are very evident in his treatment of the present poem; for, though the story of the love of Joseph and Zulaikha is so ardent in its descriptions as to make the Song of Solomon seem "like snow in summer," still it is evident throughout that a deep mystic meaning underlies the whole. The love and sufferings of Zulaikha are intended to represent not alone an earthly passion for a lover, but the aspiration of a human soul after its Maker — the pangs of separation, and the ardent desire for reunion with the fountain of life and source of all good, from which it has been banished to the wilderness of this mortal life. The poem, however, is not an allegory, but a very beautiful and passionate romance. Zulaikha is redeemed from the ignominy that has been attached to her as the "wife of Potiphar," and Joseph comes out with all the brilliancy with which Eastern traditions have endowed him, and which lies quite outside our Bible history. His knowledge of magic (which he might have derived from his mother), his superhuman beauty, his love for Zulaikha (which has its record in the Koran), and his wonderful wisdom in interpreting dreams and foretelling the future, all combine to afford reason enough for Zulaikha's frantic and ungovernable passion. The poem of "Joseph and Zulaikha" has never yet been brought before the English reader, although Professor Rosenweig has translated it into German. We shall endeavor to give our readers some idea of a work that is one of the great glories of Persian poetry. Orientals always take their time about everything, and in the midst of

¹ Analysis and Specimens of the Joseph and Zulaikha: an Historical-Romantic Poem, by the Persian Poet, Jami. London. 1878.

the strongest emotions of joy or grief they make innumerable digressions, and stop to elaborate their metaphors and similes with a minuteness that greatly detracts from their freshness and suggestiveness. This habit renders Oriental poetry fatiguing to a European reader.

In the present work the commencement of the story is delayed by a series of long preludes: these may be supposed to represent the galleries and ante-chambers which those who are about to enter the presence of royalty have to traverse before they reach the inner sanctuary, where majesty abides. These preludes are full of beauty, and evince the pious, earnest spirit with which the poet began his labors, and are evidence that a deep sense is hidden under the highly-colored descriptions of an earthly passion.

After invoking the blessing of the Deity on his work, and praying that all he does may be for the glory of the Eternal, and not with a view to himself, the poet alludes to the subject he has chosen:—

And nothing but a name has yet been left of its story.
In this the wine house of pleasant histories,
I find not an echo of this sweet melody.
The guests drank the wine and forthwith departed,—
Departed, and left only the empty wine jars.

This is the feeling that underlies our interest in viewing old portraits, old ruins, and in reading the records of long ago. Jami then proceeds to a long celebration of the Divine greatness, and finally sums up his counsel to men by saying,—

Wherefore it is better, that we, an inquisitive handful,
Should polish our mirror from the rust of curiosity,
Sink into forgetfulness of our own existence,
And seat ourselves henceforth on the knees of silence.

Various other poetical halls and galleries have to be traversed, all containing singularly subtle and beautiful thoughts, and all preparatory to this preëminent love story, which was considered by the poet of sufficient importance to be revealed in a vision. The exquisite beauty of some of the passages must not delay us, though we feel like children in a garden who trample over beds of lovely flowers to reach one that catches their eye. Here is what Jami says of Love (it is the idea from which he works out his poem):—

A heart void of the pains of Love is no heart,
A body without heart-woes is nothing but earth and water.
Turn thy face away from the world to the pangs of love,
For the world of love is a world of sweetness.

In the world thou mayst be skilled in a hundred arts,
Love is the only one that will free thee from thyself.
Turn not thy face from love, even if it be shallow;
It is thine apprenticeship for learning the true one.

I have been a nimble traveller on the road of love,
In youth or in age there is nothing like love,
The enchantment of love breathes upon me forever.
“Jami,” it says, “thou hast grown old in love,
Rouse up thy spirit and in love die!
Compose a tale on the pleasures of love,
That thou mayst leave to the world some memorial of thy existence.”

Before we are allowed to reach the presence of Zulaikha, we are artfully prepared to understand the magical and overwhelming influence by which the “Moon of Canaan” (Joseph) “bore away reason from the brain of Zulaikha.” The Orientals believe that Joseph possessed the greatest personal beauty that ever was bestowed on a son of man, and no epithet, no profusion of epithets, is able to set it forth. The story of Joseph when living with his father and brothers differs somewhat from the Hebrew narrative, and goes more into detail; but both records agree in the intense affection he excites in all who saw him except his brethren.

At last we reach the presence of the lovely Zulaikha, and all merely mortal men are bound to fall prostrate at her feet. In the Western land there lived a renowned

king, whose name was Timus. He had a daughter, Zulaikha, whom he loved beyond all things in the world. As to her loveliness, the poet declares “it is not to be comprised within the limits of description.” Nevertheless, he gives a charming picture of her as a young, fresh, happy girl, before passion was stirred or sorrow had come nigh her:—

Never yet had a burden weighed upon her heart,
Never yet had she loved or had a lover;
She slept through the night as sleeps the fresh narcissus,
And bloomed in the morning like the smiling rosebud:
She had not a care beyond her spirits,
So she was cheerful and gay at heart,
And her soul was free from every sorrow
As to what the coming days might bring to vex it,
Or what might be born from the womb of the nights.

One night, whilst in a deep slumber, she had a vision, like those visions of the night which impress Orientals with a sense of being a direct communication from the unseen world, and in which they believe implicitly:—

She saw a blessed figure from the realms of lights
Beauteous as a houri, borne off from the garden of the seventh
Heaven.

When he laughed, —

His laugh was the lustre of the Pleiades;
At one glance happened that which needs must happen,
She became his captive, not with her one but with a hundred
hearts;
Fancy planted in her soul the young shoot of Love.

In the morning her attendants find her still buried in slumber:—

They impress the kisses on her feet,
Her damsels approach to give the hand kiss,
Then she lifeth the veil from her dewy tulip cheeks,
And shaketh off the sleep from her love-languishing eyes.
She looketh round on every side, but seeth not a sign
Of the roseate image of her last night's dream.
For a time she withdrew like a rosebud into herself.
In the grief of not beholding that slender cypress form,
She would have rent the clothes off her body to pieces,
Had not shame withheld her hand.

She goes through the day pretty well:—

She kept the secret tight within her bosom,
As in a ruby mine the hard stone encases the ruby.

But at night,—

She turned her face to the wall of sorrow,
She stooped her back like a crooked lyre,
And tuned it in concord with her own heart's sadness.

She makes eloquent and passionate invocations to her lost dream:—

So all the night long she passed in moanings,
Uttering her complaints to the vision of her friend;
But when the night was gone, to avoid suspicion,
She washed the tears from her blood-suffused eyes.
On her lips, still moist from the cruel struggle of the night,
She impresses deeply the seal of silence.

It is not surprising to be told that—

Zulaikha dwindled in a year like the waning moon,
In a year she had changed from the full to the new,
Seated at night in the gray twilight,
With blood-shot eyes and bowed like its crescent.

Her invocations to Night and to Sleep are touching from their passionate simplicity.

At length she sees again the same vision, which this time speaks to her, and says,—

My heart in sympathy is fettered in thy snare,
And I too am marked by the self-same wound.

But Zulaikha only becomes more frantic on finding it only a dream,—

She tore her clothes as one teareth a rosebud,
She poured out on the ground her heart's blood like the tulip;

Now in her passion she lacerated her face,
Now in her yearnings rendeth her locks hair by hair.

Her poor father is driven to his wits' end by the condition of his daughter. All the wise men and physicians are called together, but they can do nothing. They try the effect of spells and charms to restore her to composure, but with no effect. Sometimes she breaks out into passionate lamentation, sometimes lying as in a trance, but always under the spell of her insane mind:—

Venus, toute entière à sa proie attachée.

And so she continues for another year. At the end of that time, she has a third vision of the same figure that had appeared in her two former ones. She adjures it,—

By the spotlessness of Him who hath created thee spotless,
Who hath selected thee from the beautiful beings of both
worlds,

Shorten, I beseech thee, the term of my anxieties,
Give me to know thy name and thy city.

The vision speaks, and tells her that he is a Prince of Egypt,—the Councillor of the King of Egypt, with high dignity and princedom. On hearing this, Zulaikha recovers her senses. She sends an affectionate message to her father, to tell him she is quite well again. She begins to talk delightfully about all the countries of the world; but her discourse always ends in rehearsing the story of the Egyptians: she faints away, however, when she attempts to utter the name of Egypt's Prince.

The fame of her beauty brings ambassadors to demand her in marriage from all the kings of the world, except from Egypt; but Zulaikha will listen to none of them: she declares that—

The breeze which bloweth from the land of Egypt,
Which bloweth into mine eyes the dust of Egypt,

is a hundred times more precious than the wind which is laden with musk from the deserts of Tartary. Her father, to pacify her, dismisses all the ambassadors, and sends a trusty messenger to Egypt, to offer his daughter in marriage to the Grand Vizier, who is both astonished and enchanted at such unexpected happiness, which he accepts with all the eagerness it deserves. He cannot, however, go to fetch his bride in person, as he cannot be spared from attendance on the king.

Zulaikha's father prepares a magnificent litter, on the model of a bridal chamber; and in this, accompanied by a splendid retinue, and carrying a noble dowry, Zulaikha sets forth, never doubting but that she is going to meet the object of her visions. Night and day they travel.

The beautiful litter, borne on wind-footed dromedaries,
Went swiftly as the rose-leaves before the springtide winds.

When they come near Memphis, the Grand Vizier goes forth to meet his bride. The nurse, to gratify the impatience of Zulaikha, makes a small slit in the curtain of the tent. The disappointment and despair of Zulaikha may be imagined, when she beholds Potiphar instead of the Prince of her vision! Her despair is mitigated "by the bird of mercy," "a secret angel" who comforts her, and promises that "out of her perplexity shall come deliverance." The Grand Vizier conveys her to Memphis, where she is lodged magnificently, and apparently left in perfect freedom; but she continues in her misery. All this time Joseph is living with his father and his brethren. He, too, has visions, but they are of his own future greatness; and his heart is untroubled. The story of Joseph is narrated according to the Koran, and with more detail than in our own version. Malik, the leader of the Midian caravan, is anxiously expected in Egypt; the news of the beautiful slave of the Hebrew race whom he brings with him has already preceded him, the King himself desiring to have the first sight of him. When Joseph is brought out from the palace, a crowd has gathered round the gate to behold him. Zulaikha, passing at the moment in her litter, catches a glimpse of him, recognizes him, and, on her return home,

persuades Potiphar to go to the king, who is intending to purchase him, and to request, as a reward for his services, that he may buy Joseph and adopt him for his son. The king consents, and Joseph becomes an inmate of Potiphar's household. We should say that Zulaikha had given her husband all her own jewels and treasures to enable him to pay the immense price demanded. For a time Zulaikha is happy and quiet; Joseph conducts himself blamelessly and prudently, and no sign is given that he entertains any feelings for Zulaikha beyond profound respect. The only indication given is the gentle coldness with which he repels the affection of an Egyptian princess, who, having heard his fame from afar, comes to see him, and falls distractedly in love; but Joseph talks so wisely to her, that she goes back home "freed from the ferment of passion," and, building a little house of piety on the banks of the Nile, gives her life up to works of charity.

Zulaikha's passion for Joseph becomes uncontrollable. It seems that Potiphar had enjoined her to treat him with every consideration as a son of the house, not as a slave; the result is, that the more favor Zulaikha shows him, the more reserved he grows:—

Zulaikha fixes her eyes on that favored countenance,
But Joseph declineth his to the instep of her foot.
Zulaikha regardeth him with glowing looks;
Joseph sealeth his eyes, and will not see them.

There is much beautiful poetry lavished on this portion of the story. Zulaikha is not allowed to incur the reader's contempt or dislike. Jami shows himself a thoroughly chivalrous gentleman in his treatment of this hazardous passage. Zulaikha is always a woman to be profoundly pitied; and her struggles and self-reproaches keep her from losing our interest. Even when, in a frenzy of rage and shame, she accuses him falsely, her crime is not palliated, but the criminal is treated with compassion. The whole interest of the poem centres in Zulaikha. The innocence of Joseph is attested by a miracle; all the people refuse to believe his guilt, and he reigns in prison as a king rather than a captive. But the reader is carried back to Zulaikha, her remorse and despair. When after a lapse of time, Joseph is called from prison by Pharaoh, he refuses to come out until his innocence is declared. Zulaikha confesses her guilt; Potiphar dies shortly after; Zulaikha retires to her misery, living in obscurity. Falling into premature old age and blindness, she builds a small house of reeds, whence she can hear the sound of his horse's feet, as Joseph rides to and fro from the city on the king's business:—

When the neighing was heard of Joseph's charger,
Zulaikha would come forth in the guise of a beggar,
And would take her place in the narrowest path,—
Hold up her hand like a petitioner for justice.

But amid all the noise and pomp, and the commands "to clear the way," nobody hears or notices her. At last, in her misery, she turns her thoughts to the God of Joseph; forsakes her idol, and confesses the true God. The eloquence with which she celebrates the praise of Allah attracts the ear of Joseph, who is strangely moved by her voice. He orders the Chamberlain to bring her to the Palace, and grants her a private audience: she narrates her whole story, and desires that he will pray for her restoration to her former state; and at his prayer she recovers all her pristine beauty. She then beseeches him to marry her; before he can answer, the Angel Gabriel brings word that the marriage has been decreed in Heaven. The marriage is accordingly proclaimed and celebrated in the presence of the court with great pomp and rejoicing. Joseph is now as much in love with Zulaikha as even her heart can desire, and the Victory of Love is perfect.

The lover whose desire is fixed on a true love
Will at last obtain the title of Beloved;
Who ever trod the path of sincere love
That did not in the end become the beloved from the Lover!

Set at rest in her earthly affection, Zulaikha is much

drawn towards divine things. Joseph, perceiving her devotion to her new faith, builds her a beautiful prayer house, and when it is completed he conducts her to it. Tenderly taking her by the hand, he seats her on a throne, and says, —

Oh! thou who by every kind of kindness
Hast made me ashamed to the day of resurrection, etc.

The whole address is beautiful, but too long for quotation. Joseph and Zulaikha live in wonderful happiness for forty years, and have many children, and every desire of their heart is granted, when —

Riseth suddenly the breeze of vicissitude,
And the simoon of separation doeth its work.

Joseph has a dream, which foretells his death. He tells Zulaikha the secret, who retires to her closet, narrow and dark, and unknoweth from each other her night-black tresses, and lies in an agony of grief, which kept her from knowing night from day. Joseph prepares for his end, as one summoned before a great king: he puts all things in order, and rejoices with a solemn awe at the summons which is to take him to the kingdom of Eternity. Gabriel appears to him as he is in the act of mounting his horse, and warns him that his end is close at hand; upon which Joseph receives this as a joyful message: he "summoned to his presence one of the heirs of his power, seated him in his own place as ruler of the country, and bequeathed to him in his will his own great deeds." He sends for Zulaikha to give her his last adieu, but she is in no state to be brought, at which he is much distressed.

He said, I fear the scar of this misery
Will remain on her heart to the day of resurrection.

He could not go to seek her, for the moment of his departure had come: —

There lay an apple in the palm of Gabriel,
He placed the apple in the hand of Joseph,
And he scented its spirit and yielded up his soul.
In its perfume he recognized the garden of Eternity,
And attracted by its perfume hastened to the garden.

Zulaikha lies insensible for three days, and then she has herself carried to his grave, and expires upon it. Her attendants bury her by the side of Joseph. The conclusion is exquisitely pathetic. Indeed, no one can read the poem without being touched with sympathy for the love and sufferings of Zulaikha; they are as fresh and human as though they were the story of yesterday. The mystic meaning which the poet has infused into his work does not in the least detract from the human interest of the story, though it gives it a force and dignity beyond what can be carried by any human passion.

English readers are much indebted to "S. R.," who has translated these specimens of the great Persian poet, and who has given so full an analysis of the whole work.

THE FOURRIERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

The things themselves are neither rich nor rare:
The wonder's how the d—l they got there!

EVERY visitor to Paris is more or less accurately acquainted with the Morgue: there is, however, an institution analogous in character, which scarcely any foreigners, and comparatively few even of the inhabitants of Paris, know much about: it may be called the Morgue of things, and is termed the Fourrière. This by no means uninteresting dépôt is a succursal of the Préfecture de Police, specially devoted to the harboring and protection of all waifs and strays encumbering the streets of "Paris et sa banlieue," and is consequently stored with lost, mislaid, forsaken, and unclaimed property of every description. The

mass of heterogeneous articles warehoused beneath its expansive roof furnishes, in its singular detail, an abundance of the most intricate suggestions. The Fourrière likewise receives stray animals of whatever kind. This unique magazine, situated in the Rue de Pontoise, is a solid structure of spacious dimensions, protected by a strong wall, and defended by two Gardes Municipaux. Moreover, a *drapeau* — the French are fond of these demonstrative attributes of power — faded and tattered, it is true, but still a *drapeau*, droops, rather than waves, above its entrance, and imparts to it an imposing *cachet* of officiality.

Its iron gates, closely boarded within, are opened only to the bearer of a permit, and admit the visitor into a yard, on one side of which is the dwelling, on the other the *bureau*, of the Contrôleur: among the latter is a small chamber, serving as a petty court of justice in cab disputes; for, unless of a grave character, they are heard and settled here. It is in this office, therefore, that plaintiff and defendant undergo their examination, and learn the decision of the Préfecture. For the better administration of justice, in cases where it may become necessary to confront the parties, this room is so constructed as to admit of isolating them while establishing between them the required means of communication.

The centre compartment of the Fourrière may be called a coach, or rather, cart-house, and is of large proportions, roughly but substantially roofed. Within it are stowed stray and ownerless vehicles, for, strange to say, such are constantly found by the police in the Paris streets. It is by no means unusual for the driver of a cart, or the coachman of a street-carriage to turn into a wine shop or *cabaret*, and there forget himself, leaving his vehicle standing at the door; and disreputable hackney-coachmen are frequently known to take their horse out of the shafts and sell him, abandoning their carriage in the middle of the road, while they go off to the *barrière* to get drunk on the money. Sequestered here, we found cabs, hand-carts, trucks, barrows, and a solitary perambulator, representing the practical results of police surveillance.

Hither, too, every public carriage destined to ply for hire in the streets of Paris must be brought, to acquire the necessary license, and to receive its number, in exchange for the prescribed fee of seventy centimes to the Contrôleur.

Among the vehicles in custody, we found a curiously constructed phaeton, clumsy in shape and proportions, to which our guide pointed contemptuously, observing it was a Prussian "machine," left in the outskirts after the siege. We also noticed wheels and other portions of omnibuses, collected, as we learned, from the *débris* of barricades, after the streets were disencumbered of these obstacles; among other curiosities was a perfectly incomprehensible consignment of eight enormous barrels, the presence of which on the spot where they were discovered no one could explain: they were brought hither from a field outside the *mur d'enceinte*, and on being opened, proved to be closely packed with *opal lamp-shades*! They had stood here about fifteen months without being claimed.

Above, is a broad, boarded gallery, following the walls and reached by a wide, roughly-constructed step-ladder. Having ascended it, we found ourselves in presence of the most inconceivable collection of chattels and properties — we cannot call them "goods" — of every possible description. Incongruous, ill-conditioned, and worthless as they are, however, every object that composes this wonderful aggregate is labelled, numbered, and dated, as well as inscribed with a brief outline of what is known of its history: all these details are likewise entered in a register.

Before us, surrounded by a coarse matting, is a crazy *mobilier*, which, we learn on reading its ticket, has been standing here for about a twelvemonth; it was found in the Rue St. Victor, having been turned out of doors by the owner's landlord, who had for some time previously ceased to receive any rent from him. There were several such parcels, but the description of one will serve for all: a deal table, minus a leg, its leaves hanging by part of a hinge; two or three heavy arm-chairs, with oval backs,

covered in torn and faded Utrecht velvet, the original hue of which few would be bold enough to determine; a cracked mirror in a broken frame; a couch which reminds us of Noah's ark; a clumsy wooden bedstead, with straw-stuffed mattress; rusty stew-pans; cracked basins; spoutless jugs and handle-less cups; two or three lithographs, stained and torn, of battle-scenes—"les gloires de la France!"—in blistered frames, once gilt, but now chipped, peeled, and cracked at the corners; broken china ornaments; a child's cradle; a battered *modérateur* lamp, etc., etc. Whence has it all come, and where are those who lived among these things? The official superscription tells only the brief and melancholy tale of its detention: there is nothing but our own imagination to help out the living history of its antecedents, full, no doubt, of strange adventure, and incidents that could not even be dreamed of out of Paris.

Farther on we come to a series of bundles—bundles of every size and description, containing, Heaven only knows what!—bundles sewn up in matting, corded up in drugget, tied up in a table-cover, in a blanket, a sheet, a brick-red pocket-handkerchief. Here we find a pair of steps and several ladders of various sizes; there, three glaziers' frames side by side, with their squares of glass on them—the owners probably had set them down while they went on some errand of amusement, or possibly they may have been abandoned by some runaway apprentice; beyond is a heap of rotten, discolored mattresses, taken, we are told, from the barricades in the Rue de Rivoli; near these, the stock-in-trade of an itinerant vendor of crockery, followed by a number of large, battered tin milk-vessels; and then the counter of a wine-shop with all its lead fittings and brass taps; with it, a bagatelle-board, its green baize cover moth-eaten, torn, and stained, and few of its balls and cues still surviving; parcels of old books; portfolios of mildewed, blistered prints; files of old papers; broken musical instruments, a hand-organ, a stringless guitar, and a violin with the back unglued, probably the sole companion in misery of some wretched itinerant musician; old boots and old umbrellas, and at the extreme end four or five sacks of corn, proclaimed by the label they bear to have occupied the spot since the winter of the year 1869.

Doubtless many a melancholy—who knows? perhaps many a romantic—history attaches to the miserable relics with which we are surrounded, and not a few are too obviously connected with misfortune, squalor, and crime. One little worn and crumbling *mobilier*, the Contrôleur told us, was the property of a poor old fellow who had once carried on a respectable business, but the long illness of his wife, and his own discouragement after her death, together with the extravagant and heartless conduct of a grandson, had reduced him to such abject poverty that he found himself unable to continue in the humble domicile he had for many years occupied: he consequently paid up his last *trimestre*, took a single room, and craved a corner for his furniture at the Fourrière, in the delusive hope of being able one day to pay the warehousing, and take it back; year after year, however, passed without bringing any prospect of this consummation, and meantime each component article was becoming more faded, more broken, and more worthless: the aged owner, not less broken and decrepit himself, still seemed to retain a feeling of attachment for these mute witnesses of his happier years, and was in the habit of creeping from time to time, to the Fourrière to inspect his poor little property, and note its caducity, which, as if by sympathy, kept pace with his own.

The Contrôleur, touched by the sad and silent perseverance with which he watched the mouldering remains of his former life, told him one day that if he liked to remove them he would remit the charge incurred, but the forlorn old man only looked up helplessly, and mournfully shook his head. At length his visits ceased altogether, and we could not but share the opinion expressed by the Contrôleur that his tottering steps would bring him hither no more.

From this gallery, on either side, open several lofts, in which is piled up and stowed away an endless amount of

rubbish. One of these seemed to be devoted entirely to baskets of every shape, size, and destination; another to bottles; a third to planks and scaffold-poles, odd pieces of wood and timber, and so on.

There does not appear to be any stipulated period for clearing out this heterogeneous mass of deposits: their disposal—if not claimed within a certain time—depends on the will of the Préfet de Police, without whose directions they cannot be meddled with.

The stables and kennel are placed respectively on either side of the central *hangar* we have described, and afford a spectacle of another order. In the former, three or four jaded hacks stand with dejected mien before their empty mangers, awaiting the issue of their fate; oxen, goats, sheep, asses, any cattle indeed, straying or trespassing in the public highway are seized and impounded here to share their gloomy captivity. Occasionally, as we have said, a *voiture de place* is found standing in some street, forsaken by the driver; it is thereupon taken possession of by the police, and brought to the Fourrière: when the coachman, who is often only temporarily engaged in some drinking-place, recovers from his orgy and misses his equipage, he is pretty well aware of the locality in which he must search for it. As soon, therefore, as he presents himself to the Contrôleur, he is required to assist at the minute professional examination to which both vehicle and quadruped are submitted before they can be restored to him or allowed to be again used for the public service. If the horse be found by the veterinary-surgeon attached to the institution to be diseased, worn out, or unfit for use, the driver is obliged to replace him before again plying for hire; and should the wheelwright employed to test the condition of the carriage, pronounce it unsafe, he is compelled to have it properly repaired; if beyond repair, it is condemned and broken up.

To the kennel we next turn our attention, invited by the pitiable wailings of the wretched captives detained there, though, alas! powerless to help them. It is to the tender mercies of the *équarisseur* that the poor brutes are entrusted, and he it is who undertakes to do the honors of his department to visitors. He unlocks their prison-door, then opens it cautiously, looks in, and having ascertained that none of the occupants are at large, enters and admits us, carefully closing the door again. We find ourselves in a paved court consisting of two compartments: along the walls of both, on either side, are built rows of cages divided by wooden partitions; they are of limited dimensions, especially in proportion to the size of some of the inmates. All these are chained; and the accumulated howlings, wailings, barkings, and bayings, which have been proceeding on a crescendo scale since our entrance, now constitute a turmoil absolutely bewildering.

The dogs we see (and hear) are drawn from all quarters of Paris, and comprise, in fact, all canine *flâneurs* found loitering homeless and purposeless in the streets of this dangerous capital; even those lucky dogs who have a servant to wait on them, who live on dainties, sit on cushions, and ride in carriages—should they take it into their heads to enjoy their liberty, and walk out unattended, are, whenever they escape the vigilance of the dog-stealer, liable to the common fate: neither is any more respect shown to the liberty of those grave business-like dogs, who trot along the streets, never hesitating as to which turning they shall take, with an air of self-reliance so pronounced that it is impossible not to believe they are bent on some important errand—even these are relentlessly arrested, and, all protests notwithstanding, are borne off to the Rue de Pointoise: once there they are submitted to the scrutiny of a competent judge, who pronounces to which category each is to be consigned. Some of these canine captives are so handsome, so well-bred, and so unquestionably dogs of birth, that the merest glance suffices to certify their patrician descent, and therefore to determine the treatment they are to receive. Those who can lay claim to the privileges of class are shown to a cell constructed with some view to comfort and sanitary considerations. The floor is of stone, and is made to slope at a slight in-

cline; it is also covered with clean litter, and each pensioner is provided with a tin bowl containing a not very liberal allowance of bones, and a basin of water. This scanty and simple fare, doled out to dogs of the first category only, serves to keep them alive during the eight days they occupy the *chénil*.

During this interval it is competent for their masters to apply for and recover them; but, alas! unless they represent absolute money value, these faithful creatures await too often in vain the reciprocal fidelity and solicitude of their masters.

Every Parisian who loses a valuable dog — after, of course, in the first instance, suspecting he must have been robbed of it — repairs to the Fourrière in the forlorn hope that the animal may have been picked up by the police and carried thither. If such be the case, and he be desirous of recovering him, all he has to do is to describe the dog, prove his ownership, pay the expenses incurred, and obtain restitution.

From a variety of causes, however, it happens that many of even the more valuable dogs are not called for within the prescribed period; a sale therefore takes place every Sunday morning, when they are disposed of to the highest bidder. A written attestation is handed to the purchaser declaring the conditions under which he has obtained the dog, and protecting him from all pursuit on the part of the former owner.

The system of dog-stealing has, of course, been as carefully and successfully cultivated in Paris as in London; we are not therefore surprised to learn that the Fourrière was at one time exposed to frequent raids from the clever fraternity who practise it. Among the tricks by which they managed to cheat the officials, the most frequent appears to have been that known in thieves' slang by the name of *grinchissage*. The *grinchisseurs* always hunt in couples, and their plan was this. One of them would call at the *bureau* and politely request permission to look round the kennel, in the hope of finding there a dog he had just lost. Casting his practised eye over the collection, and while regretting that his missing pet should have fallen a prey to those "rascally dog-stealers," he would be taking advantage of the opportunity to note all the points in any valuable dog that might happen to be confined there; then regretting the trouble he had given, he would withdraw.

Next day came the second, who followed up the game by announcing the loss of a favorite dog, and expressing the hope that it might have been brought there by the police; "perhaps," adds he, "you could tell me whether you have one answering such and such a description." Several robberies were thus effected; but at length the "dodge" was discovered, and a new regulation, founded upon it, was framed, by which no applicant is allowed access to the kennel until he has given a written description of the dog he has come to seek. To this document he must append his name and address, together with that of a respectable referee, should the "administration" see any reason to require it.

During our visit, a woman servant was admitted to inspect the inmates of the kennel with a view to the recovery of her master's little dog, which had been missing since the day previous. Unfortunately for her, it appeared to have found its way into other hands, and so the Contrôleur at once concluded on hearing the description.

"C'était, monsieur," she said mournfully, "une si jolie petite bête! Hélas, si vous saviez! — et gentil, et docile, et fidèle! Ah, mon Dieu," she continued with a deep sigh, "un petit mouton noir tout frisé — mais frisé" —

"Ah, ma foi," replied the Contrôleur, "un mouton noir tout frisé vous sentez bien, ça ne se perd pas; ça se vole; mais un animal de cette espèce, ça doit aller dans les trois cents francs."

"C'est que c'est vrai ce que vous dites là, monsieur; ça valait bien ce que vous dites, et puis le patron l'aimait tant" —

"Ah, mon Dieu, que voulez-vous? Il fallait le garder à la maison; tout de même, si par hasard il trouvait le

chemin de la fourrière, soyez tranquille, on vous le fera savoir tout de suite."

The poor girl, however, seemed to attach but little hope to this issue, and went away with tears in her eyes.

Per contra, a fine frisky, liver-colored setter was brought in, and attracted general admiration from the officials; as there was no doubt as to his value, a place was unhesitatingly assigned him in the rank of the aristos.

As for the poor brutes condemned to the cells of the second category, their condition is a very hard one, and they rarely recross the fatal threshold of their dungeon. Nor is this all: three days constitute the term of their miserable lives from the time they are kidnapped, and during that period neither food nor even water is accorded them!

"Pour ceux-là," said our guide, "ils n'ont aucune valeur; donc, ils ne méritent pas d'être nourris." The sequitur would have been amusing but for the cruelty of the result, yet did we note many expressive and intelligent faces among them, and there was something in the meek resignation with which they seemed to accept their lot. "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," is profusely inscribed on all the Paris buildings, whether standing or in ruins: the Commune forgot to paint this on the walls of the Fourrière, where the distinctions of patrician and plebeian are followed by such invidious results.

At the extremity of the yard is the canine "Place de Grève," where out of the thousand dogs brought monthly to the Fourrière, 650 are mercilessly hung by the *équarisseur*!

We found much in these details to shock our human feelings; and the sight of these poor creatures, deprived of their liberty and of all chance of finding their way back to their homes, exposed to the heat or inclemency of the weather, in a sometimes damp, sometimes sultry yard, without water and without food, for three days and nights — even though unconscious of their impending fate — touched us profoundly, and haunted our imagination long after we had left the kennel. The imploring eyes of some, the resigned attitude of others, the starved and helpless aspect of all, seemed doubly sad in presence of the indifferent, not to say brutal, tone of the "*maître des hautes œuvres*" rendered callous, no doubt by long familiarity with his degrading occupation.

"A quoi bon les nourrir ou les arroser?" said he, with a shrug, as he administered a kick on the nose of one who had thrust it through the bars of his cage, and seemed to be piteously, if mutely, appealing to us to intercede for him. "A quoi bon, quand après-demain ils seront pendus? Ma foi, ils en valent bien la peine, allez."

It would seem that sometimes he is spared the trouble of performing this revolting duty; in a corner which he did not seem to care we should explore, we discerned the starved carcass of a dog that had died in his cage, and near it another who did not seem likely to hold out many hours. Whether these had been forgotten, and had been kept unhung over the usual time, it was impossible to determine; possibly they had been brought in in a more hungry condition than the rest.

On the day of our visit, as we were told, a lady had called at the *bureau*, coolly desiring to leave her dog at the Fourrière. The Contrôleur, surprised at so singular a request, asked for an explanation, apprehending that she did not understand the object and uses of the establishment. She simply replied that she wished them to keep it. "What are we to do with it?" said the official. "Mon Dieu, cela m'est bien égal," answered the lady; "I can't kill it myself; no one will buy it; and I don't mean to pay the tax any longer." Of course the arrangement was altogether repudiated, but doubtless the owner of the superfluous dog indemnified herself by "losing" it in the streets among other waifs abandoned there for similar reasons.

We were not sorry to turn our back on this scene of desolation, and to hurry out of hearing of wails which seemed to betray that in this canine *inferno* all hope had been abandoned at the door.

A thousand unowned or disowned dogs, cast unmuzzled

every month upon the public streets, no doubt present a formidable difficulty to deal with. Still, the question of their treatment deserves attention, and there is every reason to believe that the Société Protectrice des Animaux, which employs itself to so much purpose in Paris, would willingly coöperate in any improvement that a humane ingenuity might suggest.

PLEASURES OF AN AUTUMN IN SPAIN.

YEAR after year the romance of travel is removed further and further from the reach of the tourist, as civilization extends its humanizing influences beyond what we have been wont to consider its recognized frontiers. It was but the other day that the boundless prairies of the West were brought within easy reach of Euston Station. Rail to Liverpool, steamer over the Atlantic, rail again to St. Louis on the Mississippi, and then a hundred miles or so of riding carried you into the country of the buffalo, and offered you every reasonable chance of having your hair lifted by the red man. That is altogether a thing of the past. The buffaloes are fled from the whistle of the locomotive, and the Indians are gone after them. You travel in Pullman's patent cars past the notorious Smoky Fork, the Bent's Bluffs, and the Bloody Fords; and you must penetrate into the remote recesses of the Nevada if you are even to incur a risk from miserable Diggers. This is only a specimen of the revolution that is being wrought everywhere. Russia's pacifying process in the Caucasus has made the skirts of Ararat almost as safe as the valleys that lie round Mont Blanc. No future Vambéry need visit the Tartar Khanates in a perilous masquerade, and Baker Pacha believes he has moved the borders of Egypt within easy sail of the spot where her Majesty's Consul for Southern Africa has established amicable relations with the savages. No doubt there are still localities like Mongolia and Chinese Tartary where you must find your way through hordes of warlike barbarians, riding along precarious gangways of plank pegged to the precipices that hang over bottomless abysses. But then there are not many men who could spare the time for such an expedition as Mr. Ney Elias has successfully undertaken, even if they could manage to muster the extraordinary resolution necessary. Most people desire to compress their autumn excitement into an ordinary holiday-time, and hurry home again to resume their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure.

To such people we would say, Go to Spain. The Peninsula always has plenty to interest; but this season it offers extraordinary temptations to the curious and adventurous tourist. No matter what way his tastes may tend, he can scarcely fail to find something to gratify them, whether he be interested in military operations, regular and irregular, or care to follow the deliberations of the Cortes over those ceaseless constitutional projects which the Ministry so carefully matures; or to watch the working of mob rule in the various revolutionary Communes, or the conflict of capital and labor as carried on with murder and fire-raising in the great commercial cities. He will be thrown into the closest contact with those bolder and more picturesque types of society with which Spain abounds, but which used to be kept in the background when the law was stronger, or when autocrats like Narvaez governed society with the musket. It will be the great charm of his journey that he will be able to count upon absolute safety nowhere. People say that, though there is a good deal of disturbance in Spain, the greater part of the country remains peaceable and indifferent. It possibly may be true. But the worst of it is — or the best of it, as you choose to regard it — that you have no guarantee for the permanence of peace in any particular spot, for the whole land is volcanic, and new Communes break out like new craters in the most unlikely spots. You go to bed one night at the Parador de las Diligencias in the dull old market-place of some grim old city. There is the usual swarm of draped conspirators under your windows, with the folds of the *capa*

cast over their mouths, although the thermometer at midnight would mark something like 100°. You never doubt that they are discussing as usual the price of pork and garbanzos over their home-grown tobacco, and perhaps they are. But you wake next morning to find the town in full revolution. A revolutionary Junta is sitting in the town-hall opposite, presided over by your fellow-passenger in the banquette of yesterday's diligence. Bill-stickers are affixing the Junta's first and latest edict to the gates of the great church, and a couple of its functionaries are on duty at the gates of the Parador, because your fellow-passenger has a bedroom there, or the corporal commanding-in-chief is having his chocolate down-stairs. Probably, in the dignity of their new-born authority, and in their anxiety to avoid complications with foreign Powers, the Junta may courteously kiss the hands of your worship and permit your worship to slip through their own. But then again they may not; and there is always a chance of some subordinate levying a forced benevolence on his own account, and confiscating your bullion to his pressing personal necessities.

So, whatever pessimists may say, you may be pretty certain that you will have no assurance of safety anywhere when once you have crossed the Bridge of the Bidassoa. Even if you pass straight through to Cadiz, you are likely to meet with more adventures than the Knight of La Mancha ever dreamed of, for the police of the Holy Brotherhood kept the Peninsula tolerably tranquil in Don Quixote's days. But if you desire to make the most of your opportunities, you will take one of those circular tours which the enterprise of Mr. Cook has made so popular. You enter, as we have seen, by San Sebastian, touch Carthage on the extreme south, and come back, if you can, by Internationalist Barcelona. The beauty of it is, that, barring the risks inseparable from the free fight that is going on over the length and the breadth of the land, there is little interruption to the travelling. Had Mr. Cook himself bargained with the Spaniards to throw their country into anarchy for the diversion and instruction of his clients, the arrangements for visiting the battle-field could scarcely be more perfect. When you pass the Bidassoa, you learn that the Carlists are in force on the heights to the right which saw so much hard fighting when Soult was being pushed backwards by Wellington. That picturesque-looking old city by the river mouth is Fuenterrabia, where fifteen hundred Carlists assisted at a disembarkation of arms only the other day. You learn that Carlist pickets had been patrolling your road the very evening before your arrival, although those are Republican bayonets that you distinguish glancing in the sun on the slopes in front of you. For that long street which continues the straight road you are driving along is Irun, and Irun is occupied by five hundred civil guards, a company of regulars, and some custom-house officers. The train moves quietly onward, although for obvious reasons a little more slowly than usual. Yet, for all you know, the opposing parties may come in collision just as you cross the ground between them; and when you have been looking forward to breakfast at the station, you may find that you have come up in time to be present at an assault in force on the town. The train moves somewhat more slowly than usual, because accidents will occur even on comparatively level roads when rails are lifted. But when you mount into the wild mountain passes in the province of Vittoria, you become perceptibly more sensitive to that particular form of danger. The curves are so sharp and the gradients so steep that the strongest brakes could hardly save you if they happened to be applied a moment too late. Yet here, in the face of such very probable perils, the train dashes along at a somewhat reckless pace for a mountain line. If you ask the armed conductor the reason, he points out that of two evils it is wise to choose the less. Nothing is more likely than that you may go flying over some precipice at a corner, instead of running round the curve, except, indeed, the probability of the Carlists firing a volley into the windows by way of practical joke, were you to slacken pace sufficiently to tempt them. For the time

being they are invisible, like Clan Alpine warriors before they started into sight at their chieftain's signal whistle; but doubtless the copsewood is quite full of them. It is true the railway directors have contracted with the Carlist leaders that the trains shall go free for a certain blackmail; but subordinates are apt to override such arrangements when they have not been invited to share in the subsidy.

Suppose you emerge from the Carlist country with your person safe, and without having been executed as a Republican spy, or put to ransom for the benefit of the Royal Exchequer. Suppose you escape those independent outlying bands which infest the Guadarrama and the environs of the Escorial. You find yourself in the capital enjoying a new phase of excitement. Here there is no fighting or civil disturbance. It is merely a question of amicably arranging the new constitution of the Federal Republic. It is all to be settled within the walls of the Cortes in Parliamentary debate. You obtain a ticket for the gallery, and, having occasionally assisted at the deliberations of the Versailles Assembly, are not much scandalized by the vigor and fervor of these Southern orators. A burning matter of detail is being debated, and you explain the violent and tedious personalities of the irreconcilables by the certainty of their having to succumb on a division to an overwhelming majority. Soon you surmise that it was not altogether without an object that they have been talking against time. Something like a dull roar is coming through the open windows, and you see faces on the Ministerial bench turning from red to pale in spite of the heat. The debate is hastily adjourned without the objectionable resolution being passed, and when you have made your way out of the door, you are landed in the middle of the Madrid mob. You may have seen the many-headed in the bull ring before, and thought it one of the very ugliest monsters you had ever sat eyes upon. You like its looks much less now, when it has been largely recruited from those desperate ragamuffins who cannot even command a beseta for the bulls, but who can all afford the long Albacete knives which they wear conspicuously in their ragged sashes. Nor is it altogether reassuring, if you care for your life more than for Señor Salmeron and his Constitutions, that the windows of the great Medina Coeli palace opposite should be filled with civic guards and their rifles. It would be so safe in the mean time for those amateur soldiers to pour a volley down among the knives and rusty muskets; and the decent dress which marks you an aristocrat and a foreigner is already causing you very serious anxiety, although the mob as yet has not been lashed into fury. You have, in fact, arrived in Madrid during a Spanish Ministerial crisis, and, as a stranger and a neutral, the situation becomes rather tense for your nerves, when you can never take the shortest walk abroad without passing between the hostile positions of excited politicians of the most advanced opinions.

Proceeding southwards, your speculations take a somewhat anxious turn as you approach the railway junction in the Sierra Morena. It is not that you are doubtful about "establishing connections," but because it is the celebrated Peco who superintends the arrangements of the line, and Peco is a brigand of the good old school, although he can show his colonel's commission from both the Carlists and the Republicans. If you reach Cordova without having been interviewed by Peco, you glide along the banks of the tawny Guadalquivir to Seville; and, had your luck been better, you might have seen the Communists executing their masterly retreat, leaving the city in flames behind them. Shells from an insurgent cruiser are falling fast into fair Cadiz. You cannot carry out your intention of riding from Gibraltar to Malaga by Ronda, because the Internationalists are established in force in the Sierra, and none of the horse-hirers of the Rock will trust his animals in the clutches of these men and brethren. So you take a berth in a coasting steamer. It dares not touch at Malaga, because a bombardment is going on; you can hear the shots as you hold out to sea; and at Almeria you see the visible signs of a bombardment which took place before your visit. Off Carthage you are chased by one of the iron clads of the Murcian navy, and you only escape being made prize of

war because the landsman in command of her cannot sail his ship. Alicante, the port of the capital, is quiet, because it is filled with vessels of war, and all bristling with bayonets; and Valencia, because the Communists have had their will of it already, and left it in comparative solitude. But you find Barcelona in full insurrection; the Commune is proclaimed at last by its thousands of Internationalist workmen; the fort of Montjuich is firing on the town, and the Carlists are occupying the suburbs that have sprung up round the villas of the manufacturing princes. It is out of the question landing there; nor, if you did, would it help you out of the country, which by this time you begin to have had quite enough of. All travelling is stopped on the great line of communication with France, and the Carlists are threatening all the Northern fortresses.

With the exception of the outbreak in Barcelona which is always imminent, and the bombardment of Malaga which was merely avoided by an accident, we have combined these experiences of our imaginary tourist entirely from the telegrams of the last few months, and who shall say that the future does not promise as much sensation as the past? We have avoided Salamanca and Granada, and many other places of interest; but even his flying trip by the chief cities and the main lines must have provided excitement enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

I.

THERE is something attractive and interesting, not only to the critic but to the general public, in that close contact and juxtaposition of two great writers in almost any department of literature, which permits every reader the privilege of contrast and comparison, and seems to enlarge his powers of discrimination by the mere external circumstances which call them forth. It would be difficult to overestimate how much Goethe has done for Schiller and Schiller for Goethe in this way. They have made a landscape and atmosphere for each other, rounding out, by the constant variety and contrast, each other's figures from the blank of the historical background — impressing upon our minds what one was and the other was not, by an evidence much more striking than that of critical estimate.

We have not in England any parallel to the group they make, or to the effect they produce. Wordsworth and Coleridge might have faintly emulated it had their intercourse been longer and fuller; but Wordsworth and Coleridge, or Byron and Shelley, or any other combination in our crowded poetical firmament, would be but two among many — not The Two, the crowned and undisputed monarchs of a national literature, as are this German pair, — men of the same age, the same inspiration, to whom the great task has been given, consciously and evidently, of shaping the poetry of a people. To us with our older traditions and long-accumulated slowly-growing wealth, the position altogether is remarkable enough to call forth an interest more curious and eager than is generally excited by literary questions.

The poetry of a nation, according to our experience, is its oldest and most assured inheritance, something so deeply bedded in our heart and life that we cannot point out to ourselves where it began, or call up before our minds any conception of those dim ages when it was not. Shakespeare himself, the greatest glory of our English tongue, stands centuries back, and has been the birthright of many generations of Englishmen; yet even he was far from being the founder of our national poetry. But here, not so far parted from absolute sight and touch — one of them still living within the recollection, or at least within the lifetime, of a great many of us — stand the two men who have created German poetry.

Were it possible that, instead of the slow and gradual growth of character and expression which makes us out of children become men, the expansion of a human soul

could come about in a day or a moment, like that of a flower, it would scarcely be more surprising, more interesting, than are the phenomena which attend this other development, the birth of poetry — in a race which it is now the fashion to consider one of the most poetic races of humanity.

A hundred years ago, however, that race had done little more than babble in vague ballad strains and preludes of verse. It had its Minnesingers, it is true, great enough to charm the *literati* of the present day who take to themselves the glory of having disinterred them; but great poems never need disinterring. Germany lay silent in a rich chaos of material, fanciful, superstitious, sentimental, transcendental, but with no literature in which to express itself, no poetry — a Memnon's head, quivering with sound suppressed, which as yet no sun-touch had called forth. But that the image is trivial for so great an occurrence, we might say that the curtain rolled visibly up from the dim world, thus lying voiceless, revealing in a moment the two singers, whose office was to remake that world, and give its darkness full expression.

The curtain rolls up slowly — upon nothing — an empty stage, a vast silent scene; when, lo, there enters from one side and another, on either hand, a poet — and the poetry of Germany is created under our eyes. A most curious, memorable sight as ever came to pass in this world, and all the more notable that the doers of it are not one nor many, but two, magnifying, revealing, expounding each other, and by their mutual presence making the mystery clear.

What would it have been in England had Shakespeare and Milton, instead of being the growth of two different ages, stood side by side, working together, creating consciously, and of set purpose, that literature which they enriched so nobly, one of them, at least, with probably little thought enough of the vast thing he was doing! We are all fond of comparing and contrasting these two Princes of English song, notwithstanding the difference of their time and character; but what endless opportunities should we not have found for this contrast had they existed in one sphere. The difference is so great, however, that we cannot make any just parallel. Milton could no more have been produced in all his intensity and learned austere splendor in the broader and richer Shakespearian age, than Shakespeare, all-embracing, all-tolerant, all-comprehending, could have preserved that godlike breadth and fulness in the stern struggles of the Commonwealth. The comparison between them cannot be complete.

But Goethe and Schiller were born and lived under the same influences, were moulded by the same events, drew breath in the same atmosphere. And they were what it is possible our Shakespeare was not, though of late ages we have been taught to believe it essential to poetry — they were conscious poets, worshipping in themselves the divine faculty which they recognized, and feeling its importance with a distinctness which was beyond all shadow of a doubt. The association of two such men gives an additional interest and attraction to each. It is a union which has been commented upon at unmeasured length and by many critics, moved by that curious and overweening enthusiasm for German literature which has affected with a kind of literary frenzy so many original and thoughtful minds.

We do not pretend to approach the subject with the adoring reverence which has been so common, and from which it is so difficult to escape when any attempt is made to consider the two great poets of modern Germany; but we do not claim any exception from the special spell of their remarkable position, a position as notable in the world as that of any reformer, statesman, or patriot who has given new form and development to the life of his country.

Of the two, Goethe was so much the more remarkable that he can be considered and treated of alone; but of Schiller we can scarcely speak without bringing in the name of his greater, more splendid, and less lovable coadjutor. Their friendship was creditable and profitable to both, though we confess we are a little weary of hearing it

pointed out as an exception to the ordinary relations between men of letters, which, the world persists in believing, are constantly interrupted by jealousies and emulations. This persistent theory maintains itself bravely, as most theories do, in the very face of fact — by which it might have been proved a thousand times that, whatsoever may be the jealousies of art, writers and painters invariably find their closest companions in their own craft, and are nowhere so happy or so much at home, all friendly tiffs notwithstanding, as among their brethren of the brush or the pen, who alone fully realize their difficulties and understand their efforts.

Where is the writer, living or dead, who has not been consoled and stimulated by the generous appreciation of rivals, even when less successful than himself, even when somewhat soured by personal disappointment? The great, except in the most singular cases, are always ready to applaud an honest effort; but even among the small there is a wonderful amount of generosity and appreciation of excellence, a generosity for which they seldom get much credit, but of which all real brethren of the arts are fully aware. Patrons are good (perhaps) when they are to be had — and the personal friends who love us because we are ourselves, famous or unfamous, are best of all earthly blessings; but for companions, for the understanding which alone makes one man's sympathy living and potent to another, for comprehension of what we have arrived at, whether successfully or not, commend us to our fellows, those others of our trade with whom according to the proverb we never agree. Possibly not, at all times and in all circumstances; but even where there is not agreement there is understanding, which is next best.

The association, however, of these two great German minds, does some injustice to the lesser greatness. We instinctively begin our estimate of Schiller by the confession that he has produced no Faust — a confession which is perfectly true, but highly unnecessary in respect to any other poet. Neither has Goethe, we might add, produced a Wallenstein; but Faust so far transcends all embodiments of human sentiment which are less than sovereign and supreme, that the poet's fame has become one with that of his creation, and we do not ask what else he has done besides this crowning effort. That wild, mystic impersonation of natural genius, speculation, superstition, all that is great and little in the German soul, stands alone in the world. The supreme imagination which thus welded a mass of incongruous and fantastic popular fancies into one being, has undeniably something in it beyond the range of the noble and gentle thinker who attempts no such mystical flight.

Schiller has nothing in him of the demigod; he stands firm upon mortal soil, where the motives, and wishes, and aspirations of common humanity have their full power. Even the visionary part of him is all human, Christian, natural; and when he touches upon the borders of the supernatural, as in those miraculous circumstances which surround his Maid of Orleans, it is still pure humanity and no fantastic archdemoniac inspiration which moves him. He is infinitely more of a man, and — paradoxical as the words may appear — infinitely less of a German than his greater rival.

The standing-point from which Goethe contemplates the world is that of a separate being, able, upon his detached point of vision, to see as it were all round the human figure which he contemplates, to behold it in relief, with a full sense of the perpetual complication of manner with higher impulses, and the confused mixture of petty external circumstances with the violent movements of unrestrained will and passion. The man who sees thus from an intellectual eminence should, it might be said, see better and more clearly than the observer on the common level. But yet it is not so; for the very gain in point of perspective has a confusing effect upon the landscape. The lines are altered by the apparently impartial distance from which he views them. There is something wanting to the human aspect of the work — a something which is made up by the keener sense of local color, the sharper perception of all differences in atmosphere, the currents of air, the clouds and

shadows, which give special character to the scene. Thus the fantastic wildness of the German imagination—the aspect, half picturesque, half grotesque, of its special temper and tendencies—works into the picture with double force from the Goethe altitude, thus making the more abstract poet at the same time the more national. We feel the apparent fallacy involved in these words: they are a paradox; yet they are true as far as our perception goes.

But Schiller stands upon no smiling, grand elevation of superiority: he stands among the men and women whom he pictures, sympathizing with them, sometimes wondering at them, sometimes regarding them with that beautiful enthusiasm of the maker for the thing created, by which the poet abdicates his own sovereignty, and represents himself to himself as the mere portrait painter of something God—not he—has made. How faithfully, how nobly, without one thought of self-reflection, he follows the lines of his hero's noble but faulty figure, not sparing Wallenstein—putting his strength as well as his weakness on the canvas, yet showing ever the heroic magnitude of both! With what a swell of high and generous emotion he holds his Shepherd-maiden spotless through the stormy scenes of her brief drama! His own individuality has nothing to do with these noble pictures. He puts himself aside altogether from the stage, from the canvas, and throws his whole magnanimous force into the being whom it is his business to present to the world. Wallenstein is no more equal to Hamlet than it is to Faust; but in this particular at least, the art of Schiller is more Shakespearian than that of Goethe. There is much in it of the high unconscious humility, the simple putting aside of all personality, which distinguishes our greatest poet. Instinctively we find in Werter, in Meister, even in Faust, the poet himself, who lurks within the figures he has made; but we no more look for Schiller in his Wallenstein, in Max, or Carlos, or Tell, than we look for Shakespeare under the robes of Prospero or in Hamlet's inky suit. Schiller paints humankind without reference to himself, as Shakespeare did, throwing himself into characters different from his own, in which he can imagine a fashion of being perhaps greater than his own; whereas Goethe paints always a certain reflection of himself preëminent, and humankind only in relation to and contrast with that self, somewhat discredited and insignificant in the comparison.

Such a difference is one of kind and not of degree, and may be traced through many lesser grades of power—one of those great distinctions between genius and genius which we must call moral rather than intellectual. We might say that the same distinction could be drawn between Milton and Shakespeare, were it not that this double contrast would land us in confusion inextricable.

To place Schiller in the position of Milton, and Goethe in that of Shakespeare, is, we are aware, a common judgment of critics; and it is impossible to refuse to perceive how the breadth and impartiality, the ease and grandeur, of the greater German, correspond with the qualities of our supreme poet; or how the narrower and intenser feeling of Schiller, his earnest morality, and ideal elevation of the good and the true, reflect themselves in Milton. Yet notwithstanding this broad general resemblance, we feel that there is an interior and profound difference between the two, in each case, which suggests another classification. Milton is one of the egoist-poets, conscious, first of all, in the universe, of his own supreme existence, the standard of all things, throwing the rest of humanity into the shade. He is his own Satan, as Goethe is his own Faust. The highest conception of intellect and immortal spirit which either can grasp is himself.

Thus, though in one phase of character Schiller resembles most the austere, learned, impassioned, and virtuous Milton, by another he takes his place on the side of Shakespeare, showing the same power of self-obliviation, if not the wonderful calm and impartiality with which that boundless intelligence represents all mankind. This moral difference is more subtle and delicate than almost any intellectual distinction. It is a difference which critics may miss, but which the common mind recognizes without

knowing why, and demonstrates by a warmer tenderness, a deeper personal feeling, towards the less selfish genius. The heart never hesitates in its conclusion, and we believe its judgment to be infallible. We admire with perhaps a certain shudder the great and gloomy spirit in his fallen grandeur, the great Satan, the mysterious Faust. But the humbler and sweeter nature which forgets itself, whether conjoined as in Shakespeare's case with the higher genius, or as in Schiller's with the less, touches us beyond intellectual admiration, and makes its possessor the poet of our hearts.

Johann Friedrich Schiller was born in November, 1759, on the banks of the pleasant Neckar, in the little town of Marbach; his mother being the daughter of a respectable tradesman, and his father of like parentage. His father, however, was a surgeon in the Würtemberg army, and went to the wars with his regiment—sometimes, it would seem, acting as a regimental officer; and the earliest years of the poet's life were passed in the sole care of a gentle, poetical young mother, in the still German village, where she lived with her homely parents, and where the doctor-captain visited them from time to time, bringing whiffs of gunpowder with him, and of the larger atmosphere of the world, just then so noisy, resounding with wars and rumors of wars. When peace permitted the father's return, the family went to Ludwigsburg, where little Friedrich first made acquaintance with the delights of the theatre; then to Lorch, where the beautiful country and the ruins of an old convent and castle filled him with dreamy childish pleasure.

In an appendix to the people's edition of his "Life of Schiller," just published, Mr. Carlyle has given us many new and delightful details of this primitive, homely, poetic German country life—so sparing, so thrifty, so tenderly sentimental and full of family affection, of which already many pleasant chapters have been opened to the world. The family finally settled at Solitude, near Stuttgart, where Schiller's father had the superintendence of the forest, and of a model-nursery and plantations destined for the instruction of all Würtemberg, a kind of art in which Captain Schiller was famed. Here, with his somewhat stern father's reminiscences of the outside world, with his kind mother's poetry and stories, with the society of his young sisters, much fresh air, and the simple enjoyments of childhood, the boy developed and grew. He decided very early upon becoming a clergyman, and had been sent to "the Latin school, at Ludwigsburg," with this idea. But the son of a servant of the Duke of Würtemberg was not expected to entertain independent ideas. This potentate was a paternal ruler and a theorist, and he had just established a great academy—a military training school—called by his own name, and one of his darling enterprises, which was intended for the benefit, above all others, of officers' sons.

All at once, while the Schillers pleased themselves with the notion, common to all homely, aspiring people, of seeing their son "wag his paw in a pulpit," there suddenly came an offer of imperious kindness from the Duke to take the clever boy who was of a kind to do the new establishment credit, into the Karls-schule. Both the child and the parents objected strenuously, but the objections of the father had to be made humbly and had to be overruled,—for was not he himself and all his family dependent on the caprice of his royal patron? The kindness of a superior is often as tyrannical as cruelty; but yet we cannot but feel that Duke Karl Eugen has had hard measure, and that, barring the embarrassing and unthought-of fact, that his old soldier's son happened to be a born poet—an untoward accident which neither fathers nor princes can guard against—the Duke was really doing his best to provide for and establish in the world, the boy who had, it might be supposed, no better inheritance than his favor.

Thus, at the age of fourteen, the young Friedrich was carried off from home, and from all his own cherished hopes and wishes, to be trained after the most military fashion for the public service. Captain Schiller, after the momentary pang of giving up all hope of clerical honors

and the peaceful life of a pastor for his child, seems to have been well enough satisfied on the whole; but the younger Schiller's hatred of the pipe-clay, the rigid rule, the absence of all independent action, never abated, and seems to have worked upon his mind in secret, during the six years of his training, with most exasperating effect. The artificial repression of the system wrought him gradually into the wildest theories of rebellion. Forced to study subjects in which his mind took no interest, and to adopt a profession—that of regimental surgeon—which he hated, he avenged himself upon Würtemberg, upon tyrants generally, upon all the tyrannies of circumstance, and the inequalities and injustices of life, in a violent outburst of poetry which took the world by storm. It would be too much to say that the tyranny of the Karls-schule made Schiller a poet; but there can be little doubt that it determined the manner of his beginning, and that but for its rigid rule, and attempted annihilation of all individual thought, such a wild drama as "The Robbers" would never have come into being.

This drama, the first production of the young poet, was begun and completed in the Karls-schule. "He had finished the original sketch of it in 1778," Mr. Carlyle tells us, having then attained the age of 19; and almost the first act of his manhood, on getting free from the military academy, two years later, was to publish this wild plea of nature and youth against the bondage of the world. He had just been appointed surgeon of a regiment in the Würtemberg army when he took this daring step.

"The Robbers" is too well known to require any lengthened description. It is the story of two brothers, one of whom, by the most primitive and unmitigated villainy, drives the other from the refuge of his father's heart and house, which might have saved him from the crime to which he was driven by desperation. Karl von Moor, the injured and maligned hero, becomes the chief of a band of desperadoes, and sets himself to the work of doing wild justice in the oppressed country, robbing the rich to give to the poor, with the innocent and primitive magnanimity of a Robin Hood, though with all the wild storms of sentiment, passion, remorse, and misery which belong to an age more advanced in the representation of emotions. Every one who has read it must remember the sunset scene in which this young hero laments the innocence he has forfeited, and compares the feelings of his childhood with those which a career of crime and violence has left in his mind. This scene expresses the prevailing sentiment of the whole drama. A burning sense of wrong, and fierce disappointment with life, have driven the young man into wild action, visible rebellion against not only tyranny but law. Yet, through all, he holds fast by an imaginary intention which is noble, not criminal, and suffers agonies of remorseful misery when his followers break, as they do constantly, his own fanciful rules of mingled mercy and retribution. He is driven from crime to crime by that sequence of events which no human hand can stop, yet cannot consent to be criminal, or clear his mind from an inextinguishable longing for purity and peace.

This noble and melancholy criminal, however, is surrounded by very primitive and elementary figures—types of conventional classes of mankind, rather than men. The immense force of emotion in the drama, its fury and fervor, defraud us of the smile which rightfully attends such wild youthful demonstrations of life's impossibility; it is so deadly serious, so impressed with its own reality, that the reader is carried along as upon a boiling and foaming torrent; but on a calmer inspection, the boyish, simple-minded blackness of shadow and clearness of light become very apparent. The preposterous transparent guilt of the villainous Franz, so perfectly frank and undisguised to himself, and so quickly fathomed and seen through by others; and the angelic type of woman, faithful to the last,—are like the rude, forcible figures drawn by a child, in which the rough outline of the human form is put down typically, on the simplest principles of construction.

But notwithstanding this primitive treatment, and the

extreme youth of the composition—notwithstanding its effervescence of lawlessness, and protest against repression—there is all the simplicity of innocence in Schiller's first drama. In all its heat of passion, in all its flow of speculation, and apparent thoughtfulness, its pretence at something like philosophy,—it is as innocent as our Robin Hood ballads. Youth is rampant in it, but youth that has known no evil. We are told that it put wicked thoughts into the heads of the German youth, and tempted them to rebellion. And no doubt the author thought himself gloriously wicked as he poured forth those thunders and lightnings of fancy, making the welkin ring again with his shout of defiance to all constituted authority, all decorum, discipline, and law. But, notwithstanding, we repeat, "The Robbers" is the most innocent of all youthful efforts to be very wicked. The young poet dashes across his stage, thundering out his words, mouthing the biggest blasphemies he can invent; but the very effort is the best proof of his purity and innocence. All the ill he knows he heaps into his first tragic production, but that is so transparent, so straightforward, so frankly monstrous! It is wickedness as conceived by an innocent heart.

And what fire and vehemence are in the wild drama—what unbounded youthful energy and force! At what a pace it goes, blazing upon its way, holding the reader breathless with the rush of incident, and the fierce heat of emotion! We indeed may smell only gunpowder in all those thunderings and lightnings, and feel the display to be pyrotechnic; but to the author the bolts he wielded came hot out of the hand of Jove, and the sympathetic audience whose interest he carried with him, accepted his certainty that the fire was divine, and felt it blaze and crackle with a universal thrill of emotion. Seldom has genius taken such hot and sudden vengeance on the authority which held it in; and even now, at this calm distance, the reader understands and sympathizes with the excitement of both author and audience, and feels the sweep of the fiery current which carries him along breathless to the end of the drama. Like a very firebrand, exciting all, frightening and scandalizing many, it dropped into that iron-bound century, fettered by a hundred petty tyrannies. It ran through Germany like wildfire: students and other lawless lads were said to have taken to the woods and hills in emulation of Karl von Moor's dare-devils; and the generous Robber, who took from the rich to give to the poor, became for a time the idol of all those revolutionaries who were native to the age, but who, happily for themselves, in Germany at least, expended their revolutionary fire in "Robbers" and other literary mediums. Schiller gave, had his petty tyrant but known it, the most useful safety-valve by this means for the rising vapors of speculation. He relieved his own bosom at the same time of perilous stuff which might have wrought him greater harm in after-life.

"The Robbers," however, cost Schiller a long and painful pause in his career. It cut short the reputable and secure life which his anxious father and his patron duke had in their intentions provided for him. What the former thought of his son's wild production, we are not informed; but the Duke regarded with horror not only its sentiments but its composition, in which all unities were ruthlessly disregarded. He was, however, we are told, kind enough to offer his own services as critic to the young poet, and was, on the whole, not too hard upon him to begin with, recommending him to confine himself to medical subjects, or at least to consult his gracious patron before writing any more poetry. There scarcely seems in this sufficient ground to warrant the panic with which Schiller was seized somewhat later, and which impelled his flight to Mannheim, where he was attracted by delusive hopes of court patronage, and an open field for his dramatic powers. To be sure, the critic duke had by this time come to sterner orders, forbidding the poet, "under pain of military imprisonment, either to write anything poetic, or to communicate the same to foreign persons." The latter stipulation referred to the production on the stage at Mannheim of "The Robbers." This tyrannical

order gave the last crown to Schiller's fears and grievances.

Yet, hard as was such usage on the poor young poet, the reader can scarcely refrain from a certain whimsical sympathy with the Duke, thus deprived of the delight of possessing a poet of his own to criticise and command, and drive into the ways that pleased him — just at the moment, too, when Karl August at Weimar had his Goethe in leash, and when a poet began to be a thing which it was the fashion to have about a court! If Schiller had been a little more complaisant and persuadable, what might not the result have been for the glory of Würtemberg, the Karlschule, and royal Karl himself, the patron of the same? We cannot but feel that the poor Duke had a grievance on his side. Schiller's position, however, became gradually more and more painful, and, in his own eyes, untenable. He made various applications to be discharged from the service, but without effect. He had before his eyes the example of the poet Schubart, who had languished for years in prison in consequence of literary offences; and a mixture of exasperation and panic wound him up at last to an important step.

In sadness and poverty, and much fright for the possible consequences, he resolved to make his escape from Würtemberg; and after a sad secret parting from his mother and sisters — the poor old father, from prudential motives, being kept in ignorance — he fled by night from Stuttgart under cover of the festivities which celebrated a royal visit. To the credit of the Duke, however, it must be added that, though keeping up all his life a show of displeasure against the poet, who no doubt had sadly disappointed as well as thwarted him, he neither attempted to visit that displeasure upon his father, nor even took any steps against the deserter himself. All the sufferings of the melancholy interval that followed were brought about by pure panic on Schiller's side, not by any actual unkindness on the part of the Duke, who henceforward never really appears in the poet's history again.

The story of his wanderings in dismay, and poverty, and fright, for some time after, is told by a faithful companion called Streicher, a young musician who accompanied him, and seems to have been to Schiller the most devoted of friends. They went to Mannheim, where, after a weary period of suspense, hoping to have the drama of "Fiesko," the second of his productions, accepted for the stage — a piece of good fortune which would have filled their exhausted purse — the two fugitives, still in terror of being pursued, wandered about the country, lurking under false names, and waiting wearily for the good news that never came.

We are told that, during this miserable interval, poor Schiller, now calling himself Dr. Schmidt, now Dr. Ritter, could not, nevertheless, resist the temptation of asking at the booksellers' shops about the popularity of "The Robbers;" and when he heard it applauded, naively confessing himself to be the author, notwithstanding that it was the cause of his present evil plight! The friends were often reduced almost to desperation, and now and then driven wild with panic, as when mysterious rumors reached them of a Würtemberger who had been seen making inquiries after the poet, and whom imagination immediately concluded to be an emissary of the Duke, though he turned out to be a most innocent acquaintance, anxious to be of use to Schiller. The poet's misery was brought to a climax, however, by the rejection of "Fiesko," which left the pair of friends at once penniless and hopeless, stranded in a strange place, and with no apparent resource left open to them.

The only refuge left for Schiller was in the absolute retirement of the country-house of one of his friends, where he accordingly went in November, after a dreary suspense of more than three months. He was twenty-three. His life was cut short and interrupted in all its former channels. He was separated from his home, his family, his associations, all that was dear to him, with debts behind him, penury and solitude and semi-dependence before him, and nothing to console him but the poetry for which he suffered, and those fanciful companions of whom his brain was full. He

was eight months in this solitude of Bauerbach, where he arrived half frozen in the middle of a hard German winter, a fugitive and exile. Poor melancholy youth! the fantastical and apparently unnecessary character of this self-banishment does not diminish the painfulness of it. But he had the tragedy of "Kabale und Liebe" in hands, and thus had a consolation beyond the power of Fate.

His consolation was turned into joy when the lady of the house, the Frau von Wolzogen, and her beautiful young daughter, arrived at Bauerbach. Then a new and delightful domestic circle was formed for the young poet. Here was his first Lotte — if not his first, yet one of his first — loves; indeed, *en tout bien et tout honneur*, Schiller, it is evident, was gently and delightfully in love, not only with the daughter, but with the mother, an accomplished and tender-hearted woman. It seems to have continued to be his lot through life to conceive a certain enthusiasm for every gracious and graceful lady with whom he was thrown into close intercourse. Nothing, however, could be more unlike the Goethe fashion of love than these gentle and delicate relations. The society of women appears to have been a first necessity of life to Schiller, as it is to all men of sensitive organizations; and he had the good fortune to interest a succession of women, whose companionship was elevating and profitable. The Wolzogens made him very happy at Bauerbach, though not without episodes of that extreme misery which is in itself, when we are young, a species of enjoyment; for indeed he was compelled after a time to allow himself to be convinced that the pretty young Lotte had fixed her thoughts upon some one else, and that not for him was that tear of farewell which he had so joyfully appropriated as a symptom of dawning love.

The Wolzogens, however, never ceased to influence and affect him. His future wife, Charlotte von Lengefeld, was a relation of these earliest friends; and the other Charlotte, afterwards Madame von Kalb, who was for a long time his inspiration, was also closely connected with the family at Bauerbach. Before, however, he had entered this magic circle, one or two passing inclinations had already flitted across his firmament. The Frau Vischer of Stuttgart had supplied his verses with a Laura, and Margaret Schwann, the daughter of the Mannheim bookseller, led him the length of a proposal. Other vagrant loves came and went like doves to the open windows of the poet's heart. He was always ready, it would seem, to acknowledge the attractions of a new heroine; but a certain admixture of friendship, real if somewhat sentimental, in all these little episodes, seems to have given safety to both the worshippers and the worshipped; for the poet was deeply tender and affectionate, rather than impassioned. The running accompaniment of these tender friendships sustained his life, but no woman seems to have owed either scathe or scorn to Schiller. No fatal quarrels or embittered hearts marked his gentle progress through this troublesome world.

During his stay in Bauerbach the third of his youthful dramas, "Luise Millerin," or, as it was afterwards entitled, "Kabale und Liebe," was finished. It was a not unfitting completion to this part of his life. The master note of conflict against the injustices and inequalities of life, which had been struck so strongly in "The Robbers," and which had run through the historical plot of "Fiesko," vibrated perhaps more warmly than ever in the domestic tale of "Luise Millerin," in which a reflection of his own personal troubles is to be found. The story is that of a young noble who loves the humble daughter of a musician, and for her is ready to sacrifice everything. This youth is destined by his noble and ambitious father to build up his fortunes by marrying the mistress of the reigning highness. By the inconceivable baseness of this ambition, Schiller hurled his worst thunderbolt at the Highnesses and Well-born Barons, who had wrought him mickle woe. There is much that is touching in the picture of the lover's despair, especially when we look upon it as inspired by the young poet's own sense of the gulf which separated from him one sweet Lotte and another, high well-born maidens, above a poet's rank, who was but the son of poor old Captain Schiller, and had as yet no scrap of nobility

to wrap himself in. When his Ferdinand demands indignantly, if his "patent of nobility is more ancient or of more authority than the primeval scheme of the universe," it is clear that all Schiller's indignant young soul speaks in him.

Thus, after he has struck wildly at the inequalities of ordinary existence, the "spurns which patient merit from the unworthy takes," the sufferings of the poor and the tyrannies of the rich, the bitter disappointment of those who rely upon the comprehension of their fellows, in his first work; and upon the horrors of tyranny, and self-deceptions of ambition in the second; he comes to those social difficulties which give to all distinctions of class their sharpest pang, in the drama which brings this first youthful chapter of his history to a conclusion. It is in this episode that the reader will have most sympathy with the young poet; for, indeed, it is always hard upon a young man when cruel fate separates him from his Lotte — and minds which have little patience with the vague struggle of youthful rebellion against constituted authority and the force of circumstance, may yet feel the misery of the separated lovers, who can be united only by death. At the same time, Schiller never made a more tremendous assault upon the depravity of his age, than when he opposed to his fine and beautiful plebeian heroine the ambitious project of Ferdinand's father, and the shameful marriage which was to form the foundation of the young noble's fortune. "The Robbers" itself contains no such trenchant blow.

These two tragedies so far confirmed the poet's fame that his retirement at Bauerbach ended by a call to Mannheim, where, in September, 1783, he was settled as theatre-poet, a post he had long aspired to, and in which he had a small but certain income, and a position befitting his fame. His terrors in respect of his ancient sovereign were set at naught by his naturalization as a subject of the Elector-Palatine, and also by his election as a member of the German Society, which included many of the most influential personages in Germany. He was thus placed in the position of all others best adapted, one would suppose, for the cultivation of poetry and an intellectual life. But he was poor — and he was alone, which was worse — and, notwithstanding that his dramas were produced under his own superintendence, and his life full of mental activity, he seems to have languished in the intellectual city. Less than a year after his arrival there, he received a bundle of letters and presents which had, a little later, a great effect upon his life.

"Some days ago," he writes, "I met with a very flattering and agreeable surprise. There came to me, out of Leipzig, from unknown hands, four parcels and as many letters written with the highest enthusiasm towards me, and overflowing with poetical devotion. They were accompanied by four miniature portraits, two of which are of very beautiful young ladies, and by a pocket-book sewed in the finest taste."

The writers of these letters and originals of the portraits were two pairs of betrothed lovers in Leipzig, one couple of whom were the future parents of the poet Körner. They were all young, overflowing with German sentimentality and enthusiasm, and their chance offerings of youthful admiration laid the ground of a solid and life-long friendship. Schiller made no immediate reply; but he was charmed and touched by the frank homage and offer of affection; and when, some months later, some of the disgusts of life took hold of his visionary soul, he suddenly fell back upon his unknown friends, as it is so great a relief and comfort to do, and answered them with full response of the heart, accepting their overtures and throwing himself upon their friendship. A few months after this, in March, 1785, he followed his letters, and appeared in the midst of this band of friends in Leipzig, whence a short time after he followed Körner and his bride to Dresden.

For the four or five following years he lived in their constant society, finding in it all his pleasure; nor was it until in one of his summer wanderings he had met with

his future wife that he ceased almost to belong to the Körner family. His friendship for them continued without intermission all his life; and though warmer individual ties and final establishment in life removed him from the constant intercourse and unity of those youthful years, the bond of affection was never broken. The following letter, written to Huber, who was the fourth of his correspondents, before his arrival in Dresden, gives an amusing glimpse into the domestic details of the poet's existence:

"In my new establishment at Leipzig I propose to avoid one error which has plagued me a great deal here in Mannheim. It is this: no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week; and poetry, you yourself know, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal world if a holed stocking reminds me of the real world.

"As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true warm friend that would be ever at my hand, like my better angel, to whom I could communicate my newest ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not waiting to transmit them, as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, when this friend of mine lives beyond the four corners of my house, the trifling circumstance that in order to reach him I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train of my thoughts is torn to pieces before I see him.

"Observe you, my good fellow, these are petty matters; but petty matters often have the weightiest result in the management of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand mothers' sons know themselves: I understand how much, and frequently how little, I require to be completely happy. The question therefore is: Have I got this wish of my heart fulfilled in Leipzig?

"If it were possible that I could make a lodgment with you, all my cares on that head will be removed. I am no bad neighbor, as perhaps you imagine. I have pliancy enough to suit myself to another, and here and there, withal, a certain knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make lives merrier and better. Failing this, if you find me any person that would undertake my small economy, everything would still be well.

"I want nothing but a bedroom, which might also be my working-room, and another chamber for receiving visits. The house-gear necessary for me are: a good chest of draws, a desk, a bed and sofa, a table, and a few chairs. With these conveniences my accommodation were sufficiently provided for.

"I cannot live on the ground-floor, nor close by the ridge-tile; also my windows positively must not look into the churchyard. I love men, and therefore like their bustle. If I cannot so arrange it that we (meaning the quintuple alliance) shall mess together, I would engage at the *table d'hôte* of the inn: for I had rather fast than eat without company, large, or else particularly good."

Thus homely, sociable, and friendly was the poet's notion of life — no solemnity of gloomy abstraction found a place in him. He who would "rather fast than eat without company," and whose happiness depends upon "a true warm friend ever at hand," is, cold-hearted as this world may be, little likely to be left without the fellowship he loves; and accordingly, friends seem to have gathered about the tender and gentle soul wherever he went.

In 1787 Schiller made another change. He went to Weimar with the completed drama of "Don Carlos," and — varying the monotony by summer expeditions in the country and long sojournings in Rudolstadt, sometimes prolonged beyond the summer, for the society of his final and permanent Lotte, his future wife — remained between Weimar and Jena for almost all the remainder of his life. Weimar was not the abode of the Muses, which it had been and afterwards was, at that unpropitious moment. The royal Mæcenæ was absent, Goethe was in Italy, and the new poet received but a doubtful reception from the lesser luminaries in that literary heaven.

Finally, Schiller obtained a professorship at Jena and settled there; and in the beginning of 1790, having acquired an income as well as a chair (which was not the case immediately on his appointment), he was made happy by his marriage with Mlle. von Lengefeld, whom he had

sought for three years, and for whose society he had gladly abandoned that of duchesses and poets. A happier marriage, it is apparent, never was. Lotte seems to have possessed all the tender sentimentalism of the German character, along with a fine and cultivated intelligence; and in no point could there be a greater contrast between the two great German poets than that which might be drawn between the noble and sweet wife who dignified and made happy the home of Schiller, and the commonplace termagant who succeeded to all that was left of Goethe's well-worn affections. The Egoist fared according to the nature of such — the true and gentle lover won at last a prize worthy of him. And henceforward Schiller's heart, heretofore perhaps slightly *volage* and given to general admiration, went no more astray. He was at length thoroughly and steadily happy, so far as the inner circle of the affections was concerned.

During this period he produced few great poetical works. His activity was ceaseless, and necessarily so, for he had not so far conquered Fortune as to command the necessary enough without countless and diversified labors. He had his "Thalia" — a dramatic journal which gave him more trouble than pay — and a share in other periodical labors; he wrote much admirable prose — Philosophical Letters, the "Geisterseher," and his history of the Netherlands — besides reviews and many another piece of literary work, such as in these days we call pot-boilers; as every man who makes literature his profession must calculate upon doing; but, except his "Carlos" and a few of his shorter poems, produced no notable work in his proper medium of poetry. In addition to all this toil he had his lectures to prepare, which he commenced in an altogether ambitious way by an introduction bearing the title, "What is universal history, and with what views should it be studied?" "Perhaps," said Carlyle, "there has never been in Europe another course of history sketched out on principles so magnificent and philosophical."

The study of History seems at this time to have attracted him strongly, as did also that of philosophy under the inspiration of Kant, whose system laid a strong hold upon the poet's imaginative and sensitive soul; and he followed out with delight many speculations upon the principles of art and its moral influences, the æsthetical branch of the Kantian philosophy, and produced various essays on these subjects which, as matters not essential to his fame as a poet, or especially belonging to our present subject, we need not dwell upon. These speculations, if they did not injure his genius, at least retarded his poetical work. They made him less ready to engage in that process of composition which he had anatomized. He himself admits that "the boldness, the living glow which I felt before a rule was known to me, have for several years been wanting. I now see myself," he adds, "*create and form*: I watch the play of inspiration; and my fancy, knowing she is not without a witness of her movements, no longer moves with equal freedom." Had it not been that Schiller's greatest works were produced after this philosophical check had been put to the free stream of his imagination, we should have said that the effect must have been evil; but in face of the facts no such assertion can be made.

These studies, however, and the immense flood of general work in which he was plunged, were brought to a sudden pause by a severe illness which he had very shortly after his marriage, and by which the seeds of permanent disease were sown in him. He never seems to have been perfectly well after, though he had still some fifteen years of noble exertion to go through, and all his finest works were yet unwritten. His illness, however, and the false rumor of his death, called forth immense sympathy and actual aid, which was of the greatest service to him.

In Denmark a few of his devoted admirers had been about to hold a *fête* in his honor, which was converted, when the mistaken message of evil arrived, into "obsequies for the dead," performed by "shepherds and shepherdesses in procession, bearing garlands of flowers," and by horns and flutes softly performing symphonies, while his "Hymn to Joy" was sung; with a great many other sentimental

fooleries of enthusiasm. This poetical carnival of tears and song lasted three days, the quaintest serio-comic performance — though the actors in it seem to have been deliciously unconscious of its absurdity.

But the foolish celebration had a good issue, in an annual tribute of a thousand gulden offered by two of the poetical rioters to the resuscitated poet, which secured him leisure and comfort for three years. His own Duke, the Mæcenas of Weimar, came to his aid in a similar way at a later period; and though the income thus secured to him was small, according to our estimate, it was enough to lift him beyond the necessity of enforced labor, a blessed freedom for the man of genius without either health or fortune, with so much yet to do in this world, and so little time to do it. But for this generous and timely aid, the heavenly vision of the Maid of Orleans, the noble figure of Wallenstein, might never have been added to the possessions of the world.

His great work, "Wallenstein," originated in this tranquil period after his illness, when pecuniary ease was his for the first time in his life, and when, after long trial and banishment, he was at last able to return to his native district and refresh himself by renewed intercourse with all that he loved. It is pleasant to think that this new baptism of the fresh Swabian air, the sight of his old father, his longing and patient mother, and his little sisters who had grown during his long absence into women, strengthened the poet for labor worthy of him. His historical studies had led him to seek a subject in the real annals of his country, and his philosophical tastes had drawn him towards a hero of such character and position as should call forth all his knowledge of human motives and principles. The young paladin of romance was no longer in Schiller's way: his tender poetical hero, torn asunder by a melancholy love, struggling against parental injustice and the miserable force of prejudice and circumstance, no longer sufficed for the maturing mind. Nor was he like Shakespeare, in that divine heedlessness of genius which caught up any chance grain of ancient story that floated his way, and developed a great drama out of it, as it were by chance.

Schiller weighed many heroic figures in his poetic balances before he chose any. He thought of Frederick, who since then has charmed the imagination of another poet in prose; he thought of the Swedish lion of the north; but, fortunately for the world, chose neither of these personages. Wallenstein, great, noble, erring, and unfortunate, a man whose plainest history cannot read otherwise than like a romance, was better adapted for his purpose; and with many ponderings the poet turned over in his mind the story of the great soldier. It was no hasty or slight piece of work. "For seven years," Mr. Carlyle tells us, "it had continued in a state of irregular and often suspended progress; sometimes 'lying endless and formless' before him — sometimes on the point of being given up altogether." The subject grew and expanded as he worked at it in the blessed ease of a time upon which no clutch of necessity was laid. He was now at the perfection of his powers; the struggle which he had to work out was one more congenial to his early maturity and to the grave tone of his mind than any conflict of passion.

Schiller's Wallenstein stands between the temptations of ambition and that hard strain of unrewarded, unappreciated duty, which so often makes the weary soul faint in the midst of the way. His is the bitter mortification which makes us almost pardon the rebellion of a faithful servant wronged; for his services have never been justly recognized, nor his honor trusted. Between ambition and loyalty, and between prudence and daring — between the new, which is always attractive to genius, and the old, which is ever binding on the heart — the hero stands in the midst of the problems of middle age, not those of youth; and with a noble force and minuteness the poet follows him through his struggle. The sentiments with which we look on are not those of the ordinary dramatic spectator. The interest is deep and tragical, but we scarcely venture to pity, nor is there any tragic complication of Fate to appal

us. The circumstances are dangerous and terrible, but the man is greater than the circumstances. The moment he comes before us we feel the magnitude of a being greatly formed — nay, before we see him, when the mere reflection of him even through the rude soldiers that follow his banners, betrays his imposing influence and *prestige*.

It is thus a great moral picture which is carefully, even elaborately, set forth before us, rather than the spontaneous outburst of a creative imagination. In most of the graver and more philosophical creations of Shakespeare there is a sweep of passion which produces an entirely different effect upon the reader, which breaks out, even through the hesitations of Hamlet, and which carries us on with resistless force in sympathy with the jealousy of Othello — the madness of Lear. Even in Macbeth, the tremendous force of remorse, working with and through his guilty ambition, confers upon the drama a might of tragic passion which is unknown to the German poet. Wallenstein scarcely goes the length of guilt. We have the struggle of purpose, of intention, of varying plan and uncompleted design; but even his treason is little more than theoretical. He has not yet lifted a finger against his emperor, when the toils of Fate close round him, and he falls ere ever he has completed one act to justify his doom.

This austere reticence of design affects the feelings of the reader in the most curious way. The catastrophe leaves us half exultant that the hero has been saved from any outward stain of guilt. The growing darkness that encompasses him — the snare into which he thrusts his noble head with generous confidence — the terrible sense of approaching fate, which fills the very air with gloom as we accompany him to the last scene — restore to Wallenstein the support of our moral sympathy, even in his intended treason. Nobly unsuspecting, incapable of learning the very alphabet of distrust, and with a certain majestic confidence in the stars, and in his own high fortune, he marches forward to the great treason he contemplates, without believing it possible that other men can be traitors. Though he has been taught the lesson in the most forcible way, he cannot be convinced of anything so alien to his nature, although himself on the way to commit a similar crime; and so great is the skill of the poet, that we feel this curious paradox to be completely truthful, and perceive that it is impossible for Wallenstein, even when deserted by the great mass of his followers, to doubt for a moment the fidelity of those who remain. At the same time we watch all the humiliating circumstances of his downfall, the desertion of his generals, the failure even of that awe which has always encompassed his personal appearance on the scene to his soldiers — with no sense that the man is humiliated, but on the contrary, with a growing conviction of that internal nobleness which no affront can affect. The anguish of his discovery that Piccolomini has been his enemy throughout, the blow to his affections conveyed by the defection of Max, and afterwards by the young hero's death — excite our sympathy not only for the pain he endures, but for the noble effort with which we feel him to surmount these miseries — struck to the heart, yet never yielding a step though heaven and hell combine against him. His great soul is not discouraged though his heart is torn to pieces. He dies unsubdued, falling as a great tree falls, to the confusion of his enemies no less than of his friends.

Nothing can be more masterly than the delineation of Wallenstein's sentiments throughout. If he never reaches the level of the Hamlets, he is more full of power and meaning than any individual hero of Shakespeare's historical dramas; for it is not as a historical figure only that he is presented to us. History in Schiller's reading of it is no picturesque chronicle, but the deepest philosophical record of human principle and action. He selects his hero, not because his story is striking or his position nationally important, but because it permits, along with these natural advantages, much searching of a great human heart, and investigation into its problems. It is this which gives to the drama of "Wallenstein" its great and simple dignity and its greatest charm.

The story is told more after the fashion of Shakespeare's

historical plays than of any other modern productions. The first part of it, which is a striking and animated picture of "Wallenstein's Camp," is but little known in England. It has no connection with the tale, if tale it can be called, but forms a kind of introductory chapter for those who wish to acquaint themselves fully with the *mise en scene*.

It is a fragment from the noisy, boisterous camp life, a panorama of rude, moving figures, clink of spurs, trumpet-notes breathing across the landscape, gleams of steel and brilliant colors, loud voices, loud steps, careless jesting, rough levity and gravity, one as little seemly as the other. A rude company of soldiers from all countries tell in their various ways of the motives that have brought them thither, the noisy freedom which they purchase by absolute obedience, and all the rude delights of war and combat. It ends with a tumult and commotion produced by the bold (and most quaint) sermon of a Capuchin friar, in which the leader of the army is commented upon. They will not hear a word uttered against their chief. Wallenstein is at once their inspiration and their confidence, the only real thing they believe in.

When this curious preface, so purposeless yet so full of purpose, ends, the real drama opens upon us. We are introduced to the society of Wallenstein's generals, among whom an emissary from the emperor, charged to convey the thunderbolt of the imperial displeasure, is making a cautious round; but only to find them all devoted to their spirited leader, and indifferent — when not indignant — to the messenger of their sovereign. This ambassador is accompanied by Octavio Piccolomini, Wallenstein's seeming brother and bosom friend, but in reality the secret enemy who is planning his overthrow. The other chief figure in the play is the young and ardent Max Piccolomini, a young soldier trained in camps, who has just made the blissful discovery of what peace is, in the wonderful journey through a smiling undevastated country which he has taken as escort to Wallenstein's wife and young daughter Thekla. There are few things more beautiful in poetry than the young man's enthusiastic description of this journey which has revealed so much to him — and the sudden longing for peace which breathes out of the ardent young soldier's soul.

Max. Peace I have never seen! Yes, I have seen it, Even now I come from it: my journey led me Through lands as yet unvisited by war. Oh, father, life has charms of which we know not: We have but seen the barren coasts of life: Like some wild roving crew of lawless pirates Who, crowded in their narrow, noisome ship On the rude sea, with ruder manners dwell, Naught of the fair land knowing but the bays Where they may risk their hurried thievish landing — Of the loveliness that in its peaceful dales The land conceals — oh, father, oh, of this In our wild voyage we have seen no glimpse —

Oct. (*Gives increased attention*). And did this journey show you much of it?

Max. 'Twas the first holiday of my existence. Tell me, what is the end of all this labor, This grinding labor that has stolen my youth, And left my heart uncharmed and void, my spirit Uncultivated as a wilderness? The camp's unceasing din; the neighing steeds; The trumpet's clang, the never-ceasing round Of service, discipline, parade, give nothing To the heart, the heart that longs for nourishment. There is no soul in this insipid business: Life has another fate and other joys.

Oct. Much hast thou learned, my son, in this short journey!

Max. Oh, blessed bright day when at last the soldier Shall march back home to life, and be a man! Through the merry lines the colors are unfurled And homeward beats the thrilling soft peace-march. All hats and helmets decked with leafy sprays, Last plunder of the fields! The city's gates Fly open: now needs no petard to burst them; The walls are crowded with rejoicing people, Their shouts ring through the air: from every town Blithe bells are pealing forth, ringing the vesper,

Glad end of bloody day. From town and hamlet
The joyful folk stream forth, thronging and shouting,
Hindering in happy crowds the army's march.
The old man, glad to have lived to see this day,
Holds fast once more his home-returning son.
And he, a stranger to his father's house,
Forsaken long, comes in : with spreading boughs
The tree o'er shadows him at his return,
Which at his going was a slender sapling ;
And modest blushing comes a maid to meet him
Whom on her nurse's breast he left. Oh joy
To him for whom such door shall be thrown wide,
Such tender arms with soft embracings open.¹

It is almost needless to describe the beautiful character of Thekla, proud, sweet, tender, and gentle princess, to whom out of her convent, as to Max out of the camp, that wonderful revelation has come. This brief journey has been to both the crown of life — it is all that life has to offer them. The beautiful eager girl, seeing her hero-father for the first time since her childhood, proud of him, exulting in him — yet more tenderly concerned for her mother, whose heart his ambition and danger have well-nigh broken, than for the less-known parent — is touched with the rarest and most delicate skill. She is "Friedland's daughter," — at her weakest moment, proud, still, and strong as he, but with a melancholy in her soul which springs into foreboding strength when a sense of the dark mysteries going on around her opens to her mind.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

OWING to the non-arrival of the English mail, as we go to press, we are without our usual instalment of "Zelda's Fortune" and "Young Brown." The stories will be resumed in our next number.

CHARLES LELAND will shortly produce in post-octavo a work called the "Egyptian Sketch-Book."

A NEW novel by the clever authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy" will shortly make its appearance.

M. HENRI TAINÉ is a candidate for the French Académie. According to the *Temps* he has most right to a *fauteuil*, and the least chance.

DR. KINGSLEY, the brother of Charles Kingsley and one of the reputed authors of "South Sea Bubbles," has started on a long expedition with Lord Dunraven.

THE *Illustrated Review* learns that the tragedian, Charles Fechter, has bought a farm in America, and takes, in his leisure hours, to the pursuits of an agriculturist.

EXPERIMENTS with wires to counteract the echo in an East-end London church have been recently made. They have been successful ; but it has not yet been found possible to make any definite rules for the guidance of future attempts.

M. CANTIN, the director of the Folies-Dramatiques, purchased, a few days back, Frederick Lemaitre's furniture, when sold for the benefit of his creditors. After having paid 1755f., the amount of sales, he hastened to restore the articles to their former owner.

POOR M. Rochefort is said to have cut a very sad figure on leaving France with a batch of fellow-Communists of very unclean and unattractive appearance. "Alas !" he murmured, as the Virginie weighed anchor, "I always advocated equality, and now I have got it."

A NEW hat has appeared in Paris. Iris is tall Leghorn, and cut round, the centre rising on the top of the head and the front forming a shady flap. The back is upturned above the chignon ; it is trimmed with very large loops of ribbon and lace. The strings were crossed behind on the neck.

A MAGNIFICENT illuminated copy of Buddha's works (says the *Indian Mirror*) is being executed for a Mongol Prince in the language of Thibet. The whole consists of the usual 180 volumes, 80 of which are completed, printed in letters of gold, and bound in embroidered silk with silver clasp. For this the copyist

¹ We have taken Mr. Carlyle's version of this beautiful passage with a few modifications, as more close to the original than that of Coleridge.

is to receive \$125,000. There are but few copies of these works in existence.

THE French Cruikshank, Gavarni, has found biographers in MM. E. and J. de Goncourt. The life and works of the great artist of Parisian Bohemia, who visited London to complete his types of humorous humanity, are recorded in a volume of over four hundred pages. The *Athenæum* thinks that English artists of the same stamp will never be so voluminously commended to posterity by their countrymen.

THE suit of Don Francisco D'Assis against Donna Isabella (ex-Queen of Spain) is to stand over till November. Meanwhile the plaintiff has applied to the Civil Tribunal of the Seine for an order obliging his consort to place in the hands of a receiver a sufficient sum to secure the regular payment of certain annuities, which are chargeable on her estate, to himself, the Prince of the Asturias, and each of the four Infantas. He accuses his wife of squandering her fortune in political enterprises and extravagant amusements. She was, he says, worth a million francs a year when she came to live in Paris, but since then her income has dwindled down to 500,000 francs, and if she is allowed to go on as she seems inclined to do she will in a few years be penniless.

AMONG the papers found in the Bastille, now edited by M. Ravaissin, *Conservateur Adjoint* of the Arsenal Library, will shortly appear in the sixth volume a startling document, showing that Racine was summoned before King Louis the Fourteenth as accused of having robbed and poisoned La Duparc, a celebrated actress, for whom he composed the part of Andromaque, and who was his mistress till the time of her death, in 1688. The accusation, coming as it did from the infamous woman Voisin, tried, condemned, and executed as *empoisonneuse* could not be entertained for a moment ; but it weighed heavily on the exquisitely sensitive mind of Racine, till he died, broken-hearted, in 1699. Racine has often been reproached with being so craven a courtier that he could not bear the slightest displeasure of his royal master ; but such an accusation as that launched forth by La Voisin, and taken notice of by the king, in presence of Louvois, one of the bitterest enemies of the poet, certainly was of a nature to deeply wound even a strong-minded man.

ONE of the mysteries of Shakespeare's life is at length solved. "Some time ago," says the *Athenæum*, "we mentioned that Mr. J. O. Halliwell had had the good fortune to discover a remarkable and unique series of documents respecting the two theatres with which the poet was connected. They included even lists of the original proprietors and sharers. Shakespeare's name does not occur in those lists. Mr. Halliwell has now furnished us with the texts of those passages in which the great dramatist is expressly mentioned, notices far more interesting than anything of the kind yet brought to light. The sons of James Burbage are speaking in an affidavit. They tell us that, after relinquishing their theatrical speculations in Shoreditch, they 'built the Globe with summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres, and to ourselves wee joynd those deserving men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Phillips and others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House.' As to the Blackfriars they say, 'Our father purchased it at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble, which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell. In proceesse of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, it was considered that house would bee as fitt for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage.' These important evidences contradict all recent theories and opinions respecting Shakespeare's business connection with the theatres."

IN a letter printed by the *Times* Mr. Alfred Smee has raised a question of very great sanitary importance. The application of sewage to the soil has hitherto been thought to be an innocuous mode of disposing of it, and to have the additional advantage of greatly increasing the produce of the land. Sewage farms are now being tried in all parts of the country, and sanguine persons were beginning to hope that in time England under this treatment might support as dense a population as China. If Mr. Smee's observations are accurate, the density of population is likely to be diminished rather than increased by the change. During the last spring the cows on his land at Wallington were, without his knowledge, fed with sewage grass. Immediately the butter became so offensive that it had to be sent away from the table. The use of sewage grass was thereupon discontinued, and the butter became as good as before. The experiment has since been repeated by Mr. Smee's direction with precisely the

same results. The milk obtained from the cows fed on this grass has a rancid smell when it is twenty-four hours old, and the butter made from it becomes bad in a day or two, no matter how much care may be taken in preparing it. If milk is thus affected by the food of the cow, there seems to be no reason why the special choleraic or typhoid poison which may be lurking in the sewage should not be communicated to the grass. And if the produce of sewage farms is poisonous at second or third hand, may it not be equally so at first hand? What will be the effect of eating vegetables grown on land thus-manured?

WORDSWORTH.

WHILE yet the nineteenth age was young,
And murmuring Rotha flowed unsung,
Where Forestside stoops down to greet
A cottage nestling at its feet;
Two stalwart men, with ponderous crow,
Dealt on the crag alternate blow;
While Silver How across the vale,
Kept reckoning of their noisy tale.
Long time in vain with sinewy shock
They smote the everlasting rock;
Some rough hewn steps at length repay
The wearying toil of half a day.
Then, as with measured pace and slow,
From orchard seat to porch below,
Their new-made path they trod;
Quoth John, in mood of thoughtful glee,
"Stone steps be these and steps shall be
For many a year, when ye and me
Lig girning undert' sod!"¹

Thus he: But William mused awhile,
Scarce conscious of the kindly smile
That showed him not ill-pleased to find,
In that unlettered comrade's mind
Some rude resemblance to his own.
To him from earliest youth was known
What brotherhood is of guileless men
Who read the law of hill and glen;
And scarcely seemed to think it odd
That John should prate of "ye and me"
As heirs of common destiny,
As though the world might little care,
Or soon or late, which of the pair
"Lig girning undert' sod!"

Not all unwisely preached the swain;
For still those time-worn steps remain,
Where summer suns and wintry storms
Have beat upon their rugged forms
Full seventy years: though modern care
Has paved the steep with smoother stair,
Through turf and moss you still may trace
The harder angles of its face.

The steps are there, but where are they,
Companions of that ancient day?
Not one their lot. In narrow bound
Is circumscribed the common round
Of dalesman's life: to scale the rock
And lead to fold the wandering flock;
Snatch the late crop from autumn rain,
And house in fear th' half ripened grain;
To win with no ignoble toil
Scant living from a thankless soil:
Thus John well played his humble part,
With proud content, and honest heart.

So lived and died: but now to tell,
What portion to his work-mate fell.
To err is human, and, if he
Was not from human error free,
You scarce shall find in all the age
A juster life, a purer page;
Yet was not thus his simple song
Scatheless of scorn; but he with strong
Self-trust, conscious of mind sincere
And lifelong purpose calmly clear,
From his own time could well endure
Detraction, of the future sure.

¹ Lig girning under the sod.

He willed that they who roam or dwell
In those fair scenes he loved so well,
To him, to them, for wisdom taught,
Should homage pay of tender thought:
'Twas his with poet's ear to hear
The ceaseless voice of fell and mere,
To wait and learn what note of praise
The solitary tarn might raise.
The lone star peeping o'er the hill,
The violet hiding near the rill,
The lowliest thing in copse or field
Some beauty taught, some truth revealed.

With vantage small of wealth or birth,
He made his verse a power on earth,
Nor missed his lofty aim;
He lived with loving eye to scan
The inner soul of Nature's plan,
And wrote upon the heart of man
A long enduring name.
And now to both their time is o'er,
And those two workmen work no more;
The deed they wrought beside the hill,
That bygone morn, is living still,
And still the steps are there.
But they, long since together laid,
Have slept beneath the sacred shade
Of Grasmere's House of Prayer.

And see! there comes a pilgrim band
From thorne, from town, from ocean strand,
From homes beyond the Western wave,
To worship at their Poet's grave.
What though the crowd unheeding pass
The little nameless mound of grass,
That marks to few the peasant's bed,
No jealousies divide the dead:
Partners of toil, and now of rest,
They share a slumber not unblest,
Beneath the hallowed sod.
And once again in that far land
Behind the veil, those two shall stand
Equal before their God.

A SPRIG OF THORN.

I SMELL thee, thorn, brought in my city room;
And straight there springs before mine inner eye
Bright leaves of hedgerows foaming white with bloom,
Beneath an azure sky.

I smell thee; and, as by some magic power,
'Tis straightway given me — how, I cannot tell —
To see broad spaces gay with bud and flower,
In nooks I know so well.

A river rolls along the lobby there,
And through that open doorway sweeps and swells
An odorous stream of freshest country air,
And a sweet sound of bells.

High o'er my head a lark sings loud and clear,
Heard as one heareth sounds in happiest dreams,
And all the circumambient atmosphere
With sweetest music teems.

O blossoming thorn, how much I owe to thee!
For that thine odor, in this desert place,
Has thus a green oasis made for me
For one brief, blessed space.

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A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

[No. 13.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER VII. (continued.)

A SORT of fascination had of late come to pour from Zelda's eyes, whether they were evil or no. The reason is not far to seek, for they were dark and grand; and, when she was in earnest about anything—as she always was about all things—her little, eager figure seemed rather to belong to her eyes, than her eyes to her. Claudia's small belief in herself would have led her to refuse the office of portrait-painter to the *prima donna*, had she not thought of the old man, to whom she owed not only filial affection, but maternal care. "How," she thought, "shall I ever paint those eyes, if I am to make their owner a commonplace young lady?" She managed to release her hand, and rose to go.

"I can teach you nothing, Made-moiselle. You, who learn from Nature, can have nothing to learn from me." She felt herself compelled to look away from the eyes, and, as luck would have it, they lighted upon the watch, where it hung from its nail in the wall—the doctor's gold watch, that she had seen a hundred times. There might be a hundred watches like it; but she was not near-sighted, and the back, which was turned towards her, bore a cipher that belonged only to one. The light was fading, however, and she could not resist approaching to see if her eyes had possibly deceived her, though she trusted them implicitly, and with good cause.

Zelda saw her start, and heard the sudden half-exclamation that escaped from her. She could not help, therefore, noticing what Claudia did and what she looked at while under the momentary impulse of surprise. She had been trained from her babyhood to those habits of observation that pass with the dupes of the fortune-teller, and sometimes with the fortune-teller herself, for the intuition of the clairvoyante; she had twisted half a secret from Claudia, of whose blue eyes, tall figure, and general ladyhood she was already jealous, and her mind was fully directed upon Harold Vaughan.

Claudia turned very pale; Zelda flushed up like a flaming rose.

"I wanted to see the time, Made-moiselle," said Claudia, lying in such a manner, that she could not have made a fuller confession. "It is time to go."

"And to-morrow?"

"You shall hear from me, Made-moiselle."

"What—you won't come? I can't wait—not a day. So," she thought, "this is why I am despised—oh, if I had but known why!—Stay; will you not have some wine? We must be friends."

"I never take wine," said Claudia, faintly. "I must go now."

"Stop—tell me one thing; you know Carol: do you know his friend, Harold Vaughan?"

"How dare you speak to me of Harold Vaughan?" cried Claudia. She could not even pretend to lie any more: she had fairly broken down under a new blow that she was not proof against in spite of all her self-discipline. She only gathered herself together in a manner to which Lady Penrose's scornful use of her skirts had been mere child's play, and, without another word, sailed straight from the room. Zelda stamped upon the floor, as if invoking a demon, and a demon arose. What he is called in the infernal hierarchy I know not: mortals call him by the hideous name of jealousy.

At the same moment, however, another voice spoke through the door from which Claudia had disappeared.

"Are you still engaged, Made-moiselle?" asked Lord Lisburn. "I must see you, if it's only to wish you good-by."

She was thinking too little of him to remember her veil, as she said, though with discouraging impatience, "Yes; I am alone. You may come in, if you like." So he came in.

CHAPTER VIII. KING COPHETUA.

If mankind, and especially woman-kind, only knew how to meddle means to mar, Lady Penrose, by the discretion which is the better part of speech, would have put off the end of Lord Lisburn's drift by perhaps as much as a day. A day does not sound much, but then everything at last happens in a day: the greatest general, social as well as military, is he or she who best understands two things—the infinite value of exactly twenty-four hours, and

how to compel one's adversary to act first and therefore to throw the almost certain risk of blundering upon him.

Zelda lighted her lamp and said nothing—Lord Lisburn tried to help her, and said as little. He felt singularly stupid, not from shyness, but because what he had to say, and what he had made up his mind to say, seemed only attainable by a long process of trying to explain the inexplicable. He could not help feeling a little like a sultan about to throw the handkerchief, and half the excitement of the experiment is lost when the acceptance of the missile is a foregone conclusion. He had managed to convince himself that he was very much in love indeed, so that to make a proposal of marriage without the conventional preliminaries of courtship seemed almost brutal.

Of course, also, like all people under similar circumstances, he had timed his opportunity with infamous want of tact. He had not even consulted his pillow, but had gone straight with the irritation of Lady Penrose and Harold Vaughan still upon him, to find Zelda in one of those "moods," which had now become by-words with all who had the misfortune of her acquaintance, and with all who like to talk green-room gossip about the capricious eccentricities of *prime donne*. Perhaps, however, that mattered but little on the present occasion: a *prima donna* seldom carries her eccentric capriciousness so far as to refuse a coronet. Not that Lord Lisburn thought about his coronet—he was only thinking how he should begin, and she did not give him any aid even by so much as saying, "It is a fine evening."

He was not shy, for he had no self-distrust, and knew the outer crust of the earth very well. Not being a social geologist, he was bound to content himself with digging to the shallow limits of his spade: but still stray quarrymen, with chance blows, sometimes light upon stranger phenomena than *savants*. I do not know that there is any need to make an elaborate apology for Lord Lisburn's sudden plunge into the hitherto unknown mine of a very simple passion. He was young both in age and in character, he was exceptionally impulsive, he was wholly free from the pride of caste or the fear of what people might think or say of him. He was in the nervous stage of convalescence. Slander had forced his generous nature to look

upon Zelda as one whom he was bound to shield by wearing her colors openly at his lance-head. All his imagination was fascinated by the atmosphere of mystery and stage prestige which breathed from her. He was provoked by opposition. She was the only woman who had ever displayed active enthusiasm for his adventurous views. Her voice, when she spoke or sang, was of the sort that can create, in an hour, the effect of the sympathetic intimacy of years. She seemed to him different from all other women in every way. If a quarter of such a catalogue was not enough to account for all the phenomena of what is called love at first sight, then a whole army of life-histories must be dispatched to the limbo of the unaccountable.

Still it was to some extent necessary that he, like Harold Vaughan, should feel the direct power of her eyes, and he felt it now. Not that they fell upon him with the same lightning power as upon the doctor, but there was a glow left in them that was terribly dangerous to such prepared tinder as he had become. Moreover, now that for the first time he saw her fairly, without her paint and spangles, he was all the more struck by the singular style of beauty which he had hitherto only assumed. Even if she had not been beautiful in any accurate sense, she had the life and light of eyes and lips that can dispense with form and even color, and even make men rave about positive ugliness, to the amazement of those who, looking in after years upon a dead portrait of some once famous *belle*, are driven into the theory that there is a temporary fashion in beauty as well as in clothes.

The lamp was lighted at last, and its light fixed the picture of Zelda in more harmonious and consistent colors than it had been sketched for him by the London daylight of yesterday. She seemed to belong so essentially to evening that, when the streets were completely shut out, it was as though she had lifted up her own veil only to throw it over all the outside world, so that common-sense might grow blind, and imagination play whatever tricks it chose. She lay down upon a sofa and made a pillow of her arms: he leaned on the mantel-piece and studied the mirror. He must begin somewhere, but how? He felt that, under such circumstances, no ordinary forms of speech would do, and was painfully conscious that conversational novelties were not in his line. "What an idiot she must think me!" was the only speech that occurred to him.

"Do you go to the theatre every night, Mademoiselle?" was his very last resource: and he said it like a schoolboy of those far-off days when schoolboys felt out of their element in the presence of a strange girl.

"Every night but Sunday."

"Of course, I didn't mean Sunday. I wish this was Sunday, though."

"So do I—I should go to bed. But why do you?"

Here was an opening for a compliment—that was something.

"Because—well, because I want to talk to you," he said, letting the chance slip by. But if she was going to the theatre the moments were precious.

"I must go directly, and I must eat something. But"—

"I won't keep you ten minutes. I'm in a hurry, too. But I couldn't go without saying good-by."

"What—you're going away? To the cold countries? But you swore—Ah!" she exclaimed, starting up and putting her hands to her forehead, "my veil!"

"For Heaven's sake, don't put on that veil again—pray let me see you before I go—the last time!"

"Ah, but the last time's the worst time—it's once that's the mischief. Where is my veil?" Lord Lisburn took it from the chair, nearer to him than to her, over which it had been flung. She ran to take it, but he held it up beyond the reach of her hands.

"Give it me," she asked imploringly, but not without a tone of command. "Give it me, or I will have a sore throat—no, you're not Carol—I'll go into the cupboard, so that you shan't even see my chin."

"But"—

"You're like the rest of them, then—I thought, anyway, *you* were kind. Very well"—But he could not be expected to forego his one advantage of being eleven inches taller than she.

"You shall have it," he said. "But you must tell me why. I must know why you insist on hiding yourself from me. Do you hate me so bitterly?"

"Hate you! If I hated you I should wish for a hundred eyes."

"No—one moment more. What would happen if you had a hundred eyes?"

"Oh, don't ask me"—

"Yes; but more depends on your answering me than you know. What would happen if you had a hundred eyes?"

She hung down her face with shame. "You asked if I hate you," she said. "If you knew, you would hate me—and everybody hates me but you."

A great wave of joy ran through him. "You let everybody else see your face—you hide it from no one but me—you fear to do me harm? You foolish girl, what in the world makes you think you have the Evil Eye?"

"You have said it. I have the Evil Eye."

"You have the most glorious eyes on earth, you mean—and you hide them for my sake alone? Then now you shall never have your veil. I will keep it forever, and to-morrow you shall have a fair exchange."

"Oh, please give it me—are you mad, and you going straight from me to where?"—

He looked down at her with a half-loving, half-pitying, wholly protecting smile. "If I am not afraid of your king of the demons, do you think I am afraid of you? Listen to me—I haven't known you long, but I have known you well enough—yesterday—to call you Pauline, haven't I? Well, I've been in all sorts of countries where every tenth man and woman one meets is thought to have the Evil Eye, and so I was obliged to find out the best charm. And the consequence is that I'm as safe as if your eyes were hidden by blue spectacles."

"You have found the charm? What is it—deer's horn—a horse-shoe?"—

"Something much more easy to carry. It's the maxim of 'don't care.'"

"Oh!" she said, with a sigh of disappointment. "I don't hold with 'don't care.'"

"Well, then, I'll give you a better charm still—believe nothing that prevents your looking anybody straight in the face, whether you hate them, or whether you—don't hate them." She was still standing so close before him that he could without advancing an inch have clasped her to his heart had he followed impulse—but, for almost the first time in his life, he allowed his impulse to remain unfollowed. He was touched to the very soul with her having, in however absurd a fashion, singled him out as the object of her care, and, as it seemed to him, of her devotion: and then, in a moment, whatever element of selfishness there had been in the sudden growth of his passion, faded away into genuine enthusiasm for one who could turn even superstitious ignorance into a proof that the only mystery covered by her veil was the mystery of a woman's soul. He did not think any the worse of her for being content to let her evil influence fall at random upon others: that was of course the crucial test of the distinction she drew between him and all the rest of the world, and he would have been a little higher than man if he had quarrelled with her special kindness for the sake of her general cruelty. And then there was the delicate fear lest he should guess the true cause of her ostrich-like concealment from him—her willingness to hide herself from him forever, rather than become hateful in his eyes.

"But what in Heaven's name gave you such an idea?"

She did not look straight at him, even now. "He whom you yourself call a wise man—Dr. Vaughan."

"He told you so? Impossible!"

"As plain as sunshine—that I harm all I come near: that you would never have been stabbed but for me."

"As plain as moonshine you mean. Vaughan a wise man? He's an ass, and I begin to think him a blackguard. You do harm to all you come near? Just think, Pauline—that stab was

the best piece of luck that ever happened to me in all my days. If it hadn't been for that I should now be a thousand miles away."

"I thought you wanted to be away. Aren't you going now?"

"And then I should never have known the best and dearest girl in all the world. By Jove, if ever I meet Aaron again, I'll thank him—I'll make his fortune. As for going away—Pauline!"—his heart began to beat fast, for a brilliant way of getting to the point was dawning upon him. "may I keep the veil? May I prevent its ever hiding your eyes from mine again?"

"Then you're glad you know me? You're not afraid of me?"

"In one way I'm terribly afraid. Do you know what my question means? It means that I want to see your eyes all my life long—that I'll give up the North Pole, if you like—that I love you terribly."

"Oh, thank you for loving me—I love you too! So much that I can't tell you how." Her face lighted up with a new and startling pleasure. "It's true then I've done you no harm. Oh, you may keep the veil, and welcome—but what good will it be to you?"

But if her face lighted up with new pleasure, his whole heart blazed up with eager joy. "You do love me, then?—Pauline!" and taking both her hands in one of his own, he drew her towards him with his arm. "Then you will look at me now?"

She did look at him, but not in the way he longed for. It was with a start of wonder that she drew back and held him off at arm's length, with both her hands held before her for a shield.

"Not that!" she panted out, as though holding some wild animal at bay.

"Pauline! Not what? May I not even touch you, when I am giving you my whole life to keep you from all harm forever?"

"I thought you said you loved me!"

"Only thought? I love you with all my heart and soul."

"And is that what you call loving, when I had sooner you stabbed me!"

"Sooner I stabbed you than what? Pauline, don't you love me after all?"

"Of course I do. Haven't you been kind to me—you only—till now?"

"Kind! Is that all you mean?"

"What should I mean else?"

"What I mean is everything—that's all."

"What—you mean like the Count loved Sylvia? You mean you want to be more my master than Aaron, to take my life?"—

"How can you insult me so cruelly? Yes, I do want to take all your life into mine—I want to make you my wife—is not that everything? You think I would hurt a hair of your head? I would die for you, and will, if you please. Pauline, you have said

you love me—what can I do more than give myself to you?"

Zelda's education had advanced rapidly in the last few hours, but her views upon the subject of love and marriage were still confused. The things she might of course understand, but the words, in their civilized and complex sense, belonged to the stage, as much as those mysterious letters of the alphabet which are used to denote stage-business in a prompter's copy. Her feelings about Harold Vaughan were without a name: the word "love," which she had reserved for Lord Lisburn, meant nothing more than "*j'aime*," which, as everybody knows, is as applicable to her favorite dish of roast fowl as to a man or woman. As to the yet more complex idea of marriage, of course she knew that there were people who bore the relation of husband and wife, but how and why people are married she knew just about as well as she knew how and why they are born and die. She had never seen sisters and friends led up to the altar, had never been the confidante of an engagement, had never heard of a trousseau, had never read a love-story.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VI. GOOD FOR NOTHING.

WILLIAM BROWN being deprived of his mate, went about very much like other young fellows in similar circumstances. He took to leaning against posts a good deal, and he who was once the blithest lad in all the country side, began to mope and be idle. He could not settle down to anything. He did not know when to go to bed or when to get up. His occupation was gone, and with it all the zest and pleasure of life. A few days ago whatever he might be doing had some reference to her, and was mentally judged by her standard of comparison. If he was about any garden work, he would think when he should have finished it that he might look in at Mrs. Jinks's cottage and talk a bit with Sally. If he found a large gooseberry on a tree, or twin flowers on one stalk, or if he dug out a curious stone or an old coin (the inn garden had been a battle field in the Wars of the Roses, and many such relics were turned up at odd times), he put them aside to show her in the evening as a subject for conversation. When he took his reading lesson from Mr. Mowledy, he always tried to remember any narrative which made an impression on his mind, in order to repeat it to her, and he had taught the girl to read and write a little herself. Now all this was over. If he worked in the garden it was mere digging with

a spade or hoeing with a hoe. His readings were mere starings without purpose into a book. What he liked best was to lie down flat under a tree, with his head buried in his arms, and think of Sally hour after hour in a day-dream. Then, as he could not sleep at night, but lay awake hot and feverish, he got up and wandered round the blacksmith's cottage, that he might catch sight of Sally when she went out with her milk-pail early. But the second morning after he had devised this stratagem gaunt Harry himself appeared with the pail, and milked his cow in person. Sally had been packed off crying, the afternoon before, in the carrier's cart, to pass a few months at Dronington with a silly old aunt who kept a small mercer's shop, and Willie saw her no more at Wakefield.

It was about this time too that the boy, grown reckless and rebellious against his elders, fell into indifferent company, and the miller told his friend the curate that Sir Richard's head keeper was on the lookout for him. It was a period of agricultural distress, and the stump oratory which arises out of it. There was a loud outcry against the game laws, and consequently a number of poachers about. They did not think the stealing of hares and pheasants criminal, but rather gloried in it among themselves. Young Brown, who was now generally mooning about the woods, fell in with some of these poachers, who were mostly pleasant adventurous fellows, and he felt a growing fancy for their society. One day the boy astonished his father by holding forth suddenly at dinner about "the rights of the people;" he did not understand in the least what he said, but he had caught the wild radical jargon of the time, as a parrot learns to swear.

The curate noticed all these things with a heavy heart, for Mr. Mowledy loved the boy, who, he fancied, ought to have been his son, and might have been, had events turned out otherwise than they had done. He understood only too well the cause of the change which had all at once come over the character and conduct of the well-conditioned boy whom he had taught so carefully; for silent and reserved as William Brown might be with every one else, he told his secret to the curate very frankly. Mr. Mowledy even called upon the blacksmith, and felt his ground to see if it would bear a cautious step or two; but there is a notable difference between the Protestant clergy and their Roman Catholic brethren. The English pastor is jealously excluded from the private family affairs of his flock. He is a person connected with the Church and the Sunday coat, and must never be heard or listened to apart from them. It comes from the fact that our University-bred clergy have little fellow-feeling and less

community of thought, with the peasantry; whereas the Catholic clergy are often only peasants themselves, and feel and think with their own class.

The reverend gentleman having been therefore rebuffed rather rudely at the blacksmith's, when he went to plead the cause of his young friend and fellow-fisherman in a discreet way, so as to obtain time and favor for him, was wending his way disconsolately homeward, when he met Mr. Sharpe, with a leather bag in his hand, coming from the railway.

Mr. Sharpe had now all the affairs of Sir Richard Porteous and his brother in hand. He received the rents of the estate, cut down timber as fast as it was ready for the axe, and paid the curate's stipend with somewhat more regularity than it had ever been paid before, though he deducted income tax which was not due upon it, and took off the price of a receipt stamp which he did not affix to the curate's acknowledgment for the money; and these were things which would never have occurred to the large and generous soul of Dr. Porteous. On the contrary, whenever that polished member of the superior clergy had felt the necessity of deducting anything from his curate's stipend, he had preferred to retain the whole of it in his own hands, rather than bring his gentlemanly mind down to the consideration of vulgar fractions, with his "reverend friend and colleague," as he courteously called his subordinate at such times. On the whole, however, the curate preferred the less polite but more business-like practice of Mr. Sharpe; and regular payments on the one hand, and unresisting submission to petty peculation on the other, had gradually established between them a satisfactory state of affairs, which looked almost like friendship, at a little distance. Certainly they both wished each other well: the curate because he never wished ill to any living thing (except worms, which he had schooled himself to impale on philanthropic principles), and Mr. Sharpe because there really was no reason why he should go out of his way to do the curate an ill turn while it was more convenient and respectable to be on good terms with him; and Mr. Sharpe was too shrewd a gentleman not to understand the value of a blameless clergyman's goodwill.

It was not that Mr. Mowledy did not see through him. A reverend gentleman who was once stroke in his college eight, and a junior student of Christchurch, Oxford, cannot altogether forget the experiences of his youth. He knew very well that the lawyer was a rogue who cheated him of a few shillings every quarter; but he also had worldly wisdom or charity enough (they are nearly the same qualities) to shut his eyes to the small robbery, and signed his name every

three months to the strips of paper in duplicate which the attorney presented for his signature, as though he did not notice the figures upon them. Mr. Sharpe had sometimes an uneasy suspicion that the pale-faced scholar was not quite a fool, but he deadened his conscience with a few loud civil words as he pouched the trumpery theft. He was a fellow who did not look to see if there was mud upon a shilling when he picked it up.

"How d'e do, reverend gent? how d'e do, sir?" said Mr. Sharpe heartily as they met; but though this dog seemed to bark honestly enough, his eyes were shifty, and he was secretly ill at ease in a gentleman's company.

Mr. Mowledy answered with the mild good taste natural to him, though an almost imperceptible smile played for an instant about the corners of his mouth and then died away, as though reproved by the presence of that august and beautiful charity which sat enthroned on the ample brow of this lowly priest.

Then Mr. Sharpe's mind turning instinctively to money, as needs it must, reminded the curate that to-morrow was "pay-day."

"Nothing comes round so fast as pay-day to the master, or so slow to the man," said Mr. Sharpe.

Mr. Mowledy internally acknowledged the justice of this delicate remark, for having lately had to pay his rent he had only two sovereigns left in his purse, and he was about to send off one of them as his annual contribution to the Bible Society, the only way he had of doing good with his small means, so he thought, and he trusted that the Eternal Master when He came might find his single talent well employed.

"Penny a pound more put on the income tax, reverend sir, which will make just one and threepence less this quarter on your account."

"Truly, a penny a pound deducted from fifteen pounds diminishes the sum by fifteen pence," answered the curate, with a slight contraction of the brows, more like an expression of pain than displeasure. He was involuntarily ashamed that a man with an immortal soul should be so base.

"Ah, your reverence," said Mr. Sharpe, awkwardly trying to shift the load of his infamy on to other shoulders, "if I had my way I would knock off that tax on your income, and I told Dr. Porteous it was a shame to take it. But the doctor is terribly loose in his accounts, and he observed with considerable shrewdness that the value of the living is unquestionably more than the sum fixed by the Income Tax Commissioners for exemption, and therefore it was only right that you should pay your share of it."

"I am content to do so. I did not venture to make any observation on the subject."

"No, sir," replied Mr. Sharpe, "I cannot say you ever did, either now

or at any other time; but if you will allow me to make the remark, you looked as if you could say a good deal if you were inclined to do so. So could I, but Lord love you, sir, Dr. Porteous has got holes in both pockets."

"I am not aware that I referred to him," replied the curate, unwilling to be betrayed into hearing one unkind word against his patron; and Mr. Sharpe having eased his mind of its difficulty about the one and threepence, consented cheerfully to change the conversation. His next words, however, startled Mr. Mowledy out of all self-control.

"I've come down to Wakefield this fine afternoon, though I was not due till to-morrow," observed Mr. Sharpe cheerfully, "partly because I was a little off my feed, and wanted some country air; partly because I am going to take out a warrant against young Brown for poaching."

"A warrant!" cried Mr. Mowledy, turning very pale. "Surely not. There is no harm in the boy. He is merely a love-sick lad, who is idling about just now; but his parents are honest people and would not countenance his doing anything wrong, nor is the boy himself badly inclined."

"Humph!" mused Mr. Sharpe, pursing up his lips thoughtfully. "He has been seen with a set of radical chaps who go about snaring pheasants, wiring hares, and spouting sedition. That does not look much like a good boy, your reverence."

"I admit, sir," replied the curate with ill-concealed anxiety, "that the boy's conduct for some weeks past has not been all I could desire: but I shall esteem it as a personal favor, a favor demanding no ordinary gratitude, if you will show him indulgence on this occasion, and accept my assurance that he will never offend again."

"Ah, that is all very well, your reverence, but pheasants are selling at 3s. 6d. a head in London, and Sir Richard's estate is very much embarrassed. Now as every acre of it is entailed, and we cannot get hold of the next heir-at-law, should he survive the doctor, we must not cut off the entail or sell a foot of ground, so we are obliged to make the most of all the produce for the creditors' sake. I'm trying now to let off the farms at nominal rents, on long leases, with fines, or what we Londoners call premiums, on entering into possession. They tell me the land will suffer, and the farmers will take all they can out of it and put nothing in, but I can't help that. We must make what we can out of it during Sir Richard's life, which ain't worth much, I hear; we shall never get a sixpence afterwards, beyond his insurances. So I've had the pheasants numbered, and there are six-and-twenty missing this week."

"If the value of a few birds recently missed from the preserves will induce you to act leniently by the boy Brown,

will you kindly permit me to ask you to be so good as to deduct it from the stipend which is coming to me to-morrow," urged the curate entreatingly.

"Well, your reverence, business is business," replied Mr. Sharpe, "but if I let him off this time he will be at it again; and then you know if you don't pay the damage, I must."

"Nay," pleaded the poor parson, "I will take care that whoever poaches on Sir Richard's preserves, William Brown shall not do so. I will make him promise me to refrain, if he has ever been guilty of this offence in pursuit of sport rather than from the desire of gain; and I know I can rely on his word."

"Twenty-six pheasants at three shillings and sixpence a head makes just four pounds eleven," remarked Mr. Sharpe, rapidly totting up some figures on his thumb-nail with a pencil, "and shall we say one pound nine for hares, number unknown, to make even money."

"That will make six pounds," said the curate, wincing slightly.

"And I shall have just nine sovs. less the income-tax, to pay your reverence," observed Mr. Sharpe, briskly.

They walked on together in silence for some minutes after this; and then Mr. Sharpe said good-humoredly but rather hardly, "Your reverence seems to take an interest in young Brown."

"Yes," answered the curate, "I do take a very great interest in him. He is a pupil of mine, and a lad of considerable promise. Upright, honest, bright-witted, brave, and resolute; rather an uncommon character. He will, I think, make his mark in life."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Sharpe, and then he added meaningly, "Well, your reverence, take a fool's advice, and keep the boy out of mischief. It isn't any particular business of mine just now to get him into trouble; indeed it is just possible that my interest may lie some day quite in a different direction, and I may find it suit me to do him a good turn. But there may be—mind, I do not say there are—several people who would not be sorry to see him got out of the way, and all his whole family too, for the matter of that."

"You amaze me," said the curate. "I have lived here now many years, and I never knew them do harm to any one."

"Very likely," remarked Mr. Sharpe dryly. "By the way, your reverence, did you ever see any of the Duke of Courthope's people about here?"

"No," replied the curate, very far indeed off the scent, for, like most single-minded and honest people, he was utterly guileless and unsuspicious. "Dr. Porteous mentioned to me, I remember, that his Grace had some interest in Sir Richard's estate."

"Oh no, he hasn't," returned Mr. Sharpe. "I bought up all the Bart's debts secured upon property or income ten years ago; and the duke's solicitors had taken good care of him. They were a shrewd old firm Messrs.

Deodand and Mortmain. The duke still employs them in conveyancing; and they had secured to him by a deed of assignment nearly the whole revenue of this rectory."

CHAPTER VII. A RECRUIT.

THE curate took leave of Mr. Sharpe on the mutual understanding that no more would be heard of the warrant against William Brown, and then he set off for a long walk into a neighboring parish, where his brother curate was sick, in order to arrange some means by which he could perform double duty on the following Sunday, without slight or injury to his own congregation.

As he walked, his mind was rather bent upon secular than ecclesiastical matters. In the first place he could not conceive of the idea that any one should seriously desire to injure such humble people as the Brown family, yet he had quite knowledge of the world enough to understand that a practical London solicitor like Mr. Sharpe would not be disposed to give him such a warning without sufficient reason, and as he loved the boy with all the yearning affection of a childless and lonely man, this warning made him very uneasy. He resolved to speak to Thomas Brown himself about it, and take counsel with that north-country man who was canny, though so silent; and notwithstanding the fact that he had never trusted himself alone in Madge's presence since they parted that winter's evening in the Glebe meadows, yet he thought he would speak to her now, and inquire if she knew or could guess at anything which would throw a light on this mystery.

He was walking on, absorbed in these thoughts, when his attention was attracted by a tall handsome man in the military uniform of a crack cavalry regiment. He had streamers of gayly-colored ribbons in his forage cap; his buttons and spurs glittered like burnished silver. He carried a gilt-headed riding whip under his arm, and was a very fine fellow indeed. Three louts in smock frocks, also with ribbons in their hats, stood near him, and one youth of a better class, who sat with his head in his hands at the table of the road-side alehouse where they were assembled. These were recruits for her Majesty's service. In order to obtain them, the United Kingdom was at this period divided into districts in charge of recruiting officers who were gentlemen; but the actual enlistment of recruits was carried on by non-commissioned officers under them. The acceptance of a shilling from a recruiting sergeant as an earnest of the queen's bounty, constituted an act of enlistment, and the practice of obtaining recruits at a public-house, where the non-commissioned officer lied and got drunk freely for his country's good, was very general at that time; as it seems to be

still. Indeed, the system in full force was to catch bumpkins by the aid of flattery and strong drink; and then to tell them what was not true, in order to prevent any attempt upon their part to escape. The non-commissioned officer got paid so much a head per bumpkin, and was frequently the expertest liar in his regiment. He was well aware that there were certain laws and acts of parliament against his merry proceedings, but he artfully contrived that they should remain a dead letter, by inventing the most marvellous narratives and keeping up a wonderful halo of deception in the bumpkin's mind, till he found himself fast fixed in uniform, with a sabre or a bayonet at his side.

Mr. Mowledy saw at a glance what had happened. The lad who sat with his head bowed upon his hands at the alehouse table, was young Brown.

The curate walked straight up to his pupil, and the dashing sergeant, at once recognizing his profession by the straightly-cut black coat and white cravat which marks it so distinctly even in Protestant countries, stood up and saluted.

"William!" said the curate, in a voice very firm but very gentle. "It is I, Mr. Mowledy, your friend. Look up and tell me what has happened."

The boy's shoulders shook as if he were sobbing, and he held his head tighter in his hands for some seconds, but when he looked up his eyes were quite dry, and he met the curate's gaze steadily as one who felt he had nothing to be ashamed of, though his face was flushed and his lip trembled.

"What is your regiment, sergeant?" asked the curate, in that unconscious tone of command which all English gentlemen adopt towards their inferiors in social rank; a tone which belongs to a people whose nobles are still powerful, a tone which is perhaps natural to all conquering races.

"The 1st Lancers, sir," answered the sergeant, saluting again from habit and instinctively obeying the unexpressed order the gentleman had addressed to him.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the curate, "and please to remember that I know your colonel, and that you will have to answer to me for this recruit. You are aware that he cannot be attested before a magistrate till twenty-four hours have elapsed from his enlistment."

"Quite aware of it, sir," replied the sergeant civilly, and he saluted again.

"Your headquarters are, I suppose, at Dronington?" continued the curate, interrogating the sergeant as if he had been his commanding officer.

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant, standing as straight as a dart, in the attitude of attention.

"Thank you," said the curate; then turning to young Brown, he said affectionately, "William, I shall see you again to-night."

(To be continued.)

JOHANN FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

I.

(Continued.)

THEKLA is no soft enchantress, serving the aims of an ambition which is beyond her sphere. Her judgment is unclouded even by her love: at the risk of her own heart-break, she bids her lover obey his honorable and direct impulse to leave her father when Wallenstein throws off his allegiance; and when the news of Max's death, the only news that was to be looked for, comes, Thekla is heroic in the great calm of grief that succeeds her first desperation. Her famous song has afforded a sentimentally foolish expression of fictitious or superficial feeling to so many, that we almost fear to quote it as showing the very key-note of her noble character. There is no wail of discontent in it, but a magnificent stillness of woe. "I have had all the happiness of earth — I have lived and loved." What finer utterance was ever given to Youth's pathetic record of its own brief existence, its characteristic mingling of satisfaction and despair? — a whole world of meaning breathes through the brief simplicity of those much-abused words.

We need not go further into the drama, nor point out the somewhat stern and careless hand with which Schiller draws his group of generals — all moved by one impulse, and that the meanest motive of which humanity is capable, mere self-interest. Perhaps our interest would have been distracted from the principal figure, had the poet shown us any relenting on the part of these rough soldiers, any power of judgment or lingering softness of sympathy and devotion to the chief who had dealt so generously with them. As it is, their universal exhibition of a coarser material nature, the instant response which all make to Piccolomini's whisper of danger on one side and reward on the other — with the one exception of Butler, who is moved by the sharper sting of injured self-love; and on the other hand, the equally coarse partisanship of Tertsy and Illo, to the chief whom they drag on to his ruin, hoping for unparalleled success and advancement through his means, — keep in perfect relief the one great form, whom we seem to see against a pure heaven of blue, even in his wrong-doing, instead of the stormy and crowded background which is appropriate to the others.

The tragedy winds up with almost as much slaughter as "Hamlet," but the reader is not permitted to see the massacre. The confusion, excitement, and terror of the murder of Wallenstein, which we divine vaguely at a distance by means of the sudden tragic commotion and half-heard tumult; the pathos of Thekla's flight to the tomb of her lover, where we know her broken heart will cease to beat; and the brief tragic record of that young hero's end in the heat of battle, — come one after another, with differing degrees of pain, which gather into one sombre but fine climax. All the noble figures thus depart by separate ways into the darkness; the ignoble remain to wear out their meaner lives as Fate permits; but the poet reserves one final touch of anguish, more bitter, more sharp than death, for the ambitious schemer Piccolomini, who has built his own fortunes on the ruin of his brother-in-arms. Wallenstein is dead, swept out of the world, his glory, his power, his honor, his family, all made an end of, in total and universal destruction. The other wins; but he wins by losing all that has made the struggle worth his while. When the now childless Octavio stands in the desolate lodging of his friend and victim, and has the imperial letter put into his hand addressed to the Prince Piccolomini, we see that success has a more desperate punishment than failure, and that there is in the victory of deceit and self-regard a more appalling blackness and anguish than in ruin itself.

Thus the high moral which Schiller loved to carry through all the realms of fancy has its most full and impressive expression.

The only other of Schiller's dramas into which our space permits us to enter, and which is to ourselves one of the

most beautiful works of imagination in existence, is the "Maid of Orleans." No being more attractive to the imagination than Joan of Arc has ever found a place in history; and in this drama the poet has poured all the glowing light of genius upon that beautiful simple figure, expanding its outlines into an angelic grandeur and sweetness, and surrounding it with an atmosphere of generous enthusiasm and visionary glory. No historical doubt or questioning interferes with Schiller's fervor of poetic admiration. His natural love of, everything ideally pure and lofty finds the most genuine satisfaction in such a subject. The tender skill with which he contrives for his heroine a shadow of weakness as ideal as her strength and purity — the wavering of her virgin soul from absolute duty at the sight of the fair-faced Englishman — the soft magic which steals into her imagination alone, most sacred and stainless of visionary sins, — could only have originated in a mind as pure, and a heart as capable of understanding purity. Here genius itself would not be half so great, but for the aid of the pure soul and stainless moral temperament.

This noble rendering of the Pucelle's wonderful story gives us not only one of the finest of imaginative creations, but reveals to us the purity, the simplicity, the sweetness of the poet's mind, capable, in an age so soiled and so unbelieving, in the very shadow of that vile image by which Voltaire made himself infamous, of placing so fair a vision before the world. How far the supernatural elements involved are justifiable we need not ask; for anything is justifiable which contributes to the excellence of a creation at once so lovely and so heroic.

There is no need to indicate the features of a tale so universally known. The character of Jeanne d'Arc herself is what we seek in every repetition of her story; and we know none so elevated or so beautiful as that of Schiller. A shade of musing sadness mingles at all times with the radiance of high purpose and rapt resolution which carry her through her mission. In the midst of battle and council, in the presence of the king, between the suitors who contend for her favor, and the archbishop before whom she bows in loyal humility, she is a thing apart, softly abstracted in her simplicity and straightforwardness. No complication of other emotions breaks in, except once, to weaken the single and fixed purpose which gives so much grandeur to her figure. The cloud which passes over her is absolute, like the brightness of her first appearance. Her visionary sin darkens her whole being while it lasts. She has not a word to say in answer to the accusation of witchcraft. That guilt is not hers; but other guilt is hers, of which no one knows, which shuts her mouth from all pleas of innocence. She is silent, for she has gone astray. She suffers dumbly the false blame, the ungrateful frenzy of the populace against her, who but now made the heavens ring with her name. She wanders forth alone, uncomplaining, not even breathing to her own faithful companion the fact that she is innocent. Musing she goes, as musing she came, her soul wrapt in thoughts incomprehensible to those around her; until in the silence and unresisted shame her heart is freed from her error, her divine confidence returns.

Schiller has not dared to follow Joanna through the real facts of her story — he has shrunk from the stake, and that profound misapprehension of her contemporaries which even our Shakespeare was not great enough to free his kingly imagination from. He has given to his heroic maiden a death less terrible and more poetic, a change for which perhaps in the interests of humanity we may thank him, though we can conceive how those terrible facts might be so treated as to add yet a nobler drama to literature. Joanna dies gloriously after a victory, in Schiller's noble poem — a fact which satisfies better the natural human craving for some sort of poetic justice, popularly so called.

We need not discuss the other dramas, which are less lofty than these two supreme productions of the poet's imagination. The "Tell," which is one of the best known, is a fine, animated, and picturesque production, full of life and action, and with many passages of great poetical merit; but it fails in character, there being too much action and

variety of scene for any consistent study of individual mind or heart. To ourselves "Don Carlos" is more interesting than either "Tell" or "Mary Stuart;" but the reputation of Schiller, we believe, can never be more fitly justified and realized than by the two works to which we have specially referred—the great philosophical conception of Wallenstein—the pure, noble, and glowing imagination which appears in the story of the heroic Maid.

These dramas are like the leading figures in another drama, that of the poet's life. Behind them, like the crowds of Wallenstein's army, is a thronged background of other work, enough of itself to have filled the days of any ordinary man. Much of this is unimportant in Schiller's history. We need not attempt any account of "Thalia," or the "Horen," or of those personal epigrams entitled "Xenien," by which he and Goethe lashed their contemporaries—which doubtless both poets thought of as matters of no ordinary weight, and which stung half Germany into wrath and retaliation.

There is no better evidence of the pettiness of quarrels, even when conducted by genius, than the weariness, not to speak of any warmer feeling, with which we regard those fossilized relics of past squabbles, no doubt deeply exciting at the time to the personages involved. To be sure there is still a public which dwells upon the "Dunciad;" and the minds which relish that, might probably find some pasturage in the "Xenien," which luckily to the greater part of the world are dead as red-herrings, and not more attractive. We doubt, too, whether the mind of any but a very enthusiastic reader can follow the purpose of Schiller in those poems which he himself entitles "Culture-Historie," and devotes to the progress of civilization. Poets, like common men, are curiously destitute of that power of seeing their own lives in perspective, which enables them to discriminate the small from the great. Wordsworth, we remember, intended his own poems to form something like a Gothic cathedral in the relation which each bore to each; but what lover of Wordsworth ever thinks of his Gothic cathedral now, or reckons the "Prelude" a nave, the "Excursion" a choir, the lesser poems chapels, as the poet in divine foolishness would have had him do?

We cannot any more find additional beauty or instructiveness in Schiller's classifications. It is little to us now—if it ever was much to any living soul—to learn that the "Eleusinian Mysteries" "record the social benefits of Agriculture; the 'Four Ages' panegyricizes the influence of poetry in all times; the 'Walk' traces in a series of glowing pictures the development of general civilization; the 'Lay of the Bell' commemorates the stages of life." For these poetic caprices we care nothing; but we do care to hear that it was when he visited Rudoldstadt as a lover, in those long, dreamy, patient summers, when Lotte gradually charmed his life into hope and strength, that the poet saw the curious and fascinating work of casting a bell, and received into his glowing imagination that suggestion which was to blossom in so many tender and beautiful pictures.

Of the "Lay of the Bell" we need scarcely speak. It is, perhaps, the best known of all Schiller's poems; and though most people who have learned German have stumbled through it painfully in the earlier stages of their progress, we do not suppose there are many who have not carried some of those lovely domestic scenes away with them, or who fail to remember how the loaded wains come home at evening; how the housemother "resteth never;" how the father counts the children's heads after the fire has ruined him, and, finding none of them lost, is comforted. How beautifully the life of that homely Germany gleams upon us through those flowing rhymes,—careful, frugal, laborious, loving, encircled by fresh fields and clouds and sunsets—or those high-peaked roofs and narrow streets, through which the rumor of the fire runs wildly with the clanging of the bells! The translations of the late Lord Lytton, himself almost as universal and as industrious as Schiller, give in many cases an admirable idea of the spirit and beautiful life of these minor poems; though the merest learner in German, on comparing the translation with the original, will recover many a spark of meaning which

must disappear even in the best version. Many of Schiller's lesser poems are acclimatized among us almost as if they belonged to our own language, and it is impossible to say more for their genial and gentle power.

Schiller went through this mass of work with a modest industry which never made any ostentatious display. He had, however, his peculiar ways of working, which attracted the curiosity of his contemporaries, and call forth the regret and even blame of his biographers. He was, like most sensitive men, impatient of interruption, and required quiet and solitude for his work. This he sought in a characteristic retirement in the stillness of the night, in solitary hermitages where the world could not invade him. During the day he was visible like other men, but when night came he would leave his house and betake himself to some lonely place in a garden, where nothing but the night winds and murmur of the leaves could bear him company. This custom, we are told, began as early in his life as his residence in Dresden. When he was settled in Jena, in comparative pecuniary ease, and with great work in hand, he bought a little garden for the purpose of securing this retirement. The situation was fine.

"On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saal, and the fir-mountains of the neighboring forests, Schiller built himself a small house, with a single chamber. . . . On sitting down to his desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbors used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite to his little garden-house, on the other side of the dell, might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing. In winter he was found at his desk till four or even five o'clock in the morning—in summer till towards three."

How strange must this scene have seemed to those darkling spectators watching across the dell, in which the Lintra bach or burn tinkled unseen beneath the stars, the solitary lighted window opposite, the tall worn figure passing and repassing, the inspired pale countenance, worn and weary, with which the poet turned to his work! The long summer nights which thus passed over him were wearing away his enfeebled strength, and his days were already numbered; but there is something which brings the tears to our eyes in this glimpse, across the years of the lonely poet. Was the saintly maiden in heroic mail standing by him in the silence while the burn sang softly and the stars glowed silent in the midsummer sky? Did he pause, like his great hero, to contemplate those shining mysterious orbs with the quiet and solemn wonder of an intelligence as great as they? No doubt the watchers on the opposite height thought of those night scenes when they flocked in the eager crowd to the theatre to see the Maid in her glory and agony, and to watch breathless the last moments of Wallenstein. The picture is one which will appeal to the sympathies of all.

It is comfortable to know that the gentle poet to whom friendship and love were as the breath of his nostrils, had fully and richly all that better part of success which is dear to the poetic soul. He was never rich, but his country set him in her heart, and wherever he went honor and tender homage surrounded him. Once after the performance of his "Maid of Orleans," the beautiful crown of all his poetical works, the whole audience hurried out to the doors of the theatre, and made an avenue for him to pass, holding up their children to see the glory of their race.

He had the warm friendship and admiration of Goethe, the greatest intellect of the time, and was surrounded by the affection of all worth caring for in Germany. A tender enthusiasm for himself—so gentle always, so friendly, tender, and true, as well as for his noble poetry, seems to have filled the country and universal heart. His last years

were clouded by constant sufferings, and he died at the age of forty-five, in the midst of his days, while yet no whit of mental strength was abated.

In May, 1805, a cold, ungenial spring, breathing chill death to the delicate frame, he ended his many sufferings. Those whom he loved best were round his bed. His youngest child, an infant seven months old, he kissed and blessed when the end approached, gazing at the helpless creature with that unspeakable pathetic resignation of his natural trust into God's hands, which is perhaps the last and supremest sacrifice the heart can make. When one of the anxious watchers asked how he felt, he answered with a smile, "Calmer and calmer." Many things were growing clear to him, he added, as he himself disappeared from all who loved him into the last darkness. It was a death-scene worthy of so serene and pure a spirit.

We are told that no one dared to tell Goethe of his friend's end. He read it after a while in the pale faces and averted looks of his attendants, and in the shadow of death that fell upon the place. He himself, an older man, was destined long to survive the good and gentle Schiller, the life-long contrast between them lasting longer even than existence. They stand like the Spirit of Earth and the Spirit of Heaven working together in that vast and shadowy German land which they revealed. Goethe, grand egotist, apostle of life, enjoyment, beauty, yet expounder of the uttermost contempt of men and life which can find expression in human words,—a demigod, un-human, un-moral, full of infinite forbearance, toleration, impartiality; capable of passion and of kindness, but little of love—is without doubt the greatest. But how tenderly beside him rises the pale figure, worn with many troubles, so much less massive, so much more spiritual; passionate for good and against evil, not passive but intense in moral purity—the celestial against the earthly! "His conscience was his muse," said Madame de Staël, the brilliant Frenchwoman who wearied Schiller; but nothing more vividly and tenderly true has been said of him. It expresses at once his genius and his life.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

I.

THERE is an undeniable fascination in pastoral music, in smock-frocks, in porches with green curtains of leaf and tendril to shade the glare of the summer's day. These pretty old villages, whatever their hidden defects may be, have at least the innocent charms of confiding lattice, arched elm-boughs, and babbling streamlets. Perhaps the clear water rushes under a wooden bridge, washing by the Doctor's garden wall, and past the village green (shady with its ancient elms, beneath which the children play and the elders stretch their tired limbs), and then travels on into green summery dells of clematis and willow light. In feudal countries a strong castle dominates each nestling hamlet; here the crowning glory of the place is the Squire's house upon the hill, or the church tower, with its flight of birds and musical old clappers sounding at intervals, and dunning and dinning the villagers to their wooden prayers, and the Squire and the Doctor to their fusty baize cushions.

At a little distance from Hayhurst (a village that answers as well to this description as any other) is Crosslane Station, where the train stops of summer evenings. When you alight upon the platform, the engine starts off again, and you find yourself in a little crowd of village folks, market carts and baskets, and wayfarers already beginning to disperse: some follow the road that runs past pasturing slopes where the flocks are wading; others climb the stile and dip into clover fields; one little cart with a shabby white horse takes a contrary road, bleaker and less frequented. It pushes under a railway-bridge, and runs by flats and reedy marshes, and past deserted-looking farms towards an open country, where willows start into line, and distant downs mark the horizon, and far-away villages stand black against the sky.

The boy with the dark eyes, who drives the cart, is my hero, young Hans Lefevre; that low house by the common is his home; and the distant village is Foxslip, of evil reputation. It had a bad name once: thieves and wicked people were supposed to live there, and to infest the moor. Many stories were told of dark doings at the dreary little inn, which still stands on the edge of the common. Until a few years ago, there was neither church nor school, parson nor schoolmaster, in Foxslip parish. The chief land-owner was Farmer Lefevre, who, it was well known, had no money to give away; he had bills out, people said, and was hard pressed to meet them. He was a flighty, irreligious sort of man. He did nothing for the poor; he was absorbed in his own schemes. He scoffed openly at the High Church revivalisms which were going on at Hayhurst under the Squire's patronage. On Sundays, when the wind blew westward, he used (so it was said) to go out shooting crows in church time, knowing that the Squire could hear the report of his gun as he sat in his pew, and Sir George Gorges swore he would convict him.

Farmer Lefevre was almost always in hot water with one person and another: with the Bishop, whom he accused of every crime of which a bishop is capable; with the Squire, with whom he had a standing dispute about the lease of his best fields. His father had bought them from the Squire's father years before, at a time when old Sir George was in urgent need of money. I say bought, but the old Squire was too proud to convey the land to a stranger absolutely. He had granted a lease for a term of years, and somehow or other the lease had been lost; but the Farmer declared that the Squire could produce it if he had chosen to do so. It was certain that the first Sir George had received a good sum as if for the purchase of the land, and that neither he nor his son had ever asked for any rent since the bargain was made: except indeed the almost nominal sum which the farmer paid year by year. Lefevre had also quarrelled with his wife's family. Mrs. Lefevre had been a Miss Hans, and made an unfortunate match, her relations said—so did not she—for if ever two people were happy together, Farmer Lefevre and his wife were happy and tenderly united. The Farmer, although somewhat abrupt in speech and manner, had the ways of a gentleman. He was a grand-looking man; his grandfather had come over from Normandy, and from him he had inherited the dark eyes and pale high-cut aristocratic features, that might have belonged to Squire Gorges himself, with his many quarterings and co-heiress grandmothers and great-aunts. Young Gorges, the Squire's son, with his fat, blonde, Saxon face, looked far more like a farmer's son than did Hans Lefevre, our hero, the only child of this rebellious and unpopular yeoman. Every one had a stone to throw at Farmer Lefevre. It is true he paid higher wages than the neighboring employers; but he was a stern master, and expected a cruel day's work. He was so strong himself, he did not know what it was to feel for others. He was absorbed in his selfish money-making schemes, people said. But in all this they judged him hardly; he was working for his wife and his son, and for the people who spoke so harshly of his life. He was draining and planting at great expense, and he had borrowed money to turn a feverish marsh into wholesome crop-land. He vowed he should pay himself back in good time, and would live to a hundred years, if only to spite Sir George; but his reckoning failed; he died at forty, quite suddenly, out in the hayfield one day. He had been helping his men to lift a great stack of straw, and he must have strained himself in some fatal way, for he put his hand to his heart and fell back in the sun. And at that minute the farm and fields, and all his hard work and hard savings, went back to the Squire on the hill-side. Sir George insisted that the lease was ended by Farmer Lefevre's death, and there was no one to dispute him. Hans was but seventeen; his mother was no match for the Squire, crushed as she was by her trouble. A great shadow of sorrow came into the little farmhouse—a passionate grief, uncontrolled, sobbed away in burning tears. Emelyn Lefevre was an impulsive woman; in her

own pain she forgot how cruelly she was raking the one heart that yet beat for her. She clung to Hans, who said nothing as he sat pale and shivering by her side, softly stroking her burning hands, while the poor widow poured out all her sorrow and felt relieved. But as for the boy, dearly as he loved his mother, he had loved his father still more, and this death sunk deep into his soul and into his life. He vowed to himself to win back his inheritance, but for the present he could do nothing but wait. He knew, although the others had not known, of his father's generous schemes for the people round about. He knew all that the Farmer had had at heart, and the future that he had planned when the lands were ready, and the people had learnt to earn their daily bread in honest independence, and not to receive it as a dole, crumb by crumb. But all this was over now: the cottage (it scarcely reached the dignity of a farmhouse) was their own; but the fields went back to the Squire, who offered no compensation for the money which had been sunk upon them. Sir George liked to square his accounts, and he felt that he had more than made it up with man and with his conscience when he built the pretty little Gothic church at Foxslip, out of the very first year's profit; he also erected the schools and a comfortable parsonage for his second son, who was just married, to his father's content. And so it happened that a parson had come to Foxslip, and a pony-carriage and a parsonage, and by degrees followed a pretty school-house, with weather-cocks and an inviting porch open to the road-side, and so it came about that Lady Stella teaches in the schools daily, and helps the schoolmistress with her influence and advice. And the children come regularly in the pretty little red cloaks Lady Stella has given them, and Mr. Gorges being a man of eloquence and enterprise, the devil is supposed to be exorcised from Foxslip. Some people say that being ousted in one place, he has crossed the common and taken up his abode at Hayhurst, hard by, among the elms and pastures; we all know that he is said to patronize railways, and Hayhurst is nearer the station, and more convenient in many ways. Also "The Green Ladders" public house, with its lattice windows and shining oaken bar, is a far more cheerful place than the dreary little "Blue Lion" at Foxslip.

II.

Some foolish people let their lamps go out for want of tending, but there are others who choke theirs with too much oil, or who snuff them out nervously at the very moment when the light is most wanted. Mrs. Lefevre was one of these: an incomplete woman, active, impatient, incapable, with a curious power of rising to the occasion and lifting herself out of difficulties (probably because she did not realize them fully) which might have overwhelmed a less sanguine nature. For many of these difficulties she had only herself to blame, and it must be confessed that she did this unsparingly, making matters only worse for poor Hans, by her fits of remorse, each of which generally lasted until she had something new to lament over — the Squire's shabby conduct, and her relations' unkindness, and the price of coals, Hans' idleness, and his indifference about a profession, and her own incapacity. Why was she only a woman? And then she would look about through her tears to see what was to be done next. Very often it would have been far better if she had done nothing at all, but that was not in her nature. Hans could give her no advice. He knew nothing of the world, and he appeared to be in a sort of stupid dream for some time after his father's death. His mother worried at life, and found a mysterious comfort in the process, but the boy had inherited his father's reserve. He could not put words to feelings as his mother did. She never guessed how much he suffered, nor that his nerves had received a shock from which he did not recover for years. He grew taller and leaner every day, his eyes looked dark and troubled; people and things in general seemed to jar upon him. He tried to attend to the farm, but he soon saw that it could not pay, and his interest failed day by day. His nights

were disturbed, and it required all the self-control he was capable of to go on as usual. Mrs. Lefevre suspected nothing; and yet she was a loving-hearted woman; she would have done anything in the world for Hans except leave him in peace — that indeed would have been against her nature — and while blaming her, let us remember that Emelyn Lefevre had as much a right to talk as Hans had to be silent. I venture to put in this plea, though I know it is not a popular opinion.

One resource young Lefevre had, although his mother did her best to interfere with it: he was very fond of reading. He would sit contentedly hour after hour, poring over his father's old books. Mrs. Lefevre was proud of his application, but still more annoyed by his supineness at his age — nearly nineteen — and doing nothing for himself. Even Mrs. Plaskett had remarked —

"Mother, how can you!" said poor Hans, turning very red and burying his face in the book again.

Mrs. Plaskett was the grocer's retired mother, from Hayhurst, a good old creature, with a lame leg and a pony-carriage, who was glad to do anybody's errands. She came over next day with a petition from her niece, the house-keeper at the Hall. "Five pound of fresh butter, Mrs. Lefevre, if yo' can do it, and any eggs ye can spare. Lady Gorges' hens be not a-layin', and the bride is expectit to dinner. She is to stay up at Stonnynore till her own house is ready, pretty dear. Miss Gorges do seem as pleased as her brother a'most, so my niece tells me; they are nigh of a hage; the two young ladies and Miss Gorges must be dull o' times. 'Tis a dull house — Susy do feel it so, and talks o' bettering hersel'. Sir George he were allus a fault-finder. My Sammy tells me as how they calls him the Hogre at the 'Green Ladders.' 'Tis that Tom Parker, I'll be bound. Mrs. Millard should set her face against such rudeness. But ye seem busy to-day, ma'am, and put about; shall I come back again?"

"No, I am not more busy now than usual," said Mrs. Lefevre, looking up and down, "but I cannot trust that girl of mine to do a thing, and I have been running everywhere for Hodgetts. There is something wrong in the cow-house with the calf."

"Is not that Mr. Hans under the hoak tree? why don't ye send him to see to the poor beast?" said Mrs. Plaskett. "I took a good look at him as I passed. I didn't know him, ma'am. He will be as foine a man as his father be-foar long — woo-a, Jinny."

Poor Mrs. Lefevre's eyes filled up. "He will never be what his father was," she said despondingly, as she turned to go into the house.

"Eh! poor soul, I can feel for ye," said Mrs. Plaskett, shaking her black silk bonnet. "An' yet I have been doubly blessed in Tommas and Sammy too, but I fear yon lad an' his books is no great stan'by."

"My son is all I could possibly wish," said Mrs. Lefevre, with some dignity, and she went off, not without some misgivings, to look for the eggs. Mrs. Lefevre had no false shame, and disposed of her eggs and butter with perfect self-possession to the people round about. Neither she nor they ever forgot that she was a lady born, and she might have sold ten times the amount of farm produce without loss of prestige. But, alas, the hens, uninfluenced by proud descent, forgot to lay for days together. Something seemed wrong in the hen-house, and indeed the whole farm seemed to be dwindling and vanishing away. Hodgetts, the farm-servant, was not clever with cattle. Mrs. Lefevre sometimes suspected his honesty. Betty, the girl, was also more stupid than any one could have believed who had not seen her ways. If matters did not mend they would never be able to live there, and what was to happen to them then? Mrs. Lefevre, going into her dairy, found that the eggs had been mixed, that the butter was not set, nor the milk-pans washed out, and Betty was discovered absorbed in the contemplation of a pair of new boots with heels, the dream of months past. Mrs. Plaskett had to drive off without her complement of eggs, and Mrs. Lefevre, vexed, and flushed, and worried, walked across the field to the shady oak, underneath which Jack was lying.

"Jack, where is Hodgetts—what are you about? Do go and see to the calf. How can I do everything while you lie here at your ease? It is my own fault, I know. I have indulged you and spoilt you, and now you think of nothing but your idle pleasure—'Mill on Liberty'—what are you reading? What good will it do you? How can you spend your time on all this rubbish? I know I do not do my duty by you, but I do think you might try to be more of a comfort to—to"—Poor Mrs. Lefevre burst into tears.

Hans looked very red. "I came here to get out of Mrs. Plaskett's way. I'll go and see to the calf, mother. I'm very sorry."

"Yes, dear, do go," sobbed Mrs. Lefevre. "Oh, that your father were here; I cannot remember what he used to give the cattle. I forget everything, and perhaps it is as well that I should forget. Oh, what a life this is!" The poor soul leant against the tree, sobbing bitterly. Life was only Emelyn Lefevre for her as she stood there in her black dress, with her widow's cap falling off. Life is only ourselves over and over again. It is you for you, and me for me—our own perceptions meeting us again and again. Life was Hans Lefevre for the young fellow striding off on his way to the stable; a young world, troubled, rebellious, full of tender sympathy; apathetic, at times, but only at times: it was also moved by many a generous, yet silent determination and youthful impulse. Hans possessed a certain sense of self-respect and reliance, in which his mother was wanting: her very humility of temper was against her happiness. She was a good woman, conscious of failure—not the less conscious of it because she had really tried to do her duty.

III.

The poor little calf gave a gasp and died, and Mrs. Lefevre bursting into fresh tears, once more began to lament her husband's death and her hard fate. "He might have saved the poor thing," she said. "Hans! the farrier says that bottle of brandy was the worst thing we could have tried, but one had to try something, and Hodgetts is so dull, and indeed I meant for the best."

"Of course you did, mother," said her son, trying to comfort her, for he saw she was in real distress. "Everybody loses a calf now and then."

"Only we can't afford to lose a calf, and other people can," sobbed poor Mrs. Lefevre; "listen to that poor cow bellowing, and Sir George's agent wanted to buy them both only last week. Why didn't I let them go, only I could not bear to have dealings with that man. There is Patch coming for that money to-morrow, and Hodgetts' wages are due, and"—Hans put his arm round her and pulled her out of the stable into the little orchard, where the apple-trees and the sunset were making a glow overhead, and the flowers and green and fallen twigs, and the tangle of daisies and bright-headed buttercups, were soft under poor Emelyn's footsteps. She trod heavily, as desponding people do, while Hans, looking down into her tear-stained face, was thinking how he could help her best: she had no one else to take care of her. If only he could get work! Their farming was utter delusion, and could never be anything else. If his mother had but agreed long ago to give it all up, it would have been the better for them both, and so he tried to tell her as soon as she could listen to him. "I have calculated it all over and over again," he said. "We could make it pay still if we had the marsh fields that Sir George has robbed us of, but without the land it is impossible. Look here, mother," and he would have showed her a paper. "No, no, I can't understand—I don't want to see," cried Mrs. Lefevre with sudden exasperation. "It is all Sir George's wickedness. It would not matter so much if only one could trust to Hodgetts and Betty; do what you like, dear, anything, anything; what do I care so long as you are happy?" and bursting into tears once more, she ran into the house and closed the door behind her. Poor Hans went and leant over the paling, feeling anything but happy, and staring at his own calculations.

Farming! he hated it. "It is a sort of slave-driving," thought the young fellow, "for those who can't afford to pay

for their own conscience." If only he could get other work. They could certainly sell the live stock and pay their debts and have enough over to look about. The cottage was their own, they might dismiss the servants. There were grave suspicions against Hodgetts' honesty. "His honesty!" thought Hans bitterly, "on twelve shillings a week, with ten children and a sickly wife. Suppose he does steal the eggs! Doesn't Sir George steal other people's property, with his twelve thousand a year? Will he have to answer for Hodgetts' ill-doings as well as his own? Not he. He is driving us from our home, but no one will blame him." Hans, in a fury, crumpled up the paper in his hand and tossed it far over the hedge. It fell at the feet of a woman who was trudging out a-field with a child crying at her skirt, but she did not stoop to pick it up. Presently an old man bent double came slowly crawling along with a load of stones. He saw it gleam in the sunset, took it up, smoothed it out, turned it over and put it down again. Hans meanwhile was pacing up and down the little box walk. He had dwelt upon the wrongs of life until sometimes all the goodness and peace in the world seemed poisoned away. Tom Parker, his confidant down at the village, was more philosophical: "It ain't no good fretting," he said; "look at me! While such people as that are in power and lord it over our heads, nothing can be done. But wait a bit—see if we don't get our turn; let them go a little farther and they will overreach themselves, see if they don't—mark my words." Tom Parker was very proud of his words, and was always calling upon Hans to mark them. Before long he hoped to have a wider audience. The other did not quite follow all his mysterious hints, and could not wait to be indignant until his feelings should be paid by the column, as Tom assured him the *Excelsior* was prepared to do. (The *Excelsior* was a forthcoming organ, a voice for Tom Parker. It was a weekly newspaper that was to put everything straight: it was only waiting for the necessary funds to commence its triumphant career under the editorship of William Butcher, the well-known agitator.) What was a newspaper more or less to Hans. He was in a rage, as many a boy and girl has been before him, because they cannot command the things of life, because other minds, schemes, injustices run their course, and they can no more stop them than they can stop a miasma or poisonous vapor from spreading when once it has risen. But Hans forgot that injustice cannot exist without justice, that there are good things and good people, thinking and doing their best, as well as bad ones at their worst. Life would be sad indeed if we did not look sometimes beyond ourselves and our narrow ken. Here is one who made an effort and mourns himself a failure; here is another who unconsciously acts upon the first man's effort and counts himself successful.

As Hans leaned his disconsolate elbows upon his garden gate, he suddenly heard an unusual sound coming upon the soft gusts of the evening breeze. Was it a charm—was it a shepherd piping his flock? It was only a woman's voice, softly chanting a sort of wild singing-tune, that shrilled and vibrated. The pathetic voice seemed to touch him curiously. He had never in his life heard anything so strange and so sweet. Then he saw two ladies come slowly walking along by the fragrant hedge that skirted the garden. One of them had pulled some of the wild roses that grew by the corner yew-tree—the other held her hat in her hand, and had turned her face to meet the sweet gorse and clover-scented breezes from across the common. There she stood, a sun-lit nymph, dressed in that pale Japanese silk which ladies have worn of late years. She sang a few notes more, then she looked round, and stopped short. "Don't let us go on; there is that man looking over his gate. Papa dislikes him so much." She spoke in a clear and vibrating voice; it was very low, but there was almost a metallic ring in its distinctness as it reached Hans' quick ears; her companion answered, but Hans did not care to listen, and with one steady look, he walked away from the gate, rather to the ladies' consternation.

"He must have heard me—did you see how he looked? Oh, Stella, what shall I do?"

"I dare say it was chance," said the other consolingly, as she turned away. "You have dropped a paper, Lina," she continued, pointing with the rose-branch.

The lady called Lina looked down, stooped and picked the paper up, and turned it over. "It is very like my writing," she said.

On one side were some calculations; wages, wear and tear so much, net balance — £50 deficit. Then a scrap of poetry, copied from some book: —

O end to which our currents tend, inevitable sea.

"What is it all about?" said the young lady, walking on with the paper in her hand; "here is some more poetry;" and then in that curious low voice of hers she began reading some lines that poor Hans had written down, though he had certainly never meant any one, except perhaps Tom Parker, to see them, least of all Lina Gorges, the golden lady in the sunset lane. She grew paler and paler as she read on. The verses were a tirade against her father, supposed to be spoken by the guilty Hodgetts.

They were written in the Hodgetts' dialect, and contained a poor man's remonstrance, very simply worded, but not the less telling for that. It was a rough imitation of the work of the great master-hand of our own time. Hans had called his doggerel "A Mid-land Laborer," and the metre was that of the Northern Farmer.

Hodgetts told his own story and his troubles, and appealed to the great landlord to be content with all that he had already devoured — their daily bread, their strength, their own and their children's independence. He had reaped where he had not sown. Had he not taken the Farmer's own, and mulcted the widow and the fatherless? Would he not spare the common and the elm-trees that people said he was now about to enclose? Apollina's hands were trembling long before this; her heart was beating with passionate indignation. She could read no more. "How dare he; how dare he!" she cried, panting with sudden furious emotion. "My father take what was not his? My father take another man's property? Stella, you do not believe these cruel, slanderous lies? It is a wicked lie. It is a mistake — it is" — Her voice suddenly failed, and Lady Stella, looking up, saw that her face was crimson, and that her head was hanging, and that great tears, like slow rain-drops in a thunder-storm, were falling from her eyes. Something had changed her; all the fire was gone; all the anger. "We must send this back," she said in an altered voice, that sounded faint and toneless somehow. "Stella, will you see that young man? Will you give it him? I cannot. Tell him to destroy it — never to let any one see those cruel words." They met Sir George at the park gate. He chuckled his daughter under the chin, but she only fixed her strange gray eyes upon him without smiling, and looked steadily into his face.

"What are you thinking of, child?" said he. "Come home. Mr. Crockett is here. I brought him back to dinner."

Lina gave a little shudder, but did not answer.

IV.

How shall I describe Sir George's daughter? She herself was somehow puzzled to find herself so unlike her home, her education, her father and mother. Where had she come from? From which of the framed grandmothers had she inherited her peculiar organization? They had not been chary of their gifts. One had given her her name: a legacy for which Apollina Gorges was by no means grateful. She called herself Lina, and made the best of it. Another had bestowed upon her her beautiful golden hair. A third had bequeathed her beautiful hands and arms, and a harp and a voice of rarest and sweetest quality, although it had the peculiarity that some notes were almost entirely missing. Lina could not consequently sing all sorts of music, Scotch and Irish melodies suited her best. This beautiful creature stood somewhat above the usual height of women. She was slight and straight. Even in the days of crinoline she never gave in to the fashion. Her clothes

used to fall in long folds to the ground. She had regular features: some people said they were inanimate, and reproached her with being stiff and motionless, and also with having one shoulder a little higher than the other, and a head too small for her body.

But say what they would, they could not deny her beauty; she herself did not care for her own good looks, but she was pleased with her beautiful hands and feet, and her serenity was not above being tempted by smart little slippers embroidered in gold, and quite unsuitable for anything but the glass cases in which the shoemaker kept them. Those who called her stiff did not know her, for she was one of those shy but responsive people, who do not make advances; she was spirited, with a touch of melancholy: sometimes silent for hours together, sometimes suddenly excited. A word was almost enough; she would respond to a touch, as people say. It was a nervous and highly-strung nature, too impressionable for its own happiness in life. At times Miss Gorges seemed to wrap herself up in an outer case of abstraction. Very impressionable people are obliged sometimes in self-defence to oppose some sort of armor to the encroachments of too excitable feelings, and abstraction comes in the place of other qualities to give rest to exhausted nature.

Lina was not perfect, I must admit; she was cross sometimes, and very sensitive to the changes of weather; she was obstinate with all her sensibility, and would harp upon one idea; a storm set her quivering and almost beside herself; even a heavy fall of rain would put her nerves ajar, and untune her for several hours. She was not very active in her habits; her father would have liked her to show more taste for country pursuits, but she rarely went beyond her pretty morning-room or her wood on the lawn outside. This walk with her sister was a very exceptional event; only Lady Stella could have brought her so far from home. Lina did not seem very happy. She was not so happy as she ought to have been, but then it was the habit of the house to be silent and constrained, especially in Sir George's presence, and Lina had lived there for twenty years, and had learnt the habit.

Lady Gorges set the example. She was afraid of her husband; even for her children's sake she had never attempted to hold her own with him, and if people weakly give in, time after time, deceiving themselves and their own inclinations, acting long-continued and tacit lies against their own natural impulses, nature revenges herself upon them in one way or another. Lady Gorges had shrunk from righteous battle; now she was a sad and spiritless woman; her life was one terror; her husband had some curious influence over her which seemed to paralyze the poor thing; she would start and tremble when he spoke to her suddenly. She was a pale, stout woman, with fair hair, and some remains of beauty still. Harold, her second son, resembled her. He was her favorite child; Jasper, the eldest, looked too like his father for the poor lady to feel quite at ease in his company. Lina also greatly preferred Harold to her eldest brother; she was not a little excited when she heard of his engagement. And the very first day that her brother's wife came in smiling, all through the great folding drawing-room doors, Lina was very sure that she should love her sister-in-law.

As for Lady Stella, she was a happy woman, people said; there were few who did not love her. She was brown-eyed, russet-haired, tall, and slender. She was something like a Raphael lady who is, I believe, at this very minute hanging to a nail in the National Gallery; but if one may judge by the placid looks of that serene Madonna, the Englishwoman had far more animation and interest in her expression. She seemed to be able to bear with life gently, and yet to hold firmly withal to what she had once determined — she had that *pearly* manner some women have, a tender grace, and a certain charm of gentle confidence in her destiny that won all those whom she chose to elect to her friendship. Poor Apollina Gorges often envied her in a responsive, admiring sort of way. Most of all she envied her perhaps for the ease with which she held her own in the home where poor Lina herself had

little power of so doing. Lady Stella was younger than Miss Gorges, but she came of a large and united family. Brothers and sisters, and sympathies of warm friends, often stand in the place of years of experience, and give the confidence that others only gain with age. Lady Stella knew far more of the world outside Stoneymoor park gates than did poor Miss Gorges at the time when those gates opened wide to welcome the sunshiny bride to her husband's home — so, for want of a better word, he called it.

Lady Stella brought a good portion of brightness and sweet temper, but not much beside. Mr. Gorges was not ungrateful for this pleasant dowry. He was surprised and enchanted by the way in which she took her place, meeting his father's gloomy authority, his mother's silence and coldness, and Apollina's alternate reserves and outpourings with perfect sweetness, and a courage he had never attained to. If Lady Stella's courage failed her in the first days of her stay at Stoneymoor Court no one ever knew it, except perhaps Lady Mary, her confidante, an invalid sister, who had long been established as the family prescriber and sympathizer. Sir George was a bully by nature. What else could he be, with his fierce eyebrows, his thin lips, tightly drawn over a set of gleaming false teeth, and his tendency to suppressed gout? Nobody had ever said "No" to him. The first time that Lady Stella contradicted him, with one of her pretty little smiles, there was a sudden terror and silence in the room. Lady Gorges gave one scared glance at the butler, in her confusion. Sir George, who was crunching a lark, gulped the little creature, bones and all, in surprise. Lady Stella went on as if she noticed nothing, looked up at him with those clear eyes of hers. "I think Harold ought to investigate the subject," she said. "Mr. Bridges came down to my father's village, and I know my father attended the meeting." "Your father can do as he likes," shouted Sir George. "My tenants know that I am not to be trifled with."

V.

Foxslip Wood in summer time is a delightful place — green to the soul. The suggestions of natural things have often seemed as much a part of their charm as the actual beauties we admire. Beyond the coppice here and there, where the branches broke asunder, sweet tumults of delicate shadowy hills were flowing, gleams of light cloud, the pine-tops and the nut-leaves rustled, voices of birds, of insects, or streamlets broke the silence, tinklings from the flocks a-field, whistlings of crickets.

The wordless distraction was very grateful to Hans as he came striding along the narrow pathway, crushing the leaves and driving occasional fir-cones before him. He had been to the agent, and had sold his poor cow and the white pony, and he was disconsolately turning the money in his pocket, and thinking of the agent's disagreeable sneer as he had handed it over, of his mother's reluctance, of trouble ahead, of the squirrels up in the trees. Hans was young enough to be able to think of the squirrels as well as of his cares. We older people, I think, make a mistake in thinking care more sensible and important than it really is. We let the squirrels leap by unnoticed, while we are anxiously pondering upon the ditch, six fields off, perhaps. Poor Hans went on his way, whistling the tune he had heard Miss Gorges singing the day before. He was a slim, brown-faced young fellow, dressed in the not unbecoming dress of a country farmer. He had a short coat and leather gaiters, and a sprig of heather in his felt hat. He carried a stick in his hand. He might have been any one — leather gaiters are not distinctive, and are as useful to a Duke as to a farmer. Hans walked along as if the whole wood belonged to him, instead of a tumble-down cottage and forty pounds in silver and country notes, to keep him and his mother for all the rest of their lives. A little adventure befel him presently. As he reached the end of the wood he thought he heard his name called, and looking round he saw a lady sitting under the great Spanish walnut-tree that guards its entrance (you can see it for miles across the common). A lady or a fairy is it? — Alas! here are no real fairies in such stories as mine.

If this is a fairy, she is the size of life, and looks very like Lady Stella of the Madonna face. She is dressed in the quaint and fanciful costume that English ladies were beginning to assume some ten years ago. On her dainty head a high-crowned hat is set. The feather is fastened by a star, that glitters and shines like steel in the sunlight; her pretty white sacque is looped over a crimson satin petticoat; her pretty little feet twinkle in buckles and high-heeled shoes; in her hand she holds a long-sticked parasol, which she is waving to attract the young man's attention. Hans comes up with wondering eyes, for he recognizes one of the ladies he saw go by the gate — not she who sang, but the other. He had been thinking of them only a minute ago, although he had not expected to meet either of them so soon again. There sat the lady on the moss, comfortably installed, leaning against the trunk of the tree.

"I wanted to speak to you," she said, in a very sweet voice. "Come here. I shall not detain you a minute:" and as Hans stood before her, looking surprised, she blushed and explained with sweet upturned eyes, "I should have called at the farm to-day, but I have to go to the Duke's christening fête. I am waiting for my pony-carriage; I walked on; it is to catch me up. I have something of yours, Mr. Lefevre," and Lady Stella then put her hand in her pocket and pulled out an envelope addressed to Hans, in a handwriting so like his own, that he was still more puzzled. "My sister-in-law, Miss Gorges, picked up a paper, and read it by mistake, and asked me to ask you" — The fairy became a little embarrassed.

"I am the rector's wife," she said, starting afresh. "It gave Miss Gorges the greatest pain to think any one could so misjudge her father, whom she loves dearly, and she requests you to burn the poem, and to remember in future that Sir George has only done what he felt right and just, and that it is dangerous to draw cruel and hasty conclusions."

"Right and just!" burst out Hans. "Do you know the stories people tell; do you know the state of things all about? He turns us out of our land: do you know what sum my grandfather paid for it? Has he ever told you the terms of the bargain?" Hans named a sum so large, that Lady Stella looked down.

It was most uncomfortable and distressing. The poor lady was longing to think well all round, but she began to be troubled. Her husband, to whom she had spoken, had looked very grave and said that he knew nothing about the transaction, but that he often took a different view from his father upon business questions, but Lina's passionate asseverations had reassured her, and Lady Stella had meant to scold the boy gently, listen to his story if he had one, and explain away any misconception.

"But surely," she faltered, changing her ground, "you cannot think it right for a young man as you are, to attack an old man like my father-in-law, impute every dishonorable action to him, turn him into ridicule. You have given Miss Gorges more pain than you can have any notion of, and to me also."

"As for the verses," said Hans loftily, "I never meant any one to see them; I have no other copy, and I'm sure I do not know how they came into Miss Gorges' hands. You say they are enclosed in that" — as he spoke he tore the envelope into two or three pieces. "You cannot expect me," he went on with some rising anger, "to give up my honest right to my father's and grandfather's property; and when the day comes I shall most certainly try to claim it. I am very sorry indeed," he added, turning a little pale, "to give Miss Gorges any pain; I will never do anything that is not in fair open dealing: but I and my mother are ruined. We have hardly anything in the world left of all that was ours: I must think of her as well as of myself. You cannot ask me to make no effort to regain what I sincerely believe to be our own."

Lady Stella was more and more surprised and embarrassed. Her own brother could not have spoken better, more quietly, more courteously; with all her liberality she was half angry at the young man's persistence, and yet half won by his evident sincerity and moderation of manner.

"I am sure you are mistaken, and some day you will be sorry for your unjust suspicions," she said, warmly; "but anyhow, if ever I or my husband can be of any help to you in any way — will you" — her voice softened, she put out her kind hand — "count upon us? He might advise you, and I have some little influence; you must be started in the world and get on better than you ever could now. I am sure that before long you will retrieve your — your fortune, and make your mother as proud as I hope my son will some day make me." She said it so sweetly, that Hans was completely disarmed; he could not find words to thank her.

The pony-carriage came up before he could speak. "Thank you for tearing the verses," she said, starting to her feet; "I shall tell my sister. And mind you come and see me. I shall expect you. Good-by, Mr. Lefevre," and with a kind, grave smile, the fairy drove off, brandishing her whip.

VI.

Hans walked on homewards, jingling the money in his pocket and thinking over this curious little interview. Had he pained them, those kind ladies? Should he go? He thought not; but he kept wondering what she was like at home. That sweet young lady! who would ever dream of imputing ill-meaning to her? Hans seemed to be in demand. As he passed "The Green Ladders," he saw Tom Parker, who had been away for some time, and who was now safely returned, standing with his hands in his pockets and his favorite stock in his button-hole, and a hat cocked on one side of his red shock head, looking more vulgar and important even than usual. "Here, Lefevre, I want to speak to you" — and stepping forward, he beckoned him mysteriously a little on one side. It was to tell Hans something that he had already told him more than once. There was to be a meeting of agricultural laborers held almost immediately in the bar-room of the little public. "We have secured Bridges; I am to say a few words myself," said Tom. "We asked Mr. Gorges, but I don't suppose he will care to come — too near home," said Tom with a chuckle. "You had better look in, Lefevre; what is the use of shutting your ears and eyes to what is happening? There's nothing to be done single-handed, union is everything; why, I don't despair of seeing our man in Parliament before we've done. By Jove, Lefevre, if I were you, I shouldn't lag behind. I have put your name down as a member of our Hillford Club. The Reds and Greens, you know. We have got our organ at last. . . . I didn't tell you before, that is what I have been about."

"An organ," said Hans, bewildered.

"Yes, weekly; first-rate — the *Excelsior*. There was an indirect reply to my leading article in the first number; see *Daily Telegraph* of yesterday — mentions no names, you know, but it is easy to know who it is aimed at."

"Do you write the leaders?" Hans asked, somewhat dazzled.

"That I am not at liberty to say," said Tom. "The editor alone knows and is responsible for the authorship of each article; Butcher — don't you know him? — a very remarkable man, I can tell you. He wants to make your acquaintance; he was very much struck by a conversation I repeated, and with your views upon agriculture. He is here."

Hans blushed up; it was flattering to hear that such a man as Mr. Butcher was interested in him.

"Do you think," he asked hesitating, "that if I were to send a few notes I have put down, there would be any chance of your getting them inserted into the paper?"

"Can't say I'm sure," said Tom, absently looking up and down the road. Five or six laborers were coming up in their smocks and Sunday coats.

"Hillo! the Parson, by Jove!" said Tom suddenly.

"These are the people whose bitter tyranny brings things to our present state," said a small man, coming up in shiny new clothes. "I don't think your young ogre would look so sleek if he could hear some of the things that will be said to-day concerning him and the old ogre — eh, Parker?"

Hans looked up as the new-comer spoke, and saw the new clergyman coming along the lane. A little procession was following; laboring-men stumping along, or hobbling, or trudging, according to their various loads of years, rheumatics, cares, hard work. The new married clergyman seemed pretty free as yet from any of those overweights; and able to bear his quarter of a century with ease and hopefulness; his heart beat warmly, the sunlight was in his path, and his steps came straight and prosperous. Tom waited until Mr. Gorges caught him up, and then he jostled somewhat rudely against the incumbent as he passed and sent some dust flying. Hans blushed up and made way with a little bow. He had not bargained for rudeness. He would have liked to apologize as he thought of the gentle look of Lady Stella's brown eyes.

"Is the meeting to-day?" said Mr. Gorges to Hans.

"We are all on our way there now," said Hans. "I am glad you think of coming, for it concerns us all."

Mr. Gorges looked up surprised as his wife had done. The young man answered him in a quiet voice; but it was clear and well modulated. He spoke as if he had been one of the prosperous ten thousand.

"I had not really — a — made up my mind about going," said Mr. Gorges, looking a little embarrassed. "You see my position is difficult; I don't want to show any bias one way or another," Harold went on floundering, for he saw a look of something like scorn on the young man's dark face, and a sneer in that of the two others standing near. Hans looked away into the first battered face that went by; what chance had these poor clowns, measured against such prosperous plausible antagonists? For an instant he had thought this man was bringing his prosperity to the help of these unfortunates. He had misread the kind glances.

"I beg your pardon," Hans said; "I thought clergymen were by way of showing a bias in favor of those who want helping. I didn't know; I am only a farmer, and a very unsuccessful one;" and he walked on and caught up Tom Parker, who was laughing to himself.

"Well! here you are. There ain't anything to be got out of them; I could have told you so, only you wouldn't believe me. Cold-blooded sneaks, hard-hearted tyrants, we will teach them our power. Once set the *Excelsior* at 'em, you will see the old ogre down on his marrow-bones yet," and Tom cocked his straw hat and marched in through the narrow passage which led to the old sale-room at "The Green Ladders," where a deal table with a glass of water and a few rickety old benches were prepared.

"Here, sit down by me," said Tom. "I am a-going to say a few words; but what's words — perhaps a dozen on 'em may 'ear them and all the good seed's throw'd away. Our organ is the real thing to give us the power, and we will use it, see if we don't. . . . Look here, Hans," he said confidentially. "I am speaking as a friend; you take your four ten-pound shares — I know you have the money by you — we give you six per cent. interest to begin with, and a fair share of all the dividends, besides paying you for any occasional leaders or lighter articles that you may wish to contribute. Your fortune's made; you are no farmer, my boy; forgive me, you never will make anything out of the land; but you have brains, and you know it: and take my advice and look to them for the crops."

Perhaps if there had only been Tom Parker and Butcher the agitator, in his shiny new clothes, to address the meeting, this story would never have been written. Hans was sorely tempted by Tom's proposal; but the thought of his mother's distress held him back, and yet, was it reasonable to refuse a good offer, made by a tried friend, because she was nervous and Tom's manners were bad? Hans looked up at his friend as he stood gasping and spluttering over his speech, grateful for a prompting word from Hans, who had quickly thrown himself into the spirit of the thing, and felt ready to make a speech himself before Tom had finished his first sentence. When Parker finished, to a tune of hobnails and shuffling, Mr. Butcher, the spirited proprietor of the *Excelsior*, took up the theme. He was an agitator by profession, and made his living by the wrongs of others; he was secretary to the Reds and Greens, a

newly organized Radical club. His glib, fluent sentences rolled out as a matter of course. Bitterly true they were, but some truths seem almost like falsehoods in some people's mouths, vague, meaningless. Hans knew every detail to be accurate in the main, but he listened unmoved. The unfairness and one-sidedness of it all repelled him. He did not care to throw in his venture with such a man as this, and he grasped his forty pounds tight in his pocket.

Butcher sat down, mopping up his face, and then Mr. Bridges came forward. Hans had heard of him before, and looked up with some curiosity.

This was a middle-aged strong-set man, with a powerful honest face and a powerful honest voice. He spoke with a slight country accent that was not disagreeable; on the contrary, it seemed to give point and character to his sentences, which came slowly and thoughtfully, rolling true to their mark. It seemed to some of those that listened that it was not one man speaking; it was the voice of a whole generation of men and women who were telling the manner of their daily life, of their daily wants.

The man who was speaking had lived through it all himself, and had felt hunger and biting cold, and seen his little children suffer. He had been in and out of other cottages besides his own, where the same cruel laws of want, cold, hunger, were imposed by circumstance, by custom, by thoughtless platitude. He had seen little children overtasked and put to labor unfitted to their strength; he had seen women working in the fields, and their little babies of three weeks old brought out through the bitter wind, because the father could not, toiling early and late, earn enough alone for the home, not even if he had worked all the twenty-four hours of the day. He had seen men crippled and starved into premature old age, and as he spoke more than one of those present glanced at old Frank Conderell, crawling in, doubled up, and scarce able to stand; he was not sixty years old, but he looked a hundred. Bridges went on, not very bitterly, but clearly and to the point; it had been the custom, but there was no reason why the custom should remain. These men had been systematically underpaid, underfed, from no special unkindness and ill-will, but from the habit of the employers and the habit of resignation. But why should they resign themselves any longer to so cruel a state? why consent to work for wages that did not represent the work nor anything nearly equivalent? Others had found out the strength of unity before this; "And I call upon all of you men," he said, "to unite, for the good of your children and of your self-respect and liberty, and to demand the increase of wages which most justly belongs to you. I myself have been without a loaf o' bread to set before my little ones, dismissed at a minute's notice, and with no redress. The magistrates won't convict the ma-asters; we have tried it again and again.

"Why, a pair of boots cost fourteen shillin', and a man's wages in some parts are twelve and thirteen shillin' a week. . . . I have seen people sore put to it," cried the orator, for he was an orator, "and my heart has bled for those unhappy children, doomed to toil, to lives of suffering and insufficiency. People talk of the glories of England; these are among the sorrows of our most unhappy country."

Nobody moved or spoke for an instant. Mr. Gorges had slipped in unperceived in the midst, and was sitting listening—a sense of wrong had come to some of the poor fellows present for the first time. Joe Blake got tipsy at the bar before he went home, on the strength of his newly-awakened rights. Butcher beckoned Hans aside as the meeting dispersed.

"You have heard him," he said, eagerly; "will you join us? will you help these poor creatures and benefit yourself at the same time? There is the organ waiting; it only wants wind and muscle, and money is muscle. . . . Give me your hand: Parker has vouched for you. A guinea a week to begin with, and six per cent."

Bridges came up at that moment with his earnest face.

"Are you a farmer, and on our side, sir?" he said; "I wish with all my heart, there were more such as you."

When the meeting was over, and Hans came home, pale

and moved, in the twilight, and knocked at his mother's door, she ran to open, and met him with open arms. The time had seemed long, and her heart had been yearning for him.

"Well, dear," she said eagerly, "where have you been and you have sold the cow—and have got the money?"

"Better than that, mother," said Hans, with beaming happy eyes. "I think I see my way to a livelihood, to comfort you, and something I scarce care to do."

"What is it, dear?" said the widow, eagerly.

Jack put his hand into his pocket and brought out four slips of pink paper: they were four shares in the *Excelsior* newspaper. Poor Mrs. Lefevre gave a loud cry of despair.

When Hans awoke next morning, Tom Butcher was standing outside, tapping at his bedroom window. "Here are the proofs of the report of the meeting," he cried; "the man sat up all night to put them into type."

VII.

Lady Stella Gorges to her sister, Lady M. Milwarden.

FOXSLIP RECTORY, September 18, 18—.

I have not much to tell you since I last wrote, my dearest Mary. Dear Baby is well, the carpets and curtains are spreading by degrees, the garden is getting into order, the new cook is a success. I am quite charmed with my pretty new house and Sir George's kindness and liberality. He has just been here, promising to build me a dairy. I cannot think how it was I was so afraid of him when I first saw him. Harold and Lina had made me shy, I think, but although my husband laughs at me for my cheerful views of life and people, he owns that he did not do his father justice, and I do begin to hope that in future they will all understand one another better than they have done hitherto. Sir George is peculiar, but I am sure he is really warm-hearted; he has been most kind about the rectory—consulted us about everything, done everything we wished, and let us come here just when we began to feel the want of a home of our own. Of course we were very happy at Stoneymoor Court, but I must confess that it is a relief to be in one's own house, to ring one's own bell, order one's own dinner, open the window, send for Baby at all hours of the day, and trot out the little ponies at five minutes' notice instead of solemnly making up one's mind to a drive the day before. Lady Gorges came yesterday with Lina. The visit went off very well; we had five o'clock tea in the morning room; the view was looking lovely, the purple moor, the nutwoods, the cows munching in the meadow, the distant farm-house buried in its elms and stacks: Beancroft Farm, where that poor man used to live who wanted to go to law about his lease. Did I ever tell you about him? I cannot exactly understand the rights of the story; I am afraid Sir George is a little difficult to convince at times. The widow still keeps the farm, though the land reverted to us—to Sir George, I mean, at the farmer's death, and the lawsuit was avoided. The Rectory is built upon one of the fields, and the garden (which certainly is wonderfully productive and succeeds admirably—we have been most fortunate in our gardener) was drained out of a marsh by Lefevre himself—I felt quite grateful to him to-day when I saw Baby's ecstasies over the honeysuckles. (I assure you that children begin to observe everything at two months old.) I should like you to know a young man, the farmer's son who interests me very much. He sometimes comes to see me. I am sure he will make a name for himself. He is very clever and very handsome; he writes in a horrid vulgar newspaper called the *Excelsior*, which has had the most extraordinary success. Harold likes it, but Sir George cannot bear the sight of it. He wrote an angry letter to the editor, a short time ago, which all the county papers took up, and they say it nearly doubled the sale of the *Excelsior*.

Poor Lina misses Baby dreadfully, she says. Lady Gorges is not fond of children. Dearest Mary, do they wind her up on Tuesdays with the clocks? Hushsh, you say. Peggy brought Baby in to see her grandmamma, and

Lady Gorges never looked at the child. No wonder poor Lina looks sad sometimes, and my heart aches for her when I think of our own mother, and all the love and warmth of our old home. It was everywhere, and lasted all day long; it tucked us up in bed, and seemed to come shining in of a morning. Dear Mary, I like to think my children will inherit some of our mother's love, though they will never have known her. You will be interested in the schools; they are beautifully arranged, with dear little children (only that I have such a horror of Baby's catching any infectious illness, I would let him go and play with them when he is older). Hannah Gourlay is a real treasure of a mistress. I have only seen her once. She came to thank me for furnishing the room in the schoolhouse, but I told her it was your doing, not mine. It is very nice to see people who have seen you, dearest Molly. When am I going to see you? Meanwhile I shall go on writing; but I must finish for to-day, for it is post-time, and Lina is coming for me in the pony-carriage.

Your S. G.

Letters are story-books written for one particular person, and story-books attempt, in some measure, to represent life without its attendant restrictions of time and space. What are miles to the writer? Years fly before his pen, estates are enclosed within the fold of a page. Three months had passed since Hans purchased his pink shares from Tom Butcher. To everybody's surprise, the *Excelsior*, as Lady Stella said, was a most extraordinary success. The Reds and Greens were a powerful community; and their paper, which had been on the very verge of ruin when Hans' £40 came to start it again, was now a recognized power in the county, paying ten per cent. dividend. Hans had certainly, as his mother said, wasted a great deal of time over his books; it turned to some profit now that he was farming ideas and pens and ink instead of oats and beans. He was himself more surprised at his own success than anybody else.

There are some people who all their lives long have to be content with half-brewed ale, the dregs of the cup, envelopes, cheese-parings, fingers of friendship. To take the lowest place at the feast of life is not always so easily done as people imagine. There are times and hours when everybody is equal, when even the humblest nature conceives the best, and longs for it, and cannot feel quite content with a part. You may be courageous enough to accept disappointment, or generous enough not to grudge any other more fortunate, but to be content demands something tangible besides courage or generosity.

Hitherto Hans had been anything but happy. He did not like his work, or his position in life: he had grown bitter over the wrongs he saw all about, and could not mend. Now he seemed to see hope dawning; but his mother's incredulity was very distressing. She loved him, but could not believe in him. She admired in secret, but certainly her talk was not encouraging. He wanted to improve the condition of the people round about! As if an inexperienced boy could do anything. Why had he not tried his hand upon Hodgetts? How could he write about things in which, he must confess, he had failed utterly. "If reformers would only try their hand at their own work."

"Your dear father never neglected his, nor complained of his position," continued Mrs. Lefevre, with a sigh. "And I'm sure I never regretted the step I took when I became a farmer's wife, and left my own sphere" (Mrs. Lefevre's sphere had revolved in the pestle and mortar of a suburban apothecary); "but indeed, dear, I have often thought how much better it would have been for you if your father had married somebody more able to be of use, more — What is that singing, Hans?"

"It is the chapel, mother," said Hans. "This is their Thursday meeting."

Hans and his mother had been wandering along the road, in the cool of the evening, and gone on farther than they had intended. Hans was bareheaded. Mrs. Lefevre had only thrown a shawl over her head: it was early still: the meeting was held at six o'clock, and it had only

just begun as Lady Stella and Miss Gorges drove by in their basket carriage, on their way home to dinner at the Rectory. Lady Stella stopped the horse for an instant to shake hands with Hans and to speak to Mrs. Lefevre. "We were to have met Sir George," she said; "have you seen him go by?"

Mrs. Lefevre said No so curtly that Lady Stella blushed and drove on; as for Miss Gorges, she had not spoken, but had sat quietly looking at Hans with curious pale blue sympathetic glances. Somehow they seemed to magnetize him; a vague something seemed to strike some mysterious chord as he watched her. When Lady Stella blushed, her sister-in-law turned pale, and Hans thought that in her eyes there seemed to be some odd look of understanding of apology; it must have been fancy; it was too absurd. She seemed to be there even after the carriage had turned the corner of the lane, still looking at him.

"She looks proud enough," said Mrs. Lefevre, indifferently; "what is it they are singing?" Hans did not answer. The two had stopped for a minute to listen to the hymn which came mingling pleasantly with evening honeysuckle and clover scents. It was a cheerful sort of strain; very different from the drawing moan of the little Sunday scholars — old Caleb Ferrier, the shepherd, seemed to be leading, and the whole congregation was joining in, nodding time and clapping books and elbows in the most inspiring manner. These people were certainly singing their own song and praying their own prayers in this little square brick box, and asking for the things they really wanted for themselves and their families, instead of for those things which other people had thought necessary for them. Other people, such as archbishops who had never worked all day long in a stubble-field; high court councillors who had never eaten their wives' hunch of bread in their hungry need.

Tom Parker in a corner by the pulpit was very prominent, with a stock in his button-hole and a hymn-book, flourishing the time; he glanced over his shoulder at the open door of the meeting-house and caught Hans' eye, but he went on singing.

"An' win our glorry crowns," shouted Tom in chorus, "as we go marching on." "And we'll march, and we'll march, an' win our glorry crowns," sang the old shepherd, and the clerk, and the minister, and Mr. Nangles, and his three daughters. The whole chapel seemed inspired by the cheerful tune, and if living a good life only consisted, as the hymn-books tell us, in marching about in bands to music, the congregation seemed well advanced on its way to the New Jerusalem.

Mrs. Lefevre felt she ought to say something to counteract the effect of the hymn tune, but somehow it had cheered her up too as she listened, and it seemed ungrateful to complain just at that moment: still she could not resist a little sneer at Tom Parker. "Did you see him with that enormous nose-gay?" she said as she walked away. "How you can bear to spend whole evenings with him or that man Bridges at that horrid 'Green Ladders,' as you do — I am sure Sir George must think!"

"What do I care what he thinks — if he did think," cried Hans. "Bridges is a noble fellow, and if he had ten thousand a year he would do more in a week to set things right than the old ogre has done harm in all his wicked life."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Lefevre, and Hans, looking up, heard a horse's foot strike the road. It was Sir George, who gave a disagreeable sort of grin, showing all his great teeth, and rode on.

Sir George had delayed — he had a special reason for delay — but all must be settled now — and leaving Foxslip behind, he went placidly journeying along the road. His well-equipped groom cantered behind.

It seemed an odd arrangement of fate by which all these tranquil and gentle things belonged to this fierce old man. Sloping shadows, waving coppice, soft prismatic tints, and pasture land and pleasure lawn; the manor-house, rising above the elm heads, and the distant farms of which the gables were peeping through the nutwoods. The very

nuts in their little wooden cases were Sir George's, and the birds' eggs in their mossy nests. Little Jeff Ferrier, panting along the road from Hayhurst, had some of the Baronet's property in his trousers' pockets as he scrambled out of the horse's way. Sir George threw him a copper and rode on—he was in an amiable mood. He had struck his grand blow, and would now prove to his tenantry that they could not hold revolutionary meetings with impunity on his estate. They incited his laborers to strike; did they? He would show them who was master, and that he was Lord of the Manor, and if he chose to cut down the trees and enclose the common for building purposes, nobody could prevent him. Something else had put him into good humor with all the world, with his own daughter especially, that morning; and Jeff Ferrier owed his copper to no less an event than an interview between Sir George and Mr. Crockett, the new owner of Trembleton Court, "who had come forward in the most gentlemanly manner," said Sir George to his wife, "and really Lina could not do better."

Poor Lady Gorges! her heart failed her, for Lina had declared in secret that nothing would induce her to do so well for herself as to marry the owner of Trembleton.

A minute later the little ploughboy came up to Hans, panting and dusty. "Be grandfayther in the-ar, I say? mother wa-ants him. I werr to bring 'im quick, and Mr. Parrrker tu." Jeff Ferrier was ahead of the usual village urchins and could take a message on an emergency, but it was difficult to make out what he wanted now, so excited and breathless was he. "The trees, they'se cuttin our trees," he repeated, with his little gooseberry eyes starting out of his head. "They'se broake oop grandfayther's bench where 'a sits Soonday," said Jeff, still panting. "Goa and see for ye'sell, can't ye? Mother said some one were to stoap 'un."

Hans began to understand, and without another word he walked back a few paces, and going to the chapel door, beckoned out his friend. Then Jeff was called up, and after a minute's consultation Hans and Tom Parker set off running across the fields. As the two young men hurried along in hot haste, they met Sam Plackett meandering along the fields talking to his sweetheart; at a few words from them, he left that disconsolate damsel to follow as best she could, and set off running too. Hans hurried on first with gleaming eyes, and as he reached the green he saw that his suspicions were only too real: one great noble tree lay helpless, with all its shady branches outspread and quivering still, upon the grass. The men had got their ropes round a second tree: birds were flying from the branches, widow Barnes was weeping piteously and clinging to the bailiff's arm; one or two little children were looking on scared, so were a couple of young men from the public-house.

The bailiff paid no attention to widow Barnes; but a more serious obstacle standing in the midst of this group was the rectory pony-carriage, in which sat Lady Stella. Miss Gorges had jumped out and was standing in front of the great fallen tree.

"My father could not have intended that you should do such a thing," cried the girl in her ringing voice. "Mr. Mason, I beg you as a personal favor to tell these men to leave off."

"Yes, Mr. Mason," cried Lady Stella, "it must be a mistake."

"I am sure, ma'am, my lady," said Mr. Mason, turning distracted from one to another, "I am very sorry, I—Sir George was positive in his orders. I myself think it a pity; but"—

"A pity! it's a shame," cried Miss Gorges, "to cut down these noble old trees. I am sure no one has any right to do so," she cried, more and more excited, in a vibrating voice.

"Ain't it a shame, Miss?" sobbed widow Barnes, with many a memory in her old heart of young life and court-ing days, and long years passed beneath the shade.

The agent looked bewildered from Miss Gorges to Lady Stella, who still sat in the little carriage, to Hans and his

companions, who were looking very resolute, and who had quietly surrounded the doomed tree and the men at work upon it.

"Here is Sir George," said Mason, much relieved and looking up the road.

Lina gave a little cry, and ran forward to meet her father. In her excitement the strings of her bonnet had come untied and were flying behind her mixed with her long golden curls. Hans never forgot her as he saw her that day. She was moved, thrilled out of her usual silence; as with clasped hands and streaming eyes she stood entreating her father to forbid the men from going on with their work of destruction.

"Nonsense, nonsense," grunted the Baronet; "why have you delayed, Mason? Miss Gorges does not understand. Get into your carriage, Lina, and drive home. It is a matter of business. You have nothing to do here."

Lina was trembling, but she still persisted in her entreaties.

"Get into your carriage and go home, I tell you," hissed the Baronet through his great yellow teeth.

Lady Stella bit her lip with indignation; Lina, paler and paler, seemed ready to faint.

"Papa, I"—The words died away on Lina's lips; her father paid no heed to what she said, for something else now came to withdraw his attention. This something was no less than a reinforcement of the villagers with sticks and pitchforks, who had suddenly, at a signal from Hans, surrounded the remaining trees.

"This is our property; you have no legal right whatever for what you are doing. I defy you to prove your right to our common land," shouted young Lefevre in a loud voice. His eyes were sparkling, his nostrils were open, his head was thrown back; no young warrior ever flew to arms with a nobler and more determined aspect. They all felt instinctively that Hans was their leader; he had got the men together, by magic almost, and now he stood among them alight in his youth and in the undaunted vigor of his generous scorn.

"You miserable men," he said to the woodmen, "cutting down your own inheritance, coming here to spoil your neighbors'. What has that man ever done for you or for your children that you should consent to do this dirty job for him?"

"Go on with your work," roared Sir George.

"The trees are sold, Sir George has contracted for them, and you understand a gentleman's word," said Mr. Mason, still apologizing.

Hans gave a glance of scorn and amusement, his men closed in, and one of the woodmen sulkily flung down his saw.

"I'll be d——d if I go on with this here job."

The other two followed his example; in vain Sir George cursed and fumed at Mason.

"Come, Lina, come," said Lady Stella of the burning cheeks, and Lina, deadly pale, turned round, and with downcast, shame-stricken looks got into the carriage again. As the two ladies drove off along the bend of the road which passed the place where the resolute young men were still keeping guard, Hans heard a low long sort of sobbing sigh that touched him profoundly.

Then, in a little more, the green was deserted, the widow's donkey came trotting back to its accustomed grazing place, the cocks and hens stalked about in their usual desultory manner; one great tree still lay on the ground, but the others were safe, and their murmuring branches seemed rustling with deep fresh life all that night, long after the moon had risen and stirred the shadows on the plain.

WORDSWORTH'S THREE YARROWS.

IN the thought of all true poets, their ideal creations have their root in the poet's own experience. However remote from actual life the perfected creation may appear, whether it be a "Midsummer Night's Dream" or a "Re-

volt of Islam," it will be found that all its finer features were the birth of some chance bright moments, when certain aspects of nature, or expressions of human countenance, or incidents of life, or subtle traits of character, struck on the poet's soul, and impressed themselves indelibly there. But though we may be quite sure of this, yet so subtly works the transmuting power of imagination, so reticent have poets generally been about their own creations, so little have they been given to analyze themselves, that the cases are few in which we can lay our finger on this and that actual fact, and say these are the elements out of which the bright creation came. There are, however, some instances among modern poets in which we are allowed to trace the very footprints. And when we can do so, instead of diminishing our admiration of the perfected results, it gives them, I believe, an added interest. Lockhart has recorded his belief that there is hardly a scene, incident, or character in all Scott's poems or romances of which the first suggestion may not be traced to some old verse in the "Border Minstrelsy," or to some incident or character which he fell in with during those raids in which he gleaned the materials of that wonderful book from the sequestered places of the green Border Hills. It may not be without interest if we turn to a contemporary and friend of Scott's, and trace the actual facts out of which arose three of Wordsworth's most exquisite lyrics, "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited."

It was in August, 1803, that Wordsworth, though he had been born and reared in sight of Scotland's hills, for the first time set his foot on Scottish ground. He and his sister Dorothy, with Coleridge for their companion, left Keswick, to make a walking tour through Scotland. The poet's means, which were then but scanty, his income being not more than £100 a year, would not allow any more costly way of travelling; and well for us that it was so. Out of that "plain living," which circumstances enforced, how much of the "high thinking" came! And certainly, as walking is the least expensive, so it is the best way in which a poet can see a country. Walking alone, or with one congenial friend, he can stop, and gaze, and listen, and saunter, and meditate, at his will, and let all sights and sounds of nature melt into him as in no other way they can. On foot the three travelled up Nithsdale, by Falls of Clyde, on to Loch Lomond, where Coleridge, with whom the morbid period of his life had set in, having accompanied them thus far, fell foot-sore, and got into the dumps and left them. The brother, with his hardly less poetic sister, went on alone, and traversed on foot the finest highlands of Argyll and Perthshire. It is needless to trace their route in prose; for the poet has left his imperishable footprints at Inversnaid in the "Sweet Highland Girl;" on Loch Awe Side and Kilchurn, in his address to the "Child of Loud-Throated War;" at the small glen or head of Glen Almond, in the poem on "Ossian's Grave;" on Loch Katrine Side, in "What! you are Stepping Westward;" in "Rob Roy's Grave," which, however, Wordsworth took to be at Glengyle, not where it really is, in Balquhider Kirkyard; and at Strathire, in the "Solitary Reaper." As they two moved quietly along, the poet's imagination fell here on some well-known spot, there on some familiar human incident, and touched them with a light which will consecrate them forever. It was as I have seen on some gray autumnal day among the mountains, the slanting silver light moving over the dusky wilderness, and touching into sudden brightness now a deep-shadowed corrie, now a slip of greensward by a burn, or flushing a heathery brae, or suddenly bringing out from the gloom some tremendous precipice, or striking into momentary glory some far-off mountain peak. Only that glory was momentary, seen but by a single eye, and then gone. The light which the poet shed on those favored spots remains a joy for all generations if they have but the heart to feel it.

Hardly less beautiful than her brother's poems — indeed, sometimes quite equal to them, though far less known — are the entries in her journal which his sister made during

that memorable tour. Native poets have done much for Scotland, but nature has done far more, and all that they have sung is but a poor instalment of the grandeur and the glory that lies still unuttered. When Wordsworth set foot across the border, with his fresh eye and strong imagination he saw further and clearer into the heart of things that met him than any of the native poets had done, and added a new and deeper tone to their minstrelsy.

In this first tour, when the poet and his sister had descended from the Highlands, they went to Rosslyn, and then it was, as Lockhart tells us, that Scott first saw Wordsworth. "Their mutual acquaintance, Stoddart, had so often talked of them to each other, that they met as if they had not been strangers, and they parted friends." The 17th of September was the day they first met. Wordsworth and his sister walked from Rosslyn down the valley to Lasswade, where Scott was then living, but they arrived before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen. "We were received," Wordsworth says, "with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met Scott, always marked his manners. . . . The same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same unaffected modesty about himself: the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful view of man and the world." They heard something that day of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," of which they were to hear more at Jedburgh. At the close of this day Scott walked with his two new friends to Rosslyn, and on parting promised to meet them in two days at Melrose. The tourists passed by Peebles to the Vale of Tweed. There, after looking for a moment at Neidpath Castle, "beggared and outraged" by the loss of its trees, he turned from these

"Wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain."

From Peebles, travelling down the Tweed by Traquair, Elibank, Ashiestiel, through that vale, where as yet railway was undreamt of, they found it

"More pensive in sunshine
Than others in moonshine."

At Clovenford they had reached the spot whence, if at all, they should have turned aside to Yarrow. A short walk to the hill above, and the whole of Yarrow Vale would have lain at their feet. They debated about it, and determined to reserve the pleasure for a future day. Thence they passed to Melrose, where they met Walter Scott, under whose guidance they saw the Abbey. Then with him, for he was then "Shirra," and on his official rounds, they went to Jedburgh. It was the time of the Assize, and the inns were so filled with the judges' retinue and the lawyers, that the poet and his sister had difficulty in finding quarters. As they passed the evening in their lodging, under the roof of that kind hostess, whom Wordsworth celebrated in "The Matron of Jedburgh," Scott left his brethren of the bar at their post, and stole away to spend an hour or two with the water-drinking poet and his sister. He then repeated to them a part of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in which Wordsworth at once hailed the coming poet, and which he regarded to the last as the finest of all Scott's poems. Next day, while Scott was engaged, no doubt, in court, he left them to go to Ferneyhurst and the old Jed Forest, with William Laidlaw for their guide, whom Miss Wordsworth in her journal describes as "a young man from the braes of Yarrow, an acquaintance of Mr. Scott's," who, having been much delighted with some of William's poems, which he had chanced to see in a newspaper, had wished to be introduced to him. He "lived at the most retired part of the Dale of Yarrow, where he had a farm. He was fond of reading, and well informed, but at first meeting as shy as any of our Grasmere lads, and not less rustic in his appearance." This was the author of "Lucy's Flitting," Laidlaw's one ballad or song, which, for pure natural pathos, is unsurpassed, if indeed it is equalled, by any lyric that either of the two great poets ever wrote.

Next day Scott accompanied Wordsworth and his sister for two miles up a bare hill above Hawick. Thence they looked wide "over the moors of Liddesdale, and saw the Cheviot hills. We wished we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home." But the friends were obliged to part, the Wordsworths to take the road by Moss-paul and Ewesdale to Langholm, Scott to return to his sheriff duties. It would have been a curious sight to see how Wordsworth would have comported himself if he had been ushered into a company of Scott's friends, the Hill Farmers of the Dandy Dinmont stamp, with their big punch-bowls and deep draughts.

When Wordsworth returned to his Grasmere home, he finished the poem "Yarrow Unvisited," which had been suggested by the incident I have mentioned at Cloven-ford.

Eleven years passed before Wordsworth again visited Scotland. The visit this time was less memorable. It was not lighted up by that wonderful journal of his sister's, and it called forth from the poet himself only four memorials in verse. Of these, "Yarrow Visited" is the only one in the poet's happiest manner. The road by which Wordsworth and his travelling companions approached Yarrow was that leading across the hill from Innerleithen. The night before they passed in the sequestered hamlet of Traquair, perhaps it may have been in Traquair Manse. Next morning the Ettrick Shepherd met the party at Traquair, and became their guide to his once home-land. One can imagine the simple-hearted, garrulous vanity with which Hogg would perform his office of guide, and how Wordsworth, who believed himself to be so much the greater of the two, would receive the patronizing attentions.

From Traquair they walked, and so had a full view of Yarrow vale from the descending road. In Yarrow, they visited in his cottage the aged father of the Ettrick Shepherd, himself a shepherd, a fine old man more than eighty years of age. This must have been at one or other of Hogg's two homes on Yarrow, Benger Mount or Altrive Lake. How Wordsworth was solemnized and elevated by this his first look on Yarrow, we shall see when we come to consider the poem "Yarrow Visited." Their route that day lay up the stream to St. Mary's Loch, for this has left its impress on the poem. And from thence they seem to have traversed the whole course of Yarrow, till its union with the Ettrick.

Seventeen more years passed before Wordsworth again crossed the Scottish Border. This time it was on a sad errand, to visit Sir Walter Scott once again before "his last going from Tweedside," in hope of recruiting his shattered health in Italy. "How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, 'I mean to live till I am eighty, and shall write as long as I live!'" Wordsworth and his daughter spent the first evening with the family party at Abbotsford, and among them was William Laidlaw, now a very old friend of Sir Walter's, who had for several years been his amanuensis. Next day — it was a Tuesday — they drove to Newark Castle, accompanied by most of the home party; and the two poets, both now stricken with years, wandered about the woodland walks overhanging that Yarrow, of which each in his prime had sung so well. They did not, however, penetrate beyond the wooded banks near the lower part of the river, into the upper and more pastoral region. It was this day which was commemorated by Wordsworth in his "Yarrow Revisited." On their return home they came down the north bank of the Tweed and crossed the river at the ford immediately under Abbotsford. As the wheels of their carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, Wordsworth looked up and saw at that moment a rich but sad light, purple rather than golden, spread over Eildon. Thinking that this was probably the very last time that Sir Walter would ever cross the stream, he was not a little moved, and gave vent to some of his feelings in the sonnet, —

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height."

Farther on, fain to comfort himself and others, he breaks out, —

"Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laureled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!"

He appeals to the elements and to the universal heart of man to come to the help of him, whom elsewhere he calls "the whole world's darling;" but it will not do.

There were other affecting incidents connected with that visit. It was on the morning of the Thursday, just before Wordsworth left at noon, that Sir Walter wrote in the album of Wordsworth's daughter those last and imperfectly finished stanzas. As he stood by his desk, and put the book into her hand, he said to her in her father's presence, "I should not have done anything of this kind, but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write." And they were the last.

One stanza clings to memory. Alluding to the fact that Wordsworth had listened to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" before it was given to the world, and had hailed it as a true work of genius, Sir Walter says, —

"And meet it is that he who saw
The first faint rays of genius burn,
Should mark their latest light with awe,
Low glimmering from their funeral urn."

At parting, Wordsworth expressed to Sir Walter his hope that the mild climate of Italy would restore his health, and the classic remembrances interest him, to which Sir Walter replied in the words from "Yarrow Unvisited," which Wordsworth in his musings in "Aquapendente," six years afterwards, thus recalls: —

"Still, in more than ear-deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but survive,
The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words
To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile,
Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,
He said, 'When I am there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.' Prophecy
More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,
Her sparkling fountains and her mouldering tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence which showed
Her splendors, seen, not felt, and while he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) apart
From Tasso's Convent-haven and retired grave."

These are the three visits of Wordsworth to Scotland, and the incidents connected with them, which called forth his Three Yarrows. The first visit and the last are associated with Sir Walter, the second with the Ettrick Shepherd. And each of the three poets has shed on Yarrow the light of his peculiar genius. It would be an interesting subject to turn aside and note what a different aspect Yarrow wore, what different feelings it called up in each poet, as seen by his own individual eye. But there is an anterior question which may very naturally occur to any one to ask: What is there peculiar about Yarrow, of all the thousand streams of Scotland, to rivet the affection, and call forth the finest minstrelsy of these three poets? A chance comer passing down its green braes and holms, if told that this dale was consecrated to song, might well exclaim, —

"What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

To a casual and hurried glance it might well seem so; but there, too, as elsewhere, it is not to the first rapid look that the truth reveals itself.

What is it then that has so consecrated Yarrow to song and poetry, made it dear to the hearts of so many poets, dear too to every heart, in which there dwells any tone of melody? The very name is itself a poem, sounding so wildly sweet, so sad and musical. And when you see it, the place answers with a strange fitness to the name. It is, as it were, the inner sanctuary of the whole Scottish Border, of that mountain tract which sweeps from sea to sea, from St. Abbs Head and the Lammermuir westward to the hills of Galloway. It concentrates in itself all that is most characteristic of that scenery. The soft green rounded hills with their flowing outlines overlapping and melting into each other, — the clear streams winding down between them from side to side, margined with green slips of holm, — the steep braesides with the splendor of mountain grass interlaced here and there with darker ferns, or purple heather, — the hundred side-burns that feed the main Dale River, coming from hidden hopes where the gray tower still moulders, — the pensive aspect of the whole region so solitary and desolate. Then Yarrow is the centre of the once famous but now vanished Forest of Ettrick, with its memories of proud huntings and chivalry, of glamourie and the land of Faery. Again, it is the home of some "old unhappy far-off thing," some immemorial romantic sorrow, so remote that tradition has forgotten its incidents, yet cannot forget the impression of its sadness. Ballad after ballad comes down loaded with a dirge-like wail for some sad event, made still sadder for that it befell in Yarrow. The oldest that survives, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," tells of a knight, one probably of the clan Scott, treacherously slain in combat by a kinsman: —

"She's kiss'd his cheek, she's kaim'd his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She's belted him wi' his noble brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow."

To Yarrow too belongs that most pathetic "Lament of the Border Widow," sung by his wife Marjory over the grave of the outlaw Piers Cockburn, when she had buried him by his tower of Henderland: —

"I sew'd his sheet, making my maen;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day,
No living creature cam that way."

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sate,
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green."

"But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair,
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae?"

Below Henderland, a mile down Yarrow, moulders Dryhope Tower, the birthplace in Queen Mary's time of the famous Mary Scott, the first Flower of Yarrow, renowned for her beauty, wooed by all the Chieftains of the Border, and won to be his wife by the famous Wat of Harden. Another mile down, comes into Yarrow River the Douglas Burn, which, after it flowed past the now ruined Blackhouse Tower, home of Lady Margaret and scene of the Douglas Tragedy, had its waters dyed with the blood of the stricken Lord William.

"Oh, they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down."

"They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear."

And all the way down, not a "hope" or a burn joins Yarrow from either side, but had its Peel Tower, the scene of such like tragic or romantic incident, some of them remembered, more forgotten.

Last century the old popular wail was taken up by two ladies, each of an ancient Border name, and each the authoress of an earlier set of the "Flowers of the Forest." But their strains were but the echoes of a far older refrain, coeval probably with Flodden, which Scott sought to recover, but found two lines only: —

"I ride single in my saddle,
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

Last century, too, Hamilton of Bangour carried on the strain, but in a lighter mood, in his well-known ballad, —

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride."

And soon after Logan recurred to the older and more plaintive form of the melody, adding to it another note of sadness: —

"They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest through,
They nothing saw but the coming night,
They nothing heard but the roar of Yarrow.
No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
No longer walk, thou weeping maid,
Alas! thou hast no more a brother."

Such was the great background of pathetic feeling out of which Yarrow came forth to meet the poets of this century. In the earliest years of it, Scott had, by gathering together and concentrating all that was oldest and finest in the ancient songs of "The Forest," conferred a new and deeper consecration on Yarrow. When Wordsworth passed down Tweed-dale with his sister from that first interview at Lasswade, Scott had not yet made the last minstrel

"Pass where Newark's ruined tower
Looks forth from Yarrow's birchen bower;"

much less dreamed of Marmion, with those so interesting introductions, in one of which he sings of St. Mary's silent lake, —

"There's nothing left to Fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude."

Then Wordsworth came, and as he travelled down the bank of Tweed, and felt that on the other side of the hill, within an hour's walk, lay Yarrow, the very sanctuary of old border song, doubtless the poetic heart was stirred within him, and he longed to look on the romantic river. But he was constrained — probably enough from some quite prosaic reason — to pass on, and the thoughts and feelings came to him which took shape in "Yarrow Unvisited." Turn to the poem. It opens in a lighter, more frolicsome vein than was usual with Wordsworth — frolicsome, we may call it, not humorous, for to humor Wordsworth attained not. His sister evidently desires

"To turn aside
And see the braes of Yarrow."

To her wish — it may have been importunity — the poet replies, "We have seen so many famous rivers all Scotland over; so many famous streams yet lie before us to see — Galla Water, Leader Haughs, Dryburgh by the chiming Tweed, —

"There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow,
Why throw away a weary day,
To go in search of Yarrow?"

And then he breaks out, —

"What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."

His sister looks up in his face surprised and pained to hear her brother speak in what seemed scorn of the old romantic river. To her look the poet replies in a somewhat more serious strain, admits there must be something worth their

seeing in Yarrow — the green holms, the fair, flowing river; but they must for the present pass them by — must allow —

"The swan on still St. Mary's lake,
Float double, swan and shadow."

And then the deep undertone of feeling which lay beneath all the lighter chaff and seeming disparagement, breaks out in these two immortal stanzas:—

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For, when we're there although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!"

After this ideal gleam has for a moment broken over it, the light of common day again closes in, and the poem ends with the comforting thought that

"Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

The whole poem, if it contains only two stanzas pitched in Wordsworth's highest strain, is throughout in his most felicitous vein of expression. The manner is that of the old ballad, with an infusion of modern reflection, which yet does not spoil its naturalness. The metre is that in which most of the old Yarrow ballads, from "The Dowie Dens" onward, are cast, with the second and the fourth lines in each stanza ending in double rhymes, to let the refrain fall full on the fine melodious name of Yarrow. It plays with the subject, rises and falls — now playful, then serious, then back to homeliness, with a most graceful movement. It has in it something of that ethereality of thought and manner which belonged to Wordsworth's earlier lyrics — those composed during the last years of the preceding and the first few years of this century. This peculiar ethereality — which is a thing to feel rather than to describe — left him after about 1805, and though replaced in the best of his later poems by increased depth and mellowness of reflection, yet could no more be compensated than the fresh gleam of new-fledged leaves in spring, can be made up for by their autumnal glory.

Years pass, and Wordsworth at length, guided by the Ettrick Shepherd, looks on the actual Yarrow, and takes up the strain where he had left it eleven years ago. Then the feeling was —

"We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?"

Now it is —

"And is this — Yarrow? — This the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!"

This famous exclamation, which has long since passed into the mind of the world, had scarcely found vent, when there falls a strange sadness on the poet's heart, and he would that some minstrel were near to dispel it with glad music. Yet why should he be sad? The stream wanders on its way clear and silvery, —

"Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings;
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted."

And "a blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale," save where it is flecked by "pearly whiteness" of a fair September morning. Everything that meets his eye is beautiful and soothing. It is that the braes, though beautiful, look so solitary and desolate, and the solitariness of the present answers too well to the sadness of the past. Summing up all the

sorrows of innumerable songs in one question, he exclaims, —

"Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?"

And here, if we might pause on details of fact, we might say that Wordsworth fell into an inaccuracy; for Mary Scott of Dryhope, the real "Flower of Yarrow," never did lie bleeding on Yarrow, but became the wife of Wat of Harden and the mother of a wide-branching race. But Wordsworth speaks of *his* bed, evidently confounding the lady "Flower of Yarrow" with that "slaughtered youth" for whom so many ballads had sung lament. But this slight divergence from fact no way mars the truth of feeling which makes the poet long to pierce into the dumb past, and know something of the pathetic histories that have immortalized these braes. But, though he cannot recall the buried histories of the past, he does not fail to read to the very core the present sentiment that pervades Yarrow: —

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

No words in the language penetrate more truly and deeply into the very heart of nature. It was one of Wordsworth's great gifts to be able to concentrate the whole feeling of a wide scene into a few words, simple, strong, penetrating to the very core of it. Many a time, and for many a varied scene, he has done this, but perhaps he has never put forth this power more happily than in the four lines in which he has summed up for all time the true quality of Yarrow. You look on Yarrow, you repeat those four lines over to yourself, and you feel that the finer, more subtle essence of nature has never been more perfectly uttered in human words. There it stands complete. No poet coming after Wordsworth need try to do it again, for it has been done once, perfectly and forever.

The verses which follow relapse from that high altitude into a more ordinary level of description. Having traversed the stream from St. Mary's Loch to Newark and Bowhill, he leaves it with the impression that sight has not destroyed imagination — the actual not effaced the ideal: —

"Not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives —
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
I know where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy!
And cheer my mind in sorrow."

Compared with "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited" does not go with such a swing from end to end. The second poem has in it more of contemplative pause than the first. There is more irregularity in the quality of its stanzas — some of them rising to an excellence which Wordsworth has not surpassed, and which has impressed them on the poetic memory as possessions forever, others sinking down to the level of ordinary poetic workmanship. But even in a lyric of a dozen stanzas, if a note is struck here and there of the highest pitch, it is a question whether it is possible to maintain the strain at the same level throughout. It will be found, I think, on examination that the lyric stanzas which have taken an undying hold on mankind, are almost always embedded among other stanzas not so eminent. It is not given even to the most gifted poets to keep on expressing the best thoughts in the best words throughout all the stanzas of a long lyric.

Seventeen more years, and then came the farewell visit to Abbotsford, and that last day on Yarrow, when

"Once more, by Newark's castle-gate,
Long left without a warder,
He stood, looked, listened, and with him,
Great minstrel of the Border!
And through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark entered;

And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the 'last Minstrel' (not the last!)
Ere he his Tale recounted."

It was a day late in September, and, judging by the traits touched in "Yarrow Revisited," the party from Abbotsford did not go to the upper course of Yarrow, where the braes are green and treeless, but lingered among the woods of Bowhill and about the ruin of Newark. The leaves on these woods were sere, but made redder or more golden as the breezes played, or the autumnal sunshine shot through them.

As they wandered through the wooded banks that overhang Yarrow, they

"Made a day of happy hours,
Their happy days recalling;
And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If then, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover."

No wonder that some shadows should overspread their mental prospect, for, as regarded Scott,

... "Sickness lingering yet
Has o'er his pillow brooded;
And Care waylays his steps,—a sprite
Not easily eluded."

Against these forebodings of decay Wordsworth, throughout the poem, contends with wonderful buoyancy. But the pressure of fact was too heavy to be put by. It required something more than the soothing influences of nature, or even the faith which Wordsworth so cherished,

"Naught shall prevail against us, or disturb
The cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of goodness,"

to have enabled Scott or his friends to bear his then condition. From the sight of that inevitable decay Wordsworth turned and tried to soothe himself and his friends with the hope that though he was compelled to leave his Tweed and Teviot, "Sorrento's breezy waves" would give him gracious welcome, and Tiber before his eyes "with unimagined beauty shine."

"For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow:
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite thee."

Alas! how different was the reality! In Lockhart's life of him may be read with how dull and unstirred a heart he gazed on all that Italy contains of art or nature, how the only things that for a moment reanimated him were the Tombs of the Stuarts in St. Peter's, and the sight of the heather on the Apennines, reminding him of his own land.

After the expression of the hope of what Italy may do for him, Wordsworth passes on, in four more stanzas, to reflect on the power of "localized Romance," what it does to elevate and beautify existence, how

"The visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is,—our changeful Life."

And then the poem, longer than either of the two preceding ones, closes with this farewell benediction on the stream, whose immemorial charm his own three poems have so greatly enhanced:—

"Flow on forever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,

Well pleased that future bards shall chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine."

This poem, along with the touching sonnet which condenses many of the same sentiments, and tells Scott that "the might of the whole world's good wishes with him goes," was sent soon afterwards to him, and reached him before he left London for Italy. No record remains as to how he took these poems, or what pleasure they gave him. Probably the pall of gloom was by this time settling down on his mind too heavily to be lifted off by any songs that mortal poet could indite.

Compared with the two former poems, "Yarrow Revisited" falls short of the ideal tone to which they were set. In the former, the poet's mind was free to follow its natural impulse, and, unencumbered with present fact, to see Yarrow Vale in the visionary light which nature or foregone humanities had combined to shed upon it.

In the last poem the sense of Scott's recent misfortunes and declining health was too painfully present to admit of such treatment. Wordsworth was himself conscious of this, and in the retrospect he made this remark: "There is too much pressure of fact for these verses to harmonize, as much as I could wish, with the two preceding poems." This is true. And yet if it wants the idealizing touch, it has qualities of its own which well compensate for that want. It is one of the latest of Wordsworth's poems in which his natural power is seen still unabated; and if it falls below the best things he did in his best days, it is only second to these, and displays his later or autumnal manner in its best form. Several of the stanzas above quoted are only a little below the finest verses in the best of the "Lyrical Ballads," written in his poetic prime. But if some may estimate the artistic merit of "Yarrow Revisited" lower than I am inclined to do, they cannot deny its human and historic interest. It is an enduring record of the friendship of two poets, the greatest of their time, and of the last scene in that friendship. Commencing with that first meeting at Lasswade, before either was much known to fame, their friendship lasted unabated till death parted them. They had lived apart, and met only by occasional visits, when Wordsworth crossed the Scottish border, or Scott visited the Lakes.

On one of these latter occasions they had together ascended Helvellyn, and Wordsworth commemorated that ascent by the lines addressed to Lady Scott,—

"Inmate of a mountain dwelling."

And again in the "Musings in Aquapendente" he reverted to

"Old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads."

The characters of the two poems were not less different than were the views and methods on which their poetry was constructed. But they each esteemed and honored the other, throughout their days of active creation, and now they had met for what they well knew, though they did not say it, must be their final interview. It was an affecting and solemn interview, according to the prose account of it which Wordsworth and Lockhart have each given. Nor less affecting is this its poetic record.

Then again, the poem is a memorial of the very last visit Scott ever paid not only to Yarrow but to any scene in that land which he had so loved and glorified. A memorial of that day, struck off on the spot, even by an inferior hand, would have been precious. But when no less a poet than Wordsworth was there to commemorate this, Scott's last day by his native streams, and when into that record he poured so much of the mellow music of his autumnal genius, the whole poem reaches to a quite tragic pathos. As you croon over its solemn cadences, and think of the circumstances out of which it arose, and the sequel

that was so soon to follow, you seem to overhear in every line

"The still sad music of humanity."

Wordsworth never revisited those scenes. But once again, on hearing of the death of James Hogg, in November, 1835, his thoughts flew back to Yarrow, and poured themselves forth in this "Extempore Effusion," probably the very last outburst in which his genius flashed forth with its old poetic fervor:—

"When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

"When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves which had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-Minstrel led.

"The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

"Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'"

These lines are a fitting epilogue to the three poems, "by which," as Lockhart has said, "Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams," and he might have added, with the greatest of Scottish poets.

BRET HARTE.

EMBARCKING from a city on the Caribbean Sea where there were no books to be bought, on board a steamer which had none to lend, for a voyage which would last at least twenty-six days, my ammunitions of war against time were sadly defective. I had had plenty of business on the great waters; ships had no novelty for me. I was even denied the poor occupation of being sea-sick; for though thoroughly sick of the sea, I have never felt the first symptoms of that too-dreaded malady. Moreover, I had to spend three days of inaction at the dullest, the dirtiest, and the hottest seaport on that side the Atlantic, and, as I verily believe, for its size, the wickedest place in the world. The nation which owns this favored spot calls it Colon, but the Americans, who made it the terminus of their railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, dub it *Aspin-wall*. I hate it with a deep and bitter hatred, as un-Christian as sincere; but it has one pleasant reminiscence: it was there that I first made the acquaintance (as a reader) of Bret Harte. Sweet should be his consolation that he has caused one human being to associate a pleasant thought with filthy, pestilential, rowdy Aspinwall.

A friend, also on his travels, came to see me on my steamer, and he had a book. Perhaps I eyed it hungrily; perhaps, as an old stager, he guessed my sore distress. Anyhow, he gave me that book—a volume of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine—and in it were two stories, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and another I cannot designate now, and one set of verses, "In a Tunnel,"¹ which, to use a hackneyed but all-expressive phrase, gave me "a new sensation." When I arrived in London I bought all that was then published of Bret Harte, and have kept up my reading in his

respect pretty well since. I sincerely hope I have not read all his works.

My new sensation was that of freshness, vigor, daring—that of entering into an atmosphere so bracing as to take away the breath; for the first impression upon reading Bret Harte is, that you ought to be shocked. Not only is the clay from which he moulds his characters of the very commonest and coarsest kind, but it seems at first to be unclean as well; but it becomes purified as he shapes it. He rakes pearls and diamonds out of the gutter, and his hands are not soiled in the act. Like our own Dickens, he finds noble qualities in the roughest and lowest of mankind; but he is not open to the accusation which may sometimes be brought with justice against that great master of fiction, that he makes his heroes and heroines *posture*, so to speak, and behave in a manner which is hard to reconcile with their origin and surroundings. But then Bret Harte has never yet tried his hand at a long story; his tales are all short character sketches. When he leaves the gulch and the cañon, and gets out of the sound of the mountain pines, and bids adieu to his diggers, he prosés. His essays are Oliver Wendell Holmes and water—very strong of the water.

Bret Harte made his fame in verse with "The Heathen Chinee." It was the sort of thing that "any fellow" could understand, and it took amazingly, but is not to be compared in real merit with "Dow's Flat," "Jim," or "Penelope." You cannot read these as you run; their force consists rather in what they leave to the imagination than what they express. The master-touch, for example, in "Dow's Flat" is when the narrator (telling his own history as that of another) breaks short off at the point where Dow, utterly ruined and hopeless, goes down to that well he had been digging so long in vain for water,—

"With a shovel and pick on his shoulder,
And a Derringer hid in his breast."

Hitherto the story had been told glibly enough, with touches of grim humor highly characteristic:

"He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell,
Just to listen and think.
For the sun in his eyes (*just like this, sir!*)
You see, kinder made the cuss blink.

"His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play.
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his
All—as I've heer'd the folks say.
And"—

Here he breaks down. The shudder which ran through him when the cold barrel of that Derringer touched his breast thrills him again.

"And—that's a peart hoss
That you've got—ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh! Well, then, Dow,
Let's see—well, that forty-foot grave
Wasn't his, sir, that day anyhow."

It was not alone to feel the knees of the "peart hoss" that he bends his head; there is something rising in eyes and throat that he would fain hide, and the "Eh? Oh! let's see," is delivered in a very husky voice, and preluded—

who knows?—by an outspoken "Thank God!"

A blow of his pick "sorter caved in the side" of the well, and he found *gold*! And this, as we are told, through "sheer contrariness."

"For 't was *water* the derned cuss was seekin',
And his luck made him certain to miss."

In "Jim" there is another eloquent hiatus. Little Jim had been left sick at some unnamed drinking-bar, and his chum, inquiring for him after a lapse of two years, hears

¹ The writer makes a mistake here. Neither of these pieces was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.—Ed. E. S.

that the boy is dead. He is standing — glass in hand — drinking to a stranger, who treats him.

"Dead?
That little cuss?"

is all he can falter out. The glass falls from his hand, and there comes a laugh. It jars! Half ashamed of his emotion, and like many another and better man, trying to hide it by bluster, he roars, —

"What makes you star,
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar?
It wouldn't take
D—— much to break
You and your bar."

Relieved by this explosion, he goes on:

"Dead!
Poor — little — Jim!
Why there was me,
Jones and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben —
No-account men:
Then to take him!"

But little Jim has not been taken. It was he who had "rar'd," and he is ultimately recognized in the following characteristic lines, —

"Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb!
You ornery
Derned old,
Long-legged Jim!"

The whole poem contains only fifty-eight short lines, but delivered by a good reader it speaks a volume.

The same deep affection, and desire to hide it, are found in the story of "Flynn of Virginia," who held up the timbers in the falling tunnel, and cried in the darkness to his chum, —

"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me!"

The narrator is scandalized that the stranger to whom he speaks has not heard of Tom Flynn, and that's all about him.

"That's all about
Flynn of Virginia;
That lets me out:
Here in the damp
Out of the sun,
That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run."

It was not the lamp.

Ignorance of Flynn is not to be permitted, so he concludes, —

"But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn —
Flynn of Virginia —
Just you chip in:
Say you knew Flynn:
Say that you've been 'yar."

The merit of "Penelope" is of a different order, and is rich in another sort of suggestion, which the reader who understands his author can readily profit by. He can see from the first that the widow is willing to be consoled — that the wooer is shy, and requires encouragement; and that the lady sadly needs the presence of her ally Sal, to defend her against a too speedy capitulation. Her

"Oh, Sal! yer's that derned fool from Simpson's
Cavorting round yer in the dew;"

her

"And you come a-courting his widdier!
Lord! where can that critter, Sal, be?"

and, finally, when the abused swain *may* sit down in the "old man's" chair, her

"Sit down — *anywhere*, where you like, Joe —
In that cheer if you choose — Lord! *where's* Sal?"

give a life-like picture of the flustered, tender-hearted, *womanly* woman.

I am inclined to think that Joe got a very good wife.

The versification of "Truthful James" in recounting the "row"

"That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw"

is peculiarly smooth and happy. The lines which record the demise of one of its shining lights are irresistibly comic. Thus: —

"Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass — at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent."

Nevertheless —

"Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order — when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the
floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

The prose tales of Bret Harte are not "food for babes." They suggest questions which the instructor of youth might find it inconvenient to answer; but they teem with noble thoughts and are completely void of sickly sentimentality. They are full of gamblers and drunkards — of ne'er-do-weels, male and female; yet no one rises from their perusal with the idea that it is fine to gamble, and drink, and lead a vicious life. We are sorry for Mr. Oakhurst, when he is found dead, with that curious self-written epitaph posted above his head; but we do not doubt the justice of the decree which exiled him and his companions from Poker Flat, or suppose for one moment that had succor arrived in time he would not have deserved a similar sentence in any other community which he might have selected for a residence.

Bret Harte's people *never* attitudinize. Witness the death of Mother Shipton in the story referred to. They are "snowed in," and provisions fail: —

"'I'm going,' she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, 'but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head, and open it.' Mr. Oakhurst did so. *It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week untouched.* 'Give 'm to the child,' she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. 'You've starved yourself!' said the gambler. 'That's what they call it,' said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away."

She died as she had lived — a bad old woman — without a word of repentance, without a prayer for pardon; but doing an act which, perhaps, the All-merciful would accept as such. She died, to give a chance of life to "the child." Not her own child — a stranger, who had unfortunately joined their luckless caravan, and who had gained the soft spot in her wicked old heart because she was not what she herself had been.

Piney was not a "child," but a well-grown young woman, on her way to be married. Mother Shipton and "the Duchess" (a lady, her younger in years, but hardly her inferior in point of depravity) would not curse in Piney's hearing. They always spoke of her as "the child." "It was a soothing and original theory of the pair," remarks the author, "thus to account for the fact that she did not swear and was not improper."

"Miggles," who retires into the wilds with the paralyzed wreck of the man who had been good to her in her prosperous but naughty days, and who will not throw a sop to Mrs. Grundy by marrying him, because then she would be bound to do what she did of her own accord — is another instance of good in bad; a diamond picked out of the gutter. There is no talk with her about regret for the past —

only practice. When the coach (storm-bound) has left her dwelling, and the passengers arrive at the next halt, and the judge, "solemnly taking off his white hat," and making sure that all the glasses are full, says "Here's to Miggles. GOD BLESS HER!" it would have been a hard heart indeed that would not add, Amen!

The affair is so thoroughly characteristic. Even this solemn benediction could not be conferred without "a drink."

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is full of tender touches, given by the roughest hands. A child has been born to that community, of the only person in it capable of the proceeding, and who does not survive it. The infant is adopted by the diggers, who file past his cradle (a candle-box), after having deposited their contributions towards his maintenance in a hat "placed handy." Kentuck is the roughest of that crowd. As he

"Bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. 'The d——d little cuss!' he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. *He held that finger a little apart from its fellows, as he went out, and examined it curiously. . . . 'He wrestled with my finger,' he remarked, holding up the member, 'the d——d little cuss!'*"

The italics are my own. When every one had gone to bed Kentuck walked down to the river, and past the cabin where the child was, and back again to it.

"How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy (the digger nurse) towards the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause — an embarrassing one, Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Wrestled with it — the d——d little cuss!" he said, and retired."

There is more poetry in that idea of the finger touched by the child being held apart from its fellows, as though it had been purified by that contact, and they were no longer worthy to be together, than I have found in many volumes of verse.

Kentuck's finger is not the only thing that "Tommy Luck" touched and purified. He converts the whole camp. Swearing is not allowed in his presence, and habits of restraint in this respect are created. Sanitary considerations require that his visitors should improve their acquaintance with soap and water before they are allowed to see him, and thus cleanliness is encouraged. The well-furnished cabin they have provided for him makes his patrons ashamed of their own squalid dwellings, and the result is thus recorded by the expressman:—

"They've a street up there in Roaring that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day; but they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

A burlesque on the Church Service is prepared for Tommy's christening, but is stopped by Stumpy. "It ain't my style, boys, to spoil fun," said the little man, stoutly eying the faces around him; "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It is playing it pretty low down on this 'yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand."

If there were not a gentleman, in the highest sense of the word, under Stumpy's red shirt, I should like to know where such a sentiment came from? The profane ritual was abandoned without a word, and when Stumpy, determined that there should be a christening, said, "I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God!" no one laughed.

In the end a flood sweeps Roaring Camp away. A relief boat from down the river picks up a man and an infant.

"It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roar-

ing Camp in his arms. 'He is dead,' said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. 'Dead?' he repeated, faintly. 'Yes, my man, and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. 'Dying!' he repeated. 'He's a-taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now.'"

The story which gives the title to Bret Harte's last published volume, "Mrs. Skaggs's Husbands," is highly characteristic of the writer. The first part (west) has the real ring, the second (east) is flat and insipid, until Juba Bill enters and brings the scent of the pines and the red dust of the sierras with him. As Bret Harte approaches civilization he becomes dull. He can make nothing worthy of his pen out of fine ladies and gentlemen, though in his hands Kentuck becomes a hero and Miggles a heroine. He is said to be very lazy; he greatly disappoints the booksellers. I am glad of it; such stories as I have noticed are not to be written to order by the sheet. Half his last volume is — and oh! what a falling off is there!

One of Mrs. Skaggs's husbands, driven to desperation and drink by her wickedness, we find at Angel's under the name of Johnson — a hopeless and apparently aimless wreck, who sees snakes and jackass rabbits with hats on, but who has discovered a quicksilver mine, which he determines to share with Tom Islington, a boy who has gained his affections by pumping on his head of a morning, and quietly listening to all he may have to say, merely observing that the sort of snakes he sees don't bite, and that as for jackass rabbits going about with green hats with "yal-ler" ribbons, why, "sometimes they do and sometimes they don't. Animals are mighty queer." He takes Tom as his partner, and thus builds his "castle in Spain":—

"Times when I'm took bad, as I was to-day, the boys about here sez — you sez maybe, Tommy — it's whiskey. It ain't Tommy. It's pizen — quicksilver pizen. That's what's the matter with me. I'm salivated — salivated with merkery! I've heard o' it before," continued Johnson, appealing to the boy, "and as a boy of permiskeus reading I reason you hev too. Them men as works in cinnabar sooner or later gets salivated; it's bound to fetch 'em sometime — salivated by merkery."

"What are you goin' to do for it?" asked Tommy. "When the agint comes up, and I begin to realize on this yer mine," said Johnson, contemptively, "I goes to New York. I sez to the bar-keep of the hotel, 'Show me the biggest doctor here.' He shows me. I sez to him, 'Salivated by merkery — a year's standing — how much?' He sez, 'Five thousand dollars, and take two o' these pills at bedtime, and an ekal number o' powders at meals, and come back in a week.' And I goes back in a week, cured, and signs a certificate to that effect."

Encouraged by a look of interest in Tommy's eye, he went on:—

"So I gets cured. I goes to the bar-keep, and I sez, 'Show me the biggest, fashionabest house that's for sale yer.' And he sez, 'The biggest nat'rally b'longs to John Jacob Astur.' And I sez, 'Show him;' and he shows him. And I sez, 'Wot might you ask for this yer house?' And he looks at me scornful, and sez, 'Go 'way, old man; you must be sick.' And I fetches him one over the left eye, and he apologizes, and I gives him his own price for the house. I stocks that house with mahogany furniture and provisions, and thar we lives — you and me, Tommy, you and me."

"Then there comes a day when we give a big spread. We invites gov'ners, members o' Congress, gentlemen o' fashion, and the like. And amongst 'em I invite a man as holds his head very high, a man I once knew, but he doesn't know I knows him, and he don't remember me. And he comes, and he sits opposite to me, and I watches him. And he's very airy, this man, and very chipper, and he wipes his mouth with a white handkercher. And he smiles, and he ketches my eye, and he sez, 'A glass o' wine with you, Mr. Johnson;' and he fills his glass, and I fill mine, and we rises. And I heaves that wine, glass and all, right into his d——d grinnin' face. And he jumps for me — for he is very game, this man — very game; but some on 'em grabs him, and he sez, 'Who be you?' And I sez, 'Skeggs! d——n you, Skeggs! Look at me! Give me back my wife and child! Give me back the money you stole! Give me back the good name you took away! Give me back the health you ruined! Give me back the last twelve years! Give 'em to me, d——n you! quick, before I cuts your heart

out!" And naterally, Tommy, he can't do it. And so I cuts his heart out, my boy—I cuts his heart out!"

"The purely animal fury of his eye suddenly changed again to cunning. 'You think they hangs me for it, Tommy; but they don't. Not much, Tommy. I goes to the biggest lawyer there, and I sez to him, "Salviated by merkerly—you hear me—salviated by merkerly!" And he winks at me, and he goes to the judge, and he sez, "This yer unfornet man isn't responsible—he's been salviated by merkerly." And he brings witnesses; you comes, Tommy, and you sez as how you've seen me took bad before; and the doctor, he comes, and he sez as how he's seen me frightful; and the jury, without leavin' their seats, brings in a verdict o' justifiable insanity—salviated by merkerly!"

Space does not allow me to quote as I should wish from that most touching story, "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar." There is a reputation in its fourteen pages. To sum up Bret Harte, he has all the dry, quaint, American humor of Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, and their many imitators, plus a pathos which is entirely his own. You may take his stories as his diggers treat the gold-laden soil—let pure thoughts flow over them, and lo! the dirt soon disappears, and pure metal remains as your reward.

POETRY AND WATER.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

BUT before I fairly broach my theme—a sufficiently parlous one, perhaps—I have a note to make and a query to propound. I should properly send them, it may be, to the pleasant little weekly journal in which, for twenty years, I have been permitted from time to time to ask questions, or to strive to answer them; but Mr. Thomas has abdicated the editorial throne of *Notes and Queries*, and another king may be reigning in Wellington Street now, who knows not Joseph. *Belgravia*, however, continuing to enjoy the mild sway of the same female sovereign who has so successfully demonstrated the inexpediency of a Salic Law in the realm of letters, it is to *Belgravian* readers that I address myself on a matter which has long lain heavy on my mind. Besides, I am happy to believe that a vast number of the subscribers to this magazine belong to the gentler sex, and ladies—who will question it?—know a great deal more about poets and poetry than all the antiquaries, heralds, classical scholars, and philological critics of *Notes and Queries* put together.

How comes it then, Mesdames, that the names of the great English poets of ancient and modern times never consist of more than two syllables, and that the one-syllable-named bards are usually found to lack some element of real greatness? Here, at random, I give the names of twenty poets to whom the honors of the front rank can scarcely be denied: Chaucer, Gower, Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Herrick, Herbert, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Butler, Waller, Cowper, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, and Coleridge. If I add Swinburne, you will shriek perhaps; but I will withdraw "Aurora's page, the Harbinger of sunny verse," if you will abate me Tennyson from the list of English poets whose names are of more than two syllables. Still, can you remember any more of that last category who are in the nominal condition of the Poet Laureate? Were the Montgomerys, Jemmy or "Satan," great poets? Was Addison? The only poetical piece approaching greatness to be found in the writings of that elegant essayist is the magnificent hymn which Mr. Thackeray used to quote so sonorously, quite unconscious that the sublime stanzas had been coolly and textually plagiarized by the Right Honorable Joseph from Andrew Marvell. *A d'autres!* I can swell my list with the names of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Felicia Hemans, Letitia Landon, and Caroline Norton; but where are you with your three-syllabled bards? Was Mrs. Sigourney a great poet? Come we now to the men of one syllable. Burns must be at once acknowledged as

a triumphant exception to the rule I seem to discern. As a poet he was really and immortally great; but can the same be said of Swift (as a poet), of Scott, of Keats, or of Moore? I could never find out that France ever produced any really great poets—Voltaire with his "Henriade" notwithstanding; but accepting dramatists as poets, Molière, Racine, and Corneille are all two-syllabled men. So is Boileau. So are Villon, Scarron, and Malesherbes. So are the moderns, Hugo and De Musset. Béranger and Lamartine are the exceptions; but can you light on any more than these two? The three great poets of Italy were duosyllabic in name—Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso: unless you choose to claim the second as "Petrarca," and consequently with an additional syllable. And finally how stands it with the Americans? Longfellow bears a name with three syllables, but Bryant, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Joaquin Miller, have only two; Edgar Poe and Bret Harte only one.

There: I have sent the fire-ship into the midst of the enemy's fleet; and if there be any existing poets by the names of Featherstonhaugh, Cholmondely, Delarbaletiere, Majoribanks Hetherington, Edmundsbury, or Fotheringhay, it will not be long, I suspect, ere I am bitterly reminded that I am a blockhead or a libeller, and that the modern Parnassus swarms with poets whose names extend from four to seven syllables. Name them, I say. Meanwhile, I shall stick to my text.

I hinted in the outset that this prolegomena had nothing whatever to do with the subject of this paper; and now, having unburdened my mind, I will revert to the topic immediately in hand. What have I to say about Poetry and Water? Little, perchance, that is closely to the point; and yet the theme is an eminently seductive one. It is on the career of only one "water-poet" that I intend briefly to descant; but it is worth while remembering that we have scarcely ever had a thoroughly great poet who has not lavished beauty of thought and eloquence of language upon water, either salt or fresh. Shakespeare is of course at home with both. He dwells as exquisitely upon Ophelia's brook as upon "the Mediterranean flote;" he is as familiar with the river on which Cleopatra's galley rode as with the bottom of that awful ocean which Clarence saw in his dream. Spenser, too, was a thorough water-poet: witness the "Idle Lake;" Byron was thoroughly imbued with the sea-spirit; and throughout Tennyson's "In Memoriam" do we not seem to hear the soft but solemn murmuring of the wave? Mrs. Browning made out of the reeds by a river bank one of the most potent gods in the whole Pantheon of Poetry; and over Mrs. Hemans the ocean seemed to exercise a fascination which imparted additional sadness to her always sad verse. This was curiously the case, too, with Shelley. Both poets seemed to love the sea, but, at the same time, to dread it; as though it had worked some ill in by-gone days to those they loved, and was destined to work them yet more evil in days to come.

I will not reckon such a writer as Falconer in the list of water-poets, since, admirable as are many portions of his "Shipwreck," the task to which he addressed himself was a cut-and-dried one—a "commission" from the Muses, so to speak. If an artist sits down to paint a picture of the battle of Waterloo, he must needs paint a good many soldiers, horses, and trains of artillery, unless indeed—as is narrated of Bird, when he was decorating tea-trays at Birmingham—he grows so disgusted at the meagre wages doled out to him by his employer, as to hide all the combatants and all the cannon beneath one impervious veil of smoke.

The Temperance cause, which is now being so doughtily battled for by Archbishop Manning, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and their colleagues, would perhaps be all the better for the assistance of a water-poet. The minstrels of teetotalism are few and far between, and are not, besides, the most melodious of troubadours; and in the Harp of a Thousand Strings it is difficult to find one that thoroughly responds to such inspiration as would be given to it by the United Kingdom Alliance. Thus it has always been, I fear.

Poets have sung of water, salt and fresh, under its almost every aspect; yet they have very rarely dwelt on the expediency of drinking the pure element; and the water-poet *par excellence*, John Taylor, actually kept a public-house.

A very odd character was this bargee-bard. London antiquaries, and groppers among the dusty but precious treasures of the Elizabethan literature, are continually quoting the Water-poet in illustration of by-gone manners and customs, for the elucidation of which, indeed, he does as good service as is done by the "Diary" of Mr. Samuel Pepys in the seventeenth, and by the "London Spy" of Ned Ward in the eighteenth, century. But of the *man* John Taylor very little seems to be remembered. He was, nevertheless, a very notable character; and as a type of a jovial, hard-working, plucky Englishman, fully worthy to abide in the public memory. Southey has done him but half justice, and the majority of the London antiquaries I mentioned anon are content with quoting Taylor as filtered through Southey's reprints of sixty-three of the Water-poet's pieces, originally published in 1630. Let us see if a little additional light can be thrown on the life and works of J. T. If on no other score, I can claim sympathy for him on the ground of having been one of the first "sensational" writers of English verse. What do you think of the following outburst, for example? How would it read turned into prose—the transposition is easy enough—as a leader in a penny newspaper?

"Thinkst thou a wolf thrust through a sheepskin glove
Can make me take this goblin for a lamb?
Or that a crocodile in barley broth
Is not a dish to feast Don Beelzebub?
Give me a medlar in a field of blew
Wrap up stigmatically in a dream,
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,
To cause him fetch a sword of massy chalk
With which he won the fatal Theban field,
From Rome's great mitred metropolitian."

I like the "crocodile in barley broth;" and "Rome's great mitred metropolitian" would be an admirable peroration to a "high falutin" essay. I shall try it, myself, when I take, in my old age, to writing for the newspapers. But Taylor was the most versatile of scribblers. He was, to some extent, the Dibdin of his day, and indited a number of very stirring nautical ditties; one of these, beginning "Ye brave Neptunians, you salt-water crew," is worth preservation, as containing a curious vocabulary of sea terms used in the reign of James I. In it we read of sprit-sails, top-sails, mizens, coursers, bonnets, drabblers, sheets, sails, bolens (query, bowlines?), braces, haliers (halyards?), tyes, shrouds, ratlines, turtles, lifts, gyes, mast-lines, rope-yarns, gaskets and stays, buoy-ropes, cat-ropes, gurst, bucket, entering and top ropes. Compare Shakespeare in the "Tempest" for nautical terms, and especially Howel, in the "Familiar Letters." It is worthy of remark, too, that Taylor, equally with Skelton, delighted in those rhymed jingles afterwards to be brought to such an exquisite pitch of perfection by Butler in "Hudibras."

Mr. Macgregor of the "Rob Roy" canoe—a water-poet after a kind himself—might be surprised to learn that some of his achievements were anticipated by John Taylor, who in 1616 published a narrative of his aquatic expeditions with this title, "Taylor's Travels:" three weeks, three days, and three hours' observations from London to Hamburg, in Germany, among Jews and Gentiles; with descriptions of towns and towers, castles and citadels, artificial gallowses and natural hangmen." He undertook a second trip in a wherry to Germany, in 1617; and in the following year, laying up for the nonce his sculls in ordinary, he laid and won a wager to make a journey on foot from London to Edinburgh, "not carrying any money to or fro; neither begging, borrowing, nor asking meat, drink, or lodging." He wrote an account of this expedition, partly in verse and partly in prose, entitling it the "Pennyless Pilgrimage, or Moneyless Perambulation of the King's Majesty's Water-poet." I am con-

strained to remark that the adventure was much less arduous than at the first blush it appeared. Master John Taylor, in his "Pennyless Pilgrimage," showed himself to be as cunning a casuist as the pilgrim who boiled his peas before he put them in his shoes to climb up the Heavy Hill at Loretto. The Water-poet found plenty of friends on the road to entertain him; and, moreover, although he carried neither scrip nor purse himself, he took with him a man-servant and a sumpter-mule well laden with provend. So soon, moreover, as he arrived in the capital of Scotland, he deemed himself absolved from his vow of poverty; for he relates that, walking up and down the High Street of Edinburgh, his "mind attired with moody, muddy, cliver-ditch melancholy," and devoutly praying that he might meet with "some valiant friend who would desperately disburse," he came upon a total stranger, who, presently entering into conversation with him, "overtook him with unexpected and undeserved courtesy." "He brought me to a lodging," continues the Water-poet, "and caused my horse to be put into his own stable; whilst we, discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I discoursed as much English to him as made him lend me ten shillings (his name was Master John Maxwell); which money, I am sure, was the first I handled after I came from out the walls of London." This generous Master John Maxwell, perhaps, was a Highlandman, not very conversant with the Sassenach tongue; and he may have deemed a lesson in languages, and from a water-poet too, cheap at ten shillings. The bard repaid his friend's liberality by going into ecstasies about the High Street of Edinburgh, which he described as "the fairest and goodliest that ever his eyes beheld."

There is no record of the poet having repaid Master John Maxwell the ten shillings advanced to him in his need by that perfervid but ingenuous Scot. Taylor proceeded on foot into the Highlands to meet some old patrons of his, Earl of Mar and Sir William Murry of Aberairney, at the great hunting tryst of Braemar. Very manfully the London waterman toiled northwards "by strange ways, over mountains and rocks: the way was so uneven, stony, and full of bogs, quagmires, and long heaths that a dog with three legs would there outrun a horse with four." At length with extreme travail he came to the Brae of Mar, "which is a large country, all composed of such mountains, that Shooter's-hill, Gad's-hill, Highgate-hill, Hampstead-hill, Birdtop-hill (where was Birdtop?), or Malvern-hill are but molehills in comparison, or like a liver or gizzard upon a capon's wing in respect of the altitude of their tops or the perpendicularity of their bottoms." Surely, after this graphic compendium of the topography of the Highlands, John Taylor ought to have been the author of the celebrated distich on the Caledonian highways north of Aberdeen:—

"If you'd seen those roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bless Field-Marshal Wade."

At Braemar, he found his noble patrons, "with lords and ladies, and hundred of knights, esquires, and followers," all in the Highland dress, in which picturesque costume, anticipating George IV. and Sir William Curtis, the Water-poet was speedily habited; and then he seems to have had "very good times" for about a fortnight, living on the fat of the land, although camping out on the heather, "without seeing, all the time, either house, cornfield, or habitation, or any creature save deer, wild horses, wolves, and the like." Shaggy Highland ponies may, in this instance, perhaps, be allowed to pass muster as wild horses, but were there any wolves in Scotland late in the reign of James I.?

But the travels of the Water-poet were not yet over. Returning from the Ultima Thule to London he visited the beautiful and hapless Queen of Bohemia at Prague. He made a pilgrimage to York, and dined with Archbishop Toby Mathew at his own primatial table; and he had the foolhardihood to sail from London to Queensborough in a paper boat, with two stockfish tied to a couple of walking sticks in lieu of oars. Had he been drowned on this mad-cap excursion, it would have served him right; as it was,

he very narrowly escaped. His *compagnon de voyage* was one Roger Bird, a vintner, and the pair were adrift from Saturday at evening-tide until Monday morning. They reached Queensborough in a very lamentable condition, and found it to be the fair-day. Taylor relates that the Mayor of Queensborough entertained him and his friend with bread, beer, and oysters, and that he presented the corporation with the skeleton of his boat; but that the country people tore it up piecemeal, "every man wishing to carry away a scrap as a memorial of this most mad adventure." It would have been a more appropriate termination of the exploit had the Mayor of Queensborough clapped Messieurs John Taylor and Roger Bird in the stocks as vagrants.

Taylor was born in Gloucestershire, in 1580, and received the ordinary village schooling of his day, which, I cannot help thinking, meant a great deal more than ordinary village schooling means now. At present it is accounted rather a genteel thing to be educated at the humblest endowed grammar-school; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when there was scarcely any middle class, and when "the lower middle class," as the cant phrase goes, did not exist at all, the common people were either wholly illiterate, or they received what in their times would be accounted a very good classical education. With Puritanism, classical training in country schools declined, or was made subservient to pseudo-theological instruction. Village children left off learning "As in presenti;" but they began to learn genealogies from Genesis.

The future Water-poet, being removed from school, was bound apprentice to a Thames waterman, in his time a popular and lucrative employment, since there was but one bridge across the Thames. The court mainly resided at Whitehall or Greenwich, and the mansions of the great nobility were nearly all on the river bank. According to Taylor, the number of watermen, and those that lived and were maintained by them, and by the labor of the oar and scull, between Windsor bridge and Gravesend, could not be fewer than forty thousand. This is obviously an exaggeration; but remembering that there were no hackney-coaches, and that the theatres and bear-gardens were chiefly on the Surrey side of the Thames, there must have been, not only in the reign of "that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth," but of her cousin of Scotland, his son, and grandson, plenty of work for jolly young watermen of Middlesex, Kent, and Essex.

The Thames was, moreover, looked upon as the great nursery for the navy; and whenever a war broke out, if so many thousand volunteers for the royal fleet were not immediately forthcoming from among the "waterside characters," recourse was at once had to the very simple means of securing as many seamen as were needed, by impressment. With very great difficulty did the Corporation of London obtain from the government a recognition of one of their traditional privileges, which exempted apprentices duly indented at Watermen's Hall from impressment; but the immunity, though nominally admitted, was frequently evaded in practice; and when food for powder at sea was scarce, likely young apprentices were eagerly snapped up by the press-gangs. Taylor himself made no less than sixteen voyages; but whether *bon gré* or *mal gré*, he does not inform us. He was with the Earl of Essex, in the expedition to Cadiz; he was at the Azores; and he seems to have taken frequent trips to the shores of Holland and North Germany. It is necessary to state thus much; for the idea generally entertained concerning the Water-poet does not amount to much more than that he was a mere cockney hired sculler, whose craftsmanship was mainly displayed between Chelsea Reach and Wapping Old Stairs. During his multifarious cruises he seems to have had leisure enough to pick up a fair amount of book-learning; at least, he boasts of familiar acquaintance with the works of Fairfax and Du Bartas, of Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, and Nash, of Purchas and Speed, "Lloyd, Grimstone, Montaigne, and Suetonius" — an odd jumble verily — to say nothing of "Josephus of the Jews," "Knowles of the Turks," "old monumental Fox and Holinshed," Plutarch's

Morals, Marcus Aurelius, Guevara, Seneca, and Camden, and "Agrippa, whom some call Cornelius." Some of these statements, must, I fear, be taken with a very large pinch of salt; still, who is to gainsay you when you declare that you have read this or that author right through, from title to colophon?

The manner in which the Water-poet published his books was peculiar and characteristic. He did not, happily for his contemporaries, bring forth folios; his poems indeed rarely exceeded the proportions of modest little pamphlets. These being of small bulk, he printed at his own cost, and made grants of them, hoping for remuneration from the grantees to whom he made offering of his literary tribute. "This mode of publication," says Southey, "was not regarded in those days as so close akin to mendicancy as it would now be deemed; pecuniary gifts of trifling amount being then given and accepted where it would now be deemed an insult to offer and a disgrace to accept them." By means of these neat little *cadeaux* our Water-poet contrived to obtain some very munificent donations from both King James and King Charles; and another of his patrons, the Earl of Holderness, was so good as to move the king to bestow a place upon Taylor. The earl succeeded in his suit; but calling to mind Taylor's designation as a "water" poet, the post bestowed on him was certainly a very strange one. He was recommended to Sir William Wado, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and from him received the appointment of receiving, on the lieutenant's behalf, his gubernatorial perquisite of "two black leathern bottles or lombards of wine," being in quantity six gallons, from every ship that brought wine into the river Thames; a custom which had continued at that time for more than three hundred years. The spirit in which the Water-poet could have been nominated to such a post as a wine-toll-taker must have been akin to the merry thought which dictated the conversion of another poet — unhappily a whiskey-and-water poet named Robert Burns — into an exciseman. Taylor did not enjoy his dignity long. There was an agitation on foot against monopolies and royalties. The merchants complained that the bottles were made bigger than they used to be, and went to law with the lieutenant, who won his cause, pleading prescription, in Westminster Hall; but the Water-poet and wine-collector was but scurvily requited. No sooner had he established the lieutenant's legal rights than the office which he held was put up for sale; and not having the wherewithal to purchase it, he was summarily dismissed.

The end of Taylor, one must rejoice to know, was peaceful and comfortable. When the civil war broke out, the loyal bard — although a gondolier, he had always been a cavalier, which seems a paradox, and flying directly in the face of the old saw that the easiest berth in the world is that of riding-master to the Doge of Venice — retired to Oxford, where he kept an eating-house much frequented by good subjects of Church and State; employing his pen valiantly meanwhile against the rascally Roundheads. On the final collapse of Charles's cause, Taylor removed to London, and kept a tavern in Phoenix Alley, Long-acre. Here, after the murder of Charles, he hung up "The Mourning Crown" for his sign; but the circumjacent Roundheads objected to a cognizance so obviously malignant in suggestion; so he hung up a portrait of himself instead. His old age was healthful and merry; and he died in 1654, in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent-Garden. My good friend Mr. Paddy Green has mused over Taylor's tomb many a time and oft, I have no doubt. How many poets, I should like to know, have died in as comely a manner as this poor Water-poet!

FOREIGN NOTES.

No recent volume from Mr. Longfellow has attracted so much praise in England as "Aftermath." The critics claim that it has all the bloom and freshness of the poets happiest poems.

ANOTHER tribute to the genius and popularity of the Poet Laureate is announced — to wit, J. H. Smith's "Notes and

Marginalia, illustrative of the Public Life and Works of Alfred Tennyson."

MR. HALLIWELL writes to the *Athenæum* that the position of the Shakespeare document discovered by him prevents the possibility of forgery, and that his proofs will appear in his forthcoming book.

THE *Hertford Mercury* states that the venerable Charles Bridgman died recently at the patriarchal age of ninety-five. Mr. Bridgman held for eighty-one years the office of organist of All Saints' Church, Hertford.

At the Vienna Exposition, Mr. Geo. A. Fairfield, the inventor of the Weed Sewing Machine, and superintendent of the company's works at Hartford, Ct., received the only medal granted as "coöperator" for valuable improvements in sewing machines.

HARRISON AINSWORTH, who must have written some thirty romances since the production of his famous "Rookwood," with the immortal ride of Dick Turpin on Black Bess, from London to York, has all but ready for publication a new three volume novel, called "The Good Old Times."

In his first letter to the *Athenæum*, as successor to the late M. Philirète Chasles, its new Paris correspondent, Edmond About, mentions incidentally the curious fact that not only did he never once set eyes on his well-known predecessor, but that he also never saw Honoré de Balzac, Alfred de Musset, or, most wonderful of all, Alphonse de Lamartine!

OPTIMISTS are fond of pointing out as a beneficial result of war the impetus given to human industry by the effort to repair the disorder and devastation it has occasioned. Its agency in this respect is not much more nicely adjusted to useful ends than that employed by the man who burned down his house to roast his pig, but such slight compensation as is thereby afforded to the tremendous evils of war may be thankfully received as they now are by the inhabitants of Lorraine. The German government has once more lengthened the term during which these may claim indemnification for damage done during the war, and has even granted the same advantages to the Lorrainers who have chosen the French nationality. The population are well satisfied on this point, and, indeed, the present aspect of the places in the neighborhood of the fields of battle proves that the compensation money has not been sparingly awarded. The old huts of former days are replaced by substantial dwellings so comfortable that some, observes a German paper, may regret that fate did not permit their property to receive a little damage. The metamorphosis is most complete in the case of the little village of Peltre, before Metz, which was almost entirely destroyed; it was formerly conspicuous for its angular style of architecture, but now consists almost entirely of new buildings, symmetrically disposed in the French style, less picturesque than the mediæval cottages, but more habitable.

SPEAKING of the new edition of Mr. Bristed's "Five Years in an English University," the London *Spectator* says: "Many of the personal descriptions of tutors, examinations, and the occupations of leisure hours show with much vividness and truth the inner life of the Universities, especially when contrasted with some of the discussions on the sterner subjects of education in which they are imbedded. On the whole, the book is well worth the attention of any one interested in our Universities, and looked at as an attempt to show them in their true colors to American readers, is both a fair and successful one. We ought not to omit to say also that some of the remarks about Mr. Bristed's contemporaries have an intrinsic interest apart from his actual subject. It is pleasant to hear something more about such men, for instance, as Arthur Hallam, even though this is but little. Of him, all that is said bears out what we already know of his great promise; especially was the writer struck with that eloquence full of thought which was not forgotten by his friend Tennyson:—

"Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

"From point to point, with power and grace,
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face."

A POOR woman lately died at her lodgings near the Salpêtrière, in Paris, of congestion of the brain, the origin of whose illness is thus described by a French journal: Mme. la Bossue, as she was called, owing to the relations subsisting between her and a small hunchback well known in the neighborhood, was a victim to a distressing affection of the nerves which produced fits of overpowering terror, especially when she found herself

alone, and was the result of an adventure she had during the Commune. The Federals of the district were constantly urging her to become their cantinière, and she as constantly refused to do so. One morning about thirty of them surrounded her on the boulevard. "Come, now, citoyenne," said the officer who commanded the detachment, "become our cantinière. If you refuse, I have orders to shoot you." "Never," replied she. "Death! death!" hooted the Federals. Two men seized her, and placed her against a wall. She became fearfully pale. "Present arms," shouted the officer. At this crisis up came a little hunchback. "Come, citizens," cried he, "keep your balls for a better purpose. Leave this woman to me. I shall prevail with her, I am sure, and she will be your vivandière." "A good idea," exclaimed the Federals, "take her, but if you don't succeed, you will both be shot." "I accept the condition," replied the chivalrous hunchback, and walked off with his protégée. Happily for the pair, Paris was taken two days after by the Versailles, but the recollection of this scene caused the woman those agonizing paroxysms of terror the last of which proved fatal.

LOOKING BACK.

It's oh for the sunny stream
That leaps by the daisied lea;
And it's oh for the cot by the wood,
Where my goodman first brought me!

It's oh for the cot by the wood—
The smoke curling up to the west—
The working and waiting and looking forth
For a face to bring me rest!

Kindly looks it has for me still—
It is tender and true as of old;
But 'tis hard to have no skill,
And a brain that won't take hold!

I walk up and down among silk,
And the servants come at my call,
And my hands are whiter than milk;
But I mourn in the midst of it all.

I try and strive till I faint,
And wish I could only lie
Always asleep, and dream that I live
In the happy days gone by.

It's oh for the sunny stream
That leaps by the daisied lea—
And it's oh for the cot by the wood,
Where my goodman first brought me!

PENCILINGS.

How faint a penci trace,
How easy to efface!
Nothing more
Than print where bird has hopped
Or rain has lightly dropped
On the shore.

The sand has turned to stone,
And there those prints are shown
Petrified:
Faint notes of by-gone years,
Though blistered o'er with tears,
Still abide.

I almost cast away
Two little lines one day
Scored in lead;
And never dreamt they were
Alone to speak of her
Who is dead!

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

EVERY SATURDAY.

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[No. 14.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER VIII. (continued.)

ZELDA'S fortune was of this extraordinary nature, not that she was practically a savage in a civilized country—that of course is ultra-common—but that she was a savage in the midst of the most complex forms of civilization, and what must therefore be regarded as its final limits—the fictions of art, the fictions of social slander, the fictions of the press, the fictions of rank and riches, and all the other inventions which require a special training from the cradle to make us understand them. Does anybody ever consider what an elaborate course of education it takes to know what "love" means, as we have come to use the word—not love as a passion, not love in the sense of liking and affection, but love as a sentiment? A fairly quick girl, indeed, might, without ever hearing the manufactured article assumed as a real product of nature by her relations and friends, gain a sufficient knowledge of its forms and rules by reading two or three novels and one or two songs. But to make up each of the novels and each of the songs have gone the results of a thousand other novels and ten thousand other songs, going back through various phases of fashion to a few common originals created by individual genius out of exceptional cases and materials. Our sentiment comes at millionth hand from the artificial veil under which court poets hid common nature, and though from habit it has become our second nature, it can never be a first natural instinct, let us poeticize on the subject as we will. We have doubtless ennobled love by ignoring passion and condensing and exalting special affection, for what is art but the perfection and purification of nature? When Lord Lisburn spoke of love, he, like all of us, had in his mind the concentration upon one person of all devotion, unselfishness and self-sacrifice. When Zelda heard the name of love, it conveyed to her mind simply the name of nothing. If she loved, it was without the name—Nature gives no name in her baptisms.

"What can I do more than give

myself to you?" he asked. And Zelda's heart answered, "Surely nothing more." The desire of self-surrender was not new to her. But what meant the desire of self-surrender without the desire for an equal exchange? And what could she possibly do for him? It was not in a moment she could learn that she, apart from her money-making qualities, could be the object of desire for any man's spiritual part. It is true that she longed to have one man out of all the world at her feet—but that one man was not Lord Lisburn, and she was not philosopher enough to be able to draw conclusions from comparisons, and to argue that as she felt towards one, so might another feel towards her. He was bewildered by her long silence, and found it as impossible to read her eyes as if he had never robbed her of her veil. He and she could not be further apart if they had been separated by centuries in time, and in place by half the circumference of the globe.

"What can I do more?" he repeated again. "My poor girl, they talk of hearts being made to bleed—I know what it means now. It tortures me to think of all you must have gone through. Why, you can never have had a real friend. I can't bear to think of it—you, that ought to be a queen. I don't say I would give up life and everything to save you—that would be nothing at all. I can't say what I wouldn't do. Don't think me quite a selfish brute, though, for asking you to give me everything for nothing. I'm able to offer you most things you can want, thank God, and I can love you so well that you can't be unhappy. Surely you didn't think I was asking you to be anything but my wife—to be Countess of Lisburn, if that matters?"

"This is very strange," she said dreamily. "Can you care for me so much that you want to give me everything and have nothing back again? I thought marrying was a thing for rich folk—gentlemen and ladies. Why should anybody want to marry me? What could you do with me when you'd got me?"

Singularity is certainly one of the straightest arrows of passion, where there is the smallest circle of imagination to serve for a target. And of that inflammable stuff the young man who dreamed night and day upon and

about the sea had already proved that he had a considerable supply beneath his easy-going and straightforward ways. His life had made him something of a poet, though of the mute and inglorious kind, and as his growing passion was twined round what he believed to be the stem of duty and honor, he saw no reason why he should not allow it freely to spread and climb.

"Strange?" he asked, eagerly. "Who ever heard that love was strange? It isn't love that's strange where you are. And as for marrying—I am a gentleman, I hope, and you are a lady, I know. And as for what I should do with you"—

Suddenly the dreamy look cleared off, and a bright light came into her eyes. "Ah! I am a lady—really a lady—you own it—you call me so?"

"With all my heart. What else should you be?"

"You don't despise or scorn me—you don't think any the worse of me for being a poor, stupid girl, who doesn't know what to say or what to do?"

"I love you—that's all; with all my heart and soul."

"Oh!" she cried out, going down on her knees before him, and kissing his hand as she had done once before, "And I love you too! Yes, you are the only one of them all who sees what I want to be."

"Pauline! You really mean you love me? You will be my wife? You know what I mean now?"

She knew no more than ever, but that was nothing: all her speculations were swallowed up in one proud impulse, that lighted her up all over, and made her look really beautiful, even for critical and impartial eyes. I am by no means sure that if she had really understood him, and if the two could have married out of hand, that the *mésalliance*, though unpromising, would have turned out a failure. Where she knew nothing and he cared nothing about the world, the moral and mental training of an unspoiled and loving heart would have given him full and congenial employment for his whole life long, even beyond the possibility of discovering the North Pole. They might have gone off in the *Esmeralda*, and have returned hero and heroine, or have died together; and in either case all would

have been well—if only the pride wherewith his words had filled her had been for him.

She felt herself grow inches taller.

"Countess of Lisburn!" she thought to herself. She knew no more of the peerage than of the primer, but she had heard much talk of dukes and earls in her little circle, and the title came upon her almost with the charm of awe. In any case she knew it meant something very great indeed—even the irreverent Carol, she recalled to mind, had thrown out his random prophecy of her possible fate in such a manner as to imply that he considered it the *ne plus ultra* of the sublime. "Countess of Lisburn! He may look down on Zelda, he may look down on Pauline, but countesses are not looked down on—he will look up to me then—at last! Yes, that yellow-haired Gorgio girl will not be a Countess of Lisburn. I wonder what a countess can do? Can she put people in prison, or punish them and make them obey her, like Sylvia? She was a baroness, and I suppose it's all the same. Any way, nobody can say I'm not a lady then—and as for Miss Claudia, *Benguilango* take her. He hates beggars—we shall see which has the best of it then. I want to be like her indeed! When I'm lady enough to be Countess of Lisburn!"

Claudia had left her in such a state of jealous and angry despair, that the sudden revulsion caused by the unexpected vision of a triumph almost equal to that of the savage heroine whom she represented nightly at the Oberon, braced and nerved the set purpose of her life into yet greater energy. Had she really comprehended Lord Lisburn, his chivalrous devotion, and all the sweet dreams of life-long heart-union and mutual happiness that love, with him, had conferred upon the word marriage, she would have been nothing less than a demon in woman's form to have made use of so honest and true a heart as a mere stepping-stone to the fulfilment of a confused dream.

Whether Lord Lisburn was as much the happiest of men as an accepted lover, who is all at once transformed into the chrysalis condition of an engaged man, ought to be—as Harold Vaughan had once been, for instance—is not easy to say. If excitement means happiness, he was the happiest man in the world. If content and quietude means happiness, he was very far from the great sunshine of calm that signifies the fulfilment of a soul's inmost desires. He had none of the ordinary troubles that in most cases come as little clouds to interfere with the full brightness of such a sunrise—there were no parents whose consent was doubtful, no lawyers whose delays were certain, no friends and relations to propitiate, no previous flirtations or entanglements to break through. Though there were, of

course, many matters connected with the biography of his *fiancée* that it would have been well to know, he would have scorned to ask a question even of her—the first-fruits of his love must be perfect trust, not only in the present and future, but in the past besides. His abstinence from every question bearing upon her identity with the Zelda of Harold Vaughan did not arise from fear of what the answers might be, but from the perfect love that casts out fear. When they were married she would no doubt tell him all things, if not before: and so far was he from hoping that her history would turn out to be commonplace after all, that he would even have been a little disappointed at the loss of a single element of romance in the life of her who had become the poetry of his own.

Of course he burned to tell somebody of his good fortune, without exactly being himself the first to publish it to the world at large. It is curious how fond world-despisers are of keeping their social sins to themselves; and though Lord Lisburn's contempt for Lady Penrose and all her kind was thoroughly sincere, and though he would have professed infinite amusement at the look of her face when she heard the news, still he felt very much as though his contempt and his amusement belonged much more to the armory of self-defence than of aggression. Nor was Harold Vaughan any longer in a position of a sympathetic friend in matters of love, however congenial he might be in such less genial climates as the Arctic Zone. So, however much he burned to talk over the symptoms of his madness with somebody who could understand and appreciate them better than his future bride herself, he was compelled to be himself his own *confidant*.

Nor was his good-night to Zelda altogether without its sting. She need not have turned her lips away from his, considering how respectfully they sought hers, or have withdrawn her hand from his so quickly, considering how tender was his pressure. His satisfaction with her coldness towards all the rest of the world was not meant to extend into content with her coldness to him. However, he had to put up with this half embrace as best he might, and to hope for a thaw in time. She had told him that he was loved—was not that more than enough for now? So it was, on the whole, less with a light than with an exalted heart that, at last, he went off with his luggage from Golden Square, with a promise to see her again the next morning in order to arrange innumerable things—her release from her engagement at the Oberon, the how and when of their marriage, and whether the honeymoon was to be spent on board the *Esmeralda*.

Zelda heaved a profound sigh of

relief as soon as he had closed the door. He looked up to her lighted window from his cab, but was not gratified by her looking out to see the last of him as he drove away. She was walking up and down in a state of wild eagerness for impossible things to happen in an impossible instant of time. If he was shy of proclaiming his happiness, she would have proclaimed her coming dignity to the house-tops that it might the sooner reach the ears of him for whose sake she had promised herself to another. She was impatient for everything—impatient even to look again upon her rival. She was at the very height of her exaltation when Carol, in evening dress, and with his hat almost falling from his head with haste, broke her commands by breaking, without even a warning tap, into the room.

"What's the matter?" he cried out. "Not dressed, and Abner making believe his overture was encored, to give you time to come. You're not ill? By Jove, if you've got another sprained ankle this time, people will be asking for their money back—and such a house—royalty, too. Come, jump into my cab!"

"What—you here again? No, I won't jump into your cab, and I won't sing."

"Mademoiselle! you *must*."

"Must, indeed! People have done saying 'must' to me, I can tell you."

"Are you mad? Do you want to lose your engagement—pay forfeit?"

"Tell them, if you please," she said, drawing herself up as high as nature allowed, "that I am going to be Countess of Lisburn."

Carol's tongue for once lost its rapidity.

"I have made editors," he said, with a dignity almost equal to her own, "I have made a bishop, I have made poets, I have even made peers. But I don't think I ever made a countess before. I'll get it talked about the house, and you shall have a double encore in everything. Your future ladyship will remember Denis Carol. I said I'd make you a countess, and a countess you are. I'm not surprised—I knew it all along. Come—they won't be angry with you for being late when they know why. By Jove! you're the cleverest girl that ever was born—you do me credit, indeed you do."

It was her first homage, and fell upon willing ears. She went, for her heart was full of she knew not what, and if she had stayed at home she would still have sung. But Lord Lisburn was not particularly pleased when he read in next morning's *Trumpet* how his future wife had received "an ovation that crowned all her previous triumphs," and, in another place, "*on dit*, that Mlle. Pauline Leczinska is about to be led to the altar by a peer of the realm." He knew what sort of

people were about her too well to think her guilty of such hideous treason to the very alphabet of sentiment, and he thought he knew her too well to be angry with her for the work of the flies that buzzed about her and treated her fame as though it were carrion. But he threw the *Trumpet* at poor Pedro's head all the same, and though both indignant and mortified, felt all the more eager, not only to make her his wife, but to carry her off in the Esmeralda to regions where there are no tongues but those of Esquimaux, where the sun is the only journal, and Nature herself the only stage.

CHAPTER IX. AN EPISODE.

WHEN the Cornflower, or the Gretchen, of Mrs. Goldrick's vision of memory had in one instant seen the barely tasted cup of her youth fall upon the ground before Herr Maynard's feet and shiver into a thousand pieces, she knew that the broken atoms, do what she might, could never be united into the semblance of a cup any more. But when she caught the stray glance of herself in Marietta's mirror that showed her the fixed and stony expression, as of one grown old in her spring-time, that she must henceforth wear in the eyes of all men, she had also caught something more than a passing glimpse into another mirror—one of those flashes of truth that every now and then do the work of years in forming character by revealing us to ourselves. She not only saw with dismay the ruins of her vanished beauty, but she caught sight of the three forms of Envy, Hatred, and Jealousy, each wearing the very features that Marietta's looking-glass had already told her were her own. In her youth she had always been a viewer of visions, even as in middle age she had developed into a dreamer of dreams. She had fancied that she was worshipping the ground trodden by her benefactress, while all the while she was worshipping the heavy feet that followed and trampled out the light footprints of Marietta.

And she had been offered a sum of gold to aid the man whom she loved to gain her rival! She knew that the offer was well-advised, for she could not help becoming conscious at last of the glaring fact that she and her mistress had changed places—that the *protégée* had become the protector, and that she, with her strength of character, formed in the hardest school of poverty, could influence Marietta with a touch or word. The *ballerina* could not get on for an hour without clinging to somebody—yesterday it was Maynard, to-day it was Gretchen—at a sign from Gretchen it would be Maynard again. Well—and suppose she gave the sign? To sell her dream of love for gold did not strike her with the same thought of

treason to romance which it would—perhaps—have carried to French novel-heroines who to her represented the ideal and poetic world. In the first place the love was gone, irretrievably. So far as its actual value was concerned it would turn no balance by as much as the weight of a feather's shadow. She judged his love by her own, and he had proved to her—as she thought—that he could love Marietta as she understood love, in spite of scorn and coldness, and all the more for its being despised. On the other hand, as she well knew, gold, even as a source of positive happiness, is the heaviest of all actual things. Those who have ever wanted to know what romance even, what poetic sentiment, belong to the word "Gold"—how, if it were not for shame of being thought sordid, we should class avarice with love itself as a passion of the most supreme order—as the source of as much selfish heroism and of as much heroic self-denial. She had not forgotten how hunger had taught her to compare, not common gold coins to the diviner stars, but the common stars to diviner gold coins: she had not forgotten the agony of soul she had suffered at the loss of a guinea, or how her longing to spend some of it in aiding her friend the Jew had enhanced the poetic flavor of greed which exhaled from her dreams of Gulden under the direct rays of the golden stars. During her short span of happiness she had forgotten all these things: money had become an every-day matter, that came and went without anybody's thinking why or how. But in the agony of her supreme disappointment all her soul, as it were, was summoned together to meet and, if it might be, to resist the blow: not one passion or one memory disobeyed the summons, and the girl, whose whole object in life from her earliest days had been to coin the dust of the streets, the flowers of the field, everything and anything, into pence for her own self, was necessarily the first to return to the front and occupy the ground.

It was then the idea dawned upon her that if she could not heap up for herself treasures of love and sympathy in Paradise, she might get together an earthly treasure of the kind she had tried and known. She of course formed no deliberate plan, but the tendency formed itself, as in all such cases. Nobody ever said, "I will sell myself for gold:" such contracts have simply to be signed, without being first read over.

She did not sleep for a moment the first night: she seemed to hear all the bells in Vienna chiming the whole night through. These bells, also, were her old familiar friends, older than Marietta, and their voice was in accordance with the mood in which she threw herself back into her days of wretchedness, to find in them her proper home. For an instant she felt

inclined to obey them, and to escape from her mock paradise in body as well as in soul. But that would now be out of the question. It would be impossible for her to return to the ranks of Trudchen and the other Gretchen, and to the dismal, hungry strife for daily bread, in which she was now less fitted to engage than ever. In more respects than one she was changed.

She dropped asleep after sunrise, and rose late: but she was still earlier than Marietta, who seldom got up before afternoon. She had a glorious dream: It was she whom the Englishman loved after all, and when she woke it seemed that it was the sound of his voice that called her out of sleep. So it was with a doubly cold weight in her for a heart that she began to prepare Marietta's coffee—the *ballerina* was as whimsically particular about her coffee as about everything else, and would not look at it unless it was made by Gretchen's own hands. Gretchen might have put poison into the cup had she pleased: the thought came into her own mind. It was well for Marietta that morning that the thought came without the means. As it was, if wishes could poison, she was dead already. No rival is so hateful as a benefactress, because she cannot be hated with a good conscience—rivalry takes the guise of ingratitude, and ingratitude itself is hardly distinguishable from hatred.

Marietta looked at Gretchen strangely when the coffee was brought to her bed-side.

"Why, what in the world is the matter with you?" she asked. "You look as if you had seen all the ghosts in Vienna."

"Nothing."

"That's not the way to say nothing, Gretchen. You look as if all your blood had turned to tears, and had lost the way out. You have a headache; I can feel your head throbbing as if it was my own. Oh, Gretchen, don't get ill again, please—what on earth should I do without you?"

"Oh, I'm not ill. You're a great deal too good to me."

"Why what do you mean? I'm never good to anybody. I rather prefer being cruel and unkind. There's that Englishman of mine, for instance; I'm sure I lead him the life of a dog. He follows me up and down like my own shadow, and can't get away, though I do nothing but snub him; it is simply delightful, especially making him jealous. It's as good as having a pet bear."

"What a baby!" thought Gretchen, scornfully. "And to think a man, with broad shoulders and strong arms, should put up with being made a plaything of—why, even he could see the difference between us; no, she has no more heart than a wax doll in the shop windows, and he sees it as well as I. Marietta?"

"Gretchen?"

"You really don't care for Herr Maynard?"

"*Mon Dieu!* He won't let me. I only wish he would."

"It seems to me he tries hard enough."

"Gretchen, when you're as old as I am, you'll find out what fools men are. Why, he's never even let me be jealous of him. If I vex him, he only gets miserable and grumbles; if he would only scold or throw the chairs at my head, that would be something; but how can I care for a man who only puts his tail between his legs and sulks? It's his own fault if he tempts a girl to show her tempers. I'm inclined to talk this morning; shall I tell you a secret, Gretchen? Well, I did once think I cared for him a little. It was once when I was worse to him than usual, and he turned, and told me he would have me whether I chose or no. Didn't I give him a scolding for it!—he kept away for days, and that made me want him back again. I was just beginning to think of giving in, when he spoiled it all by coming back without calling. That was the time when you first came down-stairs. Oh, and there was one other time, that was when it came into my head that he seemed to take very kindly to my turning him over to you."

Every word of her chatter was a stab to Gretchen; the concluding jest felt like a mortal blow. But this was not to be all.

Herr Maynard himself called, and Marietta, as if following up her whim of giving herself a little jealous pastime, that is to say, of playing with edged tools, chose to snub him more, and to turn him over to Gretchen even earlier than usual.

The Englishman lost no time.

"Well, my dear girl," he asked her, "have you thought over what I asked you? But what's the matter? you don't look yourself to-day."

"I am though—quite myself again—thank you, though, for asking."

There must have been some undertone of sarcasm in her commonplace words, for even he, self-enwrapped as he was, observed them. No wonder her accent was inconsistent with her words; after breaking her heart, to be asked carelessly by the breaker after the health of the pieces was a little too hard to bear.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER VIII. SO BE IT.

A FEW weeks before, Mr. Mowledy had been deeply and permanently grieved to see the bright lad he had educated sink into a common

soldier. Even now he was surprised and shocked, perhaps also a little displeased, though the curate was a patriot, and in an invasion, or in any time of public trouble, would have shown himself a worthy member of the church militant. But at the period at which this story has now arrived there existed an opinion among most respectable English persons that a military life was little better than penal servitude. In truth, though officers in the army have always made a fine appearance at county balls, the trade of soldiering has never been very popular amongst us except when the tents of Napoleon Bonaparte were pitched within sight of the British coast at Boulogne. John Bull is not an imaginative old gentleman. It is no use telling him of a possible or probable danger; he laughs at it angrily or contemptuously, according to his humor. But he understands peril when it is close to him, and he can see and feel it. Only show him a band of robbers actually coming to look after his strong box, and at once he begins to feel a mighty respect for its defenders. At other times he is all for peace, retrenchment, and universal philanthropy; so he calls his soldiers man-butchers, and sneers with a wise far-sighted prudence at their drill and accoutrements. He even goes so far as to say that they are drones who eat up the produce of other men's labor. Wonderful elderly person, our mutual friend John, when he gives us a piece of his mind, and we are able to notice at our leisure that it is such a very different piece to that which he gave us yesterday.

Mr. Mowledy had a full share of the prejudices belonging to the generation and society in which he lived. He thought it a foolish thing for a young man of clear head and good character to enlist as a soldier; and unconsciously following a peculiarly English mode of reasoning, he considered it not only social degradation for a village innkeeper's son to become a British warrior, but also he was of opinion that to march about a barrack yard in goose step was the business of a human gander, simply because there was neither money nor credit to be got out of it.

Circumstances, however, proverbially alter cases. William Brown, a quiet, well-conducted lad, reading, writing, ciphering, and doing his duty in an unobtrusive way, with prosperity in prospect, was a very different person to William Brown the companion of doubtful associates, and with a warrant out against him for poaching. Mr. Mowledy did not think that his friend was guilty on this count, nor was he; still, it is an awkward thing to fall under suspicion, and a justice of the peace with a proper respect for the game laws would not weigh too nicely the question whether he was innocent or culpable, but would com-

mit him to prison as a wholesome warning to the country round. It was a critical period in the boy's life he had been crossed in love; he might do something foolish in desperation or recklessness, and drift on from bad to worse. Upon the whole, therefore, it would not be a bad thing if he was put for a few years under strict discipline. No harm was likely to happen to him that way, and much good. Moreover, Colonel Oakes, one of the best soldiers and gentlemen who ever sat in a cavalry saddle, commanded the 1st Lancers, and Colonel Oakes was also an old schoolfellow of Mr. Mowledy. The curate knew that a few lines to him would secure the boy a good reception in the regiment, and a friend at headquarters, advantages which he would very likely turn to satisfactory account, and—who could tell?—perhaps things after all had turned out for the best, as they commonly do if we put a smiling face on them.

So Mr. Mowledy having settled matters satisfactorily with his colleague in the next parish, walked rapidly back to Wakefield with those long, sliding strides which cover so much ground, and which are, I think peculiar to the clerical profession.

He broke the news with instinctive delicacy to Madge, and sat down to talk with her for the first time during seventeen long years. Her husband was out doing some field work, and the curate found himself alone with that old unspoken love, now purified from all that was earthly in it, still busy at his heart. She heard his tidings silently, and one large tear stole down her pale cheek, and dropped furtively upon her work, but she offered no opposition to her son's conduct; and the curate, who had that fine sense of observation which arises from catholic sympathy with all that is best in the human heart, soon discerned that she was proud of the manly resolution her boy had taken. All women have a strong spice of romance in them; and a natural admiration for courage and adventure; they have never quite taken the commercial view of soldiering; and Mrs. Brown secretly thought it was a right and appropriate ending to a disappointed love affair. She would willingly have killed the blacksmith; she had a spiteful vindictive feeling against Sarah Jinks, who might, she believed, have managed her affairs more cleverly and kept them out of sight, but as the thing was done and over, she could not bear to see her son go about so dejected and woe-begone. She would be glad to know he wore a red coat and was winning hearts elsewhere. She would feel a fierce joy in being able to say to the blacksmith, when next he sent over for her son to help him shoe a light-heeled horse, that he was gone for a soldier, and if the blacksmith wanted him now he must ask the Queen her-

self for him; and that he should have thought of this before, and to pour upon the clumsy, shamefaced fellow, whose rough, kindly nature she knew she could wound so easily, a deluge of feminine invectives, a phial full of the very vitriol of that condensed wrath which burns into the flesh without noise or explosion.

When Tom Brown, her husband, was informed of what had happened, he did not like it at all. The hay had to be stacked, the potatoes to be dug, the fruit in the garden to be gathered and stored. William was his right-hand man, and he did not see at first how to get on in the absence of the strong willing arms which had never seemed to weary in their work till lately. It is strange, but nevertheless it is quite true to add also that he, Tom Brown, the father of this seven months' child, could not get rid of the fancy that he was a discharged servant, and he was privately apprehensive that he must have done something wrong or disrespectful towards his son or the boy would not have gone away from him.

The flaxen headed, cherry-cheeked lads and lasses who made up the rest of the Brown family likewise received the intelligence of this event after their own fashion, and set up a prolonged howl as soon as the information reached them; but dried their eyes and hushed their wailings when a general distribution of gooseberry jam was made to comfort them by their mother. Jack, however, a sturdy, heavy breeched boy of twelve, sidled surlily up to his mother and plucked her by the apron stealthily. She stooped down to hear his childish secret, and the boy blubbered in a whisper half choked by emotion, "Oi wants fur tubbee a sojer tew wi ower Willie."

CHAPTER IX. THE TEN-POUND NOTE.

NEXT morning Mrs. Brown was very busy up-stairs putting her son's things in order, and getting them ready to send after him to the depot of his regiment, whither the curate had promised to convey them as soon as they were packed. There was a good deal to do for him, boys wear out their clothes so fast, and the thrifty woman put aside everything that wanted mending, and everything that he might have outgrown, only choosing the finest and best of his shirts and stockings, that he might not be disgraced among his comrades, but make as creditable a figure as the rest of them. When did it ever happen that our womankind were not more thoughtful for us than we are for ourselves?

Having done all that was to be done, and packed her boy's box with a neatness to which only female hands can attain, the mother unlocked her own private drawer and took out the ten-pound note which had been pressed

into her hands by the stranger huntsman in return for the rose she had given him, as he was about to leave her forever. The dried leaves of the poor dead flower, which had been wrapped in it so long, had left a stain upon it, and obliterated some of the marks on it, and it was but a soiled and crumpled piece of paper; but she knew its value now. She considered that this money belonged in a peculiar way to her son William, and as he was now going out into the world she was determined that a part of it should be spent in the purchase of such necessities as he wanted, and that she would send the remainder to him with a loving message by their steadfast friend, the curate.

Mrs. Brown, however, did not well know how to account to her husband or her neighbors for the possession of this ten-pound note. She could not get it changed at Wakefield, and if she attempted to change it at Dronington she would never hear the last of it. So she spread the ten-pound note before her, and an unuttered prayer was probably in her mind as she sat down to think the matter out. She looked very serious, as we all do when alone, while she patiently revolved the subject in her mind for an hour or more. Ten pounds appeared to her so large a sum that she was afraid to send it intact lest it should lead her son into temptation, or perhaps get him into trouble. What explanation could she give to him as to the manner in which she had obtained so much money? She did not like to tell the truth, for reasons obvious enough. Her husband had never got over his feeling of aversion to that stranger who had come and gone in a few hours, and she was uneasy at the thought of mentioning his name to her son.

There was only one way out of this embarrassment, and that was to go to London, and there, if all she had been told of the great city were true, she might change the ten-pound note unobserved, and buy the few things she wanted much cheaper and better than at Dronington. She had been very much excited by her son's departure: it was the only noteworthy event which had happened in her life since her marriage, and the mere idea of rapid motion and change of scene was a relief to her. She had been told that she might go to London in two hours and return in the same time; that would be four. It would take her an hour to walk to the nearest station, and an hour to walk back. She would want an hour in London to change her bank-note and make her purchases. That would be just seven hours in all, and she counted them anxiously on her fingers. Well, that would be from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, and her husband was going to market with Farmer Higginbottom to sell his calf on Friday, which was market day at Dronington. To-morrow was Friday, and to-morrow

she could go to London unperceived while he was away, and be back before he returned; for Farmer Higginbottom was a thirsty and convivial soul, who never stirred from the Nag's Head tap-room after business was over, till he had only just time left to save the daylight, and drive home before it was quite dark.

Mrs. Brown therefore calculated she could do all she had to do with several hours to spare, and she began to prepare for her journey by putting such things as would be needed during her absence within easy reach of her eldest daughter, a solemn blue-eyed matronly little body of fourteen years, who was quite capable of giving her brothers and sisters a dinner of cold meat and hot potatoes without help from anybody.

Then she showed a very feminine quality. Having made up her mind to deceive her husband and family respecting her movements on the following day, she was unusually kind to them all, as if she were under the necessity of making them some amends for what she was about to do, though they would never know of it, and therefore could have no cause to grieve. She was unusually frank and open that afternoon, and had none of those harmless little family government secrets with her daughter about nothing, which make up the household life of women. On the contrary, she volunteered to say that she should go over to the old Manor House and drink tea with the housekeeper left in charge of it, because the housekeeper had become lame and could not get about, and because the housekeeper had some good laying hens, which perhaps she would exchange, now she could not look after them, for something more useful to her; and because she herself would like a little change and a gossip with her neighbor this fine weather, and wanted the housekeeper, who was a Devonshire woman, to tell her how to clot cream, which she had heard was a good thing with stewed plums and sugar for the chest.

Mrs. Brown had no end of reasons for doing that which she did not intend to do at all, and told them with a quaint and hearty good-humor which looked like a demure revolt against her domestic duties, and a prim appeal for liberty. Her eldest daughter rallied her slyly on her new-born fancy for gadding; and Tom Brown smiled, well pleased, behind his pipe, to see her bear the loss of her favorite son so bravely. She made such a soft serene air around her in the inn kitchen that summer afternoon, that the place and its inmates were transfigured by it; and years afterwards they all remembered it as one of those supremely happy days which stand out of our lives, and seem lit up by some stray rays of a light which shines from heaven.

(To be continued.)

WHITE ROSE AND RED.¹

THIS story is not new. Times innumerable has the tale been told in prose and verse how a man must suffer for the faults of his youth. In the exultation of his early manhood he has loved, not wisely, but too well, and, in after years, his sin against society will surely find him out. The scene of "White Rose and Red" might have been laid in Scotland or England with as much pertinence as in America: but the author, by placing it beyond the Atlantic, makes himself the opportunity to select odd or rare types for his *dramatis personæ*, and use the bright colors he keeps for painting natural scenery. The hero is in no way heroic. He is described as of the tribe of human beavers, with the unromantic name Eureka Hart:—

He had rudely grown and thriven
Till, a giant, six foot seven,
Bold and ready for all comers,
He had reached full thirty summers.
All his brethren, thrifty farmers,
Had espoused their rural charmers,
Settling down once and forever
By the Muskeosquash River.

But Eureka was indisposed to settle down in the fashion common to his race. He sallied forth, hunting and trapping in the wilderness, till one day something happened which had the effect of raising him,

'Spite the duller brain's control,
To the stature of a Soul!

In his wanderings Eureka lighted upon the "Red Rose" of the tale, an Indian maid, to whom he plighted his troth. Love continued for a while; but the end came:—

After the great wave of madness,
Ennui came; and though in gladness
Still the Indian maiden's nature
Clung round the inferior creature,
Though with burning, unconsuming,
Deathless love her heart was blooming,
He grew weary, and his passion
In a dull evaporation
Slowly lessened, till caressing
Grew distracting and distressing.
Conscience awakened in a fever,
Just a day too late, as ever;
He remembered, one fine day,
His relations far away.

She would not listen to his proposal to leave her. By degrees, however, he prevailed. His absence was to be only for a brief space—

Just to see his kin and others
In the town where they did dwell,
Just to say to his white brothers
One farewell, a last farewell.

By night they parted; and she cut by night
One large lock from his forehead, which with bright,
Warm lips she kissed; then kissed the lock of hair,
With one quick sob of passionate despair;
And he, with hand that shook a little now,
Still with that burning seal upon his brow,
While in that bitter agony they embraced,
He in her little hand a paper placed,
Whereon, at her fond prayer, he had writ plain,
"Eureka Hart, Drowsietown, State of Maine."

At Drowsietown, in Maine, the beaver nature of our hero developed itself. He was tired of strange places, of sleeping in woods and brakes, and, in view of the prosperity which surrounded him in civilized life, he began to think he had been wasting precious years of his youth. He had thoughts of fulfilling his obligation and returning to her he had left. With a farm of his own, and the choice of any maiden in the village for his wife, it was hard to leave his old home again. Still, as he confessed, having made his

bed, he must lie thereon. He would certainly go back; but there was no need of haste. Meanwhile, his resolution became weakened, and a new form began to take the place in his imagination of his Indian bride. His conscience made excuses to itself. Providence had clearly severed him and the red woman. Besides, Indian blood is Indian blood, and—

"Parson says that sort of thing
Isn't moral marrying!
Though the simple creature yonder
Had no better education—
Ignorance jest made her fonder,
And I yielded to temptation.
Here's the question: I've been sinning—
Wrong, clean wrong, from the beginning;
Can I make my blunder better
By repeating it again?
When mere Nature, if I let her,
Soon can cure the creature's pain;
She'll forget me fast enough—
And she's no religious feeling;
Injin hearts are always tough,
And their wounds are quick of healing.
Heigho!"—here he sighed; then seeing
Phoebe Ann trip by in laughter,
Brightening up, the bothered being
Shook off care, and trotted after!

The sequel, of course, is that Eureka and Phoebe Ann appeared before Parson Pendon, and left him—man and wife.

The married life of the giant and his new bride had hitherto passed in the humdrum style not peculiar to Drowsietown, when an event occurred of momentous importance to their domestic arrangements. It was the year of the great snow. One night, while Phoebe awaited the return of her lord and master from the village ale-house, a low tap is heard at the door, and a swooning, half-conscious woman escapes from the wild tempest:—

The woman was ghost-like, yet wondrously fair.
Through the gray cloud of famine, the dews of despair,
Her face hungered forth—'twas a red woman's face,
Without the sunk eyeball, the taint of the race:
With strange gentle lines round the mouth of her, cast
By moments of being too blissful to last.
Her cloak fallen wide, as she sat there distraught,
Revealed a strange garment with figures enwrought
In silk and old beads—it had once been most bright—
But frayed with long wearing by day and by night.
Moccasins she wore, and they, too, had been gay,
But now they were ragged and rent by the way;
And bare to the cold was one foot, soft and red,
And frozen felt both, and one trickled and bled.

The face of the stranger, 'tis worn with its woe,
It comes to thee, Phoebe, but when shall it go?
Far back go the footprints; see! black in the snow.

But look! what is that? lo! it lies on her breast,
A small living creature, an infant at rest!
So tiny, so shrivelled, a mite of red clay,
Warm, mummied, and wrapt in the Indian way.

The woman gazed timidly around—

The ruddy light,
The cosy kitchen warm and bright,
The clock's great shining face, the human
Soft kindly eyes of the white woman,
Came like a dream—her eyes she closed
A moment with a moan, and dozed.
Then suddenly her soul was 'ware
Of the wild quest that brought her there!
She opened her eyes—a flush of red
Flashed to her cheeks so chill and dead—
She murmured quick with quivering lips,
And, trembling to the finger tips,
Thrust her chill hand into her breast,
Under the ragged cloak, in quest
Of something precious hidden there!—
'Tis safe, —she draws it forth with care;
A wretched paper, torn and wet,
Thumb-marked with touch of many a hand,

¹ *White Rose and Red: A Love Story.* By the Author of *St. Abs.* London: Strahan & Co. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

'Tis there — 'tis safe — she has it yet,
 Her heart's sole guide, the amulet,
 That led her lone feet through the land !
 But first, unto her lips of ice
 She holds it eagerly, and thrice
 She *kisses* it; then, with wild eyes
 And unintelligible cries,
 Holds it to Phoebe, "Read!" cries she,
 In her own tongue, distractedly ;
 And little Phoebe understands,
 And takes the paper in her hands,
 And on the hearth she stoopeth low,
 To read it in the firelight glow.

Now courage, Phoebe! steel thy spirit !
 A blow is coming — thou must bear it !

Slowly, so vilely it is writ,
 Her unskilled eyes decipher it ;
 So worn it is with snow and rain,
 That scarce a letter now is plain,
 And every red and ragged mark
 Is smudged with handling, dim, and dark.
 "E-U-R-E" — in letters blurred
 She spells. "*Eureka!*" that's the word.
 But why does little Phoebe start
 As she reads on? "*Eureka Hart*" —
 His name, her husband's name; and now
 The red blood flames on cheek and brow !
 She stops — she quivers — glares wild-eyed
 At the red woman at her side,
 Who watches her with one sick gaze
 Of wild entreaty and amaze:
 Then she spells on — her features turn
 To marble, though her bright eyes burn,
 For all the bitter truth grows plain.
 "EUREKA HART, DROWSIETOWN, STATE OF MAINE."

The arrival of Eureka himself complicates the situation —

Slightly tipsy, not discerning
 The red woman and her child.
 By the great eyes dimly blinking,
 Feebly leering at his mate,
 Phoebe saw he had been drinking,
 While he hiccupped "Guess I'm late !"
 So he stood: when, wildly ringing,
 Rose a scream upon the air,
 'Twas the Indian woman, springing,
 Gasping, gazing, from her chair.
 While he rubbed his eyes and muttered,
 While he rolled his eyes distressed,
 O'er the floor a thin form fluttered,
 Cried, and sank upon his breast !

Thenceforward the story is told with great pathos. The watchful care of little Phoebe did not avail, and the Red Rose and her child both lie —

In a dark corner of the burial-place,
 Where sleep apart the creatures of red race.

Thus at length have we given the story; but it is impossible to convey by quotation a true idea of its merits as told by the author. There are varieties of tone, as well as varieties of metre, in the poem, and, as a rule, the changes in versification suit the changes in thought. Without pretending that the author has reflected Indian sentiment in his delineation of the Red Rose, we gladly admit the power and beauty of his creation. As the Indian is fading from off the face of the earth, deeper interest is manifested in his fate, and this finds expression in poetic exaggeration of his good qualities. Still the character of the Indian girl, as here presented to us, whether a portrait or a fancy sketch, has features of splendid mould, physically and morally, and stands in curious contrast to her rival, by whose race she and hers perish.

It must not be supposed we have extracted those passages in the volume which most show the writer's art as a poet. The homely and vigorous quotations will give a fair notion of the narrative power he possesses. But the reader must be referred to the book itself to find those higher graces

and excellences with which it abounds. We must, at the same time, and in conclusion, add that there are rough and bold expressions employed which would not be willingly suffered had not the story been laid in America. It seems, indeed, that a certain degree of coarseness, not permissible in other cases, is expected when an English poet makes an American subject his theme.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

On the 26th of May, in the year 1828, a citizen of the ancient town of Nuremberg, standing at his own door drinking in the pure evening air through a long tobacco pipe, benighted advancing towards him a youth of singular aspect. The object of the citizen's regard was attired in pantaloons of gray cloth, a waistcoat of a spotted red material much the worse for wear, and a jacket which had plainly seen service as the upper portion of a frock coat. Round the youth's neck was a black silk neckcloth, his head was roofed by a coarse felt hat, and the toes of his stockingless feet peeped forth from a pair of heavy boots, which, like each of the other articles of his motley attire, had never been designed for the use of the present wearer. More singular than his medley of clothing were his motions, which, though not those of a drunken man, resembled them, inasmuch that though the youth's spirit was evidently willing to gain the other end of the street, his flesh truly was weak, and as to the legs altogether ungovernable. The citizen noticed with amazement that they gave way alternately as the weight of the youth's body rested upon them in turns in his painful endeavor to progress, and that they showed a disposition to disperse in any direction save that in which the owner desired to proceed. The youth's progress being under these circumstances necessarily slow, the citizen advanced and giving him greeting, inquired if he might in any way aid him. The youth answered in ill-pronounced German, "I would be a rider as my father was," and held out a letter which he carried in his hand, and which was addressed "To his Honor the Captain of the 4th Esgatarm of the Shwolishaz Regiment, Nuremberg." The good citizen offered to guide him to the captain's quarters, and would have beguiled the way with conversation. But to all his observations the strange youth answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was;" and his interlocutor, presently arriving at the conclusion that the youth with the weak legs must be a foreigner, desisted from further attempts at conversation. Arrived at the captain's house, the youth presented the letter to the servant, and piteously pointing to his swollen feet moaned his moan, "I would be a rider as my father was." The servant failing, as the citizen had failed, to get any further speech from him, admitted him to the kitchen, pending his master's return, and being touched by his sorrowful condition placed meat and beer before him. The youth eagerly seized a piece of the meat and thrust it into his mouth; but scarcely had it touched his lips than he shook from head to foot, the muscles of his face became horribly convulsed, and he spat out the morsel with every token of disgust. Similar symptoms following upon his tasting the beer, the captain's servant, not feeling altogether at home in the company of so singular a youth, cautiously conducted him to the stable, where he lay down upon the straw and instantly fell asleep.

On the captain's return the letter was handed to him, with an account of the bearer's conduct, which lost nothing of its singularity in the reporting. The missive, on being opened, was found to be dated with some indefiniteness, "From a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1828." The letter proceeded to set forth that the bearer was left in the house of the writer on the 7th of October, 1812, and that he had never been able to discover who the wai's mother was. The writer added that he himself was a poor day laborer, with ten children and but little wherewith to maintain them; that he had never permitted the lad to take a step out of his house, and that he was thus in total ignorance of its locality, and so "good Mr. Captain

need not try to find it out." The letter concluded by commending the bearer to the captain's care, but adding that if he did not desire to keep the boy he might "kill him or hang him up in the chimney." This mysterious epistle was written in German characters, but enclosed was a note written in Latin, enjoining the captain to send the boy when he was seventeen years of age to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light Horse, "for there his father also was." Here was a delicate and a dangerous position for a captain of Light Horse, and a married man withal, to be placed in! But the captain of the 4th Esqatarm was a man of action, and straightway proceeded to the stable, determined to get at the bottom of what was most probably the weak invention of some female enemy. In this intention he was, however, hopelessly baffled. Whenever he paused for a reply to his volley of questions his guest answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was," words of whose meaning he seemed to have no more intelligent conception than had Poe's raven of the "Evermore" it was wont to croak from its position on the pallid bust of Pallas just above the poet's chamber door. Unwilling to be saddled with the charge of so uncanny a guest, and not caring to adopt either of the mild methods of disposing of him suggested by the letter of introduction, the captain handed the stranger over to the police, two of whom led him away, informing him on the road that it was of no use his trying to "come the old soldier" over them, and that the sooner he told who he was and whence he came the better it would be for him. On his arrival at the police station the officials gravely proceeded to put to him the several questions enjoined by law, to each of which he wearily wailed, "I would be a rider as my father was."

Like the citizen, the captain's servant, and the captain himself, the guardians of the peace of Nuremberg were utterly at a loss to make anything of the singular apparition which had dropped down or sprung up upon their streets, and they were not in any wise assisted by the magistrates who were summoned to the council. The youth showed just such signs of intelligence as might be expected from a baby recently relieved of the incumbrance of long clothes and not quite comfortable in its mind by reason of the change. He stared with lack-lustre eyes at the furniture of the room, visibly brightening up when he beheld the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers present, and showing a strong desire to handle it. After spending several hours in attempts to elicit something from him, the burgomaster in a happy moment placed pen, ink, and paper before him, and bade him write a detailed account of himself. With a childish laugh, as if he recognized an old plaything, the stranger seized the pen, and in a legible hand wrote the words "Kasper Hauser," and with a repetition of this name he gleefully covered the sheet. But it speedily became apparent that as his power of speech was limited to the phrase touching his father the rider, so was his ability to write exhausted in the production of the name "Kasper Hauser." This was, however, a point gained, and Kasper was remanded on suspicion of being a rogue and a vagabond, and accommodated with a cell accordingly. Being offered by his jailer the prison ration of bread and water he devoured it greedily, and then, lying back on his straw, fell into a peaceful sleep.

On the following morning he was again brought up for examination, but with no fresh result; and as the days went by the conviction of his genuineness forced itself on the minds of those who had him in charge, and instead of being regarded as an object of suspicion, who ought at least to be made to "move on," this strange being, whose cheeks were covered with the down of approaching manhood while his mental powers were, without natural defect, as undeveloped as those of a two-year-old baby, became an object of the deepest interest and the most affectionate regard. Little by little the broad outline of the story of his life leaked out, and the whole German nation read with growing excitement that somewhere in their midst, and for reasons which could only be conjectured, this lad, now in his sixteenth year, had since his birth been immured in a room less than six feet square; that till a few days before he en-

tered Nuremberg he had never beheld the light of heaven, the face of Nature, or the likeness of man; that he had never stood upon his feet, never heard the human voice, never eaten anything but bread, and never drunk anything but water.

Here was a feast for a philosophical and imaginative nation — a people who could evolve camels from their inner consciousness, and who were ever on the lookout for some fresh glimpse of that Wonderland with whose dark glades and sunlit hills they had been familiar ever since the hour of strangely mingled pain and pleasure when they had smoked their first pipe.

The citizens of Nuremberg flocked in crowds to visit Kasper, and as his story spread, travellers from a distance, among whom were distinguished scholars, nobles, and even princes of the blood, made journeys to his little court, until his *levées* became so crowded that they grew out of all proportion to the accommodation that Nuremberg could provide, and the order went forth for their discontinuance.

The burgomaster issued a formal notice in which the world was given to understand that Kasper Hauser had been adopted by the city of Nuremberg, and in its name committed to the charge of an instructor, and thenceforward poor Kasper, with his ludicrously disobedient limbs, his wondering, wandering eyes, his baby prattle, and his adolescent form, ceased to be on public view.

Of the learned men in whose minds this new and startling phenomenon created a deep interest was Anselm von Feuerbach, a distinguished judge in Bavaria, who devoted much time to the study of Kasper's bodily and mental condition, and embodied the result of his observations in a book, one of many which were published having "the child of Nuremberg" as a theme. Here we find a full description of Kasper and minute details of his daily life, which, as forming an altogether new chapter in the study of man, possess an interest apart from the mere vulgar one attached to the mystery of the lad's origin.

Kasper was, when the learned judge first visited him, sixteen or seventeen years of age and four feet nine inches in height. He was strongly and symmetrically made, but so ignorant was he of the use of his limbs that his hands were rather in his way than otherwise, and he had acquired a nervous habit of stretching out three fingers on either hand by way of feelers, his forefinger and thumb being meanwhile joined at the tips in the form of a circle. His method of walking was precisely that of an infant, and he tottered across the room from chair to chair with both arms held out to balance himself. Woe to him if a bit of stick or a book lay in his path. It was sure to bring him flat on his face, where he would lie content to sprawl till some one lifted him up and gave him another start.

To all descriptions of food and drink save bread and water he showed the same signs of utter aversion which had terrified the captain's servant. The presence of any article of food except the two mentioned he could instantly detect by the smell, and a drop of wine, coffee, beer, or milk mixed with his water, or a morsel of meat, butter, or cheese placed in his mouth, caused him to become violently ill. His perfect innocence cast out fear from his mind, and he would stand looking on with childish delight while a naked sabre was flashed within a foot of his nose, and once when a pistol was fired at him he objected to the experiment only on the score of the noise it created. His sense of smelling was peculiarly keen, but for some time his senses of sight and hearing appeared to be in a state of torpor — not that he was either blind or deaf, for his eyes were so strong that he could see as well in the dark as in the light, and his hearing lacked nothing in the power of distinguishing sounds to which his attention was specially directed. But it was a natural consequence of the undeveloped condition of his being, that he should behold things without seeing them and hear without noticing, and hence he stared vacantly at the objects of daily life, and heard its sounds without receiving any impression therefrom. One exception must be made in favor of glittering objects, which from the first he eagerly seized and played with, and the ringing of bells, which threw him into a state of ecstasy.

His ideas of things animate and inanimate, natural and artistic, were extremely broad. He could distinguish a man or a woman from the lower order of animals, but the sole difference which his mind could discover between the sexes was that one dressed in more flowing and brighter colored robes, and was therefore the more lovable. Animals he also arbitrarily divided into two classes, white and black. A white pigeon or a white horse were the same to him — things pleasant to behold and desirable; but anything that was black he abhorred, and a black hen which he once chanced upon nearly killed him with fright. Of a Creator, or death, or a life to come, it is needless to say he had no conception or any capability of understanding.

Shortly after his domestication in Nuremberg divers devout and well-meaning clergymen sat down before him, and at sundry times strove to accomplish the salvation of his soul. But though he would listen for a time with the most encouraging attention, he would presently make a dart at the good man's eye-glass, or curiously fondle his whiskers, or stoop down to feel the polish on his boots, or by other and similar exhibitions of babyishness satisfactorily demonstrate that he had not the slightest idea of what the sermon was about. Indeed, all through his life Kasper entertained a strong aversion to parsons, their presence operating upon him in somewhat the same way that meat did. His impression of the ceremony of public worship he once summed up in the following pithy manner: "First the people bellow, and when they have done the parson begins to bellow."

The struggle of this peculiarly situated human mind to grapple with the ideas that had suddenly burst upon it were deeply interesting to the psychological world, and Kasper's education was directed with as anxious a care as if the poor foundling had been the Prince Imperial or the prospective Czar of all the Russias. Possessing a memory which, counting its age by years, was in its prime, and upon which no ideas had yet been written, and with a disposition singularly docile and earnest, Kasper made wonderful progress in his studies. In a manner which shall presently be noted he had made a start in the art of writing, and in this he soon perfected himself, while he daily added to his vocabulary of speech. His notions of things were, however, essentially childish, and when he passed beyond the stage of impassive indifference to all around him he constantly indulged in fancies the most grotesque. He endowed images and trees with life, and if a sheet of paper were blown off the table he regarded the act as of its own volition, and would "wonder why it went."

It was a matter of deep surprise to him that the horses and unicorns which he saw carved in stone upon the buildings of the city did not run away, and he was forever guessing what the trees were saying when the wind rustled through them and moved their big arms and fingers. Himself scrupulously clean, he beheld with indignation a dirt-encrusted statue which stood in his tutor's garden, often asking "why the man did not wash himself." He also propounded a similar inquiry for the consideration of an old gray cat, which he viewed as wilfully neglecting the ordinary means at its command of becoming white.

At this time his eyes, recovering from the state of inflammation into which they had been thrown by the sudden translation from darkness to light, were keen beyond comparison, and, as I have mentioned, were equally serviceable by night or day. His sense of hearing, too, was peculiarly acute, and he could distinguish at a great distance the sound of a man walking barefoot. His touch was equally sensitive, and he was affected in a powerful manner by metallic and magnetic influences. Of all the senses smelling was with him so highly developed as to be a source of daily torture. Things which to ordinary mortals are entirely destitute of odor, he could scent from afar, and flowers or other substances which possess a distinguishable perfume affected him so powerfully that it was necessary to exercise constant care to keep him without their range.

To this state of morbid sensibility there succeeded one in which his exceptional powers of memory, and, in a less degree, those of sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch,

faded, and his ability to learn the lessons prepared for him steadily decreased. This was doubtless a natural result of the forcing system which was adopted by his tutors; but it was also coexistent with the change which had been gradually effected in his diet. Education in this direction had been a work of great difficulty, but by degrees Kasper became accustomed to eat meat and drink milk, and he thrived so well under his new diet that he was soon able to walk the streets of Nuremberg without exciting doubts of his sobriety. Of horses and of riding he was passionately fond. He was from his first mount as safe in the saddle as a child in its cradle, and thenceforward daily rode out on horseback, undertaking without fatigue journeys which would have worn out a foxhunter.

In 1829, the year after Kasper's birth into the world — and it is necessary to bear in mind that it is of his first year I have hitherto discoursed — the public demanded that something more than had yet been accomplished should be done towards clearing up the mystery of his life. Accordingly a court of inquiry was appointed by the Government, and several days were consumed in hearing depositions of facts connected with the foundling. Of the scanty evidence adduced the most interesting is a brief memoir written by himself in February, 1829, less than twelve months after his appearance in Nuremberg, a production which displays the wonderful educational progress made by him in so short a time.

His reminiscences are wholly confined to his existence in what he calls "a hole," which, from his comparisons with other localities, appears to have been a chamber about six or seven feet long and five feet high. His dress, he tells us, consisted of a shirt and trousers, with a rug to cover his legs, and he sat upon straw with his back against the wall, never lying full length even when he slept. When he awoke from sleep he sometimes found that he had a clean shirt on, and there was always a pitcher of water and a piece of bread on the floor beside him. How they came there he never questioned, accepting them as a matter of course, and only occasionally wishing that the supply of water were more liberal. When he was very thirsty, and had drunk all the water in the pitcher, he was wont to take up the vessel and hold it to his mouth, expecting that water would presently flow; "But it never did." And then he would put down the pitcher and go to sleep again, and when he awoke there was water.

He had for playthings two wooden horses, a dog, and some pieces of red and blue ribbon, and his sole occupation throughout the years he had spent in "the hole" was to deck the dog and the horses with the ribbon. He had no notion that there was anything anywhere beyond the walls that enclosed him, and for a long time did not know that there was any being in creation save himself. But once a man appeared, and placing a low stool before Kasper laid a piece of paper thereon, and taking the prisoner's hand within his own guided it in forming with a pencil the words "Kasper Hauser." This he repeated at intervals, till Kasper could write them himself, a practice in which he took great pleasure, for it varied the monotony of his ordinary recreation.

One day the man came to him, lifted him up, and placing him upon his feet endeavored to teach him to stand upright and use his legs. Kasper had never yet stood on his feet, and the experiment gave him great pain. But the man persevered, and by degrees the position grew less distressing. After the lesson had been repeated many times the man one day took him up on his back and carried him out into a bright light, in which Kasper fainted, and "all became night." They went a long way, he being sometimes dragged along, falling over his helpless feet, sometimes carried on the man's back. But the man spoke no word except to say, "I would be a rider as my father was," a shibboleth which thus became imprinted on Kasper's memory. When they got near Nuremberg the man dressed him in the clothes described at the commencement of this article, and upon entering the gates of the city placed a letter in his hand and vanished.

Nothing could be made of this extraordinary story, and

the court of inquiry, solemnly convened, was as solemnly dissolved, having effected no other result than that of widening and deepening public interest in the history of the foundling. This interest received a fresh stimulus from an occurrence which took place on the 17th October, 1829. On that day Kasper was found insensible and covered with blood, lying in the corner of a cellar in the house of the learned professor with whom he lived. When restored to consciousness, he related how that a man with a black silk handkerchief tied round his face had suddenly appeared before him as he sat alone in his room; how the man had struck him a heavy blow on the forehead, felling him to the ground; and how upon partially coming to himself he staggered down stairs and into the cellar, where he had fainted. After this event Kasper was more carefully tended than ever, and the process of intellectual cramming proceeded with such vigor that in a couple of years all his peculiar brightness had faded.

Writing of him in the year 1832, Herr von Feuerbach says: "The extraordinary, almost preternatural, elevation of his senses has been diminished, and has almost sunk to the common level. He is indeed still able to see in the dark, so that for him there exists no real night. But he is no longer able to read in the dark, nor to recognize the most minute objects at a great distance. Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remains. He no longer retains anything that is remarkable, except his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition." It is astonishing how Kasper wound himself about the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. There are people still living in Nuremberg who remember him and regard him over a space nearly forty years with a marvellous tenderness and an infinite pity. One such gave me as a precious gift a copy of his portrait. It shows a lad of some eighteen years, full-faced, with short curly hair lying over a broad high forehead, large eyes, well-shaped nose, a sweet mouth, a dimpled chin, and a general expression of the presence of a great and constant sorrow uncomplainingly borne.

In the year 1832 the Earl of Stanhope prevailed upon the magistracy of Nuremberg to deliver up to his care the adopted child of their city, and his lordship temporarily placed him at Anspach, purposing shortly to remove him to England. At Anspach the life for which poor Kasper had so little cause for thankfulness was closed by the assassin's dagger. On the 17th December, 1833, he went by appointment to the castle park, to meet a person who had darkly promised to give him a clue to his parentage, and who upon his arrival at the trysting place treacherously stabbed him to the heart. The deed was done in broad daylight, but the murderer escaped, and with him vanished all hope of elucidating the mystery of Kasper Hauser's birth and life. There were fresh inquiries and new conjectures, but from that day to this nothing capable of proof has been discovered. "God," wrote the pious Binder, chief burgomaster of Nuremberg, in a manifesto issued upon the death of Kasper, "God in his justice will compensate him with an eternal spring of the joys of infancy denied him here, for the vigor of youth of which he was deprived, and for the life destroyed five years after he was born into the world. Peace to his ashes." This was Kasper Hauser's epitaph.

THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

SOME weeks ago the grave closed over one of the noteworthy women of this century: distinguished for gifts unlike—we might almost write at variance with—the ordinary graces of her literary sisterhood; yet a true woman, notwithstanding, in all the highest and noblest attributes of her sex.

It is now thirty-three years since Mr. Lockhart, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, drew attention to a small volume of poems "by V." then lately published. The

writer was unknown; but the originality of thought (in one of these poems, especially) and terseness of style indicated power of no ordinary kind; and the eminent critic was not wrong in assuming that the world would hear more of the authoress, though his prophecy was long of fulfilment. In this volume of verse, one of the most remarkable poems is "The Grave," some stanzas of which were characterized by Mr. Lockhart as "worthy of any one of our greatest poets in his happiest moments." It may be questioned whether some more recent critics, to whom melody is everything, and matter of comparatively little importance, would endorse this opinion. The distinctive features of V.'s poems are virile force and a stern simplicity which aimed at the most direct expression of a thought, without much heeding verbal delightfulness.

The following stanzas from "The Grave" may serve for an example of the writer's style:—

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom;
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretched the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ached upon mine ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chilled my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wand'rings gathered, round me lay;
The dust of withered empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid generations passed away.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
By thousands swept into the arms of Death.

I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A giant heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confused the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

Another striking poem, published some years later, was entitled "The Queen's Ball," suggested by the following: "I hear that one hundred and fifty dead people were invited to the ball, last Friday." (*Extract from a Friend's Letter, June 17, 1847.*) We give the earlier part of this poem, forming about a third of the whole:—

How soon forgotten are the dead!
A splendid throng the palace calls
To meet and revel in its halls;
And of the names that thus are sped,
Seven score and ten of them are dead.

They had been living when the crowd
Last met within these portals proud;
They shared the banquet with the rest,
They glittered brightly in their best,
The gliding dance they joined, and smiled,
While Time was marked, and Care beguiled;
Since then on dying beds they lay,
And weeping friends, one mournful day,
To the dark vault their relics gave;
But when the holiday once more
Came round which called them there before,
Their summons with the rest went out,
Their life was known, their death forgot.

They heard it in their narrow grave,
Where cold, and dark, and silent, they
Beneath the sod, or marble, lay;
And Pluto grimly gave consent
That to the feast their steps be bent.

Full many a one refused his ear
To sounds which once had been so dear;
He shut his eyes again, and said
'Twas wrong to 'mind him of his woes;
And made a signal with his head,
That they should leave him to repose.
He would not lift the sealing stone,
Nor ope the coffin lid anew;
To have the wide world for his own
Again he would not jostle through.

But some came gliding from their den,
Glad to be thought of once again;
The royal words that called them there,
Forced through the door their forms of air,
Which with the living mixed once more,
And paced the lengthened corridor;
Both heard the music swell and fall,
The flowers breathed perfume over all,
With robes of state the shrouds were blent,
And, side by side, up-stairs they went.

But little did the living men
The things that were among them ken;
The spirits wore such ghostly hue,
That you might see men's faces through;
They cast no gloom upon the way,
Nor dimmed a lady's bright array,
For shadows, shadowless, were they.
Where space was left they glided on,
None knew the space held any one;
Where thronged the crowd those chambers wide,
Their airy forms passed through — and e'en
When pressed the living side to side,
The risen dead were there between.

One phantom was a girl, who here
Had glittered in her eighteenth year,
So heavenly fair in those bright hours,
With quaint device of dress and flowers,
That the eye dwelt on her surprised,
As on a fable realized:
One, spell-bound most of all, had burned
With love, which frankly she returned;
But while their silken courtship sped,
Did sudden clouds a storm unroll;
And 'twixt them left a gulf so dread
As frightened from its place her soul.
The world, whose fragile ornament
She for a time so brief had been,
Heard, faintly, of some dark event,
That hid her from its festive scene;
Heard all that was, and what was not;
Inquired, conjectured, and forgot.
Meantime her spirit's broken wing
Just bore her to the grave's relief;
Too weak was life's elastic spring
To brook the bending hand of grief.
Her lover watched, with broken heart
(Or what to him and her seemed broken),
And the last words that she heard spoken,
Were, "Not for long, my life, we part."
She heard, and smiled in death, to be
Love's victim, and its victory.

She came this night and (unseen) moved
Where she had glittered, triumphed, loved;
And 'mid new beauty, sought for him
Who should lament that hers was dim.
She found him straight; but, ah! no dream
Of her, the dead, there seemed for him;
He moved among the fair and gay,
His smile and ready word had they;
He touched soft hands, and breathed a sigh,
And sought and found an answer'ing eye;
And in the dance he mixed with many,
As happy and as light as any.
Then on his breast the phantom rushed,
Her phantom hair his bosom brushed,
Her fond fantastic arms she wound,
Beseechingly, his form around;
Her airy lips his visage kissed;
In vain, in vain; no thought he cast
Back on the memory of the past,
And she must let it go at last,
The cherished hope that she was missed.

Other spiritual presences are described moving unseen through the gay crowd, and the authoress ends with the exclamation, —

More Ghosts! I know their stories well,
But stories more I will not tell.

When, sixteen years after the first volume of poems, "Paul Ferroll" was published (in 1856), the same characteristics as in the author's verse were found conspicuous

in that remarkable tale, and conveyed in a more suitable medium of expression. The passion which sweeps like a whirlwind through the book drives the leaves before it, but does not stop to play with them. There is no superfluity: from the first page to the last we feel that we are in the unrelenting grasp of a Greek Fate; the destiny of those three whose lives we live in may be delayed awhile — it cannot be averted. The lighter scenes (which are none the less essential to the development of the tragedy) might perhaps have been better handled by more commonplace writers; we know of no one living who could have depicted the mastery of a selfish passion over a strong intellect, and held us enthralled as Mrs. Clive has here done. Her style, admirably suited to narrative of this objective nature, is hardly pliant enough to suit tamer forms of action; and this we take to have been the cause why no subsequent work of hers obtained the same hold over the public. "Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife" and "Year after Year" have undoubted merit; but the minute transcript of daily life and commonplace dialogue, with the alternations of cause and effect upon conduct, are better fitted to the trenchant analysis of George Eliot, or the playful humor of Miss Austen, than to the close, earnest directness of Mrs. Clive's style, which was so well calculated to enhance the effect of horror and mystery in her first novel.

Mrs. Clive was a contributor to *Fraser* and other magazines from time to time; and we hope that her tales, one or two of which we remember as very striking, may now be collected and published; as well as several detached poems.

A sufferer from early youth, Mrs. Clive was no plaintive invalid, but a cheerful, courageous woman, loath to cloud, by word or sign, the happiness of those around her. Yet in nearly everything she ever wrote are traces of this battle between the spirit and the flesh, of the victory won over physical pain, and the consciousness that perfect happiness was not meant to be the lot of any one here on earth. Her muse was sorrowful, but it was with a *manly* sorrow, as far removed from the unhealthy sentimentality of poetesses who hug their griefs, real or imaginary, as the penitential Psalms are from the "Sorrows of Werther." She who could write the following, only eight years since, had assuredly a chastened wisdom of no common kind: —

Thou hast been wronged, I think, Old Age,
Thy sovereign reign comes not in wrath.

Whate'er of good has been, dost thou
To the departed past make sure.
Whate'er is changed from weal to woe,
Thy comrade, Death, stands near to cure.

And once or twice, in age, there shines
Brief gladness, as when winter weaves,
In frosty days, o'er naked pines,
A sudden splendor of white leaves.

The past revives, and thoughts return,
Which kindled once the heaving breast;
They light us, though no more they burn,
Then turn to gray and are at rest.

Mrs. Archer Clive was the eldest of three sisters, the daughters and co-heiresses of Edmund Meysey Wigley, Esq., of Shakenhurst, Worcestershire. She was born in 1801, at the place which she subsequently, as eldest of the sisters, inherited. In 1840 she married the Rev. Archer Clive, who was proprietor as well as rector of the living of Solihull, and of certain lands which came to him from his mother, as daughter and co-heiress of Lord Archer, who died without sons. Thus, by a curious coincidence, the two neighboring properties became united, through the failure of direct male heirs to both. Their ultimate home was Whitfield, Mr. Clive's estate near Hereford, where the thirty-three years of their married life were chiefly spent, varied by Continental travel, and an annual residence of some months in London, as long as Mrs. Clive's health permitted it. At her house were always to be found some of the remarkable persons of the day; and from such society she derived the keenest enjoyment, delighting in nothing

more than in the exercise of her genial hospitality, whether in London or the country.

Into her domestic life it would be impertinence for us to intrude; but it is impossible to conclude this brief notice without referring to those closer ties which bound up all her married years, and colored her intellectual and spiritual being. She was the mother of a son and a daughter, both of whom she lived to see married and parents; and in their happiness she "moved and had her being" up to the very last. The thought of reunion with them and all she loved, when her burden of daily suffering, so heroically borne, should be laid down, cheered her darkest hours. Hers was not a wavering faith. She had none of the doubts as to futurity which distract less happily constituted minds. In her sonnet upon "Sacrifice," speaking of those who are dead, and of the hereafter, she says, —

Bright as I lay them down, restored at last,
When this sad present shall have changed to past,
I shall be happy then, with all the power
Of all the anguish of this bitter hour.
I shall regain the dear ones of my home,
Be free, through every world at will to roam!

In a poem written nearly forty years ago, Mrs. Archer Clive expressed a hope that when death came to her, it should be on no bed of sickness, but swiftly and suddenly. She was prepared to die *then*, as she was in the fulness of years; and we do not agree with Mr. Lockhart, who, while admiring these lines, cannot accord his approval to "the spirit which animates them." The spirit seems to us that of a Christian confident of the future, but to whom the intermediate passage of long-protracted agony is a dreaded prospect, more, we may be sure, for the sake of the loved ones around her than for her own: —

Forbid, O Fate! forbid that I
Should linger long before I die!
Ah! let me not, sad day by day,
Upon a dying bed decay.

And lose my love, my hope, my strength,
All save the baser part of man;
Concentrating every wish, at length,
To die as slowly as I can.

I'd die in battle, love, or glee,
With spirit wild and body free,
With all my wit, my soul, my heart,
Burning away in every part,
That so more meetly I might fly
Into mine Immortality —
Like comets when their race is run,
That end by rushing on the sun!

Those last words read to us now like something beyond an ardent hope. Under their apparent significance we seem to hear a prophecy of the far-off end.

On the 11th of July last, while sitting alone beside the fire in the library at Whitfield, her dress caught fire, and before the servants could come to her assistance, she was so severely burned that she died of the injuries she received, in the course of a few hours.

The account in the Hereford newspaper of July 19 says: —

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the doctors she took occasion to say to her husband, who watched beside her, that in her opinion no one was to blame in the matter. Mrs. Clive had been in very delicate health for some years past (her infirmity, doubtless, accounting for her inability to save herself from the flames), but she was a lady of singular perseverance and energy, and did not therefore allow her state of health to prevent her fulfilling all the duties of her station in life in the most exemplary manner. She drove out almost daily upon errands of charity and benevolence amongst her poorer neighbors, whose wants and necessities she occupied much time in inquiring into, and whom she was most kind and prompt in relieving, when any deserving case commended itself to her notice.

The following extract from the Coroner's Inquest in the same paper is of painful interest: —

George Fiander, a footman, employed by the Rev. Archer Clive, was first called. He deposed as follows: It was part of my duty to attend upon Mrs. Clive. On Saturday last my mistress was as well as usual during the day. She had been out for a drive during the afternoon, and returned at about five o'clock. I attended upon her when she left the carriage. She at once retired to her own bedroom, where she remained about twenty-five minutes, and her maid then brought her into the library. I lifted her into her chair in the library with the assistance of my fellow-servant, William Trillow. At that time my mistress was in her usual health. It was about half past five o'clock when I assisted to place her in her chair. I then lit the fire, which was composed of wood, and was ready laid. There was a guard in front of the fire, standing on the hearth. It was always there. When I had lit the fire and left the room, it was, I should think, twenty-five minutes to six o'clock. When I quitted the room, I left my mistress alone. Mrs. Clive was sitting in a chair, in her usual position, within a yard of the fire (the chair being placed sideways towards it), and within reach of the bell. Dinner was ordered for seven o'clock on Saturday as usual. My mistress would in the ordinary course of things have remained in the library till it was time to dress for dinner. About ten minutes after I had left my mistress in the library, Trillow told me that her bell had rung. It was not rung violently (only just a "chink"), and whist I was in the lobby going to answer the call, it rang again gently. When I opened the library door my mistress was in her chair, and she was all in a blaze. The flames reached just up to her shoulders. She was breathing heavily, as though she was being suffocated. There was a quantity of newspapers on a stool close to her feet, which were burning when I went in. The first thing I did was to ring the bell violently. Charles Williams, the usher, was the first to come after me. I told him to fetch some one. I did not know Mr. Clive was in the house at the time. In the meantime I lifted Mrs. Clive from her chair, and placed her on the carpet, and in doing so I was slightly burned. During this time Mrs. Clive's clothes were flaming. I had almost extinguished the flames with the aid of the sofa cushion before any one came. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Clive's maid came into the room, and assisted me to extinguish the flames which remained. Shortly afterwards several of the maids brought water. They poured some over my mistress, and I said, "Don't pour any more." Mrs. Clive then said, "No; do not put any more on." Mr. Clive arrived at just about this time, and I then left the room. I presume the fire was caused by a spark from the small larch wood that the fire was made of. The spark would have to pass through the fire-guard to fall into the room. I was not called into the library again. I am quite certain that Mrs. Clive's bell was promptly answered. Mr. Clive told me to send for Dr. Evans, of Kingstone, immediately, and I did so before Mrs. Clive was brought out of the library. I think Mrs. Clive was prevented by the suffocating effects of the smoke and flames from saying anything when she was burnt. It was not more than a minute and a half from the time I first entered the library until the flames and fire were quite extinguished.

Thus tragically closed a life notable for its fortitude, its beneficence, and its unclouded faith, even more than for the gifts of imagination and intellectual power, which were all that the outer world knew of the authoress of "Paul Ferroll."

NEEDLEWORK.

THE idea of placing Needlework amongst the Fine Arts, in the present age, when costliness is the standard by which the merit of art-work is too often gauged, will strike some people, perhaps, as ridiculous. To show, however, that Needlework has a claim to estimation as an art is the aim of this paper.

Little, if any, interest has been given to this subject of late years, although all other classes of art-objects have been sought after and collected. To be sure, amateurs are fond of including in their collections fragments of ancient church vestments and embroideries. These invariably command a respect, and it would never do to pass them by. They are rather difficult of acquisition, and amongst *bric-à-brac* they serve as curious and picturesque diversions from the more solid objects. But as for the other productions of the needle, scarcely anything is known or cared about them. It so happens that heirlooms preserved at

country seats are extant, and that there are a few genuine and Catholic amateurs who have collected needlework specimens other than the ecclesiastical relics above mentioned. Thus an energetic committee of royal and noble ladies found works of the needle of sufficient number and variety to be collected, and shown at the South Kensington Museum, and to be further dignified by the title of "Special Loan Exhibition of Decorative Art Needlework." New interest will surely be now created in the subject. Certain it is, that visitors to this Exhibition — which will remain open for a month or so longer — will not fail to be struck by the diversity of uses to which the needle has been put, as exemplified by the many cases full of well-designed and harmoniously-colored specimens. There are works which appeal to the sympathies of the antiquary, the ecclesiastic, the historian, the artist, the humorist, the working-man, and even the millionaire. Others, who do not come under any of these categories, will look at what pleases them; for it is unquestionable that they will find something to tickle their fancies. Without offending hot-headed "patriots," republicans, and supporters of the proletariat, we may record how diligently the Princess Christian and the Princess Mary of Teck, with their committee of ladies, have worked for the benefit and enlightenment of their fellow-creatures in the formation of the Needle-work Exhibition. The government is to be congratulated upon having obtained this valuable and friendly aid in promoting art-education. Loan Exhibitions like the present one are, from many considerations, to be encouraged. They are the means of bringing together, for the instruction and delectation of all classes, treasures which frequently remain hidden in lumber-rooms, or else are only brought out occasionally for the gratification of a few favored friends of the possessor. In truth, these Exhibitions unite the rich and the poor, to the intellectual and commercial benefit of the community.

But we must no longer delay dealing with needlework. In the early English needlework, or embroidery, a certain regularity of stitch was maintained. There were no cobblings or untidy finishings off. Work undertaken was conscientiously carried out. A certain style of stitch would be adopted for a piece of work, and it was adhered to. Mixtures of stitches, when necessary, were cautiously used. Hence it is, that ecclesiastical embroideries on vestments of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries can almost always be classified according to the style of stitch. The persons who wrought them were devotees to their occupation, and to them time was no object. However, towards the end of the fifteenth century a degeneracy in work commenced, and specimens dating from about this period show that the artistic pliers of the needle did not despise the use of subterfuges in cases of difficulty. Whereas in southern countries the Renaissance of art had taken place, its influence had not penetrated England. Thus English work of this time is hybrid in character and poor in execution. The troublous times of the Wars of the Roses evidently intercepted the peaceful progress of art; but when comparative calm was restored, a kind of sampler-work and raised or stuffed work came into vogue, more hideous than can be imagined. From this date English needlework ran riot; and it is absurd for people to try now to create a fictitious admiration for the bulky and awkward scrawlings of crewel or worsted-work over which it is the fashion to fall into rhapsodies. That home-products were not highly valued, is patent from the fact that the houses of the rich were bedecked, by preference, with rich Oriental, Italian, and French works. And of such is formed the largest section in the Exhibition. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English needlework became worse and worse. Ignorant, grotesque, and certainly amusing renderings of mythological and Scriptural events were worked in the "stuffed" style upon work-boxes, book-covers, and looking-glass frames. The climax of the art may be found in the feeble long-stitch portraits, in floss silk, of "Lavinia" and "Amanda," and in the clever imitation etchings by Miss Linwood; of which, however, the less said the better. A few exceptions to the general badness of style existed in certain quiltings exe-

cuted by gentlewomen, generally in imitation of Oriental designs.

In describing the more marked specimens of the collection at South Kensington, it seems useful to briefly point out the peculiarity of certain stitches; and to this end we propose to deal with the old Latin-named classifications. The "*opus plumarium*" was the term given to feather-stitch work, resembling in character the long and satin stitches of the present day. According to the late Canon Rock, a learned authority upon all kinds of woven and embroidered fabrics, "The stitches were laid down, never across, but longwise, and so put together that they seemed to overlap one another like the feathers in the plumage of the bird." Work done after the manner of Berlin wool-work, either in "cross," "cushion," "tent," or such-like stitches, was called "*opus pulvinarium*." Weaving does not come within our scope; it will be sufficient, therefore, to dismiss without further notice its imitation, by saying that it was called the "*opus pectineum*," or comb-work, which has now been entirely supplanted by machine weaving. The "*opus consutum*" included all kinds of "cut," or *applique* work. Lately there has been a mild revival, called "*sabrina*," of this work. But *sabrina*, or rather such specimens as we have seen, appears to be a work without principle. There certainly is nothing beyond the most amateurish sentiment to be found in it, and none of the vigorous characteristics of *cinque-cento* *applique* work are traceable. The last class mentioned by Canon Rock is the "*opus Anglicum*." This is found solely in ecclesiastical embroideries of ancient date, and examples of it are scarce. Its execution entailed much careful labor. It was a "chain-stitch," and "we find that for the human face . . . the first stitches were begun in the centre of the cheek, and worked in circular, not straight lines, into which, however, after the further side had been made, they fell, and were so carried on through the rest of the fleshes; in some instances through the figures — draperies and all." A kind of relief, or modelling, was then imparted to figures done in this manner, by pressing "with a little thin iron rod, ending in a small, smooth knob, slightly heated," the centres or commencing points in the cheeks, throat, etc.

Besides these five classes of stitches, there are fine stitches, which are classed, as "point-lace" stitches. But lace is a subject to be treated apart from needlework simple.

Nearly every kind of embroidery may be ranked under one or other of the classes above named. In specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries one finds, especially in Italian coverlids, curtains, etc., a picturesque and effective element introduced by means of floss silk, laid and held down by diapers, or crossing of ordinary stitching. This kind of work possibly was suggested by the "couching," or treatments of the golden threads or "passings," in church vestments, about which a useful book, by Miss Anastasia Dolby, has been published.

The employment of gold threads for embroidery forms a class by itself, which is quite distinct from the classes we have enumerated. Those classes may be taken to refer to the needlework executed in fine threads, silks, worsted, etc. Canon Rock completely exhausts the subject of gold-work in connection with the adornments of vestments. Its use is of very early origin. The Phrygians were noted for their skill in the use of gold for the ornamentation of garments of all kinds. On panels of gold, pictures and ornaments were wrought in colored silks. These panels were applied to the robes of the rich and to the vestments of the priests. The embroiderer was known as the "Phrygio," and his work as the "Phrygium." Canon Rock says that from "*auriphrygium*" is derived our own word "orphrey." It must, however, be borne in mind that the mediæval word "*orfrais*," or "*orfroy*," has a different etymology. That comes from "*aurifrisium*." The "*aurifrisium*" was the golden border, or fringe, to garments; and Chaucer, in his "*Romaunt of the Rose*," when describing the appearance of Gladnesse, says,—

"Of orfraies fresh was her garland,
I which seene have a thousand."

"Orfrais" surrounded the old circular ecclesiastical vestments, the form of which, at a later date, for convenience to the wearer, was modified by cutting out pieces at the sides. The gold panel-pictures which adorn the back and front of the vestment are the "orphreys." In some cases these panel-decorations are similar both in style and material to the border or "orfrey." They may then be termed *portions of the orfrey*. Some logomachs says that these words (*orphrey* and *orfrey*) are the same, and that the loose manner of spelling in the Middle Ages accounts for the substitution of the "ph" for the "f," and *vice versa*. To our thinking, however, both words, *orfrey*, *aurifrisium*, and *orphrey*, *auriphrygium* are distinct, although in usage they appear to be nearly related. *Orfrey* signifies a gold fringe, or gold border. At the present time the accepted technical term for the border of the vestment is the "orfrey;" and this is used whether the border be of gold or colored silks. *Orphrey* applies to a gold panel or strip upon which a picture is embroidered.

To come now to the Collection itself: the arrangement should be regarded as more popular than technical or learned. Ecclesiastical vestments form a large and interesting class. Specimens of the various kinds of work alluded to are included in it. No. 5 is a red velvet covering or facing for a cloister-desk, the decoration and embroidery of which may advantageously be studied. The subject-embroideries are executed by sewing fine silken threads over the gold cords. A subdued, sun-like gorgeousness is imparted to them. The main portion of the cover is simple velvet, with the gold thread sewn, to form a bold diapered ground. This specimen is indeed a splendid work of art, complete at all points, and its value is enhanced by the care with which it has been preserved. It possesses an historical interest as well, the Emperor Charles the Fifth having presented it to the Monastery of Juste, whither he retired, to devote the last days of his life to religious meditations and exercises. Sir Piers Mostyn lends No. 11, under which are comprised a Chasuble, Dalmatic, and Tunicle of Italian work. The *orfreys* and *orphreys* are in magnificent condition, and make resplendent grounds for figures and ornaments, done by the fine silk-thread sewing round the golden cords, and after the manner of the "opus plumarium." The gold cords, or "passings," exemplify various rich form of couching. Canon Rock highly esteemed these three vestments, and gave them exalted rank amongst works of their class.

The English specimens contributed from Oscott College by Dr. Northcote have a picturesqueness which is pleasing after the sumptuous Italian and German vestments. But a good deal of so-called restoration is evident in these English works, and is to be regretted, since the general sombre and rich effect is marred by patches of rankly-colored and rather coarsely-wrought floss-silk layings. The finest specimen of "opus Anglicum" is the grand cope formerly belonging to the Monastery of Syon, and now the property of the nation. This, although in the South Kensington Museum, has not been placed in the Loan Collection, in which but one or two specimens of this rare class, "opus Anglicum," may be seen. Of this work, No. 3, lent by the Marquis of Bute, has been capitally preserved. It is dated 1369, and at the foot of the orphrey the coat-of-arms of John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, is emblazoned. The new velvet upon which the work is mounted as a background is, however, harsh in tone for so ancient and faded a piece of work.

The second class is devoted to work which has a historical interest. The *mélange* of styles, periods, and materials is amusing, and brushes up one's history. It does not, however, afford much instruction in stitchery. The Pall (No. 53), belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, a work of the fourteenth century, is the best piece of embroidery; although the student of history will find, perhaps, greater interest in No. 51, which is a small square cut out of the cushion upon which Charlemagne laid the finger of St. Luke, when he presented that precious relic to the Archbishop Magnus of Lens. The quaint gold dragons suggest a later period than the ninth century, and the sceptical

will accept the romance *cum grano salis*. If the work be woven, it has no right to a place amongst needlework. In charity, however, and in consideration of the excellent tradition which accompanies the small specimen, we may presume that it comes under the class of "opus pectineum."

With perfect fairness "eighteen pieces of Baby Linen, made by Princess Elizabeth for Queen Mary" (No. 16) — or, as the original label describes them, "some of ye child-bed things, made when Queen Mary was thought to be with child" — occupy a position as works of the needle, although they possess no merit as decorative art-works. The little jackets or shirts, shoes, and mittens, are evidences of the affectionate prescience and diligence of Princess Elizabeth for her sister. But since the "little stranger" never appeared, the minute garments were not used. So they were put away, and have been preserved with a cap, satin shoes, pouches, etc. (61 to 66), at Ashridge, where the Princess was residing, when under the influence of jealousy Queen Mary dispatched three gallant commissioners "to repair to Ashridge and bring the Lady Elizabeth to court, quick or dead." Hurried off in this manner, the Lady Elizabeth naturally forgot many of her belongings; hence these relic were left behind. And now, through the kindness of Countess Brownlow, they have been exhibited. Taylor, the water-poet, in his praises of the needle, records of Elizabeth that, —

"When she a maide had many troubles past,
From jayle to jayle by Mary's angry spleene,
And Woodstocke and the Tower in prison past,
And after all was England's peerlesse Queen.
Yet, howsoever sorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion still,
And in that exercise her time she spent
As many living yet do know her skill.
Thus she was still a captive, or else crowned
A Needle woman Royal and Renowned."

This account of Elizabeth is curiously appropriate to passages in latter days of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots, who, by "Elizabeth's angry spleene," was sent from "jayle to jayle." But Mary's work was of an ambitious kind, as the dilapidated evidences (Nos. 54, 55, and 56) — a chair, a work-box, and a basket — testify. These have been removed, by the gracious permission of the Queen, from Holyrood, where, during her imprisonment, Mary is said to have been "sedulously employed with her needle; and tradition speaks of several elegant productions of her industry," not to mention certain little tent-stitch satires, in one of which her Majesty Queen Elizabeth is represented as a "catte" while a mouse personates her powerless cousin, Mary.

We may now turn to the handiwork of a very different lady, "a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling; a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber;" and withal, though not so chronicled, a clever needlewoman. We mean Bess of Hardwicke. In the collection there are four or five pieces of careful tent-stitch-work, in which the monogram "E. S." (Elizabeth Shrewsbury) figures. No. 69, a version of the Fall of Phaeton, is the least damaged of this great lady's work. One of the unfortunate Charles I.'s many shirts is lent by the Duchess of Richmond. The fine insertions at the seams of pretty point stitches do not offer suggestions to the fashion-mongers, of the present day, and we hardly fancy that a revolution in modern male dress will be effected for the sake of displaying such feminine frippery in underclothing. Lord Orford lends a pourpoint in linen, ornamented with cords and knots, and a slashed silk waistcoat, which belonged to John Carter, of Yarmouth. This gentleman was twice bailiff of that town, and was, moreover, an intimate friend of Cromwell, whose Puritanism and ascetic character did not prevent his accepting invitations to fashionably-houred dinner-parties, at least so says Yarmouth tradition. At one of these, for which the company assembled at seven o'clock, Cromwell and Carter

inopportunately began to talk politics; and although the result of their conversation was the determination to behead Charles, still we can scarcely believe that even this important decision compensated the poor guests for the dreary time they had to wait. It was not until 11 P. M. that dinner was served, and then probably it was overcooked or completely spoiled. A memento of the momentous sequel of the anti-prandial debate and determination is to be seen in No. 82—the star from the mantle which Charles wore on the scaffold. To his faithful servant and friend, Captain Basil Wood, the King presented this star, and it hangs on a screen at a proper distance from No. 94, a piece of gayly-colored patchwork, executed by Anne, wife of General Fleetwood, and eldest daughter of Cromwell.

Then we have velvet caparisons for the royal steed which bore King James I. to his coronation, work done by Catherine of Braganza; the pall of Henry IV. of France—a large, hideous, circular covering of black velvet, sprinkled with the insignia of the Saint Esprit; a pair of *gants de cérémonie*, which belonged to Cardinal Richelieu; rich satin and chenille embroideries, wrought for the walls of Marie Antoinette's boudoir; and a pair of silk curtains (No. 509), from the bed of George, Lord Orford, of whom it is chronicled that George II., Queen Caroline, and Sir Robert Walpole, grandfather to the young lord, stood round him while the ceremony of christening was performed, he remaining in bed. This eccentricity seems to have been a forecast of the character of his life. His Lordship was fond of doing odd things, and amongst others he used to drive four stags in Hyde Park!

We must devote the remainder of our space to describing a few of the works notable for their design and execution. Oriental embroideries, "fine linen," Rhodian and

"Turkey cushions, bossed with pearls;
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,"

large flowing arabesques, done in floss silk by Italians, and quiltings, form the remarkable sections.

The various uses of floss silk, and the way in which it is laid after the mode of gold couchings, display much ingenuity. No. 380, a *portière*, or coverlid of green silk, is carried out in many cunning adaptations of cushion and tent stitches. The floss silk is laid by plain quilting-stitch, but with such devices, that on a first glance the work seems to be utterly incomprehensible and marvellous. Again, No. 374, a fine quilt—said to be of Spanish origin, since it was made for a Bishop of Toledo—is wrought in nothing more complex than long-stitch, although its appearance indicates a species of intricate chain-stitch. This quilt has been subjected, in certain parts, to the modelling of the smooth round-headed iron, whereby a flavor of the "opus Anglicum" is imparted to the work.

We have not referred to any specimens of the *applique* class, or "opus consumum," albeit there are several fine and instructive pieces which admirers of this kind of simple and effective work will do well to study. They will find that good flowing designs, and a careful selection of materials which harmonize in color and kind, should be the principal considerations in doing this work. Many modern specimens are offensive, because the "applications" are patched on the groundwork without thought. The whole presents the effect of dabs of color and material, having no relation one to the other, and no continuity to form a design. Nos. 445, 453, 454, all altar frontals, are examples of fine designs and good workmanship. Of a different section of *applique* is 464, which is composed of linen ornaments, beautifully cut and outlined in silk, applied to a silk canvas ground.

English quiltings are fairly represented by the productions of noble ladies, who some 150 years ago delighted in rearing silkworms, and themselves employing the unbleached silk for embroidery (see Nos. 625 and 633). By far the most wonderful pieces of quilting are two large coverlids, or *portières*—one shown by Mr. Montague Guest (619), and one by Mr. Beresford Hope (619A). They are quiltings executed in millions of red and yellow silk-stitches on white ground, displaying ornaments and figures

in outline only. Mr. Guest's specimen bears the arms of Aragon and Leon in the centre, whilst along the border are representations of *fêtes*, hunting parties, a concert, and a fleet. The harmony of effect imparted to the entire surface by the use of the two colors, yellow and red, is most rich and admirable.

Mr. Beresford Hope's *portière* of the same work has not been so fortunately preserved; the colors have faded, and parts are worn. On this is represented the storming of Goa by the Portuguese, whose broad-muzzled culverins are executing havoc in the Indian fleet. Aware of the danger of the situation, the Rajah—distinguished by the semicircular cut of his skirt—may be descried giving instructions. Gathered together next him are his retinue and elephants. The water-carrier, or *bheentie*, is preparing for an emergency, should water be unprocurable on the flight, by filling his cart-tanks; while the *Bangy-wallah* has commenced his departure, laden with treasures. Round the border are various Portuguese nobles, for one of whom it is probable that the quilt was executed by some native workman at Goa.

At the present time, although sewing machines execute all the quiltings required, it would not be possible for them to produce the quality of work which the two quilts above mentioned possess. The evident freedom of the work, and the slight irregularities of stitch, produce a quality not to be obtained by purely mechanical means. And these remarks provoke a mention of the very clever imitations of satin-stitch embroidery produced by the Jacquard loom. In this instance, however, the imitation lacks the character and quality of the hand-made embroideries. And such must be the case. Mechanically-produced articles cannot possess the "spirituality," of hand-work—if the expression may be allowed.

For perfection of workmanship and of design, so far as surface-decoration is concerned, we turn to the Oriental satin-embroidered hangings. The gorgeouslyness of these specimens generally, and especially of those lent by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley (609), and by Countess Brownlow (578, 594, 595, 598, 601), is most satisfactory. So, also, is the Portuguese white-satin coverlid, on which a bold floriated pattern, surrounding the circular device of the Austrian eagle, is worked in rich gold couchings judiciously outlined with crimson silk thread. The velvet embroideries are fine works, and also show varieties of gold couchings. Excellent tambour-work on linen (436, 437) recalls the designs of the mosaic-work on the Taj at Agra. The *cowrepied* (433) is a coarse piece of embroidery, and has no claim to a place in the collection except for its curious figures, and a kind of historical character given to it by the arms of Leon and Castile, with the motto on the border, "Viva Don Carlos III. por la Gracia de Ds Rey de Castilla, de Leon, de Arragon, de las dos Sicilas," etc.

In fine and clever stitchery the Persians excel. The style of work in the four pieces numbered 346 is unsurpassable; and it is satisfactory to know that a competent tent-stitcher could execute with ease similar work. The general tone of color and graceful designs of these clothes-napkins—for such is the use made of them by ladies of the Harem—are superior to those of any other four specimens in the collection. No. 555 is a very remarkable work. It is a rich yellow-satin ground, embroidered with ornamental patches of close and small layings of blue and red floss silks, edged with similar colored cords. Time has given to this specimen a delicate and beautiful complexion. At first sight, one thinks the patches are applied. They are not, however; since the embroidery passes to the back, and displays fine and thorough needlework.

Of a simpler style of work, but very Oriental in character, is No. 324, called, we suspect erroneously, a "Venetian" fine linen table-cloth. The ends are embroidered in silk of delicate hues, which harmonize most seductively. This work, "*sans envers*," is alike on both sides. The stitching "*au passé*" is arranged in horizontal and perpendicular lines, which gives a pleasing vivacity to the general design. Red-silk embroidery on linen, cut and drawn, is well represented, and should inspire dainty needleworkers.

It is impossible to continue these jottings without considerably overlapping the necessary limits of this paper, a temptation which the charming inexhaustibility of cunning art and work to be discovered in the collection renders hard to resist. Still these brief notes may, we hope, increase the interest in art needlework.

And, in conclusion, we may add that many institutions in various stages of existence are established in London for promoting the practice of the art. It will be greatly to their advantage if their promoters and supporters will give a little serious attention to the fine collection of needlework which we have somewhat hastily discussed.

Very many useful hints may be obtained, if those who go to study will thoroughly convince themselves that they know little or nothing of the art, and commence their investigations entirely *de novo*. It is foolish for the fluent talker, who imagines himself to be a connoisseur, but who is really an airy empiric, to give utterance to meaningless criticisms, by way of impressing his misguided friends with the profundity of his art-knowledge. The twaddle which flows with facility from such an one is at once wearying and aggravating. He has contrived to infuse into his brain a muddle of technicalities which flavor his talk; but nothing can be more dangerous to the progress of the would-be art-student than the vacuous talk of *quasi* professors, who, by the aid of the ladder of humbug, have attained a false eminence amongst the *dilettanti* in art matters.

PARALLEL STORIES.

"SUPPOSING you were in an invested town, threatened with starvation, how would you supply yourself with provisions?" asked the examiners at Brienne of a young student. "From the enemy," was the prompt reply. The embryo Emperor was thought to have said a good thing; but the happy hit might have been due to ready recollection rather than ready wit, for it is upon record that one of Suworof's sergeants was promoted for giving exactly the same answer to the same question, propounded by his rough chief. Paul I. of Russia no doubt believed he was acting very originally when, disgusted with the bad riding of an officer at a review, he commanded the maladroit man to resign his commission and retire to his estate; and, being told he had no estate to retire to, replied, "Give him one, then!" The eccentric Czar would have been surprised to learn that his novel mode of enforcing sentence had been anticipated by a player. Yet so it was. The hero of the "Dunciad," intrusted with the delivery of a stage-message, acquitted himself so awkwardly that he marred one of Betterton's best scenes. As soon as he passed the wings, the irate actor ordered the prompter to "forfeit" Master Colley. "It can't be done," said that useful official; "he has no salary." "No salary!" echoed Betterton: "put him down for ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five."

Mrs. Salusbury, the mother of Johnson's lovely, lively Hetty Thrale, was fond of relating an episode in Lord Harry Pawlett's courtship of a lady friend of hers. The lady in question was seized with a desire to possess a couple of monkeys of a particular species. Anxious to gratify her whim, Lord Harry—a bad scribe, with loose notions of spelling—wrote off to a friend in the East Indies, entreating him to procure the pair of monkeys, and send them home immediately. Unfortunately, he chose to spell two, *t-o-o*, and to write it in characters all of one height. The receiver of the order read it 100, and, to Lord Harry's dismay, notified the shipment of fifty monkeys of the required description, to be followed by the other half-hundred as speedily as possible. The obliging lover may have victimized himself in this way; Mrs. Salusbury vouched for the fact, and we have no right to set her down as a tarradiddle; but it is odd that a good century before, Sir Edward Verney should write to his son, "To requite your news of your fish, I will tell as good a tale from hence, and as true. A merchant of London, that writ to a factor of his beyond sea, desired him,

by the next ship, to send him 2 or 3 apes. He forgot the 7, and then it was 2 o 3 apes. The factor sent him four-score, and says he shall have the rest by the next ship; conceiving the merchant had sent for two hundred and three apes. If yourself or friends will buy any to breed on, you could never have such a chance as now!"

Sir William Drummond, finding himself outside a tavern where the sons of song were wont to meet, to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of sack, peeped through the window, to see if any roysterers were taking their pleasure. Caught in the act by them, he was willy-nilly dragged into the house to make merry with Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Sir Robert Kerr, and Sir William Alexander. When the hour of reckoning came, they fell to rhyming over it, and Drummond's lines were unanimously voted the best; a decision saying little for the impromptu skill of the rest of the jovial party, since it would not seem to have required much genius to equal such a verse as,—

I, Bo-peep,
See you four sheep,
And each of you his fleece;
The reckoning is five shilling,
If each of you be willing,
It's fifteen pence apiece.

The anecdote would not be worth telling, if it were not for the fact that Allan Cunningham tells a story of Robert Burns bearing a wonderful likeness to it. Strolling, one fair-day, about the streets of a Cumberland town, Burns got separated from his friends. Thinking to find them in a certain tavern, he bent his steps thither, and not doubting his lost cronies were somewhere about, popped his head into room after room; as he was closing the door of the last, one of its three occupants shouted, "Come in, Johnny Peep!" The sociable bard, thus challenged, accepted the invitation, set himself down, and was soon on the best of terms with his new acquaintances. After enjoying themselves for some hours, somebody proposed that a verse should be written by each, and put, with half a crown, under the candlestick—the best poet to take back his money, and leave his unsuccessful competitors to pay the score between them. Burns won, with,—

Here am I, Johnny Peep;
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me.
Half a crown apiece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep goes free.

An effusion pleasing the fancy of the Cumberland boys so mightily, that they insisted upon knowing their guest's name; and when they did know it, would not allow him to part company till the small hours brought daylight with them. We can readily credit such a thing happening to Burns; but if he knew nothing of the Drummond story, his improvising a verse so suspiciously like an adaptation of Drummond's impromptu, was, as an old story has it, "a coincidence queer."

Hogarth tried often, and tried hard, but all in vain, to persuade Fielding to sit for his portrait. It might be supposed the great artist would not have found it too difficult a task to limn his friend's face from memory; but, for once, the painter's skill failed him, he could not reproduce the familiar features. Lamenting his non-success to Garrick, the mobile-faced actor suddenly asked, "Is that like?" and the astonished Hogarth saw the novelist before him, and seizing his pencil, drew Fielding's portrait for posterity. What Hogarth and Garrick did between them for Fielding, Coulon and Gros accomplished for a French minister. Coulon, doctor and jester to Louis XVIII., was famous for his powers of mimicry, and one day, when Gros complained there was not a portrait that did justice to Villèle, answered, "No; none show the profound nobility of his character, and his evanescent expression;" and while he spoke, the words seemed to come from Villèle himself. Gros then and there sketched Coulon's transformed face, and from it produced the best portrait known of the lost statesman.

Art has its parallel stories of a more tragic nature. In the

Chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply,

stands an exquisite example of Gothic tracery-work, known as the Apprentice's Pillar, neighbored by corbels carved with grim, grotesque human faces. How it came by its name may best be told as the old dame who acted as cicerone at the beginning of the present century used to tell it.

"There ye see it, gentlemen, with the lace-bands winding sae beautifully round about it. The maister had gane awa to Rome to get a plan for it, and while he was awa, his 'prentice made a plan himsel, and finished it. And when the maister cam back and fand the pillar finished, he was sae enraged that he took a hammer and killed the 'prentice. There ye see the 'prentice's face—up there in ae corner wi' a red gash in the brow, and his mother greetin' for him in the corner opposite. And there, in another corner, is the maister, as he lookit just before he was hanged; it's him wi' a kind o' ruff round his face."

In the same century that the Prince of Orkney founded the chapel at Roslin, the good people of Stendal employed an architect of repute to build them one new gate, and intrusted the erection of a second to his principal pupil. In this case, too, the aspiring youth proved the better craftsman, and paid the same penalty; the spot whereon he fell beneath his master's hammer being marked to this day by a stone commemorating the event; and the story goes that yet, upon moonlight nights, the ghost of the murdered youth may be seen contemplating the work that brought him to an untimely end, while a weird skeleton beats with a hammer at the stone he wrought into beauty.

Another stone, at Grossmöringen, close by Stendal, tells where an assistant bell-caster was stabbed by his master because he succeeded in casting a bell, after the latter had failed in the attempt. It is a tradition of Rouen that the two rose-windows of its cathedral were the work of the master-architect and his pupil, who strove which of the two should produce the finer window. Again the man beat the master, and again the master murdered the man in revenge for his triumph. The transept window of Lincoln Cathedral was the product of a similar contest, but in this instance the defeated artist killed himself instead of his successful rival.

Scott's ballad of "Wild Darrell" was founded upon a story, first told by Aubrey, but for which the poet was indebted to Lord Webb Seymour. An old midwife sitting over her fire one dark November night was roused by a loud knocking at the door. Upon opening it she saw a horseman, who told her her services were required by a lady of rank, and would be paid for handsomely; but as there were family reasons why the affair should be kept secret, she must submit to be conducted to her patient blindfolded. She agreed, allowed her eyes to be bandaged, and took her place on the pillow. After a journey of many miles, her conductor stopped, led her into a house, and removed the bandage. The midwife found herself in a handsome bedchamber, and in presence of a lady and a ferocious-looking man. A boy was born. Snatching it from the woman's arms, the man threw the babe on the blazing fire; it rolled upon the hearth. Spite of the entreaties of the horrified midwife, and the piteous prayers of the poor mother, the ruffian thrust the child under the grate, and raked the hot coals over it. The innocent accomplice was then ordered to return whence she came, as she came; the man who had brought her seeing her home again, and paying her for her pains.

The woman lost no time in letting a magistrate know what she had seen that November night. She had been sharp enough to cut a piece out of the bedcurtain, and sew it in again, and to count the steps of the long staircase she had ascended and descended. By these means the scene of the infanticide was identified, and the murderer Darrell, Lord of Littlecote House, Berkshire, was tried at Salis-

bury. He escaped the gallows by bribing the judge, only to break his neck in the hunting-field a few months afterwards, at a place still known as Darrell's Stile. Aubrey places Littlecote in Wiltshire, makes the unhappy mother the waiting-maid of Darrell's wife, and concludes his narration thus: "This horrid action did much run in her (the midwife's) mind, and she had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have ridden at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the room was twelve feet high. She went to a justice of the peace, and search was made—the very chamber found. The knight was brought to his trial; and, to be short, this judge had this noble house, park, and manor, and (I think) more, for a bribe to save his life. Sir John Popham gave sentence according to law, but being a great person and a favorite, he procured a *nolle prosequi*."

In Sir Walter's ballad the midwife becomes a friar of orders gray, compelled to shrove as a dying woman

A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm;

and when

The shrift is done, the friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecote Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

It was hardly fair to make Darrell worse than he was, by laying a second murder at his door, merely to give a local habitation and a name to a Scotch tale of murder that might have been an adaptation of the Berkshire tragedy.

Somewhere about the beginning of the last century, an Edinburgh clergyman was called out of his bed at midnight on the pretext that he was wanted to pray with a person at the point of death. The good man obeyed the summons without hesitation, but wished he had not done so, when, upon his sedan-chair reaching an out-of-the-way part of the city, its bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded, and cut his protestations short by threatening to blow out his brains if he refused to do their bidding. Like the sensible man he was, he submitted without further parley, and the sedan moved on again. By and by, he felt he was being carried up-stairs; the chair stopped, the clergyman was handed out, his eyes uncovered, and his attention directed to a young and beautiful lady lying in bed with an infant by her side. Not seeing any signs of dying about her, he ventured to say so, but was commanded to lose no time in offering up such prayers as were fitting for a person at the last extremity. Having done his office, he was put into the chair and taken down-stairs, a pistol-shot startling his ears on the way. He soon found himself safe at home, a purse of gold in his hand, and his ears still ringing with the warning he had received, that if he said one word about the transaction, his life would pay for the indiscretion. At last he fell off to sleep, to be awakened by a servant with the news, that a certain great house in the Canongate had been burned down, and the daughter of its owner perished in the flames. The clergyman had been long dead, when a fire broke out on the very same spot, and there, amid the flames, was seen a beautiful woman, in an extraordinarily rich nightdress of the fashion of half a century before. While the awe-struck spectators gazed in wonder, the apparition cried, "Anes burned, twice burned; the third time I'll scare you all!" The midwife of the Littlecote legend and the divine of the Edinburgh one were more fortunate than the Irish doctor living at Rome in 1743; this gentleman, according to Lady Hamilton, being taken blindfolded to a house, and compelled to open the veins of a young lady who had loved not wisely, but too well.

In the year 1400, Ginevra de Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married, under parental pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart, that she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterwards, the plague broke out in Florence; Ginevra fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady, and being pronounced dead, was the same day

consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night, the entombed bride woke out of her trance, and badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company, upon whose quietude she had unwittingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as her clinging cerements allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day cautiously opened an upper window, and seeing a shrouded figure waiting below, in whose upturned face he recognized the lineaments of the dear departed, he cried, "Go in peace, blessed spirit," and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slackened step, the repulsed wife made her way to her father's door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Then she crawled on to an uncle's, where the door was indeed opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man, who, in his hurry, forgot even to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air, penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer, made her tremble and shiver; as she thought she had waked to life only to die again in the cruel streets. "Ah!" she sighed, "Antonio would not have proved so unkind." This thought naturally suggested it was her duty to test his love and courage: it could be time enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renewed her limbs, and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli's door. He opened it himself, and although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly inquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face, Ginevra exclaimed, "I am no spirit, Antonio; I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday — buried alive!" and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathizing family to hear the wondrous story, and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly tended until she had recovered from the shock, and was as beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty. Was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her, and shut his doors against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won the day, and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointment. They, however, had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife, appeared in public together at the cathedral, to the confusion and wonder of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied everybody except the lady's first husband, who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the bishop, who, having no precedent to curb his decision, rose superior to technicalities, and declared that the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her: a decree at which we may be sure all true lovers in fair Florence heartily rejoiced.

This Italian romance of real life has its counterpart in a French *cause célèbre*, but the Gallic version unfortunately lacks names and dates; it differs, too, considerably in matters of detail; instead of the lady being a supposed victim of the plague, which in the older story secured her hasty interment, she was supposed to have died of grief at being wedded against her inclination; instead of coming to life of her own accord, and seeking her lover as a last resource, the French heroine was taken out of her grave by her lover, who suspected she was not really dead, and resuscitated by his exertions, to flee with him to England. After living happily together there for ten years, the strangely united couple ventured to visit Paris, where the first husband accidentally meeting the lady, was struck by her resemblance to his dead wife, found out her abode, and finally claimed her for his own. When the case came for trial, the second husband did not dispute the fact of identity, but pleaded that his rival had renounced all claim to

the lady by ordering her to be buried, without first making sure she was dead, and that she would have been dead and rotting in her grave if he had not rescued her. The court was saved the trouble of deciding the knotty point, for, seeing that it was likely to pronounce against them, the fond pair quietly slipped out of France, and found refuge in "a foreign clime, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits." Of dead-alive ladies brought to consciousness by sacrilegious robbers, covetous of the rings upon their cold fingers, no less than seven stories, differing but slightly from each other, have been preserved; in one, the scene is laid in Halifax; in another, in Gloucestershire; in a third, in Somersetshire; in the fourth, in Drogheda; the remaining three being appropriated by as many towns in Germany.

Ring-stories have a knack of running in one groove. Herodotus tells us how Amasis advised Polycrates, as a charm against misfortune, to throw away some gem he especially valued; how, taking the advice, Polycrates went seaward in a boat, and cast his favorite ring into the ocean; and how, a few days afterwards, a fisherman caught a large fish so extraordinarily fine, that he thought it fit only for the royal table, and accordingly presented it to the fortunate monarch, who ordered it to be dressed for supper; and lo! when the fish was opened, the surprised cook's astonished eye beheld his master's cast-away ring; much to that master's delight, but his adviser's dismay; for when Amasis heard of the wonderful event, he immediately dispatched a herald to break his contract of friendship with Polycrates, feeling confident the latter would come to an ill end, "as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away." The city of Glasgow owes the ring-holding salmon figuring in its armorial bearings to a legend concerning its patron saint, Kentigern, thus told in the "Acta Sanctorum": "A queen who formed an improper attachment to a handsome soldier, put upon his finger a precious ring which her own lord had conferred upon her. The king, made aware of the fact, but dissembling his anger, took an opportunity, in hunting, while the soldier lay asleep beside the Clyde, to snatch off the ring, and throw it into the river. Then returning home along with the soldier, he demanded of the queen the ring he had given her. She sent secretly to the soldier for the ring, which could not be restored. In great terror, she then despatched a messenger to ask the assistance of the holy Kentigern. He, who knew of the affair before being informed of it, went to the river Clyde, and having caught a salmon, took from the stomach the missing ring, which he sent to the queen. She joyfully went with it to the king, who, thinking he had wronged her, swore he would be revenged upon her accusers; but she, affecting a forgiving temper, besought him to pardon them as she had done. At the same time, she confessed her error to Kentigern, and solemnly vowed to be more careful of her conduct in future." In 1559, a merchant and alderman of Newcastle, named Anderson, handling his ring as he leaned over the bridge, dropped it into the Tyne. Some time after, his servant bought a salmon in the market, in whose stomach the lost ring was found: its value enhanced by the strange recovery, the ring became an heirloom, and was in the possession of one of the alderman's descendants some forty years ago. A similar accident, ending in a similar way, is recorded to have happened to one of the dukes of Lorraine.

Monk Gerbert, who wore the tiara as Sylvester II., a man of whom it was said that — thanks to the devil's assistance — he never left anything unexecuted which he ever conceived, anticipating Roger Bacon, made a brazen head capable of answering like an oracle. From this creature of his own, Gerbert learned he would not die until he had performed mass in Jerusalem. He thereupon determined to live forever by taking good care never to go near the holy city. Like all dealers with the Evil One, he was destined to be cheated. Performing mass one day in Rome, Sylvester was seized with sudden illness, and upon inquiring the name of the church in which he had officiated,

heard, to his dismay, that it was popularly called Jerusalem; then he knew his end was at hand; and it was not long before it came. Nearly five hundred years after this event happened, Master Robert Fabian, who must not be suspected of inventing history, seeing, as sheriff and alderman, he was wont to pillory public liars, wrote of Henry IV., "After the feast of Christmas, while he was making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, he became so sick, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there; wherefore they, for his comfort, bare him into the abbot's place, and lodged him in a chamber; and there, upon a pallet, laid him before the fire, where he lay in great agony a certain time. At length, when he was come to himself, not knowing where he was, he freyned [asked] of such as were there about him what place that was; the which shewed to him that it belonged unto the Abbot of Westminster; and for he felt himself so sick, he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name. Whereunto it was answered, that it was named Jerusalem. Then said the king, 'Laud be to the Father of Heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me beforesaid, that I should die in Jerusalem;' and so after, he made himself ready, and died shortly after, upon the Day of St. Cuthbert, on the 20th day of March, 1413."

Three of the most famous battles recorded in English history were marked by a strange contrast between the behavior of the opposing armies on the eve of the fight. At Hastings, the Saxons spent the night in singing, feasting, and drinking; while the Normans were confessing themselves and receiving the sacrament. At Agincourt, "the poor condemned English" said their prayers, and sat patiently by their watch-fires, to "inly ruminate the morrow's danger;" while the over-confident French revelled the night through, and played for the prisoners they were never to take. On the eve of Bannockburn, says Paston, who fought there on the beaten side, "ye might have seen the Englishmen bathing themselves in wine, and casting their gorgets; there was crying, shouting, wassailing, and drinking, with other rioting far above measure. On the other side we might have seen the Scots, quiet, still, and close, fasting the eve of St. John the Baptist, laboring in love of the liberties of their country." Our readers need not be told that in each case the orderly, prayerful army proved victorious, and so made the treble parallel perfect.

MY ACTIVE SUBALTERN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

I HAVE seen in my time many cities and many men; my memory of old adventures and scenes — even of the particulars — is decidedly good; cheerful, congenial company soon makes me communicative. Indeed, my friends and I, with a very few exceptions, rather like telling old stories, and some of us can be remarkably entertaining. For my part, I have no reason to complain of the reception given to my little recitals. Very likely I enjoy some advantage through my vivid recollection, for I don't think I ever was very sharp, and I certainly never studied the art of narrating. We know well that advancing age doesn't damp the love of conversation; but this it does, it makes the taking up of dates disagreeable.

When you have had a little success with an anecdote, and are fingering your snuff-box consciously amid approving murmurs, or possibly some good hearty laughs and comments on the fun that provoked them, it is irksome to hear a fellow say, "By the way, that was before the Crimean war; do you mean to say that you were a colonel then?" or, "If you were a major when that happened, you must be senior to old Drydup" (the mummy in the Bath chair); or, "I shouldn't have thought you were in

the service at the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition; that makes you seventy-two at least?" Well, I'm not fool enough to be ashamed of my age; but I do think it hard, when we are all merry and happy, and I may have been lucky enough to transport myself and my hearers back to youthful days, to have some plaguy fellow grudging me the brief illusion, and pertinaciously reminding me how blasted with antiquity I am. It is a nuisance that increases. The other day I had broached something quite new that I just recollected, and was getting into a fluent, interesting yarn, when that silly old Nesbitt broke in with, "Why, hang it, you must have been born in the last century!" I was so disgusted that I wouldn't go on, and pretended to have forgotten the story, although I remembered all about it as well as if it had happened only yesterday. Now I don't see why a story should be buried in that way. I can't see why, if one is still able to amuse one's self and others out of the storehouse of one's brain, one is to be punished for so doing by receiving a little *memento mori* like those *billets-doux* that one remembers in Ireland with coffins scrawled inside them.

Without joking, I am becoming decidedly taciturn in society, although there are constant occasions when I could cut in with capital little histories *apropos* of the current conversation. And this very refuge into which I had been forced was itself the means of procuring me a stab the other day, although it was administered with a kinder cruelty than that which I generally experience. Benbow walked home with me from Rushout's where we had spent the evening, and told me privately that he was sorry to observe that I was giving way at last. "However, don't let that fret you, old fellow," said he; "you have had a good innings, and are no chicken now; we can none of us last forever." He made this remark in a friendly enough way; indeed, it isn't his nature to be offensive, even from want of thought. I asked him what the deuce he meant; and then it came out how he had remarked that I had become less lively than of yore, that I am never ready with a yarn now, and how he supposed the cause was one that would increase rather than decrease. Thereupon I told him my trouble, and Benbow said he was glad to find at any rate that I could be entertaining if I chose. A little after he remarked that he didn't think that trick of putting a date on to every story was a particularly modern one, which, of course, was in a manner true; I saw, however, that I had not made the old boy understand that they had lately taken to looking up their dates in an irritating, unfriendly way.

"After all," he went on, "I find it now more agreeable to sit and listen; it tires an old one to tell a story well; but when I first shut up I did it to punish the company, because after I had given them something racy, another man was sure to follow with some stupid joke, the incidents of which were almost the same as in my good one. Higson stopped because he said they were jealous and wouldn't laugh." "But you see," I replied, "I don't want to stop; I recollect lots of things now that none of you ever heard, and that are too good to lose. I don't suppose there is a man alive except myself who could tell 'em now." "Then write 'em, my boy, or get somebody to write 'em for you, if you're not much of a penman," said old Benbow, as he shook hands.

I thought of this all the time I was going to bed, and I thought of it in the night when I awoke. There are a good many hours in the day that I find it hard to employ since I have given up walking much, and I quite caught at the idea of using this leisure to put some of my reminiscences on record. I thought, too, that I should like to show Benbow that I can handle a pen myself, although he perhaps cannot. Of course I was not fool enough to think that I had any pretension to style. I am not such an ass as that; but I did think that if I stuck to my old plain, easy manner, I might possibly amuse readers as I used to do listeners. I wasn't long in trying my hand. That story which I cut short under pretence of having forgotten it would stand keeping, I thought; so I wrote it down without premeditation, just as I should have told it — my first attempt,

reader. You must decide whether it is to be my only one. Here it is:—

You see, we were short of officers—uncommonly short. Couldn't muster more than one each to some companies, and so I, as captain, had to do my own duty and the subalterns' too, which, in a hot climate, made the service anything but a lounge. It wasn't to be so for long; that was a comfort. The next draft would bring a reinforcement from the depot, and then things might be easier again. Meanwhile we jogged along as merrily as we could. The duty kept us occupied a good part of the day, and the little daylight leisure that we could screw out, and our evenings, we employed in amusements, which, if they seemed childish or boisterous, didn't distress us on that account; for, by Jove! it would have been neither pleasant nor wholesome to think much about the visitation of fever we had just come through—Wynter, Morrison, Joe Sparks, old Boynton that we thought nothing could kill; that nice boy Lyster—hang it! I can't bear now to think of the gaps in the table; it was ten times as bad as the epidemic three years before.

Well, sir, we stood by each other, we that were left, more heartily, if possible, than we had done before. Moaning over the dead would do no good. We had tended them while they were sick, buried them with all honor when they died, sobbed and burnt our powder over their graves, marched back to barracks to the tune of "Darby Kelly" or "John of Paris," and parted their raiment among us—that is, sold their kits by auction.

Once those duties were performed, 'twould have been dangerous, I say, sir, to encourage or tolerate the dumps: nothing worse; nothing more likely to put you on your back. The mess was our great preventive against low spirits; the table had got shorter, but it hadn't got stupid. That meeting at seven o'clock was the event of the day. We kept conversation going during dinner; after a glass of wine or two following dinner we had brandy-and-water and cigars. When the drums beat we used to sally forth into the cool night air among the crowd of niggers assembled, and shouting, disputing, and jabbering on the parade. "I back this fellow for a macaroni," one of us would say, indicating a brawny negro. "And I lay upon this man," another would exclaim. Whereupon the two selected champions, drawing off from each other about eight or ten paces, would come down to the charge by bending forward till their necks and heads were horizontal. Then they would dash forward in wild career like two knights in the lists, and the woolly sconces would be heard to encounter in the midst with a report that must have indicated the fracturing into quantities of any European skulls, but which was but a light thing when produced by the shock of these African knowledge-boxes. The combatant who first got upset—and sometimes it was not until the third or fourth encounter that this calamity occurred to either—was adjudged to have been vanquished, and his victorious antagonist would receive the macaroni, or English shilling, amid the shrieks, cheers, oaths, defiance, and calling of names the most abominable that could be invented, of the colored ladies and gentlemen who had come out into the calm starlight to hear the music and enjoy the peaceful evening. These jousts might possibly be continued for an hour or so if the black champion disposed for adventure chanced to muster strong. Then, I think, we would go back to the mess-house and have a little loo or chicken hazard, till it was quite time to separate and go to bed. I have heard people talking of late years about doing away with regimental messes. If ever they should do so, they may find that they do away with the regiments too. I declare my belief that if we had been without a mess at Spanish Town, Jamaica, at the time I am speaking of, not one of us would have been alive at headquarters when the draft came out.

Our colonel, being a married man, was only occasionally seen at mess, which we were sorry for, as he was a pleasant companion and a fine old soldier, who had served in all quarters of the world. The senior major was expected out from the depot; the junior major was dead, and the rank not yet filled up; so a captain was doing field-officer's duty. That

captain lived at mess, and was the cleverest fellow at table, as we thought. Anstruther wasn't a man who did very much, except in the way of duty, where he was very precise—but he read and thought more than most of us; and on subjects which were at all beyond every-day life he generally had something to say which, if it didn't clear away all difficulty, at least put an end to argument; for we couldn't deal with them on his level. When you were discussing the merits or the consequences of something special, Anstruther would come in with a few historical parallels, remind us (as he called it—that is to say, inform us) how the parallel cases resulted, and show what the end of our case ought to be; or he would cite a poet or a philosopher and completely put to reproof any innocent ideas which we were beginning to evolve. In fact, we had sometimes thought Anstruther a little bit priggish, but we were proud of him all the same, and always tried to draw him out on a guest night. His knowledge didn't cause him to do workaday things better than other people; indeed he rather held himself aloof from anything spirited that was going on, and kept as much as he could to his books and thoughts. Since the epidemic, however, he had, like a good fellow, done his best to be sociable and to conform to the general ways; and if he showed his knowledge, it was more by way of entertaining us than to correct our ignorance.

Evans, the mess-treasurer, was an altogether different sort of man from Anstruther, yet he had this point of resemblance to him, that he worked to a great extent silently and secretly. But Evans was guiltless of any lore, and was not particularly bright in conversation; he only prided himself on finding out all that was going on within his ken. I don't mean that he got up anything scientific relating to the island: he couldn't tell you the numbers of the white or the black population; he didn't know what the laws were relating to slavery, then attracting so much attention; he couldn't tell how much rum and sugar we made, nor in what bottoms they were carried home; as for the geology and botany and entomology of the place he knew and cared very little about them. But he was proud when he could tell the messman of a store in Port Royal Street, Kingston, where English cheese was to be got when it was currently believed there was not a pound of it on the island; he would take you out to ride with him, and show you in some sequestered negro cabin a litter of bull-terriers or a brood of game-chickens. He was the man to go to, if you wanted curiosities to send home; he would take you up wooden ladders and into dingy basements in back streets and alleys, accommodate you with a young shark or a piece of lace-bark, some pickled tree cabbage or a bottled scorpion, get you some varnished supple-jacks and specimens of the native woods, or find you a demijohn of rum a hundred years old. He had private notice of negro entertainments, and would very confidentially offer to introduce there any man whom he desired to honor or astonish.

I recollect being once distinguished by him in this way, and introduced into a room behind some merchant's store, about thirty feet long, with a low roof, not an aperture for air, lighted by two tallow candles, and stuffed with niggers of both sexes, who danced to the music of a fiddle. The atmosphere was as thick as a Scotch mist, and, by jingo, I could feel it inflame my eyes like wood-smoke; anything more villainous could not be imagined. I was never seduced a second time to see life by Lieutenant Evans.

He knew people (not the best) in every parish, and was constantly producing some queer specimen at mess: he always rode a nice-looking horse, which he would sell if he could get his price; he fancied that he was the only man who could provide you with a goglet that would keep your water really cool; and if you would let him, he would dose you with castor-oil—a totally different thing from the ordinary abomination—and bid you, so protected, defy fever and every other malady that flesh is heir to. He certainly did ferret out a good many odd things; but I used to think, and so did others, that the same amount of research which obtained all this stealthy information might have produced some acquirement creditable to himself and useful to the community. Don't suppose, though, that Evans wasn't

looked up to as somebody rather above the ordinary run; his fame was spread much in the same furtive manner as that in which he gave out his information; fellows whispered his merits, they did not proclaim them by sound of trumpet. You said to a man in want of something not readily procurable, "Look here! I heard you say you would give anything for a talking parrot; go quietly to Evans — he's your man."

I don't know that I need trouble you with introductions to our other few members — we were but seven in all, if I recollect, including doctor and paymaster. They were very much the assortment that one used constantly to see on foreign service. If I have occasion to mention one particularly, it will be time enough then to say what he was like. We were a united set, however, and very solicitous to keep ourselves and our mess from going to the bad, hoping to favorably impress the large batch that was expected out — hoping also to have everything so well ordered and settled that the many new members might not be tempted to find fault, or to try to carry innovations; for nothing splits up a regiment more than differences of opinion about social routine. When, as is usual, only two or three are added at a time, they must accept the decision of the main body; and after they have done so (perhaps against the grain) for a time, they come to see that the old ones knew best, and become earnest supporters of the existing *régime*; but we were to have a draft strong enough to be very embarrassing if so inclined.

The arrival of the transport was looked for with great interest. We had a lottery which redounded very much to my advantage, as I was fortunate enough to choose the day on which she arrived at Port Royal. Before that was decided, however, all the new-comers were in orders and posted to their several places. As part of these arrangements I had the pleasure of seeing Ensign Fulhard appointed to my company, and I tasted by anticipation the luxury of a little leisure. Fulhard, the colonel told me, was reported from home to be "the making" of a good officer; his zeal and activity were remarkable, but they wanted to be tempered by the discretion of riper years. He was allotted to me, first that I might have an active assistant in recompense of the severe work I had been undergoing; and secondly (so the colonel was pleased to say), because I was thought to be an officer likely to direct all this energy into the right channel.

And now, as the time drew near, all was expectation: the excitement was intense when, one morning at day-break, the transport was reported to have made her number and to be coming up to her anchorage at Port Royal. The men were to land in the afternoon, so that they might march up from Port Henderson in the cool of the evening; but long before the hour of debarkation all of us who could by any excuse get out of barracks had ridden down to the shore, hired canoes, and boarded the ship. On the deck, amid the many uniforms (there were drafts for six or seven regiments on board), we soon made out our own facings and device, and fraternized with the wearers thereof. What a lot we had to say! We were anxious about home news, and wanted to know what was going on at Plymouth, where the depot lay. The newly arrived were eagerly inquiring the names of things and places that could be seen from the deck, wondering at the queer doings of the negroes and negroes who had found their way on board or alongside, and extracting particulars from us of the life that was before them.

I, of course, was desirous of making acquaintance with my new subaltern, who did not appear among our group; and I was directed to the main hatchway, where a youth without a coat on, but wearing a cap with our band and cognizance, was intent on getting up the baggage. Officers from other corps were also standing, and evidently on duty, about the same locality; but they had their jackets on, and seemed to be taking matters very coolly, having surrendered the management of the work to the energetic individual who was shouting, ordering, fretting, perspiring, and occasionally using some sharp and not over-choice language, in his zeal for expedition, and taking now and then himself a pull at

the ropes. As I walked up to him with the officer who was to make us acquainted, I observed that he was rather under middle height, a little round-shouldered, spare, and, from his motions, lithe and elastic; his legs were thin and not well made; his face, when he turned round for a second to be introduced, was seen to be intelligent and not ill-favored. By Jove, I thought, they said truly who reported this to be an energetic fellow: I wonder if I shall be able to turn all this zeal to good account. He was too much engaged in the business he was managing, to indulge in any gossip. The only remarks which he made at that time had reference to the baggage, or rather to the method — something out of the common, as it seemed — by which it was being hoisted.

"By this way of slinging (steady there) — by this way of slinging we (what's that ass of a fellow about! slide that sling a foot farther on to the outside chest, will you!) — we shall unload the ship in less than a third of the usual time (now, men, pull with a will!)" and thereupon he rushed himself to the fall, and strained at it till the veins on his forehead were like to burst. Then he came back and made other fragmentary utterances, which were interrupted as the first had been.

"It is so difficult to get these asses into any rational way of doing things; they had rather work along in the old stupid grooves at any cost of convenience."

"Soldiers are not often employed in this way," I reminded him; "it is more sailor's work."

"Sailors, — them," my subaltern replied, "are ten times worse; they are pig-headed and won't be taught. These fellows, clumsy and stupid as they are, do try to learn."

Seeing him so much occupied I retreated into the mess-saloon, where lunch was going on in a very irregular way, two or three at a time leaving the bustle on deck to come in and refresh. There I got into conversation with the senior major, whom I had known before, and we had talked away twenty minutes or half an hour when Fulhard, with his jacket on now, but still looking terribly tropical, came in exhibiting much irritation, and saying that it was these cursed idiots' own fault — not one of them would attend to what he was told, and the only marvel was that half of them were not killed. While making these remarks he mixed himself a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which he really seemed to require. "Something appears to have gone wrong, Mr. Fulhard; what is the matter?" asked the major. "Those confounded fools," replied Fulhard, "have let fall a heavy chest, and two of them are hurt. I told them how it would be if they didn't take care. Three or four of them deserve to be flogged. The doctor, too, has hardly got common-sense; the idea of treating the fellows that way!" We did not stay to hear more, but went forward to find out what had happened, when it was soon told us that a heavy chest had slipped from the slings and wounded two men — men of another regiment — severely injuring the arm of one, and crushing the foot of the other. The poor fellows were in the sick berths when we got out, and the officer who had been in charge of the detachment was under arrest. "I knew how it would be," said an old officer of the ship; "have hoisted baggage for these thirty years, but never saw such a dangerous plan as that. That is a smart lad, but a — sight too venturesome. He wanted to argue with the doctor about the man whose arm is hurt; but the doctor snubbed him a bit, and he went off in a huff."

This was an awkward incident, but much thought could not be given to it in the animation of the landing. Only two detachments were to remain on board to be taken round to the north side of the island, some were already being taken off in commissariat boats to go up the harbor to Kingston, and ours were at last safely landed at Port Henderson. Horses had been brought down for the officers, who were all glad enough to use them, except Fulhard, who was very angry at such a thing being proposed, and who said he would march up in his place in the ranks. And so we were soon in sight of headquarters; the band, or what was left of it, came out to meet the draft; there was a boisterous clamor of greetings in the barrack square when the men were dismissed to quarters, and once more our

service companies were up to their strength in officers and men." I pass over the jollification of that evening at mess, where, of course, as many as possible of the local delicacies were provided for the delectation of the new-comers. By the bye, though, I will remark that Mr. Fulhard, who did not say much during dinner, opened out after the cloth was away, again inveighing against the established slow process of unloading.

"By my method," said he, "you save two thirds of the time."

I could not help replying, "But you may chance to lose men;" to which Fulhard rejoined, that where men were careless and stupid, accidents might happen with any method. He did not know, perhaps, yet; that when accidents do happen, it is much for the advantage of responsible persons if they can show that things have been conducted according to established rule. I may observe, too, that after we left table, which we did not do till pretty late, a good many were still fresh enough to go into the billiard-room, where Ensign Fulhard stood on his head, won two or three doubloons by throwing somersaults over the table, and did some warlike jugglery with swords and muskets. The baggage not having all come up, beds were scarce, and shake-downs in request. Fulhard, however, declined to intrude on anybody, and lay down on a chest in the billiard-room, with a large American book of games for his pillow; and in the morning reported himself to have slept as soundly and refreshingly as he ever did in his life.

My subaltern entered very promptly on his duties: I saw at once that he would exercise an influence on the company; and this he would have the greater opportunity of doing, as the lieutenant, having narrowly escaped with his life in the epidemic, had, after vainly trying to recruit his strength in the mountains, gone home on sick leave after the draft was ordered out. With the officers he started rather as a lion; his accomplishments and tricks, and the slashing way in which he passed his opinion on everything, great or small, old or new, astonishing and amusing them. But it was particularly we, the old set, on whom he made the impression; those who had known him at the depot and on the voyage were not quite so ardent in their homage.

With all his life and "go," Fulhard could scarcely be called an agreeable fellow, and, indeed, I don't think he would have liked that character at all; in an eminently practical man, charging himself with business of so many kinds, a little *brusquerie* was indispensable. But it took him some time to get stale, and he, of course, wanted to have everything shown him, so for a while he was the centre of admiring groups. Other regiments quartered near us heard of his exploits, and came to see him, and invited him to visit them; so he communicated a good deal of life to the whole vicinity. Even from the north side of the island came some curious men a three days' journey to see this meteoric acquisition.

As the young men from the depot began to talk, it came out that Fulhard's genius had been much hindered at home by the parsimony of his father. Not only had a lot of brilliant designs been abandoned, or rendered abortive, through this infirmity, but Fulhard himself had had a good deal of trouble with stupid tradesmen, and that was not the worst; he had not been very punctual in settling debts of honor. However, that had been put right; on his being ordered abroad, his parent had behaved, as the lads said, "reasonably;" and at some sports which were held on the esplanade at Stoke, just before they left, the clever youth had picked up a tidy haul of money; notably he had been very successful in a great walk against time, for which he made a private wager on the ground. Thus he got away from England unmolested, if not quite clear; but none of the youngsters doubted that his finances would soon be flourishing, for there was a great deal of betting always going on in the island, and he had thrown out on board ship hints of things he intended to do.

Some of their fellow-voyagers had come from other stations to dine with our young men a few night after they joined. The juniors were very hearty and hilarious, and

slaked their thirst liberally with champagne. Fulhard became more talkative than I had yet known him to be, and engaged to do a number of difficult things — among others, to cut down a bully tree, or a *lignum vite*, or some such hard trunk, a foot in diameter, with his sword. The blade of this weapon had been forged, it appeared, under the owner's personal supervision; he having gone to Sheffield expressly to direct the fashioning of it, in a factory belonging to a friend of his. I don't know what valuable qualities it did not possess. The fame of Toledo and Damascus seemed on the point of extinction. Clinker Brothers, sole producers by the Fulhard process, had just risen above the horizon.

"You will rival that Roman who at the augur's bidding cut through a whetstone with his razor," observed Anstruther, graciously.

"Do you mean to say," asked my subaltern, sharply, "that you ever knew that done?"

"No; it was rather before my time."

"I just asked to see if you could vouch for it, and am not surprised to find you can't; you should tell that story to the marines."

Anstruther wasn't accustomed to snaps of this kind, neither did we at all stomach hearing him answered in that way. He intended to have his retort though, and said, —

"By the way, I was over at Camp" (short for Up Park Camp) "this morning, and saw those two poor fellows who were hurt in the transport by the fall of the chest."

"I hear they are getting on very well," remarked Fulhard; "'twill be a lesson to them to be more careful."

"One of them may profit by the lesson, as you call it — that is the man whose arm was injured; as for the other poor creature with the crushed foot, he is for the town's end during life."

"Perhaps you'll be good enough to cash that order," answered the ensign, not very blandly, while all the junior fry about him laughed and jeered boisterously. I was disgusted, and so, I could see, was Anstruther. I determined to speak to my youth when he should be quieter. He wasn't always argumentative and captious, but we had found out that he could be disagreeably so on occasion. Fulhard, though, with all his affected contempt about Anstruther's quotation, had the sense to see that it would have been more to his credit if he had understood the allusion, and he came and asked me very respectfully what Anstruther meant. As for reading or study of any kind, he was much too restless for it; but a bit of information in reference to books he would pick up cheaply if he could.

In regard to regimental matters I certainly had not to complain of the subaltern's indifference: but I thought that he concerned himself with things which an officer had better let alone. He talked with sergeants and orderlies, ferreted out the quarrels and emulations that were going on among the soldiers' wives, and rather suggested quibbles and complaints about the men's messing accounts. There was always some bother in the company; the pay-sergeant fretted himself into a fever, and was invalided home. Fulhard was most urgent to have a man recommended by himself appointed, and would not accept my objection until I peremptorily put him down. After that he treated the sergeant whom I selected as a sort of culprit, and indeed I saw with regret that he had his favorites and his aversions all through the company. I found, too, to my surprise, that company matters were talked about in the subalterns' rooms, and my doings as the captain canvassed rather freely. About these things it was necessary to speak seriously to my young man, who, though he didn't take reproof quite as I wished, was perfectly civil and subordinate.

He was, however, no sooner cautioned against one imprudent course than he strayed into another. I was pestered with constant proposals to alter the routine of duty, many of them savoring of schemes to suit private convenience, or to get certain men — known to be much employed by the ensign in heating the many irons which he always had in the fire — off duty at certain hours. In a little time he was "ventilating" — as we should now term it — all sorts of regimental changes, and bringing me his plans to

put forward. This led to his being talked to a little pointedly in the orderly-room by the colonel, who told him that, although he very much appreciated and admired zeal in a young officer, and hoped that Ensign Fulhard would always remain as devoted and energetic as he then was, yet he meant to command the regiment himself, and he thought that talent might be employed at first much more profitably in learning than in teaching. This quieted my friend for a space, but there were more serious troubles ahead of him, and of us, as you will hear.

I fear, though, that I am hardly doing justice to Fulhard. A man who did so much couldn't be always making mistakes. Without doubt there were many occasions on which he performed valuable services that we should hardly have got from any other man that I knew. Once, I remember, when it had been raining for three days and nights, as it knows how to rain in Jamaica, I was told at daybreak that a large store-yard where we had the greater part of our ammunition had been suddenly flooded, and that the water in another half hour would be up to the sills of the houses where all the year's clothing was lying, and through the ventilators of the magazines. Down I went along ways that had become watercourses; my feet were soaked through before I had gone twenty paces: my cloak in five minutes became as heavy as lead, and would hardly keep the rain out five minutes more.

Arrived at the yard I found the colonel and half a dozen officers standing on a bit of high pavement in front of the shoemaker's shop and looking like drowned rats. The doctor had been sent for to say whether, in this emergency, the men might be sent in through the flood to remove the clothing and powder, or whether it would be proper to hire a gang of natives to execute this duty at once. Before this question could be solved, a strange-looking figure was seen coming through the water along by the wall of the enclosure. This, when it had come quite close to us and saluted the commanding officer, was with difficulty recognized as Ensign Fulhard, habited in a coal-heaver's hat, with a long flap going down his back, a pilot-coat of proof, and tall boots, such as you see sometimes worn by fishermen on the beach, or by tinnerns in Cornwall — things that drew right up to his hips, and were so hard and stiff that it was a marvel how any feet and legs were ever got into them, — those were the days, mind, before the invention of India-rubber and other water-proof clothing, — where the deuce the ensign had got them, Heaven only knew! but there he was, quite rigged out for this special occasion, the first officer on the scene.

He came to report that he had waded all round the enclosure and that he had found that the principal channel by which this water should have escaped was broken, and the passage choked by the rubbish. With half a dozen niggers he would have the whole thing clear and the water flowing again in a short time. This was approved, and the requisite number of black gentlemen having been obtained, they, also in waterproof suits — sable ones which nature had given them — followed the ensign down to the broken place, and set to work under his direction. In ten minutes the rise of the water was checked; in five more it had begun to fall, and we were thus relieved from a serious danger by my subaltern's promptitude and cleverness.

He was of great service too in a racing matter, and saved many of us from being victimized at the races. We had put our money pretty heavily on a mare belonging to a colonist, and had no doubt she was the right animal to back. Just before the race Fulhard insisted on having her hoofs examined, and found a stone in one of her forefeet. It was of course impossible that the mare could have won the race if this had not been removed: but she did win, thanks to Fulhard's sharpness; and many a man who took in his doubloons that day instead of having to part with them, thought my active subaltern the most gifted individual in the colony. He certainly had managed very cleverly.

Two or three evenings before the race came off, a young man named Lopes, from a sugar estate in the neighborhood, had dined with Evans whom I mentioned above. The

mares were of course the principal subject of conversation, especially the grand race which we expected our mare to win. Lopes quietly took a good many bets from those who backed her, from Fulhard himself among others, and his proceedings at and after dinner were noticed by the acute ensign, who saw that as the wine and afterwards the brandy-and-water began to operate, Lopes, no longer confining himself to accepting bets, offered to lay against the mare.

That night, when others went to bed, Fulhard started off into the country, and, by some well-directed inquiries among the negroes on the estate where the mare was trained, ascertained that Lopes had frequently been seen of late in company with her groom. He further learnt where the said groom's "nyoung leady" — that is to say, his sweetheart — was to be found in town; that young person was a domestic in the establishment of a gentleman in the civil service of Government, and she inhabited one of many apartments which were erected round a large yard at the back of the premises.

The night before the races, Fulhard, acting under the advice of some of his negro friends, procured admittance to the room adjoining¹ that in which it was certain that the groom would visit his beloved, thinking that if any rascality was going on, there would probably be some scene of it enacted there. And in this he was proved by the event to be correct. The small hours of the night, instead of being devoted to dalliance, were spent by the groom in receiving secret visits referring to the race. Among other persons Lopes himself came there, and a conversation something to the following effect took place: —

Lopes. — I have just looked in for a moment, Cato, to see that all is right; there'll be no mistake, eh?

Groom. — No, massa — no mistake; all right, sar.

Lopes. — The mare doesn't seem amiss, now; I suppose you know how things will be managed.

Groom. — Ov coorse, massa, me know: me is a man of hanner, sar; when me say a ting me will do it.

Lopes. — No use, I suppose, in asking how you mean to manage matters?

Groom. — Bes' for not talkee too much, massa; me want de oder fifty dollars when me is married, and me mean to get dem.

Lopes. — And if the other side were to suspect anything, and were to offer you more than the fifty to let them win, you would still be true.

Groom. — Yes, sar, true as 'teel; me dare any pusson to say dat Cato ebber do anything unansom.

Lopes. — Then you are quite sure of the rest of the money. I wouldn't mind putting on twenty-five dollars more, if I knew how you were going to manage it.

Groom. — Bes' for massa not to know too much, den him can say, s'e'pmegad, me don't know nutten about it.

Lopes. — It will not be necessary for me to say that, I am sure. I should, however, like to know what is to happen. Here is a doubloon of the twenty-five dollars if you like to tell.

Groom. — Berry well, massa, me like de doubloon well, 'Panish coach-wheel dem call it. You see, massa, when, de mare run, him might be lily bit tender 'pon him toes, so dat him don't go well. Bymby, when dem come to examine him he look all 'trait again — you see?

Lopes. — Well, I see the idea, but I don't understand how it is to be done.

Groom. — Supposin' now, dat jus' before dem saddle, him pick up a 'tone in him foot. Him can't run, den. Den supposin' when him come in somebody take de 'tone out. Nobody can't make out what de debil de matter wid de mare. What dem call bysterious.

Lopes. — I see, I see. But are you sure that you will get the opportunity of doing this cleverly at the right time?

Groom. — Me has done de same ting two or tree times before, massa. Don't be 'fraid. If Cato take de money him will desarve it; him 'corn to do a dishannerable ting: hei!

¹ The partitions are all of wood.

Lopes. — Well, I rely on you ; and you will now have fifty-nine¹ dollars more when all is right.

Groom. — Yes, massa ; tank you, sar, hanner bright. By dis time to-morrow, sar, you will know dat Cato do him duty an' 'tand by you.

Lopes. — I am sure you will. Good night, Cato. I hope to see you and Pinkie man and wife before long, and set up in business.

Groom. — Good night, massa. All will be right.

After hearing the above conversation, Fulhard's only doubt was as to whether the groom meant to sell his master or Lopes. If the former, it would be easy to detect the trick ; if the latter, no harm would be done except to a scheming blackguard.

I learned the story of how Fulhard got his information years afterwards. All we knew at the time was, that he at a critical moment detected a mischance which might have made many of us smart severely. Lopes could not pay up, and he got into great disrepute, especially among the military. As well as I can remember, he came to considerable grief, and disappeared altogether before the regiment left.

GERALD MASSEY.

AN oaten pipe, put to the lips of genius, has often before now proved "musical as is Apollo's lute." The greatest lyrist who ever lived was but the son of a freedman. Yet was Horace, for all his lowly birth, not only the chosen intimate of the patrician Mæcenas, but the petted favorite at the refined and stately court of Cæsar Augustus. Eclipse, whose fame among racers is to this day as that of a Pegasus of the Turf, was first found harnessed, with frayed ropes, between the shafts of a sand-cart. Yet was he, in spite of those wretched beginnings, like the Dauphin's horse in "Henry V.," where his Highness exclaims exultantly of his charger on the Field of Agincourt, "*Ca ha!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk, he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it." Among English poets a very considerable majority are those whose starting-point, to the laurelled height on which "Fame's proud Temple shines afar," has been from very far down indeed in the valley at the foot of Parnassus.

The descendant of a race of peers like George Gordon, the sixth Baron Byron, the son and the father of a baronet like Percy Bysshe Shelley, has but most rarely won any niche at all in our poetic Walhalla. Those who have mainly taken their place there have come as poorly clad in hoddens gray as the Sun-God when he tended the flocks of Admetus in Thessaly. Alexander Pope was but the son of a mercer in the Strand. Mark Akenside's father was a butcher at Newcastle. John Keats, the most purely Greek genius of the century among English dreamers, was the child of a livery-stablekeeper in Moorfields. Robert Bloomfield, who was born in the hovel of a small jobbing tailor, worked himself for some time in a cobbler's stall at Bury St. Edmunds. William Motherwell was the clerk of a sheriff's clerk at Paisley ; Kirke White, who, like Akenside, was the offspring of a butcher, sat for a while — before he went up to the University on his way prematurely "to dusty death" — on the office stool of an attorney at Nottingham.

Singers in prose and verse have emerged, before now, from the shadows of the hedgerow, like the tinker John Bunyan, or from the shelter of the wayside cottage, like the ploughman, Robert Burns ; they have carried the hod, like the bricklayer, Ben Jonson, or worn the tonsure-cap of the charity-boy, like Thomas Chatterton. They have even come out into the light of day after sleeping under bulkheads in the back slums, and warming themselves into life over the ashes of a glass-house, like the unfortunate Richard Savage, the natural son of that most unnatural

mother, the Countess of Macclesfield ; or, they have hid their poverty away, for the time being, as Oliver Goldsmith did, even among the beggars of Axe Lane.

Another of those lowly toilers who have had a rhythm struck out for them by the very clatter and whirr of the loom at which they have been seated from their earliest childhood, is the one whose already long since familiar name is above inscribed. Proud of his origin and of his calling as a worker, he has himself blazoned the simple acts of his personal antecedents, in clear outlines and in glowing colors, upon his modest escutcheon. Lifting himself high above his original fortunes, he has never disdained them ; on the contrary, he has consecrated to their celebration some of the most charming of his metrical effusions. Inasmuch that we may say of him as he has himself sung of the Ayrshire Ploughman, —

"He knew the sorrows of poor folk,
He felt for all their patient pain ;
And from his clouded soul he shook
A music soft as rain."

Gerald Massey was born, at Tring, in Hertfordshire, on oak-apple day, Thursday, the 29th May, 1829. His parents were in the humblest circumstances, his father being a poor ferryman. He himself from his tenderest youth, when, under happier auspices, he would have been still playing with his toys on the floor of the nursery or of the house-room, helped to earn his bread, first of all as another small hand at the neighboring silk-mill, and afterwards, with just a trifle better pay, as a straw-plaiter. In the former capacity, as a child-attendant at the silk-mill, worked, partly by water, partly by steam, the wage earned by the little creature was a shilling a week, or just twopence apiece for six working days, each of thirteen hours' duration !

As the months rolled on, and the child grew up into sturdy boyhood, the sole morsels of education vouchsafed to him were of the weekly value of just half the Good Samaritan's bounty to the poor wayfarer who fell among robbers on his way going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. A penny schooling on Sundays gave him his first taste for letters — afterwards sharpened into a relish, at home, by his reading, at every opportunity, of the few priceless books that there came within his reach, and in his devouring of which, like manna dropped to him from heaven, in the arid desert of his every-day life, his young appetite grew indeed with what it fed upon. The Holy Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," Greek and Roman History — those were his educators. They constituted his compact yet sufficient library. They nourished his untutored mind with exhaustless stores of ethics and philosophy — gave him his earliest insight into the Past — opened up to his view for the first time that true wonderland, dreamland, and fairyland for us all, the world of the imagination.

As an intelligent boy of fifteen, Gerald Massey, in 1843, went up to London. His straw-plaiting days at Tring were over. Aspiring to rise a little higher, he planted his foot upon almost the lowest rung of the social ladder immediately upon arriving in the metropolis. He became what the greatest experimental philosopher of the age had not disdained to be before him, to wit, an errand boy. And setting his wits to work, only in a different way, little by little, like Michael Faraday, he rose from the homeliest drudgery to work of a purely intellectual character. For several years, however, until he had contrived to educate himself in the intervals of the humbler occupations through which he supported his existence, he devoted himself sedulously to his mercantile avocations. Through his studies, he made for himself, as other poetic dreamers had done before, under no less uncongenial circumstances, in the midst of the mere sordid dust of trade, a green pleasure. Besides reading industriously, he tried his own hand at composition. His sympathies were with his fellow-workers. His aspirations were not for his own rise alone, but for theirs as well. "Hope on, hope ever!" was the refrain of one little poem of his in four stanzas,

¹ He had got a doubleton, which was sixteen dollars, and thus there were nine owing out of the twenty-five last promised. Fifty were promised before.

the opening verse of which gave the key at once to his sympathies and aspirations:—

"Hope on, hope ever! though to-day be dark
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow;
Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and grieve on all thy sorrow!
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all and heaven above thee—
Hope on, hope ever."

An interest began to be felt by those around him in the thoughtful and gentle-hearted stripling. When he was eighteen there was published for him, by subscription, at Tring, in 1846, his maiden work, a little volume of fugitive pieces in verse simply entitled "*Poems and Chansons*." It was recognized by the more keenly appreciative, among the few into whose hands it fell, that the youthful writer was no mere jingling rhymster, but had the natural gift of melody, and glimpses at least of "the vision and the faculty divine." Whatever power, he possessed, he went on cultivating.

At twenty, heartened to some more energetic endeavor to express articulately some of the many earnest convictions that were already at that time burning in his heart, he undertook, in 1848, the editing, and, for that matter, the writing almost entirely himself, of a little Republican journal started by him in that crisis of democratic excitement, a periodical now long since forgotten, called *The Spirit of Freedom*. It appeared for eleven months together, during which brief interval his connection with it lost him in rapid succession no less than five situations. Politically, not only then, but for some time afterwards, as we conceive, he was sowing his wild oats, not only in prose, but in poetry. It is matter of regret to us, that the tares and cockles that sprouted up abundantly among the green wheat, with the poppies and the corn-flowers, have not long since been weeded out and destroyed as utterly worthless. Garnered up, on the contrary, as they have been, with the golden grain and the wild blossoms, they mar the effect of both the latter, to our thinking, if only by their flagrant incongruity.

At twenty-one Gerald Massey brought out, in 1849, his "*Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love*." During the same year he became one of the secretaries of the association established for the promotion of that Christian Socialist Movement, to which we have already referred in our memoir of its leader or originator, the late Rev. Frederick Maurice, as almost Quixotically benign in its character, designed, as it was, to bring about the abolition, if possible, of competitive labor, through the association of the industrial classes in small communities, undertaking work in common, and dividing the proceeds among themselves. Republicanism was sung of by Gerald Massey during these earlier years of his career, as though it were the world's panacea. Strange heroes were lifted up by him as gods of his idolatry, to whom, in a sort of blind rapture, he offered the incense of his verse. Kingcraft and Priestcraft he raged against as objects only of frenzied execration. With something of the delirium of the Vates distraught upon the tripod, he chanted pæans about the Men of Forty-Eight, about the People's Advent, and about the Red Banner of Ultra-Democracy: while, at another time, with a very foam of hatred on his lips, he breathed forth Anathema Maranatha upon tyrants generally, but most of all upon the devoted head of that *bête noir*, for so many on the morrow of the *coup d'état*, Louis Napoleon.

When the young, self-taught poet was just twenty-five years of age, he published, in 1853, his "*Ballad of Babe Christabel*." It caught the public fancy and thrilled the public heart. When two years only had elapsed, after its first appearance, it was already, in 1855, in its fifth edition. Prefixed to it was a charmingly frank and eminently touching little fragment of autobiography. The adverse circumstances under which its author's powers had been nurtured, were therein for the first time, under his own authentication, explained. In 1856, he issued from the press at

Edinburgh, whither he had gone, with the momentary intention of settling, could he only have found the opportunity of doing so with advantage, another volume of verse, headed by a poem on "*Craigcrook Castle*." Five years later, in 1861, he produced his fifth volume of poems, headed by one in honor of "*Havelock*." Two years later, in 1863, just ten years ago, Gerald Massey, being then thirty-five, was enrolled on the Civil List as a pensioner of the Crown.

His republican predilections have long since, we may hope, utterly evaporated. In still yearning to see the people lifted up from their abjection, he at least recognizes no longer any necessity to that end of pulling down thrones, powers, dominations. As his own capacities have ripened and advanced, his sympathies have become only more comprehensive and all-embracing. In 1866 he gave a sufficiently striking indication of this in his noble volume on "*Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends*." This work—which was, in itself, a subtle and masterly piece of prose criticism, elucidatory not only of the mystery of the Sonnets, but in a great measure also of the genius and character of the most peerless and orbicular mind God ever created—was "affectionately inscribed" by Gerald Massey, "in poor acknowledgement of princely kindness," to a young patrician who was then, as time too soon proved, fast nearing his premature grave—the late (the second) Earl Brownlow. By the 20th of the following February, 1867, this youthful friend and benefactor was dead. To his memory a touching tribute was offered in verse by the lowly-born poet, whose powers Lord Brownlow had during his own brief life so fully appreciated. Subsequently, in honor of the marriage, in the June of 1868, of his dead friend's brother and successor, the present Earl Brownlow, Gerald Massey produced his "*Carmen Nuptiale*." Two years later, in 1870, he published a quarto volume of new poems, then first brought together, leading off with a spiritualistic utterance, entitled "*A Tale of Eternity*." Fully ten years before that date, in 1860, there was done on the other side of the Atlantic, what, we regret, still remains to be done on this. A charming little pocket edition, we mean, of Gerald Massey's collected poems, was then issued from the press at Boston by the Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. A precisely similar volume we yet hope will in this country before much longer make its appearance.

Gerald Massey is an able and luminous prose writer, as well as a lyrist whose song has about it the rhythmic beat of a generous heart, and who often kindles in his reader's eyes a light, having about it something of the salt sparkle of tears. As a working man of letters he has contributed in his time to many of our popular periodicals, and has lectured on various platforms on a variety of subjects, not only literary, but miscellaneous. Of his singularly expressive and animated countenance, our artist and photographer have enabled us to give a life-like representation.

Born in Hertfordshire, as we have seen, just forty-five years ago, among the ranks of the people, as one of the toiling million, it is pleasant to think of him, now, as enjoying life peacefully in one of the most picturesque nooks of his native county, in a rustic cottage of his own, the gift to Gerald Massey of one with whom his name will henceforth be always charmingly associated—Earl Brownlow, his friend and neighbor.

NEWS OF THE PAST.

TURNING over a collection of eighteenth-century newspapers not long since, we lighted upon a volume, dated 1736, bearing the attractive title, "*The London Spy Revived*," by Democritus Secundus, of the Fleet. This oddly-named journal, "printed for the benefit of the author," and "sold by those persons that carry the newspapers," bears, of course, small resemblance to a London newspaper of the present day. There are no leading articles—readers interested in politics were supposed to be able to think for themselves. There are no law reports, no police re-

ports, no literary reviews, no theatrical criticisms, no parliamentary reports, and even advertisements are few and far between. Still, with all these subtractions, it was no light task for one man to fill the columns of such a paper as the *London Spy*, published thrice a week. Why the industrious author should conceal his personality under an alias, is a puzzle, for despite the suggestive name, and its association with the disreputable Fleet, there is nothing in the *London Spy* of which an honest man need have been ashamed. Perhaps Democritus Secundus was over-modest; yet, if he had been, he would scarcely have assumed a *nom de plume* worn, with a difference certainly, by Melancholy's great anatomist. Since he did not scruple to filch his good name from Burton, we wonder he did not borrow a little more from him, and, as mottoes were in vogue, take, —

No centaurs here, or gorgons, look to find;
My subject is of men and human kind.
Whate'er men do; vows, fears, in ire, in sport,
Joys, wand'rings, are the sum of my report.

Or, if he preferred prose to rhyme, Democritus Junior could give him, "I hear new news every day; and those ordinary rumors of wars, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged, daily musters and preparations, battles fought, shipwrecks, piracies and sea fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms — a vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, proclamations, complaints, grievances, are daily brought to our ears;" for, truly, our *London Spy* speaks all such matters with a most commendable brevity.

London in 1736 seems to have been a happy hunting-ground for thieves of every degree. We read of a gentleman and his two servants being stopped, near Brompton, by a pair of highwaymen, who, after robbing them, made off across Chelsea Common; of three gentlemen, taking the air near Norwood, having to deliver their purses, watches, and silver spurs to another pair, who bade their victims "Good night" in a very genteel manner. Hounslow Heath, Cambridge Heath, Battersea Fields, were scoured by well-mounted rogues, apt to cry, "Stand and deliver!" and five such toll-takers "kept the roads" about Hampstead and Highgate. Upon the 17th of November the *Spy* records, "Last Tuesday morning, between six and seven, Turpin the butcher, one of Gregory's gang, in company with another, both well mounted on bright bay horses, were seen to ride through Wandsworth, and are supposed to be the two highwaymen that have lately infested the roads in that neighborhood." Turpin, attired in a brown coat and red waistcoat, was afterwards seen drinking at an inn in Clapham; but no attempt was made to arrest him, and this ruffian of ruffians, elevated into a popular hero on the score of a feat of rapid riding he never performed, did not meet his deserts until three years afterwards.

While its approaches were thus robber-ridden, London itself was an unsafe place to travel in. No one could walk from Pancras Church to Kentish Town, from Knightsbridge to Kensington, along the Oxford road, or cross the great field between Poplar and Stepney, without running the risk of being knocked on the head by footpads, ready to commit murder for the sake of a few shillings' worth of plunder. London Bridge, Tower Hill, and Bunhill Fields, were especially to be avoided after dark for like reasons. An oilman, venturing to take a walk with a friend about eleven o'clock one night, in the fields at the corner of Brick Lane, leading to Old Street, was set upon by six footpads in vizard masks, and eased of a silver watch, a moidore, five shillings, and a bunch of keys. His companion took to his heels, but did not escape without injury, receiving one cut on the head, and another upon the shoulder, from a cutlass, ere he got clear of his pursuers. A man and woman, returning home from Tottenham Court fair, were waylaid, robbed, stripped, tied together, and flung into a ditch in the Long Field. An officer of the Guards was attacked in Cavendish Square. The wife of the Duke of Chandos's porter, going from the duke's mansion in the

same square to Mr. Fox's house, a few doors off, was stopped on her way; and a hackney-coach was robbed in Shoreditch while the watchmen were passing by it. No wonder the citizens' hearts rejoiced when twenty-six new lamps were set up in St. Paul's Churchyard, in hopes of lessening the number of night robberies there.

A few hours spent in a police court will suffice to teach one that it is better to be heavy-handed than light-fingered; but although the law is still open to the reproach of considering the person of less account than the purse, things are not quite so bad, in this respect, as they were a hundred and forty-six years ago; when, at Hull, Charles Cadogan and his wife, charged with murdering their maid-servant, were found guilty of manslaughter, and "accordingly they were burnt in the hand;" while at Winchester, Thomas Barton was sentenced to death for cutting the hop-tops in a garden at Waltham. A convict, who took the liberty of returning from transportation, was effectually prevented from repeating the offence by being hung at Gloucester; "after he was turned off, several persons, having wens on their necks, made application to the sheriff to receive the stroking of the dying man's hands, with the agonized sweats thereon," which request was readily granted, and the permission as readily acted upon, the patients departing happy in the belief that as the dead man's hands mouldered in the grave, so would their wens shrink and shrink, till they disappeared altogether. The story of a double execution at Bristol has a yet stranger sequel. Two men, Vernham and Harding, were hung on St. Michael's Hill. After the bodies were cut down, that of Vernham was seen to turn on being put in its coffin, whereupon it was seized by some lightermen, who carried it away, and sent for a surgeon. He opened a vein, and Vernham sat up, rubbed his knees, shook hands with his friends, and spoke to them. The under-sheriff resolved to re-arrest the dead-alive in order that the sentence of the law should be carried out; but he was spared the trouble, by the man dying the same night in great agony, and we are told, "It is uncertain whether any secret method was used to dispatch him." Meanwhile Harding, too, had come to life again and been removed to the Bridewell, where the people flocked to see him as he lay in his coffin, covered with a rug, breathing freely, but unable to speak, "only motioning with his hands where his pain was." More fortunate than his fellow, Harding recovered in time, and received a pardon.

The Whittstable magistrates cooled a quarrel between a clergyman and a doctor, by making them pass a couple of hours together in the stocks as a punishment for swearing at each other. We doubt if Mr. King got off so lightly when he was tried at Warwick assizes for cursing the king, and drinking the health of his Majesty James the Third. A soldier of the second regiment of Foot Guards received two hundred lashes on the parade in St. James's Park, as a prelude to being drummed out, with a halter round his neck, for stealing a warming-pan.

One Friday morning a woman and a man were whipped from the jail in Southwark to the bridge foot, "the usual distance for that discipline;" and at the same time a servant, who had robbed her master, was flogged from the prison to the end of the stones by her master's door. An "eminent attorney," dwelling in Southwark, did private penance in St. George's Church for slandering a woman keeping a chandler's shop in the Mint; and a young woman did public penance in Greenwich Church, by standing, arrayed in a white sheet, in the church porch, from the time the bell began ringing, until the commencement of divine service; and in the middle aisle until service was over.

One Joseph Gillam was pilloried in Bishopsgate-street, for defrauding a doctor's daughter of a box of clothes; "The mob pressed to give him the usual reception, but were artfully diverted by some of his friends, who drew them off by a stratagem, and played them one against another until his time was up, so that he came off unhurt." No one seems to have interfered with the amusements of the "roughs" of the last century. When "Parliament Jack" was hung at Tyburn, the mob took possession of his

body, and exhibited it at Westminster to all comers willing to pay a penny for the sight, to obtain enough money to bury their hero decently. A gentleman put an end to the show by paying for a coffin and shroud, and then the dead highwayman was borne in triumph to the New Chapel churchyard, and there interred, apparently without any ceremony.

When for some mysterious reason, the mob dragged the corpse of a Quaker lady out of the church in which it had just been deposited, and hauled it through the streets, until her servants came to the rescue, and battled successfully for their mistress's remains, the perpetrators of this scandalous outrage went off scot-free. Such a thing would be impossible nowadays; as impossible as for a gentleman of fortune, nearly seventy years of age, to marry a sixteen-year old shoemaker's daughter at the Fleet; or for a girl to be drowned in a Southwark pond in attempting to pluck some wild flowers growing by the pond side.

We have said that advertisements are rare in the columns of our old newspaper; we can only find three worth noting. In one, Jarvis Carr, of Spitalfields, notifies all whom it may concern, that whereas his wife Jane has refused to leave her mother, and live with him her husband, he will receive her kindly if she comes, but if she does not, will not be answerable for any debts she may contract. The second runs thus: "October 1st, 1736. This is to give notice to all persons who have pledged any goods at the Greyhound and Hare, and the Three Golden Balls, in Houndsditch, to fetch them away, on or before the 20th of November, or they will be disposed of — the pawnbroker being determined to retire into the country on account of his health." The third, dated the 19th of August, is: "This day is published, price ninepence, *The True Way of Evading the Act*, humbly inscribed to all Distillers and Vendors of Spirituous Liquors." The Act in question was a bit of grandmotherly legislation worth recalling to mind.

At the beginning of the year a petition was presented to parliament averring that the excessive use of gin had destroyed the lives of thousands of the king's subjects, and rendered many others unfit for any useful service by driving them into all manner of vice and wickedness. This was referred to a committee of the House of Commons, who found that the excessive consumption of the obnoxious liquor was due to its low price. A bill was at once brought in, laying a duty of twenty shillings a gallon upon all spirituous liquors, and compelling all retailers to take out an annual license, costing fifty pounds. Pulteney led the opposition to this attempt to enforce sobriety by Act of Parliament, declaring he had never heard of laws forbidding people to partake of certain kinds of food and drink, but the Act passed by a large majority. It came in force on the 29th of September, and the advent of compulsory temperance was hailed with tumult and rioting.

The *London Spy* tells us that the sellers of punch, not having taken out licenses, put their bowls and signs into mourning. "Mother Gin lay in state at a distiller's shop, near St. James's Church; but to prevent the ill-consequences from such a funeral, a neighboring justice took the undertaker, his men, and all the mourners into custody." Although no gin was to be had, the gin-shops were open for the sale of various substitutes, and the dram-drinkers found it easy enough to get drunk upon Sangree, Tow-row, Parliament-gin, the Last Shift, the Baulk, the Ladies' Delight, or cider boiled with Jamaica peppers. Near St. James's Market, red drams were to be bought in bottles, labelled, "Take two or three spoonfuls four or five times a day, or as often as the fit takes you;" and the apothecaries' shops drove a brisk trade in "colic waters." Many of these evaders of the law were heavily fined, but it was dangerous to inform against them, for the mob showed no mercy to an informer when they caught him. Democritus Secundus advises the distillers to conform to the Act, and refuse to sell less than two gallons of spirits to a customer, but adds: "Observe well that a contract is a sale; and if a customer cannot afford to pay for two gallons at once, you can sell for part money and part credit; and the buyer can take away with him just as much as he has occasion for — the buyer

and seller agreeing as to how the goods be delivered and payment made."

The Gin Act lasted just half a dozen years; as its opponents prophesied an immense injury had been done the revenue, while, instead of drunkenness declining, it had increased year by year. Few, if any, efforts were made to put the law in force against those who chose to violate it; informers dared not, magistrates would not stir in the matter, and when, in 1742, it was proposed to reduce the duty on spirits, and fix the license duty at one fiftieth of its previous amount, a bill to that effect passed the Commons "almost without the formality of a debate."

Here is a contribution to the history of English pantomime: "October 6th. Last Sunday morning, Mr. James Todd, who represented the Miller's man on Friday night last, in the entertainment of Doctor Faustus, at the theatre in Covent Garden, and fell in one of the flying machines from the very top of the stage, by the breaking of the wires, by which accident his skull was fractured, died in a miserable manner. Susan Warwick, who represented the Miller's Wife, lies at the point of death at the infirmary at Hyde Park Corner."

And here is a bit of news from Dublin concerning a certain famous dean: "August 7th. Last Tuesday the Society of Wool-combers walked in procession through the principal streets of the town. They made a beautiful appearance, being every one dressed in a handsome tie-wig, made of the whitest wool; with sashes hanging over their right shoulders of fine-combed wool, colored blue, purple, red, and white." Where was the patriotic green? "They made a particular procession to the house of the Reverend Doctor Swift, D. S. P. D., and desired they might have the honor of seeing that glorious and worthy patriot of his country. As soon as he appeared they cried out, 'Long live the Drapier,' and 'Prosperity to Ireland.' After many huzzas, they passed in review before the dean, two and two, making the profoundest reverence to him as they marched by, which the dean was pleased to return."

From Dublin, too, comes a tragical story of a dream. Mrs. Ward, the wife of a shoemaker there, paying a visit to an old acquaintance, arrived just in time to see her laid out, and assist an old woman in that melancholy office. She was proceeding to undress the head of her dead friend, when the woman stopped her, saying that had already been done. Mrs. Ward stayed for the funeral and then went home. That night she dreamed the dead woman came to her and said, "Why did you not open my head? I was murdered by my husband!" Awaking in adfright she told her dream to her husband, who advised her to go to sleep again. The next night she again saw her friend in her sleep, but this time the latter spoke to worse purpose, saying, "Since you did not open my head, you must come with me!" and gave Mrs. Ward's arm such a twist that she awoke screaming with the pain, and continued screaming until three in the morning, when she died. Upon her wrist was the print of a finger and thumb! The body of the buried woman was taken up, and, on examination, disclosed a bruise upon the back of the head, beside several others upon the shoulders; but as it was held these might have been caused by the jolting of the corpse against the coffin on its way to the grave, the inquiry ended in nothing.

In April a sea-monster was seen at Bermudas; the upper part of the creature's body in size and shape resembled that of a boy of twelve, the lower part was like that of a fish, and its hair was long and black. Taking the alarm, he made for the water, pursued by several men, who "intended to strike at him with a fish-gig; but, approaching him, the human likeness surprised them into compassion, so that they had no power to do it," and so lost the chance of making a very interesting capture, and convincing the skeptical that the merman is not a fabulous animal. Some among us would as readily believe in the existence of a man-fish as in that of a centenarian. Democritus Secundus was not their way of thinking, for he tells us that on the 17th of September, Mrs. Elizabeth Shewer, aged eighty-five, the relict of an eminent pinmaker in Deptford, was interred at St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, being

followed to her grave by her mother, then near upon a hundred and five. Again he chronicles the burial, in St. Pancras Churchyard, of Mrs. Ditcher, who died at her lodgings in Tottenham Court Road at the age of a hundred and six. "She was used to all manner of hard work, as washing and charring, from fifteen years of age, and never was ill or out of order till within a few days of her death."

Our editor or author occasionally treated his readers with a little rhyme, lightening his columns with the Five Reasons for Drinking:—

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

And the One Reason for not Drinking:

There's but one reason I can think
Why people ever cease to drink;
Sobriety the cause is not,
Nor fear of being deemed a sot,
But if good liquor can't be got.

A triumvirate of quacks—Mistress Mapp, the bone-setter; Taylor, the oculist; and Ward, whose remedy Chesterfield was willing to take himself, although he recommended others to leave it alone—are celebrated in a parody upon Milton:—

Three famous emp'ricks, in 'one country born,
Epsom, Pall Mall, and Suffolk Street adorn.
Mapp makes the lame to walk by manual sleight;
Taylor alike restores the blind to sight:
The stone, the gout, and every human ill,
Ward cures eternally by drop and pill.
Ye quacks in medicine prescribe no more;
Without it, these, as sure as death, can cure.

There is nothing else in the shape of verse worth quoting, except it be the following from "a letter put in the post-house."

To William Callway, now at Lyme,
Let this be sent in proper time.
You at the George, in Lyme, may leave it,
Where he in person may receive it.
To make the case more plain and clear,
Take notice—Lyme's in Dorsetshire.

FOREIGN NOTES.

SWINBURNE has a volume of poems ready for the press.

THE King of Burmah has decided upon improving his capital and country by the introduction of gas and railways.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that no American or English girl will skip any page in "The Other Girls" by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

A PARISIAN broker lately advertised a lost ring; several imitations ones were made up and taken to him, the first comer receiving the 200 francs reward.

SIDNEY HALL, whose fame as a draughtsman has been made on the *Graphic*, will be the illustrator of Bulwer's "The Parisians," which will be re-issued now in four monthly volumes, beginning in October.

THE last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an appreciative notice of Mrs. Stowe's "Palmetto Leaves," from the pen of Th. Bentzon, the translator of Bret Harte and other American authors.

BILLS are now being circulated throughout London, calling attention to the present "famine price of coal," in which the metropolitan public are called upon to petition the Legislature for an Act to compel the owners to sell at a lower figure.

"CAVALIER boots" are about to be introduced for ladies. They are turned over with leather just above the ankle, or as far as may be respectfully the *point de mire*, so as to give a faint imitation of the old cavalier boot; an edging of lace falls over this.

A SCIENTIFIC writer says, If half a pint of water be placed in a perfectly clear glass bottle, a few grains of the best white sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water become turbid, it is open to grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remain clear, it is almost certainly safe.

THE *Athenaeum* says, Amongst the unpublished works of the late Lord Lytton was a tragedy, called "Œdipus," founded on the well-known classical legend. The play was intended for the stage, and was placed in the hands of Mr. Phelps, during the period of his lesseeship of Sadler's Wells Theatre, for rehearsal. Lord Lytton, however, altered his intention, and withdrew the manuscript from Mr. Phelps's hands, and probably destroyed it, as, we believe, it is not to be found amongst the manuscripts left by his lordship.

ONE of the late John Leech's drollest pictures in *Punch* represented a church interior during service, and a bright-eyed youngster, startled by old Farmer Bluebottle blowing his nose, asks the question, "Ma, was that the organ?" Quite as droll an incident occurred in a fashionable London church the other Sunday. The clergyman was eloquently enlarging upon the duty of forgiving one's enemies, and among the questions which he put to the congregation—without, of course, expecting an answer to them—was, "Do you love your enemies?" To his surprise, some one immediately replied, "No, sir!" The speaker who thus unexpectedly made answer was a little boy sitting in one of the front seats.

HERE are a couple of specimens of Scotch humor: "How," said an Aberdeen philosopher to some young students he was examining, "how, for instance, do astronomers measure the distance to the sun?" It rather posed the class, till a young Shetlander with sandy hair exclaimed, "They calculate one fourth of the distance, and then multiply by four." An Aberdeen lad with a very good appetite swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note to the lad's father: "Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, etc. P. S.—Don't shoot the boy at any body."

MR. J. S. CLARKE, the popular American comedian, is fulfilling a farewell engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, London. It is understood, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the actor, before leaving London, will present various new impersonations; meanwhile the comedy of "The Heir-at-Law" has been revived in order that he may reappear as Dr. Pangloss—a character he sustained with remarkable success some three years back at the Strand Theatre. Of Mr. Clarke's impersonation of the character it may be said that the actor gains much by being seen upon the larger stage of the Haymarket, and that the extravagance of his histrionic method is now less apparent than it was at the Strand Theatre. He rejoices in strong drawing and high coloring, and demonstrates to the utmost his command of grimace and his skill in eccentric action and attitude; but his performance as a whole is now brought into more perspective, as it were, and assumes an air of sustained consistency it did not formerly possess. He is too conscious perhaps of his own comicality, and a sense of effort accompanies his achievements; but he plays with unflagging spirit, he is always a ludicrous figure upon the scene, he is apt at droll by-play of all kinds, and he delivers his innumerable quotations with admirable point and volubility. Altogether there is now no actor upon the stage who could deal so successfully with this whimsical part. The audience testified by incessant laughter and applause their sense of Mr. Clarke's merits, and appeared in no way concerned at his occasional departures from the text of his author, or at his needless enrichment of his speeches by sallies of his own invention.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

[No. 15.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER IX. (*continued.*)

"You look awfully ill, though. I suppose that considerate Marietta of ours has been dragging you about till she has knocked you up. But have you been thinking? Of course you have, that's a good girl. Have you said anything to Marietta?"

"Not a word."

"And when do you mean to begin?"

Since her morning's talk with Marietta, a new frenzy had come upon her. In spite of her moral despair, she had not been proof against the thought of wealth, which had been her first love, even the only substitute for the love of her mother Nature, who had doled out to her kreutzers for kisses. But golden cement could not heal her heart: mending was of no use unless the cup could be made to hold some kind of wine. She knew that Herr Maynard could not spend his whole lifetime in picking up Marietta's crumbs. Marietta, if she did not marry him, would be sure to end in marrying somebody, and even if she married nobody, she must expect to lose both youth and beauty in the course of years, and these, as Gretchen felt, were the sole chains by which her lover could possibly be bound. And then what would happen? Gretchen would lose even the miserable privilege of seeing the man whom she loved in so wild a fashion, of hearing the voice which formed her heart's food, even the yet more miserable joy of self-torment in watching his devotion to another. If passion could not be satisfied, it must feed on itself: next to the enjoyment of food was the luxury of hunger, for hunger means hope, and while these three—Marietta, Gretchen, and Herr Maynard—remained together, all things remained possible. I think most women will understand the sort of inconsistent consistency that led her to prefer the crowning despair of bringing about a marriage between her lover and her direct rival, to the barren conclusion of having nothing to do with the direction of his fate, and letting him drift into a world of strange women with whom neither she nor her rival had anything in common. And then an-

other matter must not be forgotten. If she had become Marietta's mistress, Herr Maynard had become her own master not by any merits of his own, but simply because he was he and she was she. How could she, any more than Zelda in after days, evolve camels of morality and right reason from the depths of her moral consciousness, when she had no moral consciousness from which to evolve them? She would have been the man's second or tenth wife if he pleased, now that the hope of full and complete love was gone, and have obeyed him to the extent of trying to get him the moon if he asked for it, even if the moon were her rival. And then there was the last desperate thought of all—that he might be pleased into kindness by her eagerness to gratify him always and anyhow. It was all a strange compound of greed, passion, jealousy, and the craving for self-torture that belongs to unreasoning passion. But though the total was strange, each item in the compound was as natural as love and avarice themselves.

Yet though her soul was confused, her mind was clear. She had not read volumes of love philosophy—mostly of the morbid sort—for nothing, and Marietta's frank confession of the morning had taught her over-quick wits a great many things.

"Promise me," she said, "that everything I tell you shall be secret, even from Marietta?"

"That's right—nothing like confidence between friends. There's my hand." She took it, and he felt hers tremble.

"You don't know Marietta." Suddenly her heart gave a leap—a bold thought, brimful of hope, sprang up in her like a sudden sunrise. Even if it failed she would still enjoy a season of fool's paradise, and that would be better than to be banished into the cold without even having played at dreaming out her dream. "You don't know women," she went on.

"Don't I, though—to my cost, too. But perhaps you're right. I certainly don't follow the cards this game."

"I've never come across one of you men yet," she answered, from her behind-the-scenes experience, "who didn't think he knew women, and I've never known one who wasn't wrong. Do you know you might marry Marietta to-morrow morning if you pleased?"

"Then I do please."

"Do you think a girl like that, with everybody at her feet, cares for a man who's just like all the rest—who'd let her box his ears without a word? You know women, indeed! You don't deserve for me to tell you what to do."

"Dearest Gretchen! Tell me—never mind letting me into the secrets—I only want Marietta, and then I'll keep them like a father confessor."

"It isn't much good telling you, though. Why, I don't believe you could keep away from her an hour. If you could"—

"Confound it, that's just it. I see what you mean, but it's no good. Hang her, I should only sneak back again like a beaten cur. I've done it before."

"And you call yourself a man!"

"No, I don't. I call myself a fool."

"Why, if I loved, and keeping away would give me a chance, I'd hide away for twenty years."

"Wait till you do love somebody, Gretchen—you'll know better then."

"Very well, then—I meant to help you, that's all. But there's no helping a man who boasts of being a fool—and a coward besides."

Calling one's self a fool and being called one are not quite the same thing; and to be called coward by a woman is not pleasant even for a brave man, especially when the word is used by a lip that does not try to hide its curl. Gretchen was really beginning to despise the man she loved without loving him the less—and that is the seventh depth below Acheron.

"Gretchen!" he said, with a black scowl. "You're enough to provoke a saint—and I'm neither saint nor coward. What is it you want me to do?"

"Oh, I didn't mean you wouldn't fight anybody. But what I call a coward is a man who likes to be a slave. Marietta thinks so too. But if you can't help yourself, there's one other way. Pretend to care about somebody else—she's heard of jealousy, I suppose, but she wants to be taught what it means. She wants a master—not a slave like you."

"I won't have you call me coward, Gretchen. Yes, you're right, I know. I'll let her see that I'm not to be trifled with any longer—it would be glorious if I could only make her feel anything through that cold skin of hers

—jealousy, anything. I'll flirt with every ballet girl in Vienna before her eyes."

"Just as though she wouldn't see through it as well as I! No, no—you mustn't flirt, you must make love, and not to everybody, but to one. You must put her on the rack every day, every hour. You must pretend to hang about her a little, too—she must think you are trying to hide that you don't care for her any more. You are a bad actor—all the better. If you were a good one I should say pretend to be a bad one."

"It's a good idea," he said, walking up and down. "I've thought of it before. By Jove, Gretchen, you are a clever girl! Why, one would think you were as old as Eve, to have a head like yours on your shoulders. Yes, I'll do it—she wants a master, does she? Then she shall find one—so here goes: who shall it be?"

Gretchen half hoped that he himself would say the word, upon such a straw of mock happiness was it that she had come to cling. But he only went on walking up and down, with a look of eager sullenness on his open, florid face, that ought to have made her ask herself if even mock happiness could be possible with him. As usual, however, it was not the real Herr Maynard that she loved, but the ideal that she had turned into a cloak for his broad shoulders, and the deep voice that might have belonged to any man as well as he.

"Let's see—who shall it be?" he went on. "There's that Italian girl; what's her name—I know they hate each other like poison, or there's"—

"What are you thinking of? Can't you see the girl ought to be your friend?"

"Why—you mean yourself? By Jove, Gretchen, if you don't take care, it'll end in the real thing! Haven't I said a hundred times that a hundred Mariettas wouldn't make one you? That smooths everything—to make hot love to somebody who believed it, and whom one didn't care for, would certainly have been a bore. But with you—here goes to begin with," and he threw both his arms round her and kissed her face at random. "There—that's earnest of a double thousand pounds on the very day we win."

Poor Gretchen had not bargained for such an earnest, and the miserable mockery of what she had brought on herself made her tear herself from him and fly as she would have flown from herself, had that been possible. The kiss felt as if it had left a brand upon her; in one moment she seemed to have lived and loved more intensely than could ever be the fate of Marietta in a lifetime. The embrace alone had been worth the buying, though it was nothing more in truth than the first touch of two thousand pounds.

Marietta's wits were not so quick as those of the pupil of hunger and thirst,

but her heart was a great deal quicker—so quick indeed that it had never yet given itself time to get fairly down to the bottom of any well of feeling, or to stand still in any one spot for more than a moment: it was in truth as nimble as her heels, and to describe her life as *coquetterie* would be less accurate than to call it mental and moral *pirouetterie*. To catch her was a true butterfly chase, and not the straight, heavy trampling after her which had been the fascinated Englishman's sole notion of moth-stalking.

She admired and believed in Gretchen, however, so implicitly that it was strange she had not been jealous of her before: if she really cared about Herr Maynard, in her heart of hearts, as her treatment of him would naturally lead those who judge women by the rule of contraries to suppose, she ought to have felt she was playing a rash game in encouraging his intimacy with one whom she felt to be her own superior. But then her childlike trust of her *protégée* was so intense that suspicion was simply impossible. Had she caught Gretchen in a flagrant act of treachery, she would only have stared and disbelieved her own senses. Her heart, judged from Gretchen's standpoint, might be a very light and tiny one, but every scruple of it was of the purest gold—not a confused mass of every sort of alloy, like the more intense nature of the Cornflower.

And yet she felt her light heart begin to grow heavy when she could not help seeing that somehow her power was beginning to wane. She would have been blind had she not found out that a confidence was established between her friend and her lover in which she had no share—from which, indeed, she was excluded. They might be playing at love, but the game became singularly like the real thing. Gretchen was making the very utmost of her time and of her power. It is, of course, impossible to describe the progress of a conspiracy into which so many complex elements entered, and which depended for its conduct upon hourly trifles. Droppings and pickings up of fans, the comparative merits of bouquets, changes of looks and tones, belong to language not to be written in words—a volume would be required to enter into the whole psychology of raising a pocket-handkerchief when the smallest element enters that does not belong to simple courtesy. For a long time Maynard proved indocile: he acted his part with such consummate badness that the greatest of actors could not have equalled him in the representation of the waverer who begins to suspect himself of inconstancy and tries his hardest not to yield. Every now and then Gretchen loosened the rein, so that the climax she feared might not arrive too suddenly. But she kept him to his task, until his intimacy with her became a habit even more real than his devo-

tion to Marietta. If he had not been incapable of combining love with respect, it is not unlikely that Gretchen's stratagem would have ended in triumph. Even as things were, it seemed quite possible that she had laid her plans too well—that without gaining him to herself she would lose him to her friend.

But, however long she might put it off, the climax was at last bound to come. Maynard was falling into an enraging state of placid and easy-going content with the situation: Marietta was growing pettish and peevish, and Gretchen was living in a state of continual fever.

One day Marietta made some remark on Gretchen's looks, but not in quite so kind a voice as before.

"I think you're losing all your good looks," was the way she put it this time. Gretchen only smiled, however; the accusation was in itself the winning of a skirmish. But she only answered, "And you get more and more beautiful every day."

"No, I'm not—I'm getting hideous. I'm getting tired of Vienna. I hate dancing—was one only made to twirl round first on one foot and then on the other?"

Then Gretchen knew that the climax was come. She drew herself together, for she felt it to be the eve of battle over the man who was at that moment trying to beat Von Geierstein at *écarté*, and failing ignominiously. But then it was true he could afford to lose.

Marietta was very provoked indeed, not with anything that had been said or not said, done or not done, but with everything. Anything might have been the immediate cause—perhaps her coffee had been too sweet or cold. Still, that was no reason why she should have chosen that opportunity rather than any other for saying,—

"Gretchen—what is it you and Herr Maynard are hiding from me?"

"Hiding?"

"Yes—hiding. I can see there's something going on that I'm not to know. How red you turn! Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen! To think you should have fallen in love with that man!"

"I—in love—Marietta!"

"No—don't call me Marietta. Yes, do, though—we are a pair of wretched girls together. How could you help it more than I? There—I don't mind saying that I love him—I'm proud of it now. Why don't you say a word? Are you ashamed?"

"My poor Marietta!" said the younger to the elder girl, almost with the air of a mother to her child: "what can you know about love?"

Marietta was used to her protection, but was not used to being instructed.

"Which means you know more than me: Perhaps you do, then. Oh, I can't bear it—how long have you understood one another?"

"Why can't you believe me? There

is no understanding — there is nothing to understand."

"No—I don't believe you. You love him, even if he doesn't love you. Can't I see it in your cheeks and eyes? Are we not of the same people—can we not read each other in the same way? Oh, Gretchen—tell me if we are still to be sisters, or if I am to hate you all the rest of my days—I if he loves you I must hate you—I must and will."

The tears were beginning to run from the poor girl's eyes as she poured out her quick and contradictory ejaculations of affection that wandered backwards and forwards between her lover and her rival, now running into pique and now into simple sorrow. She had never been seen to shed a tear over anything but trifles till now, and Gretchen's heart began to open under the unexpected shower.

"Oh, I wish you had never seen me!" she exclaimed suddenly, in a tone of passion far beyond the reach of Marietta's April soul, and that astonished her with its vehemence. "Why did you not let me die on the pavement, instead of lifting me up and making me live to be a curse to you?"

"I lifted you up to make you love me," said Marietta, simply, speaking not quite the truth, but very nearly. She had taken her from the streets merely out of her good heart: but the motive she gave herself was not long in coming after. "And what wrong have you done? How can you help loving—how can you, or any woman that was ever born?"

What wrong, indeed, had she done? But her having done no harm could not prevent her feeling that in heart she had been guilty of a thousand hopes and thoughts and wishes, each, in spirit, more black and treacherous than any outward deed could be. Even now she felt herself capable of betraying her benefactress to death itself, if it would enable her to turn her mock triumph into the real triumph of a single hour. How could she not feel herself guilty of a cruel though nameless and, as yet, barren wrong? She was but engaged in trying to bring together two people who loved one another—had she been a self-analyst, she would have dignified her course with the name of self-sacrifice, and perhaps have consoled herself with the spiritual self-conceit of virtue. She, however, was not philosopher enough to have found the process of turning base metal into spurious gold. She knew herself, without inquiry, to have become everything ignoble—ungrateful, sordid, selfish: and though she might be doing no wrong, the wrong was there. Her old worship of Marietta had given her a faith and a conscience, and she knew herself to be faithless to both with open eyes. She even took a certain pride in making herself out to be all that was base for passion's sake, by way of revenge upon Nature for having made her all

that was wretched. But Herr Maynard's game at *écarté* had now come to an end. As he hated losing anything, he was by no means in the best of tempers when the force of habit led him to the door, behind which two women were condescending to make themselves unhappy for the sake of his big voice, broad shoulders, frank eyes, and sullen scowl. Besides, he had been touched roughly in a sore place.

"Herr Maynard," said the lieutenant, "I shall end by being disappointed in you. We trusted to you to bring *la Romani* down—we thought we Viennese were going to see what an Englishman could do. And *Per Bacco*, as we used to say in Venice, if you're a bit better than me, or any other poor devil who has no *bonnes fortunes* to speak of. Thank you—yes, it's quite right: a thousand. You shall take your revenge any time you please. But, as I was saying, you're no better than anybody else—you've got to put up with the *femme de chambre*, and not an over pretty one to my mind. But *de gustibus non est disputandum*."

"Mind your own business, Herr Lieutenant. Don't be too sure—those laugh that win."

"But you've been long enough about it to take Ehrenbreitstein."

"Look here, lieutenant—I let you off my revenge if you'll give me odds that the fortress doesn't fall in three days."

"Three days! Why I'd take it myself in three days, if I cared to try. A place that holds out twenty minutes isn't worth a siege to my thinking, when there are so many that don't hold out five. But *de gustibus* again. Make it two days, and say done: and you shall have your revenge all the same."

It was in this mood of ill temper at a loss, pique at the depreciation of his woman-killing fame, and with a test wager on his hands, that he came to make his daily call upon the two girls. If the lieutenant had been behind the scenes before he came, he would hardly have been so willing to take the wager—and yet, perhaps, he would; for he generally managed to be the winner when accounts were settled.

As soon as the Englishman entered the room, Marietta, despite the deepened scowl on his forehead, strode or rather sprang towards him, seized him by the hand, and brought him face to face with Gretchen.

"There," she said, with the short, quick stamp of her foot on the floor, "tell me which you love best—her or me?"

This was a way out of the complication that not the most skilful of knot-makers could have foreseen or provided for. As usual, unthinking impulse was master of the situation; nor was Herr Maynard himself more astonished at the open boldness of this sudden appeal than Gretchen.

And yet what she felt was not all her wilderment. What if the answer should actually be what she had hoped to make it become with a few weeks more time? Was it not quite on the cards that the Englishman might be less willing to give up his friend and counsellor than the mere summer queen of his fancy? She hung like Minerva upon the looks of this modern Paris, in whose hands the golden apple was already poised.

"Of course the hope was as vain as Minerva's own had been. If Maynard had been piqued into betting that he would cut off his right hand, he would have been as faithful to the wager as a saint to a vow. There are hundreds to whom the loss of a wager upon which depends their whole hardly-won reputation for woman conquest would be the loss of all the honor they are capable of understanding, and Maynard was one of them."

Still, he need not have kicked over his ladder quite so carelessly. He might have discovered by this time that Gretchen's aid in bringing matters to their climax was insufficiently paid with two thousand or even two hundred thousand pounds. He might have thrown her one look of gratitude as she burst from the room rather than hear the answer that, after the first instant, she could read in the very air that parted him and her. This is how a chain of the merest chances, too slight and subtle to be set out one by one, had crushed, while yet in the bud, what might, had one or two accidents differed ever so slightly, have developed into a grander soul than is often permitted to blossom even under care and culture. Thenceforth, had she cared for anything, but the gold of the apple, she would have been more than human. Even as things were, there was another phase yet to come.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER X. TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

So Mrs. Brown went to London and arrived in due course at the Paddington Station, having contrived to escape observation and inquiry so far. She was dressed in a clean cotton gown of a pretty pattern in fast colors which washed well, and had on, moreover, a long cloak and a neatly plaited cap, white as snow, and a coal-scuttle bonnet. She carried a large gingham umbrella in one hand, and a white market-basket with wide flaps in the other, ready for her purchases. She looked a homely decent body, and soon found herself in the Edgware Road, quite dazed by the roar and bustle of the traffic, which poured through it with a ceaseless and deafening sound. She did not think

London a very large place, for she had seen that it comprised nothing but the Edgware Road and streets adjacent. She noticed that it terminated in an archway, and what appeared to be a common at one end of this Edgware Road, and a mean open space at the other, for Bayswater, Kilburn, and the neighboring suburbs were then unbuilt. She was, however, amazed and delighted at the beauty, variety, and splendor of the shops. If she had had any money of her own, she would have ventured on one of those surprisingly cheap and lovely dresses she saw, for her eldest daughter, or at least upon a ribbon. In any case, she would remember some of the patterns which she admired, and both she and her daughter were handy with their needles. She stood looking intently at one shop window where a ready-made gown was exposed upon a wire model, which set it off to tantalizing advantage, when one of the gallant shopmen, scenting a customer, came out and entered into conversation with her.

"Walk hin, mum," said this Edgware Road Knight of the Yard-stick, who was a pushing young man anxious for business. "We're sellink horf at han halarmink sacrifice. Ladies dresses in that style, mum, larst Pariss Fashings, nine and nine, mum, we'll say nine shillinks to you, mum," urged the pushing young shopkeeper, who spoke through his nose.

"Oi baint a come fur tew buy a gownd, zur. I do want zum'wooll'n zocks fur my son, zur, nought but that," answered Mrs. Brown, blushing modestly, for the pushing young man was becoming a little too demonstrative in his attentions.

"Socks, mum. Step hin, mum. Stout men's, one and nine, is that your figgur, mum? Best stock of woollink goods hin the trade, mum. Walk hin, mum."

And Mrs. Brown walked in.

She was a very fair judge of the things she had come there to purchase, and soon perceived that, although the pushing young man might have the best stock of woollen goods in the trade, he was very wary of showing them, for those offered for her inspection were slop-made things, half cotton, which would come all to pieces the first time they were washed. She did not know how to get away without buying something, or she would have left the shop as soon as she saw she could not find what she wanted there.

But the shopkeeper and his assistants, and his young ladies with their assistants, hemmed her in, and she could not escape from them. At last, hot, badgered, worried and half ashamed of herself, yet having a woman's rooted aversion to part with her money without its worth, she asked for a ball of cotton and a paper of needles to mend her boys' things, thinking discreetly that she could

not be cheated of very much in that bargain.

One of the young ladies, and her immediate assistant, put up the needles and cotton in pink paper, and with a manner so august and condescending that Mrs. Brown (as many a duchess has been before her) felt positively flattered by it. Then she took out her ten-pound note and offered it in payment for just sixpence halfpenny.

"Caash!" sneered the young lady.

"Kash!" echoed her assistant.

"Cash," said the cashier lower down. "Six and half, ten pounds," said the young ladies' assistant, going to the cashier's desk with the bank note.

The cashier turned the bank-note about, looked through it, held it upside down, felt it between his finger and thumb, and finally tasted it.

Now the race of cashiers are pretty conversant with the fact that in nine cases out of ten bank-notes are paid into the Bank of England within something like three months of their issue; and this note of Mrs. Brown's was eighteen years old! Besides, from having been kept in a damp place, or from having been dropped or rubbed against something during its long sojourn at the Chequer's Inn, it had acquired a brownish black stain, which stain had fallen precisely on the number of the note, smudging two of the figures, and rendering them illegible. So the cashier having tasted the note once, tasted it again, as if all the wisdom of his craft had settled on his tongue.

The pushing young man, observing these proceedings, walked down the shop, eyed the cashier through the bars of his pulpit-desk, and whispered, "Is it a plant, Mr. Codger? Note a flash 'un?"

"Well, I'm not haxacly sure it's a flash 'un," said Mr. Codger, holding the note up to the light again; "only, yer see, it's pretty nigh hateen years after date, an' that's a goodish time for a note to be out of the bank. Who tendered it?"

"Suspicious female, got up like a spectabul farmer's wife," answered the pushing young man, following the note in the experimental tests to which the wary Mr. Codger kept on subjecting it. "Thought there was somethink queer about her ven she fust came hin. What's to be done?"

Mr. Codger stood up on the lowest bar of his high stool, and glanced down the shop to where Mrs. Brown's long cloak and coal-scuttle bonnet were absorbing the contemplations of the two young counter ladies attired in silk gowns, and engaged with reels of sarsnet.

"Stop here," he said to the pushing young man; and going up to the suspicious customer, he said, looking at her fixedly, "This is a very old note, mum."

"Be it, zur?" replied Mrs. Brown,

who, ignoring what constituted old age in a bank-note, was puzzled by the observation, and reddened.

"Would you 'ave any objectshuns to give me your name and address, mum, and to write 'em at the back of this note?" proceeded Mr. Codger, who whipped a very sharp steel pen from behind his ear, and spoke in an accent that began to freeze.

Mrs. Brown colored a deeper red, and as the blushes of countrywomen are strong of dye, her face resembled a brick fresh from the kiln. "Oi can't rite, zur," said she, fidgeting uncomfortably; and then growing suspicious in her turn, she added, "Wheerfour tew should oi rite? Giv' me my moneý, pless, zur, for I wants fur to go whoam."

Mr. Codger, mistaking a gesture she made with her hand for an attempt to clutch at the note, drew it rapidly out of her reach, and with an imperceptible nod towards the door, which conveyed to a porter on duty there that he was not to let this customer with the coal-scuttle bonnet go out, he flustered back to his desk, and gabbled to the pushing young man, "Spect it's a plant. She looks a rum 'un. If the note ain't bad, it's most likely been stole, and they've made efforts to play tricks with the number, and ain't succeeded. Take it to Mr. Slopgood," saying which he handed the note to the pushing young man, who betook himself with it direct to one best known to him as the "Governor," who was reading a newspaper in a parlor sanctified by the word PRIVATE painted in black on the ground-glass door.

Mr. Slopgood was the senior partner in the firm Slopgood and Flimsay, who had the honor of trimming half the caps in the Edgware Road with ribbons of an inferior quality. Knowing much about sham wares, thanks to the enterprising sale of which during a quarter of a century, he was justified to boast of being a self-made man, Mr. Slopgood was naturally a fair judge of a bad note.

He tasted this one as Mr. Codger had done, smelt it, and held it a foot from his nose, the better to scrutinize it through a pair of double eyeglasses, rimmed with tortoise-shell. Then with an emphatic nod, and deliberate expression, like that of a judge under a wig, he pronounced the note to be either a forged or a stolen one, "pon his honor," — which, by the bye, was a small stake enough.

The upshot of this was that Mrs. Brown was requested to step into the parlor and receive her change, and after a minute's prefatory catechising by Mr. Slopgood, was confronted with a policeman, who had been beckoned, and ushered in through the private entrance. This guardian of the peace entered with his shiny-roofed hat in his hand — the present tasteful helmet having not yet been invented — and he apostrophized Mrs. Brown

roundly with, "Now then, old lady, what's all this all about?"

He would not have said "old lady," had Mrs. Brown's bonnet and cloak been of Edgware Road instead of country make; nor would he have looked at her over his glazed stock as if he already took her guilt for granted. But when this strangely rustic customer backed into a corner of the parlor, glaring at Mr. Sloggood, the pushing young man, and the policeman, with eyes distended to twice their size, there was a movement of retreat on the part of Mr. Sloggood and the pushing young man, who felt as if there were mischief brewing.

"Giv' me my money," faltered Madge, who understood nothing of the suspicions she had aroused, and fancied she had fallen into a trap set to rob her; "oi wants fur to go whoam — you, zur, with the pooter buttons, tell 'em to giv' me my change that oi be waiting for." This was to the policeman; for the county constabularies not being organized then as they are now, Madge had never seen a policeman in uniform, and the pewter buttons only conveyed to her something of a military notion, and consequently of protection.

"Come, don't be obstropolous," said the policeman, conciliatingly. "We none of us want to do you 'arm. All as you've got to do is to tell us 'ow you became possessed of this 'ere note which this gemm'un, Mr. Sloggood, 'as reason to believe is stolen property. If you be a honest 'ooman, you can tell us who guv' it surelie, and you'll give us your own name and haddress too, which there ain't no reason to be afeerd on if no crimes 'as been committed."

"I'm a honest woman," hoarsely replied Madge, whose heart heaved and whose nostrils dilated. She called for her money again, angrily, passionately, and barred the door through which the policeman had come, with her body, her basket, and her umbrella, as if for fear he should go out without seeing justice done her. But, perceiving that the policeman had taken the note from Mr. Sloggood and was examining it, she made a sudden dart to snatch it from him.

"Yah! would yer now!" cried that official, bringing his gloved fist down on her hand with a hard thud. "Come, come, none o' that."

"Keep the pease, pleeceman, keep the pease," chorused Mr. Sloggood and the pushing young man, who were both half outside the door marked "Private" by this time, and some other pushing young men and some pushing young ladies, attracted by the noise, scampered up, and made a curious background of pushing faces behind Mr. Sloggood.

The policeman, appealed to by a respectable tradesman to keep the peace, and feeling angered on his own account at the grab made almost successfully at the bank-note, took out

from his blue pockets a pair of handcuffs, and clumsily endeavored to seize Madge by the wrists. She wrenched the instruments away from him in an instant, and put her back against the wall, quivering in every limb with rage and shame. This was the first time in her whole life that any man had laid an assailing hand on her, and she stood at bay like a wild-cat, too agitated and pale to scream, or do aught but foam at the lips and glare. And now followed a sorry scene. Policeman X 1000 was an honest fellow, but a dogged.

Stung at the resistance offered by this woman, and feeling moreover that the public eye was upon him in the persons of Messrs. Sloggood and Co., he strode determinedly towards Madge, caught one of her arms as in a vice, and whisked her right round in such a way as almost to wrench her shoulder out of its socket. But he had no feeble woman from Tyburn slums to deal with. Quick and strong as country blood, Madge turned with her uplifted fist and struck her persecutor full on the face with the handcuffs. The blow brought a great spurt of blood from the man's unprepared nostrils, and, blinded by the blow, he gasped "Help!" and tottered back, fumbling savagely in his pocket for his truncheon. But this movement was his ruin: the handcuffs fell once, twice, thrice, again on his open face, crashing heavily, like hammers on a flattened nail, so that the policeman reeled, clung at the table to save himself, but dragged it down with him in his fall: for it was a slight table, and bore a decanter and tumbler of water, an inkstand, a plate of biscuits, the newspaper, a brass bound ledger, and a yellow poster, emblazoned, —

SLOGGOOD, FLIMSAY, & CO.

SELLING OFF AT AN ALARMING SACRIFICE!

All these things served as a bed to Policeman X, and were soon copiously besprinkled with his gore. And now it was remarkable to see the general stampede executed by Mr. Sloggood and the pushing young men and the pushing young ladies; the latter uttering distracted squeals. The alarming sacrifice of Mr. Sloggood's wares was as nothing compared to the alarm of the pushing young men as they raced down the shop, bawling to one another to stop "that devil of a woman." The only person who made a moment's stand was the porter at the door, but desecrating a headlong woman bearing down in his direction with a brandished umbrella, and something which his disturbed mind took for pistols, he thought better of it, and vanished into the road-way, where he set to yelling "Perlice!" as loud as his lungs would permit. In another moment Madge was by his side in the street, clamoring in frenzied accents

that she had been robbed and ill-used. Half the houses in the Edgware Road immediately emptied their tenants on to the pavement, sashes were thrown up and heads craned forth, ubiquitous boys rushed up hooting, a few cabs and an omnibus reined in and blocked up the circulation, and Madge continued to fill the air with her wailings.

But not for long. The porter, emboldened by the presence of numbers, made a valiant move to secure Madge, and roared, "There's a bin murder!" Madge did nothing to escape him. She stopped short in her cries, staggered and dropped senseless in front of a hansom cab. She had burst a blood-vessel.

An hour later Madge was lying in the accidents ward of the nearest hospital, and a policeman, seated in a Windsor chair, mounted guard at the door of that ward. Meantime the bank-note business having been succinctly explained to an Inspector by Mr. Sloggood — who further was most magnificent in directing that Policeman X 1000's bruised countenance should be embrocated on the premises regardless of expense — a constable was dispatched to the Bank of England to consult the list of notes stopped in the course of the last eighteen years. The entertaining volume which forms this list being produced, it soon appeared that eighteen years before, a £10 note, No. $\frac{A}{Z}$ 00012345 had been stopped, along with some others, at the request of one Jiddledubbin, a maker of wind instruments. Now as Madge's note was numbered $\frac{A}{Z}$ 000123

and bore two additional figures, which had been obliterated, it became clear to the intellect of the meanest policeman that the figures obliterated must be 45, and that Madge had consequently stolen this note eighteen years ago, or feloniously received it, well knowing it to be stolen. So the charge was duly entered on the station sheet as "being possessed of a stolen bank-note, without being able to give a satisfactory account of the same, and having of malice prepense beaten and assaulted Police Constable X 1000, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm, the aforementioned beating being administered to the great grief, hurt, and scandal of the said Police Constable X 1000, her Majesty's well-beloved liege." It is a comfort to add that this item was entered in a fine, bold hand, and that the Inspector, having wiped his pen on the cuff of his coat, dispatched a fresh constable to look up Jiddledubbin — who made the wind instruments — to the end that this Jiddledubbin, being triumphantly restored to the possession of his property, might learn that the police of his country neither slumber nor sleep, and bless the land where he was born.

(To be continued.)

SCHWARTZENSCHEIN.

WHEN wicked barons lived in the Rhine castles, and trap-doors and sliding-panels were arrangements without which no gentleman's house was complete; when ghosts could be seen without the assistance of science, and dark deeds were perpetually coming to light; when virtue was in the exclusive possession of the humble and the fair, and a man, when he disliked his wife, instead of breaking her heart, in a less civilized manner broke her head—then lived the Graf von Schwartzenschwein. The Graf von Schwartzenschwein inhabited a castle that stood on the top of a towering rock, and this castle was called Teufelswerk. A legend exists that the founder of the Schwartzenschwein line, in building the castle, found the difficulty of getting the materials to the top of the hill insurmountable, and therefore sought the assistance of the devil; a pact was made, and the castle was raised in a single night, the fiend stipulating that the building should be used solely for nefarious purposes. The Teufelswerk was accessible by only one path, that wound round the rock, and was open in every part to the castle above. The path was wide enough for only one man; and no rail or protection of any kind bordered its precipitous edge. While his provisions lasted, one man in the Teufelswerk could defy all the armies in the world. So the country round and about for many a league paid rates and taxes with great punctuality to the Schwartzenschweins, who showed their right to these imposts in their power to take them. It must be admitted that the Grafs let their lands at a low rental; this, with the knowledge that they were not much worse than other gentlemen of the period, was the inducement to folks to become their tenants. The ground was rich, and vineyards and teeming pastures spread over the hills and valleys; their corn waved in the summer, and in the autumn barges bore loads of red grain that weighted them to the water's edge down to Köln and elsewhere.

Never had the district been more prosperous than now; for in addition to excellent crops the people were blessed with a miracle of amiable leniency in the person of the present Graf, their landlord. Unattended he visited the villagers, kissed their wives, gave peppermint to their children, and interested himself in their affairs with paternal kindness. His small army descended from the castle only to pursue the robber armies of neighboring gentlemen, from whose depredations the villagers occasionally suffered. If a fault he had, it was amiability: sturdy malcontents called him nincompoop. But he had been wedded thrice, and possibly his wives had exercised their softening influence upon him; thus rushlights are affected when placed in hot water.

Ober Bergheim lay at the foot of the Teufelswerk rock, and was separated from Unter Bergheim by the Rhine. Oldwife Grisel kept the ferry between the two villages, and she held the cottage and enough ground for her vegetables and cow rent free from the Graf, in consideration of her fastening the ferry-boat nightly to the foot of his path. What night-service her ferry was used in may here be stated. The Graf's tender care for the welfare of his tenants rendered him particularly nervous with respect to fire. The merest simulacrum of a fire-engine was at Köln, and could not be brought to the scene of action under four days. So he instituted a kind of curfew; at the firing of a beacon upon the Teufelswerk every villager had to retire within his cottage, put out all lights, and go to bed. Any one found out, after the signal, was regarded as a law-breaker, and treated with severity. To insure obedience to this rule the Graf occasionally descended at night, accompanied by a few well-armed giants, and employed the ferry.

Grisel was now bedridden, but her son Rudolph carried on the business, and besides kept the cottage neat, cultivated the garden, tended the cow, and provided for every want of his old mother. Rudolph was the best-hearted, handsomest, brightest fellow in the world. He could compose songs and sing them like any troubadour; in feats of strength and skill he beat the champion of all villages

round and about. His soft hair was the color of ripe corn, and hung in waving masses upon his shoulders; and he had the shapeliest leg you can imagine. The business he did quite astounded his mother; but the poor old soul was nearly blind, so she could not see her son's attractions so well as the maidens with their bright young eyes could.

The little housekeepers of Unter Bergheim could find no eggs or butter like the butter and eggs in Ober Bergheim; and the little housekeepers of Ober Bergheim for their part could find nothing comparable in their own village to the eggs and butter of Unter Bergheim. And there never were young maids with such shocking bad memories as these possessed. They were continually fetching forgotten articles, for if they did not forget one commodity they forgot the other, and some actually forgot both. So the ferryman had quite enough to do between one and the other.

In the evening many of these little maids would come in smart ribbons and snowy frills to talk with Oldwife Grisel, who, to be sure, was not very entertaining with her complaints and her complainings. Sometimes they would bring little presents of their own making for the old woman. And before they returned to their homes they would stroll just once round Rudolph's garden to see the wonderful jasmine that grew about the dead pear-tree; they stood very patiently while Rudolph twined sprays in their braided hair.

Rudolph's red cow always would come to the edge of the orchard and put her sleepy head over the sweetbrier hedge to have her nose stroked. This led them all into the orchard, where Rudolph would shake an apple-tree, over the girls' heads, frightening them to death with the shower of rosy fruit. Each must put an apple in her pocket for a dream-charm. The orchard went down to the river's side, and as the sun set, spreading a mellow light over the vine-covered hills, they sang songs, with the water rippling accompaniment at their feet. They sat there, and their songs, as the light waned, became sweetly sad, and so they sung until the detestable beacon began to smoke. Then each went her way, with happy tears in her eyes and the apple pressed against her lips; whilst Rudolph, little dreaming of their thoughts or of his own importance in the world, whistled lightly as he fastened the boat to the foot of the Teufelswerk path.

The fixed period the Graf von Schwartzenschwein had devoted to mourning for his third wife was expired, and to inaugurate the happy issue, he commanded the good villagers to assemble in the market-place of Bergheim, and make merry with song and dance and drinking of wines. No beacon was to be fired that night, but bonfires were to be lit at nightfall, and dancing was to be round them whilst they burned. The Graf himself was to be of the party, and as his ability in dancing was only second to his capacity in drinking, a very pleasant time of it was anticipated by all.

Everybody prepared for enjoyment. The girls had mysterious whisperings with the goodwife of the carrier whose barge plied between Bergheim and Köln, the result whereof afterwards appeared in surprisingly graceful trinkets and finery. Rudolph early intimated to his customers that he should not ply upon the fête-day afternoon, as he was to compete in a running-match for a green cap. He wished none of his friends to be absent on the occasion, so he begged them to come early—a very unnecessary injunction, you may be sure. Particularly he told Brunhilda, the vine-dresser's daughter, of his early-closing movement.

Now Brunhilda was undoubtedly the handsomest girl in the two villages; and she knew it. And of all the girls that crossed in his boat, Rudolph paid her the most attention; and she knew that. But the other girls spoke lightly of her charms, and declared Rudolph would not go a yard out of his way to please her; and that also she knew. She thought what a triumph it would be to show how great her charms were, and their effect upon Rudolph; and then a little wickedness came into her heart, and she determined upon risking everything for the sake of this triumph. And that is how there ever came to be a story to tell about these people.

When the morning arrived, Rudolph had enough work to tire any one but Rudolph for the rest of the day. By

midday all the holiday-makers had crossed the river but one. Brunhilda had not arrived. To Rudolph's questions, those who had seen her told him she was sitting idly in her window. Twelve was past, and still Rudolph sat in his boat, his eye fixed on the point where Brunhilda should long since have appeared. Only an old man with a pig came, and he knew nothing of the fête. Each minute seemed an hour, yet he waited, hoping each moment she would appear, and making excuses for her absence to himself. His friends missed him, and came down begging him not to be late for the competition.

"Oh, I shall be there in time for that," said Rudolph, laughing. Time wore on, and presently they came again to say that everything was prepared, and the race only waited for him. Then he lost his temper, and told them to run their race without him, and that he would sit in his boat till nightfall rather than it should be said he cared more for a green cap and his own pleasure than the happiness of a friend. But for all that, if he had not lost his temper he would have gone.

Presently he heard a shout from beyond the poplars, and knew that the race had been run without him: the next minute he saw Brunhilda coming down the hill. He pretended he did not see her, but why, after watching for her so long, is hard to say. She was frightened at her own enormity, and called softly to him with a trembling voice that went to Rudolph's kind heart at once; and he would have "made it up" there and then if he hadn't previously made up his mind to be very angry. He handed her into the boat without speaking a word, and sat down to his oars as if he had been an old man. Brunhilda felt how stupid and unkind she had been, and that she must conciliate.

"Have you been waiting for me?" she asked; she could not think of anything else to say.

"You know I have," said Rudolph; and then Brunhilda knew she had said something that was rather worse than nothing, and quite in character with her proceedings, and that she was very silly. So she held her tongue and would have liked to cry. Only the dip of the oars as they crossed the river broke the silence. She thought how pleasant it would be to be lying dead at the bottom of the river; then Rudolph would love her and weep for her. In silence he helped her to land, and silently they walked towards the village.

Then Rudolph thought it was stupid to be dumb when there was so much to talk about, and to bear malice for what perhaps, after all, was unavoidable, so he asked in a kind tone why she had not come. Brunhilda would not tell a lie, and could not tell the truth, so she did not answer at all. Before Rudolph could find out something else to say that might restore harmony, two young men ran eagerly up to him, and began describing the race, which had been won by a fellow from Unter Bergheim, to the discredit of Rudolph's village. They were full of the race, and could talk of nothing else; so Brunhilda walked beside with a stricken conscience, and nobody to talk to her. The three young men seemed not to notice her at all. However, it was better to be unnoticed than to be pointed out and laughed at as she was when they were in the village. At first she was humbled, but shortly her heart passed from the melting into the hardening stage, and her eyes, instead of sparkling with repentant tears, glittered with defiance. When the music struck up for the dance she eluded Rudolph, to whom she had promised her hand weeks before; but he was in good temper now, and would not have his sport spoiled a second time; so when he could not find Brunhilda he looked around to see what pretty girl he might choose in her place. The very prettiest was Dorothe, the daughter of the rich farmer Werner. At another time he would not have dared to speak to one so grand; but as the occasion sanctioned it, and she had a very pleasant and inviting expression in her big eyes when they met his, he promptly offered himself and was accepted. She danced like a fairy; and those who were not too busy about their own steps were lost in admiration of the young couple. Beautiful Brunhilda too saw them, and the blood flooded her fair cheeks; that made her look handsomer than ever.

It was just then that Graf von Schwartzenschwein observed her. Instantly he was struck with her beauty, and without more ado presented himself to her as a partner. This was some satisfaction; if the Graf was less handsome (indeed he was very plain), he was a thousand times greater than Rudolph. So she smiled, and did her very utmost to dance gracefully and outvie Dorothe. But the chief excellence of the Graf's dancing was its steady sureness, of which he was decidedly proud, as well as of his power of endurance. It was very difficult to be graceful; but she did her best, and they stood up longer than any others. Still Brunhilda was not so pleased with her dance or her partner as Dorothe was with hers.

The Graf was a killing man, which was perhaps the cause of his winning three wives and — losing them. His attack to-night was solely upon the heart of beautiful Brunhilda, and with apparent success. She was never too tired to dance with him; she laughed at everything he said. When he approached, her lids shaded her eyes modestly; when she left him, her eyes shot Parthian glances. But ever and anon her smile faded and her eyes looked eagerly, strenuously, after Rudolph. He too was laughing, but the smile never left his lips, and no anxiety was in his eyes when they left the face of Dorothe. There was all the difference between being and trying to be happy.

At midnight he had to return to his ferry: the fires were not half consumed, but the old people wished to get home. When Dorothe crossed in his boat he dared not speak to her; he was only a ferryman now, and her rich father sat beside her. But as he helped her to land from the boat after her father, his hand held more than the tips of her fingers, and lingered in the folds of her dress a moment longer than was necessary, and got a little pinch for its temerity. The moon was wonderfully bright, and he could see her large sweet eyes beaming a warmer farewell than the formal adieu that left her lips.

A feeling quite new to him filled Rudolph's breast as he sat quietly in his boat looking into the water, after Dorothe had left him. He had no wish to return to the fête: all he desired was to sit there and think, think, think: pondering every little incident that had occurred to them; repeating the most trivial word she had spoken; all tenderly sad now that she was gone. Poor Brunhilda had gone quite out of his thoughts; when she took her seat in the ferry he was as surprised to see her there as if he had not seen her for years. The Graf was accompanying her, and paying her the most elaborate compliments and attention. Rudolph, behind his back, smiled and winked significantly to Brunhilda. Then she felt that all her efforts had been in vain; he was not even jealous.

After this, Brunhilda found comestibles to her taste in her own village. Financially Oldwife Grisel did not lose much thereby; for in Brunhilda's place a customer had come in the person of Dorothe, who had discovered a dear friend on the other side of the river requiring a daily visit. Somehow, too, Dorothe got to know Oldwife Grisel, and was henceforth one of the number who took interest in her ailments, and in the jasmine and the cow, and who sang songs under the trees by the river.

I do not think she said much about these delights at home; but her father, good man, had so much ado to count up his money that he never missed her when she was away, nor disturbed his calculations by needless inquiries when she was at home. Her brother, Hurldebrand, was very proud, but as he was also very devout, he could not object to Dorothe's visiting poor bedridden old Grisel: it was advisable the poor old creature should be able to tell Peter how worthy of a free admission the aristocracy of Bergheim was.

Soon the leaves fell from the trees; the grass was damp in the evening; the cow was housed in the shed; the jasmine faded; and the maidens had to sit at home knitting warm clothes for the coming winter. Grisel's ailments increased, and even the constant attention of her son and Dorothe could not satisfy her. How patient and good Dorothe was! No one but she could have borne the continual grumblings of the old woman. Indeed, except her

son, Grisel would suffer no one else to be beside her. When Hurldebrand, with holy condescension, visited her, she told him this, and he left, very well satisfied that he could be of no further service.

The evenings were early dark, and wolves had been seen; so Rudolph was obliged to walk partly home with Dorothe and protect her from harm. But if the path were really dangerous, it was surely unwise to linger so long in it; but then nobody is wise until he or she is too old and ugly to be otherwise. Once when a big dog crossed the road, it looked in the mist like a wolf, and Dorothe was terribly scared, and nestled quite close to Rudolph. He put his arm around her, and talked about being forever a protector to shield her from the dangers besetting life's path, or some nonsense of the kind, which Dorothe thought the most beautiful poetry she had ever listened to. To hear such talk would have scared the rich Werner from his money-bags or the proud Hurldebrand into fits; but it in nowise frightened Dorothe, who nestled still in Rudolph's arms, with her face resting against his breast, and smiling all the time as if she liked it. After that these two walked hand in hand like children, and, like children, innocently happy.

That this position of affairs remained unnoticed is not to be imagined. It was everybody's talk. The villagers marvelled that so rich a farmer as Werner should marry his daughter to a ferryman—for of course the future of the young couple was far more definite to everybody than to themselves—and congratulated Oldwife Grisel on her son's good fortune. Only Werner and Hurldebrand were ignorant of the affair. As has been said, Werner had enough to do to count his money, and Hurldebrand was far too genteel to enter into conversation with anybody, and too good to think of anything but polemics.

Meanwhile, love-making was proceeding in another place. Graf von Schwartzschwein was openly paying his addresses to Brunhilda, and shortly it was announced to the world that he would marry again, and that Brunhilda should be his fourth wife. Already she had been taken up to the Teufelswerk, and the magnificence she there beheld made her eager to become mistress of such a home—perhaps. Perhaps her heart ached, and she longed to be away from the village by the river, where now was nothing that gave her joy. And so in the springtime there was another fête in Bergheim by command of the Graf, who on these occasions was particularly festive, and did not contribute one bottle to the festival. The Graf's soldiers came down in a body as a guard of honor, and very ferocious and unclean faces appertained to that body.

When the time came for the bride to go to her home, the guard formed in single file, holding a rope in one hand and a torch in the other. The Graf and his wife were placed in the centre; then the rope was pulled tight to protect them from the precipice; and they moved upwards along the perilous path. The Graf had been enjoying himself, and required this protection. Brunhilda, too, required support; her knees trembled beneath her; and when she turned round to look back once more on her old friends and associates, Rudolph said, "Poor Brunhilda, see how pale she is: that precipice is enough to scare any one!" All saw them as they moved upwards, and wound round the hill. At last they were seen to reach the castle, and even then Brunhilda's white dress could be distinguished. They entered the gate, and all was dark.

Said the Graf to his wife, "You do nothing all day but weep. You are a pleasant companion for a man to have as his wife. But you shall do something else: you shall work. That will cure you!"

"Until you let me go down from this miserable castle, I'll do only what I please. Work I won't, and no one on earth shall make me work!" cried Brunhilda, stamping her foot angrily.

"Hum! we shall see," said the Graf. Then he rose, left the room, and presently returned with two sturdy ruffians at his heels.

"Are you going to kill me?" quietly asked Brunhilda.

The Graf laughed as if nothing so absurdly ridiculous had ever been suggested to his mind before, and then he nodded to the men, who, without giving Brunhilda the option of walking, lifted her from the ground and carried her down a flight of steps cut in the rock, and into a cell dismal and dark. The cell also was cut in the rock. Its sides rose pyramidally to a small grating, through which the light was admitted in quantity sufficient only to show obscurely the wretchedness of the dungeon. A spinning-wheel and a stool with three legs, a pitcher of water, and trencher of bread, were all the room contained, excepting a mass of flax which lay a foot thick upon the ground. The men set Brunhilda down.

"There," said the Graf; "there's work that will do you good and drive the nonsense out of your head. I'll be bound by the time you've spun this flax you'll be glad enough to talk to some one: and until you have spun this flax to the last fibre, here you remain."

Brunhilda kicked the spinning-wheel across the room, and sat upon the stool, turning her back contemptuously on the Graf. "Here will I sit rather than return to thee," she said.

"We shall see," said the Graf. "By the way," he added, "my three former wives departed their lives from this apartment. I hope your dreams will be agreeable;" and with a brutal mockery of a laugh he closed the door and turned the key in it. Brunhilda heard him and the men ascending the steps. There was a second door at the head of the steps; this also was slammed, and the bolt shot upon it.

She resolved she would never move whilst she had life from the stool she sat upon, and thinking upon her wrongs fixed her determination. Hours passed, and the light faded away. A star twinkled down upon her through the grating, and her thoughts went from her wrongs to her sorrows, and by natural transition to her happiness, now all passed away and gone like the light; and only sweet memory, like the star above, reflected the morning light of her life. She thought of the summer evenings of a year since; she pictured the vine-clothed banks of the river, Rudolph's ferry, the orchard, the evening song, perhaps being sung now by voices as happy as hers was then. She wondered if one of those gay souls ever thought for one moment of her; and then she threw herself upon the flax and wept.

Presently she slept; but what terrible dreams she had of unhappy girls shut in cells until, mad with despair, they dashed their lives out against the black stone walls, were too terrible to tell. She groaned and writhed in her sleep, and when she awoke it was with a strange choking sensation in her throat. She realized her position; she was lying on the flax-covered ground of the cell; more thoroughly awake, she became conscious that her head was lying beneath the level of her body. Yet when she raised her head and moved the flax, she found the boarded floor beneath perfectly level. The only thing strange about it was that it should be boarded when all else about the rough-hewn chamber was bare and crude.

The movement must have been a delusion of her waking senses. But when again her head pressed the floor the phenomenon recurred: her head hung downwards; she could feel that by the tightening sensation about her throat. Resting upon her knees, more carefully she examined the spot, pressing her hand upon the floor where her head had rested. Easily, noiselessly, it yielded to the pressure, returning to its position with the removal of her hand. Terror seized her, and she trembled violently. She sprang to her feet, yet feared to move lest she might tread upon a treacherous part. At this moment she heard the bolt shot back in the upper door. Quickly she seated herself upon the stool; that she knew was on firmer ground. The door behind her opened, and a harsh voice said, —

"Are you here?"

There was, then, the possibility that she might not have been!

"Yes, I am here; and here I shall stay," answered Brunhilda, purposely implying a misconception of the question. The man, now accustomed to the gloom, saw her still

seated on the stool. He had brought food: this he set down without a word, and shut the door. The sound of his heavy footsteps terminated with the slamming of the second door.

Impelled by curiosity and the hope that her partial discovery aroused, Brunhilda, with much caution, crept to the place where last night she had so heedlessly flung herself. Once more the floor gave beneath her hand and receded as if turning upon an opposite hinge, and the flax slid down upon her hand. She cleared the flax aside, and pushed again to find what lay beneath. The light streaming from above fell upon the boards as they moved, until it passed their edge and was lost in the vacuity beneath. Holding the trap back with her right she thrust her left arm carefully over the border of the floor on which she lay; she could feel the underside of the floor, but besides that, in all directions, nothing.

Testing the floor at each movement, she examined the trap from end to end. It extended almost the entire length of the chamber; the narrow margin of secure footing at either end being no wider than one could stand upright upon with safety. The width she calculated by the wheel she had kicked from her: this was displaced by the movement of the trap, but did not move in proportion. It lay partly upon it. She believed she could jump, if she were compelled, right across the trap. To a slice of the bread brought her by her jailer she tied a wisp of flax, and let it down the hole. Depended to the farthest it weight was unaltered. She let the flax slip from her fingers, then listened. . . . "The bread is not hard enough to make a noise," she was saying, when a sound almost musical came from the depths. She felt dizzy and sick, before she quite realized what this sound implied: that she lay above a well or shaft, the bottom whereof was as low as the Rhine. Probably the water beneath was the Rhine water. It ran into strange tunnels and caverns which seemed roofless. A torch held up in some parts showed nothing. Many a time had Rudolph taken her into those caverns with his boat, frightening her with fearful stories, and with the strange echoes that replied to his voice.

When the jailer came again to the cell, and found Brunhilda still sitting on her stool, he laughed as if it were a joke. A week passed; still he found her constantly sitting in the same spot, and in the same attitude. His astonishment was expressed in suitable but unprintable speech. In his next visit he was accompanied by the Graf and a flambeau. Schwartzenschwein had evidently come to assure himself of the truth; he examined his wife and the cell with some curiosity.

Everything was unaltered. The despised wheel lay in the middle of the chamber; the flax lay a foot deep on the floor; Brunhilda sat composedly on her three-legged stool with her arms folded. He gently remonstrated, with an accent of affectionate sorrow in his voice, pointing out to her the iniquity of stubborn opposition to a fond husband's desire; he finally begged her to jump up like a good little wife as she was, and fetch the wheel. But Brunhilda told him she preferred idleness to his company at present, and that she was not a bit tired of sitting on her stool. The jailer was tickled, and ventured to laugh: the Graf, despite his amiability, took up the water-pitcher and broke it on the unwise joker's head. Then the door was banged-to, and not till the second was shut no less violently, were Brunhilda's ears unshocked by the angry Graf's speech, which was also appropriate in its way.

No sooner was he out of hearing than Brunhilda rose quickly, and carrying her stool with her, crossed rapidly to the spinning-wheel, stepping sideways, and with her back to the wall, along the narrow margin between the wall and the trap. In a minute she drew the wheel to her, put it in position, seated herself before it, and set it in motion. All day diligently she worked, with the decision and dexterity acquired by constant practice; and when the light faded so that she could see her yarn no longer, she laid the wheel in its original place, and returned to her old position against the wall, taking with her the product of her labor. Then she wove the strands with her nimble fingers into stout

cord: this she could do in the dark. Her material used, she depressed the trap, and pulling from the shaft a long cord, she tightly knotted to it the completed piece.

Every day this work was repeated; always she was careful in scattering the flax and being upon the stool when the jailer appeared. After a time, instead of walking round the trap, she lightly leaped across it, so bold had her familiarity with danger rendered her. The flax was diminished: she had to scatter it lightly to make it appear untouched. Its decrease she regarded with anxiety; for yet the end of her cord was dry. Two such cords knotted together with steps must be made before she could attempt to escape. And to escape was her intention. At last, one night, when she drew the long, long cord up, she found the end wet, and wetter still she made it with the joyful tears she shed upon it. When we are wretched, a little makes us very happy. After that she worked quicker than ever, for hope gave her energy.

Unhappily the Graf's patience was less than that of his wife's. When he put her in the cell, he calculated that the next morning she would be there no more. That very day he put a hat-band about his hat, and sent an obituary paragraph down to the local weekly. Now he wished to remove his hat-band, and sighed for another fête and a fifth wife: so great are the charms of novelty to some people. Every day he inquired after his wife, and he heard with sorrow that she still sat upon her stool. He was annoyed, feeling that this continued delay and disappointment would eventually impair the serenity of his temper. There never before had been such a destruction of delf and crockery in the Teufelswerk. He was perpetually hurling something at somebody. Injured vessels and injured vassals littered the place up. His ruffians became more unprepossessing than ever. Rage monopolized his bosom, and he began to fear it would become insensible to passion of a tenderer kind.

And now dark thoughts entered his soul — thoughts that at first distressed his sensitive disposition, but which recurred again and again with lessening horror to him. Despite his aversion to crime, he felt that if his wife sat upon her stool much longer, he must shove her down the fatal shaft and do for her. And she did sit upon her stool much longer. So one morning he scrupulously got out of bed on the wrong side; and thus prepared for any atrocity, he ordered the matutinal herring to be put back for five minutes, and once more presented himself before Brunhilda. To him, in his present state of mind, there was something satisfactory in finding her in the same aggravating position: it just wrought him to the pitch of fury necessary for the comfortable performance of a tragedy.

"Rise," said he.

His tone commanded obedience, and Brunhilda rose.

"Fetch your wheel."

Brunhilda did not move, but the Graf felt her tremble beneath his hand as he grasped her shoulder.

"Will you do my bidding?" he asked.

She neither moved nor spoke.

"Perish then!" he shouted, and with his whole force threw her from him.

Brunhilda shrieked as she fell.

"Thud!" reverberated the door.

Another shriek.

"Bang!" The door had closed over her, and now came only muffled screams, rapidly growing fainter. Brunhilda was conscious of nothing as she hurtled through space. Instinct led her to throw her arms wildly about for some means of preservation. Something touched her face. Instantly her hands were there. In her grasp she felt one cord of her unfinished ladder. Still downwards she swept, the cord running swiftly through her fingers and cutting through them to the bone. Yet heedless of everything but of checking her fall, more tightly she clutched, now with both hands, the slender cord. Partially she succeeded in her endeavor. Her weight now hung upon her wrists. A knot of the burning cord was beneath her hand. She could see nothing, comprehend nothing, but

that she was twirling round and round with increasing rapidity.

But for a minute she hung thus; then there was a sharp snap above her. The cord had broken, and again she whirled downwards. The descent was short, when she encountered a fresh experience. She was now descending through icy water. Water was roaring in her ears and gurgling in her throat. Frantically she flung her arms about, clutching vainly the intractable water, until presently the resistance to her arm ceased, and at the same moment she gasped the air. She had risen like a cork. Again she sank, and as the water rushed once more into her mouth she redoubled her exertions; straining her neck upwards, and throwing her arms around her, she felt a smooth small rocky projection. She curved her fingers, and broke her nails upon the hard slippery surface; but she saved her life. Her head again rose above the water, and now both hands clung to the irregular face of the cavern.

Every muscle was strained in the effort to sustain her body in its present position. How rapidly thoughts ran through her mind! How could she escape; how much longer could she cling to this rock; and a dozen other matters. Barely three minutes had elapsed since she had been hurled through the trap. At this moment Brunhilda heard a many-echoed voice roaring high above her. This was followed by a whistling as of a body cutting the air, and then a plunge in the water behind her. Could it be the Graf himself, a victim to himself? The concussion agitated the water and loosened Brunhilda's slight hold; at the same moment something touched her shoulder. Was it the destroyer seeking to save himself by the destroyed? At least she would not perish in his arms. But her hands, with which she sought to repel him, met a friend instead of foe. The Graf had hurled down her spinning-wheel, to finish, if necessary, the work of destruction.

By means of the wheel and the rock Brunhilda now supported herself, and shortly became sufficiently composed to think of something further than her immediate condition. She drew herself along the face of the cavern, and presently her touch revealed to her a ledge of sufficient width as a resting-place for her body. She dragged herself upon it, and rested until her strength returned. The ledge extended beyond her reach, and being almost level with the water, she was able to creep along it and yet retain her hold on the spinning-wheel. At each movement she explored with her hands the rock beneath and beside her: this alone guided her; no faintest gleam of light lessened the awfulness of her position, or assisted her in the least.

Something that was not rock presently met her touch. It was loose and soft. Her fingers recoiled. Even in such peril the feminine repugnance of her senses to things strange was paramount. It might be some rotting slimy creature of the water. She stretched her hand in another direction, and touched something like a loose round stone. But what was the thread-like weed beside it? She rent the fearful stillness with a yet more fearful scream; and sprang into the water, away from the loathsome spot. That was not stone and weed, but bone and hair.

The struggles and fatigues that followed she never realized thoroughly until, exhausted, she lay concealed amongst the vines on the Rhine bank. She wept and sobbed, muffling the sound beneath her dank sodden dress, lest it might lead to her discovery. It was evening, and within hearing the laborers were returning to their homes. Some were chatting and laughing—these cheered her; but those who trod along without speaking filled her heart with terror. Improbable as it was, she believed them to be servants of the Graf sent in her pursuit.

How thankful was she when the first star twinkled down upon her through the vine-leaves; how grateful when, looking up to the horrid castle from which she had escaped, she saw the pale flame flickering in the black smoke of the beacon! Now she was safe from discovery by the villagers. Upon her hands and knees she began crawling from her place of concealment. Her poor arms trembled under her, partly from cold, but still more from the agitation of

her weary heart. She essayed to walk; her legs doubled under her, and she fell with her face upon the brown earth.

Oldwife Grisel was no more. She had outlived the severity of the winter, as if simply to prove how very tough and durable her constitution could be when it chose; but when the sun shone warm and bright she melted quietly out of existence, like the snow. Before she went she told her son where he would find her money; so that Rudolph, when she was dead, found himself in the possession of wealth, and ample provision for the future in the undivided profits of the ferry. The propriety which naturally characterized the proceedings of two such delightful young people as Dorothe and Rudolph forbade them, to meet henceforth as had been their wont. In the evening following the burial of old Grisel, they had a happy hopeful conversation.

The next day Rudolph found a friend to look after the ferry, and having dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, he boldly walked to the house of his beloved, and asked to see the rich farmer Werner. He marched into the counting-house with a firm step, erect head, and a fine flush in his open face that made him look very handsome. I dare say Dorothe was watching from some coign of vantage, and thought as I do. Hurldebrand, sitting on a high chair in a corner, with a book on a stand before him, hardly noticed Rudolph. Werner, who was counting his money, gave a glance upwards and said,—

"Four, five, six—take a seat, if you please; seven, eight—I'll attend to you directly; nine, ten—that makes a hundred and ten score. Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

When a straightforward man knows what he wants to say, it takes him but little time to say it. So very shortly Rudolph told how he wanted to marry Dorothe, and share his fortune with her. This piece of intelligence even roused the haughty Hurldebrand from his abstraction.

Werner asked Rudolph how much his fortune was, and Rudolph, who had come quite prepared for such a proper request, pulled out his heavy bag of silver, and emptied its contents, big and little, old and new, bright and dull, upon the farmer's table. Hurldebrand asked Rudolph of what descent he was; and Rudolph told with some pride in his voice how his forefathers had been known to the oldest memory as honest ferry-men of the Rhine. Werner had begun to count a new pile of gold, and he said, when Rudolph had replied to Hurldebrand, "Eleven, twelve—put up your money, my good young man, and—thirteen, fourteen—get this foolish notion out of your—fifteen, sixteen—head as soon as—seventeen—possible. Such a marriage is—eighteen—preposterous; so farewell, and God speed you—nineteen, twenty."

Hurldebrand gave his nose a scornful elevation, and returned to his study.

And now Rudolph was sitting on his bed in the cottage, and the young moon was looking with pitiless coldness through the window into his mournful eyes, that glittered with an unwonted tear. Sad and dejected was he. What hope was there for him in this world, when money and honest lineage, and an irreproachable and perfect love, failed to establish a claim to the maiden who loved him? All he could say had been unavailing. He had been forbidden to see or speak more to Dorothe. Was there any one in this world so truly wretched as he?

There was a feeble knock at the door. He rose, curious to know who could be out at this prohibited time. He opened the door, and, as if in answer to the question a moment since in his heart, there tottered up to him a woman all wan and bloodless. He drew back aghast, and she followed him into the moonlight, where her white teeth and widely-opened eyes added to her ghostly appearance. She put her hand on his; her hand was damp and cold as death; and her sleeve as it touched him was heavy with moisture. When at first he saw a woman's figure in the doorway, he thought it was Dorothe's; now he was undeceived, yet the features seemed familiar to him. Who was she?

"You do not know me," she said. "How should you? I have lived long enough to grow old and ugly, but" —

"Brunhilda!"

"Hush! for God's sake, hush!"

"You were buried long since, I thought."

"I have risen from the grave and from the dead. I am almost mad. I cannot believe I live. Have I been murdered, and is this death? Oh, my God, give me a proof, a proof!"

Rudolph took both her hands in his and said, "Brunhilda, poor Brunhilda!"

"Oh, this is Rudolph — this his living voice — his kind voice! Oh, say again, Poor Brunhilda, poor Brunhilda, poor Brunhilda!" She sank upon the bed, in agony, weeping for herself. These first words of kindness did more than all the Graf's cruelty; they almost broke her heart. Rudolph bent over her, soothing and calming her with the softness and tenderness of a woman. He bade her take her saturated clothes off, and go to bed. Then he took a wooden bowl, and assured that all was safe, crept into the orchard, and rather astonished the browsing cow by untimely drawing a supply of milk from her. He bade Brunhilda tell him when he might enter, and then, with such innocent freedom as the perfectly pure only can enjoy, he sat beside the bed in which she lay, dressing the poor cut fingers, and feeding her with assiduous entreaty, as a mother would her sick child.

He sat there until the moon ceased to shine into the room. He had bidden her try to sleep, and she lay perfectly still that he might see how docile she was; and now she heard by his regular breathing that he slept. As she moved, her cheek touched his fingers as they lay upon her pillow; gently she raised herself and touched them with her quivering lips, with what feelings few hearts may ever feel, happily or unhappily. Then she too slept, and he, awaking, crept to his mother's room, laying himself upon the empty bed to dream — a medley dream, in which his own and Brunhilda's unhappiness were strangely combined, and Dorothe and the wicked Schwartzenschwein played changeful parts.

I have no doubt that the astute reader will know perfectly well, without reading farther, how this is all to end. Dorothe, with her big eyes, will cry awhile, and Rudolph will forget that attachment; whilst his pity for Brunhilda will change to a deeper feeling of love. Somehow or other Schwartzenschwein gets killed, and Rudolph offers his hand to Brunhilda, who, when they are married, will present him with all the late Graf's property, which is hers by law. Then they will make a bonfire of the old castle to celebrate their nuptials, and the ruins are there to this day. But if the reader does think so, and will read on to the bitter end, he will discover a convincing proof that the wisest and most intelligent of the race may, for once in his life, be mistaken.

Dorothe, it is true, had another and a new lover. For the term of mourning required by mediæval decency being expired, the Graf once more sought him a wife. Of all maidens none appeared so eligible for this purpose as Dorothe. Her own charms and her father's riches appealed at once to his heart and head; he was moved alike by Cupid and cupidity. When quarter-day arrived he called personally upon Werner, and whilst upon the subject of rents, he took occasion to mention the laceration caused in his bosom by the fair Dorothe. The farmer, instead of treating this as a mere joke, expressed the pleasure he should feel in becoming the father-in-law of so worthy a noble as Schwartzenschwein, and then showed him the bags of gold set aside for Dorothe's portion.¹ Hurldebrand likewise expressed his desire to be united by marriage with such a fine old (disreputable) line as the Graf's. True, father and son believed him to be a rascal; but then if we refused alliances simply on this ground, what on earth

would become of our "blood"? So he invited the Graf to stay to supper, and bade Dorothe adorn herself with ribbons.

Dorothe was obedient; but her bright ribbons were strangely in contrast with her sad face. That was cold, pale, and thin; but her considerate relatives consoled themselves that it made her eyes appear larger and brighter and more beautiful than ever. Schwartzenschwein was exceedingly pleased and none the less so because of Dorothe's silence. He said a woman with so little to say would make an obedient wife. This compliment was regarded by the punctilious Hurldebrand as nothing less than an expression of love; therefore, as he accompanied the Graf to the Teufelswerk path, he delicately inquired of him what his intentions were, to which Schwartzenschwein replied that he intended marriage with Dorothe, and that as early as convenient. Then Hurldebrand embraced the Graf, and they parted with mutual satisfaction.

The next day Werner asked his daughter when it would be convenient for her to marry the Graf von Schwartzenschwein. Dorothe angrily replied, "Never!"

"Then when can you make it convenient?" asked Hurldebrand.

And again Dorothe answered, "Never!" Father and brother at first laughed; afterwards they frowned. But Dorothe stirred not a muscle of her face. She who was unhesitatingly obedient in all else was as unhesitatingly disobedient in this. Nothing Werner or Hurldebrand said moved her in the least. She said she would marry no one if not Rudolph; and asked them if they wished her to be murdered, as the previous consorts of the Graf had been. Werner and Hurldebrand both agreed that such would be an enviable fate compared with a mésalliance with a ferryman. You see they were not going to live with the Graf.

A week passed, and Dorothe was unaltered in her decision. When the Graf came for his answer, the holy Hurldebrand told a lie, saying that Dorothe had a slight attack of the measles; and so the Graf was put off for a while. Meanwhile Hurldebrand arranged to go to Rudolph, and see if anything could be done with him towards furthering their object. If he would only put himself out of the way in any manner agreeable to himself, it might, by destroying Dorothe's hopes, alter her determination. To Rudolph's culpable behavior they attributed Dorothe's disposition to thwart the wishes of their hearts; and it seemed but just and reasonable that he in return should make a sacrifice — of himself, for instance.

With this view Hurldebrand one day made his way to the ferry-house; but his habit of prying in at people's windows saved him a world of trouble in this case. What he saw when he peeped through the little casement in Rudolph's cottage was quite sufficient; he returned home with joy in his heart. He told Dorothe that Rudolph was married; and when she boldly refused to believe him, he took her by the hand, and took her trembling by the well-loved path to the ferry. It was noon, and Rudolph was in his boat. Stealthily Hurldebrand led her over the soft green to the back window in the little cottage, and when he had first peeped himself, he bade Dorothe look. With her back towards them sat a graceful young woman, and she was braiding her long, shining hair. Dorothe saw this, and that the hair was fair, and that the neck beneath was white, and she said faintly to her brother, "Take me home, take me home!"

Never perhaps was a good man so elated with a sister's misery as Hurldebrand. He kissed her affectionately when he said "Good night," and chuckled with his father in a quite plebeian and secular way.

Then Dorothe cared not what became of her, and she wished not to live. She should die: let it be quickly. At least before she went she would please her good father. So she said to him, "Father, when the Graf will have me, I am his." After this Werner was as delighted as Hurldebrand, and the Graf as pleased as any one. There should be another fête, and the little chapel should be strewn with white and pink roses. Great preparations were made. Triumphant arches were set up; and the mayor, with the

¹ Werner's dissimilar treatment of the two suitors is a demonstration of the text, "Unto every one that hath shall be given." A curious parallel may be found in the custom of certain civic guilds in these barbarous times; they would with the utmost eagerness present a monarch with a license for hawking, and inclose it in a golden casket, and the next minute give two months' imprisonment to a poor hawker who couldn't afford to buy one.

assistance of a dictionary and the sexton, wrote an address, complimenting the Graf on obtaining four wives more than an ordinary man attains to. The extra grandeur of these preparations was made by the corporation, because latterly the goods and chattels of the wealthier Berghemites had suffered greatly by the inroads of an opposition Graf's marauders, to whose incursions they desired Schwartzenschwein to put a stop.

When Rudolph heard of the approaching marriage, he was heart-broken. Whilst Dorothe lived and loved him, life was sweet; but now she was false and loved him not, death were less bitter. Brunhilda saw his grief, and her good heart bled for him. She suggested that Dorothe was acting under compulsion and not from choice; and she bade him seek her and assure himself she was yet true. Not for one minute did Brunhilda entertain the unworthy thought that Dorothe's marriage with the Graf would give Rudolph to her (Brunhilda). She loved him too deeply, too well for that.

Rudolph shook his head sadly; and hopelessly he went to Werner's house and asked to see Dorothe. But Werner and Hurldebrand thrust him from the door, and said Dorothe had freely given herself to the Graf and scorned the ferryman. Finally they sneeringly bade him go back and be content with his leman. Never had Rudolph felt so bitterly enraged. Her that he called sister they had called by an opprobrious name; they had been spying into his affairs, and wilfully misjudged his humanity. Not one word of this did he tell Brunhilda; she suffered enough. But in his sleep he spoke wildly and loud through the night; whilst Brunhilda knelt by her bed, praying and weeping.

The Graf descended from the castle full an hour before the ceremony was to take place. The interim he employed in receiving the address and promising redress. The Berghemites should be avenged on the unprincipled marauders. He inspected the floral arrangements, and tasted the wine supplied by Werner for general use. Then he went into the chapel, and whilst drawing on his new gauntlets made casual inquiries of the sexton as to the whereabouts of the church plate. Knowledge is always useful. The Graf was not above robbing a church. The villagers lined either side of the road through the market-place, and looked eagerly for the appearance of Werner and the bridal party.

Presently there was a murmur, and the procession appeared. First came the whole police force of the two villages to clear the way; and as there were no obstacles in their path, they performed their duty to universal admiration. Then came Werner's vine-dressers in an unique livery, invented by Hurldebrand especially for this occasion, and very fine they looked; especially those who happened to fit their clothes. Hurldebrand had to have the costumes made in Köln, and as all were made precisely of one size, it was rather awkward for the little men; they had a difficulty in keeping the peaks of their heavy helmets above their nose. And it was also slightly uncomfortable for the big men; they were obliged to take mincing steps, like a girl, a certain fear attending their every movement. Then came Hurldebrand in the armor his grandfather had fought in against the Saracens, and he inspired terror in every heart; for some were awed by his terrific appearance, and others feared his weight would break his horse's back in the middle. So he staggered by. Then came Werner with everything upon him new, including a black patch on his nose. The barber who shaved him was so impressed with the necessity of being careful, that he could not keep his hand steady for nervousness, and the razor, slipping into the soft part of the farmer's nose, had caused an extensive and gaping wound: hence the plaster. Supporting herself upon his arm was the bride. They were followed by her friends, and the procession was closed by Werner's dairy-maids and female servants, who, like the men, had been attired by Hurldebrand in appropriate dress. They did not look so uncomfortable as the men, because it was easy enough to leave hooks undone here, and to stick pins in there; and besides

they were very well known to every one in the village, and a good deal of good-humored pleasantry and fun took place between them and their friends. Especially the little boys took pleasure in treading upon their long skirts, and in pinning tags and bobs to the hanging fallals of their head-dresses.

As if in a stupor the bride walked along. Her eyes were not cast down, but looked straight before her into vacuity. Her features were quite expressionless. It was as if her soul were already dead, and her body but the fair nest from which the sweet bird had flown.

She had reached the market-place, when from the crowd one stepped forward, and running to her side caught up her listless hand and said,—

"Dorothe, Dorothe!"

Our hearts require little of our tongues. In repeating that name, unhappy Rudolph expressed what hours of explanation could not have told. Bitter grief and faithful love, entreaty and despair, were in an instant told, and as quickly heard and believed. Now a flush came into Dorothe's face, her eyes fixed themselves upon Rudolph as if they would never leave him, and she flung her arms about his neck, knowing nothing but that he was still hers.

Werner was amazed and confounded. What could he do? Not knowing, he hastened after Hurldebrand, who, concerned with his own difficulties, was getting along as fast as he could with his part of the procession, and leaving the latter part of the cavalcade behind.

You may be sure the episode of the lovers' meeting attracted all attention. Whispers, murmurs, sympathetic sighs arose from those near, and were echoed by those beyond. The villagers closed round the young couple, and through this mob it was no easy matter to break. Hurldebrand's horse had been stopped, and when urged to proceed again, had quietly doubled his legs and rolled over on his rider; and Werner was disrespectfully handled by the independent villagers when he attempted to get before them. At this juncture the Graf's harsh voice was heard, and quickly an opening was made for him. He strode through with his hand upon his sword, and Werner followed at his heels like a hound. The mob closed in and pressed close upon them. Schwartzenschwein drew his sword, and quickly the villagers fell back, leaving an open space around the principal actors in the scene.

"Sunder them! sunder them!" shouted Werner.

The Graf put his hand upon Dorothe's shoulder, and said to Rudolph,—

"Ferryman, this woman is my wife."

"She is not thine, nor shall she be," said Rudolph, disengaging his sword arm from about Dorothe's waist.

"She and her father too have given their promise. Who will separate us? Who has the right to come between us?"

"I," said a voice beside.

Then Brunhilda, removing a veil that had concealed her face from those she stood amongst, looked boldly in the eyes of the wicked Graf, and turned around that all people might see her. Then she said loudly, that they might every one hear her, "I am Brunhilda, the wife of Graf von Schwartzenschwein, and I forbid this marriage."

The Graf appeared unable to believe his senses. His face became ashen, and the peonies that erst blossomed in his cheeks were distilled, and the drops of moisture stood upon his face. A hostile murmur amongst the villagers aroused him to the necessity of immediate and decisive action. He drew a whistle from his breast and blew a shrill note. Half a dozen quasi-villagers threw off their cloaks and appeared in their true characters—Schwartzenschwein's body-guard, armed to the teeth. The Graf and his men faced the crowd and drew their swords.

"Now," said the Graf, "let us arbitrate. Resistance is useless. Surrender to me Dorothe; she shall be mine. As for thee, woman" (facing Brunhilda), "thou art an unprincipled impostor, and must suffer the punishment of imposition. Guards, seize her!"

"Hold!" cried Rudolph. "Thou art known. Suspecting who the real marauders were, we have watched, and

found in thee and thy scoundrels the destroyers of our property. We are prepared!" He clapped his hands, and a score of sturdy villagers, turning up their sleeves, displayed at once their badge of special constable, and the lethal weapon wielded by the force. Rudolph himself drew his sword, and placing himself between Dorothe and Brunhilda and the Graf, he shouted, —

"Bergheim, secure the rascals, and for yourself freedom from the cursed yoke of Schwartzenschwein." Unused to armed opposition, the Graf's men no sooner saw the formidable array of their adversaries than they threw themselves upon their knees and begged for mercy. Not so the Graf. Whirling his sword about his head he sprang towards Rudolph, and brought his weapon down with the utmost velocity. It is needless to say Rudolph excused himself from being cleft to the chine by a very dexterous parry. And then began a fearful fight. Every stroke seemed to carry certain destruction with it, yet failed in effect. Not once did either seek the customary interval for refreshment. Blood flowed on both sides, and blood flew between. Men feared to interpose. Women were too interested to faint. All prayed for the success of Rudolph. Even Werner said, "Conquer, Rudolph, and thy guerdon shall be Dorothe;" and Hurldebrand said, "Thy prowess (if thou winnest) will prove thy nobility, and thy worth even for my sister."

What other encouragement needed Rudolph? Yet a greater incentive had he in the spectacle of these two poor women, who loved him so dearly, clinging to each other, in terror for his, rather than of their own fate. He was not fighting for himself alone, but also for them; and this it was that made him superior to his foe. At last Rudolph made a desperate lunge and his sword was through the Graf's body. The Graf's parry came too late. Yet the stroke cut Rudolph's sword off by the hilt. The Graf, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead. With agony and hate transforming his face to that of a fiend, he nerved himself for the thrust which should be his last. Rudolph saw it. He cast one tender look of despair, immortal love, and adieu at Dorothe, and dropped his arms beside him to receive his death. And now Schwartzenschwein's sword in its turn was sheathed in quivering flesh, and the Graf and his victim fell together. Yet Rudolph was unscathed!

Brunhilda had seen his despair and thrown herself upon the threatening steel, and now, but a foot removed from the Graf's corpse, she lay bleeding on the stones. Rudolph flung himself beside her, and by him sank Dorothe.

Brunhilda saw no one but him for whom she died. She could not speak, but her expanded eyes were full of unutterable love and entreaty, as Rudolph looked down into them. And she pursed her lips, like an erring child wishing a kiss before sinking to sleep. He bent his head, and for the first time their lips met, and the sound of a kiss broke the awful silence. Then she closed her eyes with the saddest, sweetest smile, and a little shuddering sigh told how all grief left her heart, and that at last the weary child slumbered.

MY ACTIVE SUBALTERN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

II.

I MENTION these little matters to show that Fulhard's qualities were in no danger of being overlooked, and that everybody in those days desired to think favorably of him. He seemed to accept any approbation that came to him, as a natural right; but when his sayings or doings were not regarded approvingly, that gave him small concern. He was entirely satisfied with himself, and if others had not the discernment to recognize his merits, it was their misfortune. What he thought of such benighted people was often shown in his manner, and the sneering tone in which he combated or criticised their remarks.

Poor Evans was constantly provoking and incurring his

hard word. You see, without my telling you, how this would happen. Evans's occupation was gone. His little knowing discoveries, scratched out with so much underground labor, were not only surpassed — they were made insignificant by Fulhard's twenty times more active and bold researches, and ridiculous by the ensign's depreciatory remarks on them. I think that Evans, excessively jealous at finding himself outdone in his own line, probably gave some provocation; but whoever was to blame, there was some sparring which it was painful to listen to. After it began, Evans's horses, his curiosities, his brown and black acquaintances, his information, were pointedly surpassed, each in its own kind, by Fulhard's.

Poor Evans seemed broken-hearted, and talked of leaving the regiment, which many of us implored him not to do, but to have patience. He required some, for Fulhard, having begun the war, did not confine himself to rivalry in what may be called Evans's private department, but became very critical about the mess, of which, as I have said, Evans was treasurer, and indeed pretty nearly sole manager. This "nagging," though it may have been adopted out of ill-will to the treasurer, was nevertheless, I suspect, due to another motive also. Fulhard was known to be again short of money; his father had positively refused to increase his allowance; and he had laid his friends and admirers under contributions, which he was in no hurry to restore. He was very urgent with all those who would allow him to advise them, that they should deal at particular stores and should purchase certain things which he strongly recommended, whether they required them or not.

All this looked bad, and the fault-finding with the mess may have been of a piece with the rest; for Evans had positively refused to open accounts for the mess with Fulhard's friends, or to relax in any way the rules, which were very stringent, especially as to early payments of officers' accounts. The latter was loud in his expositions of the advantages which would accrue — we were to live fifty per cent. cheaper at the least — if there were a civilian mess-man and "no monopoly," as the opposition were taught to call it. Many were ungenerous enough to see in this plan only a means of procuring credit longer than the regulations allowed, and of commencing dealings with certain tradesmen whom the most of us did not desire to employ. But the agitation, kept up with the *vis* which Fulhard knew how to apply, was really effective among the juniors; we were rapidly becoming two parties; and the consequences to the regiment promised to be serious. The seniors supported Evans and the old *régime*; but the pressure was getting very strong — an old stager going home and a young one coming out might turn the scale.

In the mean time my ensign was fool enough to get into a mess from which all his effrontery couldn't save him. There was a pickle called Morley in the regiment — a queer fellow, but rather a cub. The colonel thought he might make something of him; and with a view of doing so, noticed all his escapades, although not severely. Morley, however, was greatly frightened — thought the colonel wanted to be down on him, and was as anxious if he made a mistake as if he had been conscious of irregularity. While under the belief that the colonel would make a handle of his first stumble to get rid of him, he had to attend the general's half-yearly inspection; and he remembered just before the appointed day that his shako had been destroyed in some foolish skylark.

So far as I remember, there was nothing in the case which, if the story were fairly told, could have been treated as very heinous. He had lost his shako by an accident, and hadn't had time to get out another — that was all. But Morley had visions of being pointed out to the general as unprovided with a proper head-dress, and at the same time spoken of as a youth whom it was not desirable to retain in the service. He couldn't borrow a shako, because the whole regiment was to turn out, and every officer would be required to wear his own. One shako only would be off duty — Anstruther's, who was confined to his bed; but Morley had offended Anstruther by some piece of impertinence, and did not dare to ask for the loan.

On his mentioning his difficulty to Fulhard, of whom he was a sort of *protégé*, the latter, who did not like Anstruther, most unjustly agreed with Morley that it would be of no use to ask the loan of the shako. "But never mind that, my boy," added my sub; "I'll get you the shako in spite of him—see if I don't." And he really brought it to Morley, telling him with a complacent smile that he had gone to Anstruther's room while the latter lay awake on his bed, crawled under the bed to the inner corner of the chamber, got possession of the shako, and returned without being seen or heard. Morley wore it on parade, but afterwards resisted Fulhard's proposal to take it back again surreptitiously, either fearing that it had already been missed, or else having sufficient sense of propriety to be open with Anstruther, now that his difficulty had been got over. Lucky for him that he took that course, for the shako *had* been missed, and it would have been impossible to avoid detection; so confession was the wisest as well as the properest course. Morley went into Anstruther's room with the shako in his hand, and made a very humble apology for having taken the liberty of using it.

"Before I make any answer to your excuses," answered Anstruther, "you will be so kind as to tell me by what means you got possession of the shako; did you make use of my servant?"

"No, upon my honor."

"Perhaps you will explain."

In Anstruther's hands, and with a lame case, Morley was not long in betraying enough to let it be guessed how things stood; indeed, he need not have had any scruple about revealing the whole business, if he had remembered that Fulhard had boasted of his exploit.

"Very well, sir," answered Anstruther, "I accept your apology, and request you to understand that by simply having asked the loan of me you might have prevented the having to excuse yourself at all. The matter is at an end between you and me; not so between me and the person who may have taken the liberty of removing the shako from my room."

Anstruther immediately requested a friend to bring Fulhard to account; but the story being now pretty well known, and Anstruther's probable course accurately guessed, it was determined among us seniors that our sick comrade should not be troubled about the escapade. Three of us had an interview with Fulhard, and told him that unless he should write a full and sufficient apology to Anstruther we would take up the matter as a military misdemeanor, and bring it officially before the colonel.

He tried to make light of it, and he tried to bluster, saying that it was but a private misunderstanding at the worst. This, however, did not answer; he dared not let the case go into the orderly-room; and finally he penned the required note, which anticipated Anstruther's message to him, and which, being accepted, put an end to the difficulty. Fulhard's reputation was, however, a good deal shaken by his being so plainly shown to have been in the wrong. His pecuniary shortcomings, moreover, were damaging to him a good deal, and an expedient to which he now resorted to raise the wind still further lowered him in public estimation.

There was a young merchant of some means but not very much discretion, with whom many of our officers were pretty intimate. His name was Henriquez. This youth expressed some doubt about anybody being able to do a walking feat against time, of which Fulhard had spoken; whereupon the latter offered to do something very much harder—that is, he was to do the same distance in the same time, and he was to carry a knapsack with a soldier's full kit in it.

It was no more than he had done at home, but of course things were different in this climate. Henriquez made the bet rather against his will, and won it rather against his expectation, after the readiness to undertake it displayed by Fulhard. The ensign had considerable difficulty in raising the three doubloons which he lost, and he never recovered from the failure. It was not like him, however, to accept anything like defeat, and he was very hard

run for money. So he announced with much confidence that this little trial had been of the greatest service to him; that he knew now exactly what he could accomplish, and that Henriquez was quite welcome to the three doubloons, for he meant to have them back again with usurious interest shortly.

He now proclaimed that he would do a much longer walk at the same rate as before, but carrying an empty knapsack instead of a full one. This he said he would forfeit his life if he didn't do. He quite pestered Henriquez to make a bet of £200 currency (£120 sterling) with him on this achievement; but Henriquez declined. Fulhard nevertheless said that he would get the bet taken, would win it, and then pick up a great deal more. He would soon be in funds, and be not only just but generous. He intended to give a lift to a poor youngster who hung about the barracks, and attached himself a good deal to the brilliant ensign—an unfortunate orphan lad such as one often sees in the colonies, without means to go home for education, and therefore only slenderly taught—idle three fourths of his time, and the other fourth temporarily employed in offices vacant by death or absence on leave. This poor fellow was to be set on his legs, and I know not what other benevolences were to be carried into act as soon as my sanguine subaltern should realize the means which he already saw with the eye of faith. He did succeed at last in getting the bet from Henriquez, and he got half the island together to see him win it.

The concourse was like that which comes to an election or some great public event. Opinion was greatly divided about Fulhard, and the betting was more spirited than on anything of the kind that I remember at the station. The event came off one fine evening on the race-course. I recollect seeing a figure in a blue flannel blouse, a Panama hat, and carrying a knapsack, stretching along over the stunted grass and weeds which make the verdure, or rather the brown expanse of that ill-kept plain. The niggers all backed "Massa Fuller," and offered their dollars, half-dollars, and macaronis like madmen, cheering the walker, and wrangling, swearing, and rioting, surging on to the course in the *mêlée*, and being swept off it by charges of the stewards, or the gentle pressure of their horses' haunches and heels. The soldiers, too, were most anxious that the officer should win. They called to him to adjust his pack, or to throw his own weight forward or backward, according to the variations of the ground, they being, you know, all well practised in getting along on their legs and carrying weight. "The pack a little higher, your honor." "Keep your honor's chest forward now." And our Hibernians, of whom we had a considerable sprinkling, were of course not silent on the occasion. "Tighten the straps a hole, sor." "Lane well back in the ascint." "The darlin' 'ud do better without thim d—d brogues; sure I bate the mail-coach barefut, but I can do nothin' in the lither."

He went round once or twice in splendid style. I forget what the undertaking actually was, but I know we said that if he could keep up the pace his success was certain. On he bore, and on; the betting on him began to be very animated; the nigger excitement was tremendous. Then we saw him suddenly leave the course and lie down.

"By Jove, it's all over! he's done!" shouted some, while others entreated people to have patience for a few minutes. He was at the point farthest from the crowd, so that they couldn't rush up to him at a bound. He assured those on horseback, and the small audience that happened to be near, that he had stopped only to adjust one of his shoes, and that nothing at all was the matter. Before the crowd had crossed the course he was up and off again, tremendously cheered. There was a manifest falling off, though, from this time. The walking was not so good; there was no time to spare; and there still remained a stiff portion to do. The niggers were for a short time rather subdued; then the minority who had bet against the walker began to take heart and to speak with their tongues.

"Me 'tand to win five dallar; hah, boy, me see berry well him didn't able for do it!" "My king! I wonder if you is able for pay me, sar; me shan't let you off nut-

tin'" (this speech would lead to a row for certain). "Hei, look-a-dere; what me tell you, sar; him 'zausted already — you see, you see? Buckra no able for walk good."

In a little while it was apparent that Fulhard was beaten; he went on pluckily till the time was up; but he could not accomplish the distance. He was driven to barracks a good deal exhausted; most of us went to dinner disappointed; the soldiers were greatly out of heart and did not jollify — indeed, the gallant spirits "weighed off" next morning in the orderly-room were rather fewer than usual. The nigger jabbering and wrangling was without parallel — the mob didn't quite clear off the course for twenty-four hours. There was a man killed, and several were injured.

This was a serious business for Fulhard. He had to beg time of Henriquez. His prestige declined notably. Officers and civilians began to look upon his debts as doubtful ones, to say the best of them. Yet in these unfavorable circumstances he had the effrontery to bring on the question of the mess-reforms, as he called them, and the mortification of being beaten by a large majority.

You will hardly guess what his next move was. It was such as none but a very extraordinary person would have made. He determined, as the mess could not be managed as he recommended, to partially withdraw from it, using the only means which could enable him to withdraw without leaving the service altogether. He announced that he meant to get married, and he did not conceal that he contemplated this step with a view of punishing the mess which was not worthy of him. The fearful retribution hanging over us did not cause any one to waver. The mess seemed disposed to stand the hazard of the die. And so my active subaltern went on with his wooing, and got married. Many of us — I for one — danced at his wedding. The bride, a quiet and very nice girl, was daughter of a Government official. Fulhard's new relations helped him a little with money, and he went into the mountains for his honeymoon, while we speculated on what sort of a married man he would make, and felt glad that his choice had fallen upon so estimable a person. His choice was, however, not destined to affect the regiment much.

On the bridegroom's reappearance, the colonel, who had for some time been regarding the youth's proceedings (especially those relating to money) with disapprobation, sent for him and asked him whether he didn't think that his marriage might afford a good reason for changing his regiment. Fulhard said he had no thought of exchanging, and that he could not understand the meaning of the question. He, however, came afterwards to perceive that the divisions in the mess, which were attributed to his restlessness, must be put an end to at any cost; also that his disposition to run in debt was viewed with considerable apprehension; that it was likely, if he should remain, that his retirement might not be optional, whereas now he might move to another station and commence afresh. He not only took this hint, but he adopted it as if it had been his own idea, and argued with his usual vehemence to show its wisdom and consummate cleverness.

Negotiations were immediately set on foot, and while they were pending, Ensign Fulhard proceeded home on leave of absence to introduce his wife in his father's house. After he was gone, the regiment was soon reunited; they forgot, or at any rate ceased to resent, the dissensions which he had originated and fomented, and they spoke of him as one who had brought them a little notoriety, and whose exploits were worthy of commemoration. I have no doubt that, though there cannot be now a man in the old corps who remembers Fulhard's service in it, they preserve the legends of his exploits, expanded perhaps to mythic proportions.

Thus terminated my first acquaintance with my active subaltern, whom I was destined to see again at different stages of his career. Although I had early relinquished the hope of being able to guide or restrain him, I was always on friendly terms with him; and I fancy he recognized my kind intentions if he pitied the humdrum caution which would have controlled the flights of a spirit like his.

I can see his ensign's face now before me as I write,

with its look of entire belief in himself and all his schemes, and his sneer for every person and thing that did not help his argument. I remember his very hands, the fingers of which were broad and flat at the ends, so as to give them the appearance of Naples biscuits. His features bandaged up for a day or two after encounters, which were frequent in his night adventures, come up before me fresh as life. I don't think that he was really pugnacious; but the stimulants which he took, and which everybody agreed that his great activity in a warm climate rendered necessary, made him rather savage at times.

It was several years after his marriage before I saw Fulhard again. The changes of the service had taken me to Gibraltar, where I was holding a staff appointment. A troop-ship having put into the bay, it was my duty to board her. As she was only to remain a few hours, all the officers had landed before I reached her — all the cabin passengers, I might say, except one group, a lady and three or four children, whom I found on deck. Some indistinct recollection of the lady's face crossed me as I approached her; but military men see so many faces that I thought nothing of the resemblance or whatever it was, and was passing her by with a distant salute when a timid voice pronounced my name, and asked if I could remember Mrs. Fulhard years ago in Jamaica. I know not why it was or is, but I warm to those old West Indian associations more readily than to any other; and as I turned to take the lady's proffered hand, a vista of pleasant, almost romantic scenes, reappeared and rapt me away.

Half an hour was soon gone in asking and answering questions. Mrs. Fulhard, though representing herself as in good health and happy in her husband and her children, gave me rather the idea of a broken spirit. She had never seen Gibraltar, yet, while everybody else had landed to stroll over the famous rock, there sat she, listless and solitary. Her good looks had faded, her apparel was shabby, as was that of her children. I doubt whether she had a nurse with her. Poor wife! she had evidently been tasting some of the bitters of matrimony, and of the service.

It was clear that money was not more plentiful with my *quondam* subaltern (he was a captain now) than it had been in old days, yet he had contrived to hold on, and now in Ceylon, whither they were bound, the good colonial allowance might enable them to keep their heads above the tide. Fulhard had gone on shore; when I inquired about him, his wife said that he was well, and as active as ever, but she hinted that he was not appreciated, and she wondered how any man could so devote himself to the service and continue such notable exertions without receiving the slightest encouragement. All sorts of insignificant young men, she said, were daily getting nice appointments; while Captain Fulhard, to whom, as I knew, very few of them were fit to play second, was left to regimental drudgery. "I wouldn't go on toiling and fretting for them," said Mrs. Fulhard, showing just a little heat. "Let some of those who get the good things do the difficult work, if they can."

I asked if I could be of use to her in any way, and was happy in being able to effect some little cabin arrangements which would materially increase her comfort. I also got her permission to send her off some fruit for the little ones; and when it went on board, the fruit had with it several packages such as I knew to be indispensable for small people at sea, and such as I sadly suspected Mrs. Fulhard was not provided with. She lingered over our adieux with the cleaving of a soul little accustomed to sympathy or consideration. I don't think I am given to sentiment, but I pitied that young woman, and could think of nothing but her as I was pulled back to shore.

Not many yards from the landing-place I espied a party of officers going along at speed, although the weather was warm. The pace and the whole procedure of the group reminded me instantly of Fulhard's surroundings in old days. Presently I made him out: he was looking a good deal worn for his age; his shoulders rounder than of yore; the want of symmetry in his legs rather more remarkable. He used never to be very careful of his dress, and he had not become more of a beau since I last saw him. He did

not recognize me till I spoke, but then he seemed very glad to see me; and he accompanied me home to lunch (I had a house of my own and did not live at a mess), instead of going with the others to one of the messes which had given them an invitation.

Five minutes' conversation showed me that the sanguine disposition of my acquaintance had not been in the least moderated by time. He was as full of plans, as certain of success, as ever. The drill and the promotion of the service he meant to alter before long, his schemes being nearly ready.

The defences of the mother country and of the colonies he proposed wholly to revise. Ceylon especially he was prepared to protect upon an entirely new principle; and he was going to do more than that—he was quite sure that there were certain resources of the island which had never yet been developed. These he meant forthwith to examine, to bring to light, and to turn to assured profit; would I like shares in any of the companies to be formed? he thought he could secure me a few. As to walking, conjuring, and feats of strength and agility, he was in better condition and more able than he had ever been: indeed, he had thrashed a porter six feet high at Gosport the night before embarking.

Belief in himself had strengthened with time and failure. There was not a symptom of bruised spirit or mortified vanity. Neglect of his talents was still a misfortune to those who were dull enough not to appreciate him, rather than to himself; he still saw a glorious future that must come. If he complained of the world's coldness, it was not for his fame's but his pocket's sake. An earnest of public favor in the shape of improved income would certainly have been convenient; and he spoke of the comfortable appointments of certain of our acquaintance not with the least envy or deprecation of the holders, but as illustrative of the scant justice done to himself. He preferred brandy-and-water to wine with his meal; and I was rather shocked to see the strength at which he brewed it, and the disagreeable effect which the draught had on his manner and conversation, which was exactly conformable to, only greater in degree than, that which used to occur after a West Indian dinner. He began to carp at certain regulations of the garrison which he knew that it was my duty to see carried out, and did not become pleasanter company towards the termination of his visit.

However, he had the grace to thank me for my hospitality, and to say he had been delighted to meet me again. Finally, he offered me the cards of two or three tradesmen at his last station, and recommended these people strongly, saying that I should find them to be possessed of every virtue if ever I should go to that town, or if I was inclined to send home to them for any of their wares: then I knew that the name of Captain Fulhard was conspicuously posted in the books of these men, and that the honor of posting it was the only recompense which the men were likely to receive for sundry goods delivered from their stores.

I mention this his flying visit to Gibraltar, because it was the only link in my personal knowledge of Fulhard to unite the early days with days that were to come. Three or four years passed away. I occasionally heard of Fulhard, but had no communication with him. My promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel came, and I found myself in Barbadoes, holding a staff appointment. The command at that time included a great number of West India islands, and in one of these I found that Captain Fulhard, at last by some fortunate means employed on the staff, held a subordinate place in my own department.

Having heard of my arrival, Fulhard wrote to me, begging that I would use my influence to procure his transfer to headquarters, and making promises of wonderful assistance to be given in the performance of the departmental duties if he should be successful in his application. Now I ought to have known, if any man could know, that Fulhard's assistance might not prove to be the most efficient assistance in the world; that a post where he would be immediately under the eyes of the general and staff might not be the most convenient for him; and that, as it was

my chance to have him in my branch, I should certainly have a better hope of keeping him under restraint in a distant island than when in daily personal communication with myself.

I did know all this, and thought of it; and yet some weak idea that I ought to bring forward, if I could, a man who had commenced his career under my command, a fancy that his wife would enjoy a little more consideration at headquarters than at an outpost, and the knowledge that there was at the time a good deal of harassing work in progress, in the details of which Fulhard, if so minded could give me valuable aid,—made me determine to help him to the attainment of his desire.

Some changes soon occurred giving opportunity for his removal, and I was successful in my recommendation of him for employment in Barbadoes. Instead of coming in the mail-steamer, he turned up unexpectedly out of an obscure schooner. He was not accompanied by his wife and family, and I suspected, and still suspect, that he found it convenient to take his departure without sound of trumpet. He confided to me that his wife's health had not allowed her to start when he did, but that she would follow him as early as possible, and that it would be a convenience if a free passage could be obtained for the family and baggage. This I was able to procure, as a personal favor, from a captain of a troop-ship which was making reliefs within the command. I also accommodated Fulhard with a small loan of money, as he had come away with empty pockets, and had left some of his household stuff in pledge. At first he seemed a little subdued—the first time I ever saw him so; but no sooner were his immediate difficulties removed than all the old restlessness reappeared.

He was, now that he approached middle age and had made some acquaintance with the disappointments of life, as sanguine and confident as in the days of his early youth. The only belief which seemed to be more impressed upon him than of old was that of the necessity of money to begin with, in order that his great designs might be matured and carried out. He had still his military reforms without number; but as these did not promise to bring quick returns of money, he had put them into the second place for plans which were larger, and which promised to be lucrative. His walks, his tricks, and his scimmages were performances of which he was still on occasion capable, but which were kept in the background while grander designs were being developed.

There was, however, one little transaction quite in the old style. He went about at first exclaiming against the prices and the quality of all the necessaries of life in the stores at Bridgetown, and offered to establish a supply, on terms far more favorable to the consumer, from the island whence he had just turned up. As of old, he managed by his assurance and persistence to persuade a great many people to give orders for salt meats, cheeses, malt liquors, preserved fruits and vegetables, European biscuits, dried fish, and I know not what besides. The first instalment was to come down in the ship with Mrs. Fulhard; it was no doubt ordered of some long-suffering dealer who had had the privilege of sustaining the Fulhard family for many months past. It came to hand, and was of course a disappointment. Before, however, this minor speculation reached its disastrous end, its author was up to the neck in much more serious schemes, some of which had an influence on his fortunes.

The population of the island was at that time much divided concerning works for internal improvement. Roads, bridges, harbors, it was thought, were necessary in order fairly to encourage trade and production. Perhaps to a certain extent this was conceded on both sides; but, inasmuch as whatever might be done must be done with borrowed money, the persons responsible—that is, the local Government—had need to be cautious as to the selection of works, and the means of effecting them. The party of progress, as they called themselves, were, however, most impatient of any delay; and without being themselves able to say what should be done, or how it could be done, or where the money was to come from, stigmatized unpar-

ingly the unhappy persons who dared to hesitate about doing something astonishing.

Perhaps my reader has some acquaintance with the manner of treating contested political questions in a small colony; if he has not, I can give him but a poor idea of the excitement that is generated, the language that is used, the imputations that are bandied about — the gems of composition that high-minded Juniuses, Misphehs, Patriots, Colonists, and Virtuses, pour out in the local prints — the rows and fights that occur, the fearful denunciations in the local parliament. But while dispute runs so high, no impartial person can by possibility gather from the flowery, the grandiloquent, or the depreciatory language publicly used, any insight into the questions at issue. All that can be learned is, that parties have taken up certain matters very hotly, and are resolved to be satisfied with nothing short of the gratification of their desires, whether these be vague or specific, reasonable or unreasonable, practicable or impracticable.

I need hardly say that a small and not very wise community, divided as I have described, offered a fine field for the exercise of Captain Fulhard's talents. He had come primed and loaded, as it were, for such a contest. He had schemes on paper to suit any possible colonial want. Volumes of his portfolios were filled with circulars of contractors, price lists, inventions, drawings, and what he called estimates, the latter being exceedingly unreliable documents of imposing appearance, the forms of which he had picked up from engineers and others with whom he had been acquainted in different parts of the world. Here then was the very man for the progressive party — a man who could show all their demands in something like a business form, and who had a smattering of technical terms and technical knowledge sufficient to impose on the unscientific colonist, and whose energy, physical and argumentative, in enforcing his views, was next to irresistible.

Before he had been with us a week it was evident that the party of action had received some great accession of strength. Their complaints and proposals were of a sudden less vague; the proceedings of the Government officials were mercilessly picked to pieces; the simplicity of effecting certain designs was made apparent. There was still some obscurity about means and costs; but a bold assumption that all must be seen to be right in those respects, quite satisfied the readers who had had so many other things made clear to them. By and by the pioneers of improvement hinted that they were not only prepared with unexceptionable designs, but that they knew where to put their hands upon the man who would carry them out. Their representatives in the assembly became very bumptious, and threatened to take the initiative out of the hands of the Government if they did not stir themselves.

The energy with which Fulhard set about the departmental duties to which I alluded, and his talent for getting work out of the lazy black race, being soon notorious, very much assisted his pretensions as to the civil works, and were but slightly counteracted by two defects which could not fail to be observed as he went about among his admirers. One of these was the emptiness of his pockets; the other, his readiness to "liquor" at all times and with all persons, and the deteriorating effects on his behavior of this frequent refreshment. Some of the more acute of the opposition party had observed the latter infirmity, and were a little sarcastic concerning it; as, for instance, when one shrewd old malcontent in the assembly, on one of his *confères* quoting "the opinion of a certain talented individual now in the colony," asked whether the opinion was given before one o'clock or after, and made honorable members very merry thereby.

You may suppose, though, that this popularity with the impetuous party was highly disagreeable to the Government. The governor spoke on the subject to the general, and the latter desired me to acquaint my subordinate with his displeasure at the course he was pursuing, and his desire that no officer should intermeddle in these local politics or public works, unless he should be by permission appointed to carry out some measure of which the Legisla-

ture had already approved. Unfortunately it was after one o'clock, when, in pursuance of my orders, I spoke to Fulhard on the subject. He said that it was not a military matter at all, that he had a citizen's right to take what view he chose of a public question, and that he would take care not to bring himself within the danger of the Articles of War.

It was in vain that I represented to him that I was simply obeying an order in cautioning him, and that I had no right to discuss, and did not choose to discuss, the power of the general officer to act as he was doing. Fulhard would not cease to argue and remark offensively on what had been said, and at last I had to request that he would leave my office, which he did in high dudgeon. The next day, again after one o'clock, he brought a bag containing the few pounds which he owed me, saying that he was much obliged for the accommodation, but did not require it longer. This, I knew, meant a declaration of war.

Of all the courses which Fulhard could have followed, quarrelling with me was perhaps the most imprudent. I was his old acquaintance, and more likely to view his doings leniently than anybody else, and I was the head of his own department. I would not let it be a quarrel, but I could not bring our relations back to what they had been before. At times Fulhard would soften and be tractable, but it seemed as if every dose of the abominable brandy infuriated him and renewed his fancied grievances. As my remonstrance produced no effect, the general himself sent for Fulhard, pointed out to him the impropriety as well as the folly of the course he was pursuing, and told him that if he nourished hopes of obtaining civil employment in the colony in addition to his military appointment, he would find that he had been deceiving himself.

It is not speaking too positively if I say that Fulhard was the cause of my giving up my berth and going home. I did not care much for the office, it is true, and possibly it required but little to make me relinquish it; yet that little cause came from Fulhard.

He was now very disagreeable in his manner of conducting his duties; did not carry out my orders in spirit, although he pretended to be scrupulously attentive to the letter of them; and represented the conduct of my department to be anything but what it ought to be to all the world, military and civil. I apprehended that this might end in a serious official disturbance, for Fulhard was vindictive and unscrupulous; and that, even if that were avoided, my assistant's habits and intrigues must lead to trouble for him, and I had an almost morbid repugnance to witnessing the advent of retribution to a person whom I had been instrumental in bringing to the station where he found his temptation.

Fulhard's life at this time was most discreditable. His wife, a poor, heart-broken, neglected invalid, who scarce ever appeared in society, had to bear cruelty, indignity, and want. His children, I found, were uneducated, save in the merest rudiments, and had been suffered to grow up like wild things among the soldiers' children of the barracks. He had always had a leaning towards low associates, and now he consorted wholly with people whom most of us desired to know nothing about. The manner in which he was spoken of by men in and out of the service, whose opinion was to be respected, was most distressing. I thought over the situation anxiously, painfully, and patiently, and then, as the plot thickened, made arrangements for going on leave, with the intention of not returning to my post in the island.

When I announced my coming departure Fulhard was taken by surprise, and being at the time in one of his better moods, expressed much concern, which, I believe, was genuine. In less than an hour, though, he had taken a business view of the situation, and came to ask that I would exert myself to secure the temporary charge of the department to him during my absence. I was obliged to tell him that the general had already made other arrangements, and this was at once a fresh grievance for which he seemed to hold me responsible, and any cordiality which might have returned to his manner speedily disappeared

again. Nevertheless I watched for and found an opportunity of speaking seriously before we parted.

I tried to make him see the injustice that he was doing himself, and pointed out how, as it appeared to me, his unquestionable powers and talents might yet be turned to valuable account; and I implored him, whatever he might do, or whatever he might think of the wisdom or exact legal correctness of the military authorities, not to come into conflict with them, as they would inevitably prove to be too strong for him in the end. He took this advice as it was meant, and thanked me for it; but the satisfied tone in which he gave me the assurance, "I'll take care, never fear," while the old gleam of self-complacency shone in his eye, showed me that I had spoken to no purpose. We parted upon the deck of the vessel, Fulhard having come off to see me embarked. Our first and our last interview occurred on board ship.

What I have further to tell of Fulhard's career in Barbadoes, was made known to me by the letters of my friends. He to a great extent falsified my apprehensions, and he made me for a time doubt whether I had not, after all, only partially discerned his character. By one of those queer changes which take place among the peoples of colonies, it suddenly came about that the prosecution of one of the public works, about which there had been so much agitation, was decided on by the Government, and so strong was the pressure for using the talents of the infallible Captain Fulhard in the direction of it, that the governor, notwithstanding the wishes which he had expressed before, now personally requested the general to allow Fulhard to take a colonial post in connection with the work, in addition to his military duty, and the general granted the request, spite of the caution which he had given to Fulhard.

When I heard of these things, I only hoped that an improved income, increased responsibility, and the unexpected opening of a career at last, might favorably affect my remarkable acquaintance, and even now bring him out in a new and honorable character. For a time everything went more prosperously than the most sanguine had dared to hope. The energy with which the early part of the work was performed delighted everybody. The art of making niggers industrious seemed to have been discovered. The popularity of Captain Fulhard was excessive, and the recognition of his services by the colonial Legislature was neither lukewarm nor infrequent.

The party which had formerly counselled cautious procedure were completely overcrowded, and cruelly reproached as dolts and blocks, whose deposition was the first step towards the prosperity of the colony. These had to bear the exultation of their opponents as they best could, but they declined to confess themselves in the wrong, or to join in the felicitations of Captain Fulhard's friends. By and by came a report of the cost, and then these implacable people exercised a little criticism on the proceedings, which in some degree damped the ardor of the dominant side. The accounts were not very clear—finance, indeed, was not Fulhard's strongest faculty; and either by carelessness about cost, or by the inaccuracy of clerks and accountants, the proportion of money spent to work done was not in accordance with expectation. The party in Parliament, and the press, both sounded an alarm on this occasion. Terrible letters were written by Veritas, by Haters of Humbug, No Fulhardites, and so on. But not much damage was done until another periodical report came to be printed, and then it was apparent that the estimate must be exceeded; but it was still doubtful, from the form of the accounts, what had become of the money. Some patriotic members and correspondents hinted that, with a proper allowance for brandy-and-water, the state of the funds might not be difficult to comprehend. Opinion certainly was turning slowly against Captain Fulhard.

Later on it was impossible to resist an inquiry, and the result was particularly damaging to the manager of the works. The opposition made out an irresistible case. The storm was most threatening to principalities and powers. Captain Fulhard was its first victim. He had to resign his civil appointment as the only means by which the

wrath of party could be propitiated. Once this sacrifice was made, it began to be seen that it was of no use pushing things to extremities. The money, somehow or other, had been squandered, if not misappropriated, and none of it was likely ever to be recovered; on the other hand, any move calculated to make Captain Fulhard amenable to the law, must have resulted in an extensive scandal involving some very high personages. After a bitter fight it was decided to bear the inevitable loss, and abstain from further proceedings.

The unhappy ex-manager, however, could no longer hold his ground in the colony, and he had to resign his military appointment also. When this was done he found himself unable to get away from the island, so heavy were his debts; and finally he had to sell his commission to purchase the privilege of departing from a place where life had become unbearable. These things gave me the greatest pain when I heard of them, but they proved at any rate that my forebodings were not ill-founded. Fulhard being now out of the service, and he having betaken himself away from public view, I was unable to learn anything of his subsequent history. At first I thought a good deal about his poor wife and neglected family; but, little by little, thought of him and his faded from my mind.

It was years after my return from Barbadoes. I had ceased to be employed, and was quietly settling down into the inevitable foggyism of the used-up soldier, but endeavoring to postpone, if I could not avert, the fate of my calling, by violent essays at travel and adventure. I had been a hard-working man, I said, all my life; and it was simply impossible now, while I felt that there was still a good residue of the wonted fires left in the ashes, to be altogether inactive. Thus it is that we try to cheat ourselves, and that our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death. But never mind the phases of my life just now. What I have to state is, that being bound for London, I had, at a certain stage in the downhill of my life, halted at Liverpool for a few hours for the purpose of visiting an ailing friend on the Cheshire side of the Mersey.

I had paid a rather melancholy visit, and had crossed again to the Lancashire side, preparatory to renewing my journey by an evening train, when, as I strolled back along the pier, my attention was drawn to a crowd collected in one corner of the thoroughfare, and, as travellers sometimes use, who have an hour or two to kill in a strange place, I went to see what the sight might be. Only a repetition of a very old story. There was a person with a breastplate of pipes, and a drum which could be called spirit-stirring by an abuse of language only. There was a juggler who was just lifting down a little girl in a dirty pink dress and tights from a ladder which he had been balancing on his chin. There was a fire-eater, who was beginning to breathe smoke, while the juggler, retiring for a while, prepared to collect halfpence in an empty sardine-case.

It was the last-named individual whom my eye followed. He was dressed in an old braided frock, and his look and manner had in them something terribly familiar, but uncomprehended. I watched the man as he made his appeal for coppers, and wondered at the persistency with which he kept holding his little box before every one who seemed able to afford a dole, continuing his petition until, from very weariness and annoyance, many dropped in small coins. There was something in this scene which made me think, I could not tell why, of old days and the West Indies. I still noted the juggler, feeling a sort of fascination. One or two respectable-looking men, not disposed to contribute to his fund, turned away and left the place when they found he would not leave them, followed by his abusive remarks.

At last he begged of a fine-looking respectable young man, who made no response at first, but who, after being once or twice importuned, said that the whole performance wasn't worth a halfpenny; whereupon the juggler told him he must be a mere spoon, and challenged him for a sovereign, to equal himself, or to bring any man who could equal, the the performance which had just taken place. I felt quite sick and faint, as, during this boasting, I made out who

it was that the juggler recalled; I did not cease to regard him. The young artisan did not reply to the challenge; indeed he looked like one who would prefer taking a quiet walk with his sweetheart to trying conclusions with mountebanks.

"Look here," persisted the juggler; "for five pounds I'll put up a jackass on that ladder, and I'll meet you at the Nag's Head any evening this week; try that if you think the performance isn't first-rate. You won't? You can abuse a man's performance, but you haven't the pluck to back your words. Damme if I think you're worth a five-pound note, or ever went through the same doorway with one."

All this time the juggler kept the box extended before the young man, and rattled the coin. The lad's patience was exhausted at last; he lifted his knee and knocked the tin box out of the juggler's hand, scattering the halfpence. On the instant the wearer of the braided coat set on him, and in making the attack removed all doubt from my mind as to his identity. I had seen too many such openings of the game to be mistaken. *Aut Fulhard aut diabolus.*

The crowd closed in upon the combatants, and, pained to the heart, I turned to get away from the row. The direct road to my hotel was closed by the tumult; but I effected a retreat by a roundabout course, not sorry to prolong my walk in quiet streets after what I had seen. The detour was, however, so far unfortunate that, on regaining the wider thoroughfare, I encountered the crowd retiring from the quay. It came on and passed me. The attraction which kept it together was a wheelbarrow driven by a policeman. In it was seated a man in a braided coat. A second policeman held him by the collar with his left hand while his right brandished his truncheon. Amid all the pitiableness of the scene, I could not help seeing something ridiculous in the attitude of this policeman, who bent over his charge as he walked, as a tender mother or nurse bends over an infant whom she supports in its little carriage. Two more policemen brought up the rear of the procession. "He were a fool to lay on to the bobbies," I heard one say in the attendant crowd.

At the first turning I parted from the throng; and in half an hour I was on my way to London, pondering earnestly as I went on the question whether talents without discretion are an enviable endowment, and whether I ought not to be thankful that, if I never attained to distinction, I scrambled through my service in commonplace fashion, and left it without discredit.

I never heard more of my active subaltern, and I never heard again of his wife and family. If I knew where information was to be got, I think I should be afraid to ask for it.

THE STORY OF THE WOODHOUSELEE GHOST.

AN INCIDENT IN SCOTTISH HISTORY.

ABOUT five miles south of Edinburgh, on the southern slope of the Pentland Hills, is the house of Woodhouselee, which has been in the possession of the distinguished family of the Tytlers for more than a century. Like many other houses in different parts of the country, though they are now rapidly disappearing, Woodhouselee has long been in the popular mind credited with its ghost. In the "Memoir of P. F. Tytler," by the Rev. John W. Burgon (1859), we meet with a very vivid account of this ghost from the pen of Miss A. F. Tytler. "There was," she says, "one bedroom in the house, which, though of no extraordinary dimensions, was always called the *big* bedroom. Two sides of the walls of this room were covered with very old tapestry representing subjects from Scripture. Near the head of the bed there was a mysterious-looking small and very old door which led into a turret fitted up as a dressing-room. From this small door the ghost was wont to issue. No servant would enter the big bedroom after dusk, and even in daylight they went in pairs. To my aunt's old nurse, who constantly resided in the family, and with her

daughter Betty, the maid (a rosy-looking damsel), took charge of the house during the winter, Lady Anne (the ghost) had frequently appeared. Old Catherine was a singularly interesting-looking person in appearance, tall, pale, and thin, and herself like a gentle spirit from the unseen world. We talked to her often of Lady Anne. "'Deed,' she said, 'I have seen her times out o' number, but I am in no ways fear'd; I ken weel she canna gang beyond her commission; but there's that silly feckless thing Betty, she met her in the lang passage ae night in the winter time, and she had nae a drap o' bluid in her face for a fortnight after. She says Lady Anne came sae near her, she could see her dress quite weill: it was a Manchester muslin with a wee flower.'" Sir Walter Scott, we are told, "used to laugh at this 'wee flower,' and hope that Lady Anne would never change her dress."

Connected with every ghost is a story, though we may well be allowed to doubt whether sometimes the ghost owes its existence to the story or the story to the ghost. In some cases the ghost seems to make its appearance first, and then a story has to be found or made to account for it; in others there is first the story, and in course of time the ghost, being anxiously looked for, naturally reveals itself. This distinction would be of some service to us if we were to treat of the history or the philosophy of ghosts, and we shall have to refer to it afterwards; but in the mean time it is not necessary for us to pursue the subject farther, seeing that it is not the ghost, but the story with which it is connected, that we have at present to deal.

The story connected with the Woodhouselee ghost differs from most of its class in occupying a prominent place in the history of the country. In this case the story has not been made for the ghost, but the ghost has resulted from the story, though, as we shall afterwards see, it has had the effect of considerably changing or altering it.

Perhaps one of the blackest and most dastardly crimes to be met with in the history of Scotland is the assassination of the Regent Moray by James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. The Regent was on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, and had spent the night in Linlithgow. Here the assassin had everything in readiness for his bloody work. He stationed himself in a house in the High Street belonging to his relative the Archbishop of St. Andrews. This had a wooden balcony in front, over which clothes were hung, so as effectually to conceal his movements, and a feather bed was laid on the floor to prevent his footsteps from being heard. He barricaded the door towards the street, and had a swift horse ready saddled in the stable behind. Having made these preparations and cut out a small hole to enable him to observe what was going on in the street and to admit the barrel of his caliver, he calmly awaited the arrival of his victim. The Regent is said to have been warned of the danger that threatened him. It would appear that Bothwellhaugh had made several attempts previously to carry his purpose into execution, but without success; and it is said that on this occasion his name was given and the house mentioned in which he would be found concealed. The Regent, however, who had been accustomed to dangers, and had been the frequent object of conspiracies, paid little heed to the warning. He was so far prevailed upon that he consented to leave the town by the opposite gate, and so avoid passing the house indicated. When, however, he came out and mounted his horse, he found the street not easily passable in that direction, and made up his mind to follow out his original intention. It is said that he would have gone out at a gallop, but the crowd of people was so great that he could only proceed at a walking pace. Everything was thus in favor of the assassin, and failure was scarcely possible. He fired when his victim was within three yards of him, the bullet passing through the lower part of his body and killing a horse on the other side of him. The Regent put his hand to his side, saying that he was wounded, but was able to alight, and leaning on Lord Sempill, he returned to the house which he had just left. In the confusion the murderer escaped. Before the people could force an entrance into the house he was well on his

way to Hamilton Castle, where he arrived a few hours later and was received with every demonstration of joy. The Regent died the same night (January 23, 1570)¹ "without speaking a reproachful word of any man;" and when reminded by his friends of his having neglected their advice in pardoning Bothwellhaugh after the battle of Langside (in which he was taken prisoner), he meekly replied that they "should never make him repent of any good he had done in his life."

Whether we regard its disastrous results as involving Scotland in long years of misery and bloodshed by removing the only man of the time who was capable of maintaining peace among all classes, or its utter fruitlessness of good to the projectors, it was a political assassination of the worst type. It could not bring back Mary Stuart to the throne, it failed to place the supreme power in the hands of the Hamiltons, and it did not turn back the tide of the Reformation.

There can be no doubt that Bothwellhaugh was instigated to the commission of this crime by the powerful faction of the Hamiltons, who had long plotted the Regent's destruction, regarding him as the great obstacle in their way to supreme power. They furnished the assassin with every means for the execution of the deed. The house in which he carried out his purpose belonged to John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews; the caliver with which he perpetrated the act, and the horse on which he effected his escape, belonged to John Hamilton, the Abbot of Arbroath, one of the Duke's sons; and he at once made his way to Hamilton Castle, where he was received with open arms by the Hamilton party, who subsequently furnished him with the means of escaping to France. It would even appear that he had received the promise of a pension from Queen Mary as a reward of his crime; for in a remarkable letter of hers, on hearing of the murder, she expresses her pleasure at the deed, all the more, she says, that it had been done without her knowledge or advice; and adds, that when she comes to make up the scheme for the distribution of her dowry (as dowager Queen of France), "*Je n'oublierai la pension du dit Bothwellhaugh,*" which can scarcely be understood otherwise than as undertaking the fulfilment of a promise made on her behalf though it might have been without her knowledge. Some will even have it that she was privy to the murder, but for this there does not appear to be sufficient evidence, although there can be no doubt that she heartily approved of it. She afterwards expressed her sympathy with it in so marked a manner as to decline to recognize it as murder; for in certain articles presented to her for signature by Sir William Cecil, and dated October 5, 1570, she among other things promises to pursue and punish all who had had a hand in the murder of her late husband, Lord Darnley, but in place of the words, "The like shall she doe for the punishment of the murder of the Earl of Murray," she had inserted, "And that also due punishment be made for the Earl of Murray, according to the laws of the realm," thus objecting to the use of the term "murder" in the latter case, and declining to follow it up in the same way as the other.

It has generally been held that Bothwellhaugh had private as well as political or party reasons for acting as he had done. The story is that, having been made prisoner at the battle of Langside, he, with others, had been condemned to death, but his life had been spared by the Regent, who contented himself with the forfeiture of his estates. His wife was heiress of Woodhouselee, and, under the mistaken idea that it would be safe from the sentence of outlawry which affected her husband's estate of Bothwellhaugh, she went and took up her residence there. This property, however, was conveyed to Bellenden, the Justice Clerk, a great favorite of Moray's, and he violently took possession of the house, turning its mistress out of doors in a bitterly cold night to wander in the woods, where she was found next morning furiously mad,

and insensible of the injury that had been done her. From that moment Bothwellhaugh is said to have resolved upon Moray's death, regarding him as the chief author of his calamity, and he thus became an apt tool in the hands of his kinsmen, the Hamiltons, for carrying out their bloody purposes.

This story has been generally received and credited till very recently. Mr. James Maidment, however, and following him, Dr. John Hill Burton, have treated it as a myth; on what grounds we shall see presently. The former says: "It was to give a color to the act [of assassination] asserted that the lady of Bothwellhaugh had been turned out of her own house in a cold winter night, with an infant child, went mad, and died in the woods. A fiction; but one which, like political lies nowadays, serves better than truth. Thus it was then generally credited, and it has continued to be believed to the present time." Dr. Hill Burton, to the same effect, says: "A story converting this well-planned murder into a frantic act of retribution for certain deeds of fiendish cruelty has found its way into ordinary history, though it bears on its face the palpable characteristics of romance."

The version of the story given by Mr. Maidment and the evidence he brings forward in support of it are as follows: "The entire estate," he says, "had originally belonged to two heiresses of the name of Sinclair, illegitimately, it is believed, descended from Oliver Sinclair, the unpopular favorite of James V." The original Crown grant of Woodhouselee to the Sinclairs is dated at Stirling, March 25, 1529, and is in favor of Patrick Sinclair and his heirs, the lands having formerly belonged to George, a younger son of the late Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwart. "That Oliver succeeded," says Mr. Maidment, "is undoubted; a fact which leads to the supposition that he was his son, had it not been that Douglas in his 'Baronage,' makes him third son of Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, an assertion we suspect to be erroneous. However this may be, Oliver Sinclair's daughters became subsequently the heiresses of Woodhouselee." Their mother, Katherine Bellenden, was sister of the Lord Justice Clerk Bellenden and widow of Francis Bothwell, by whom she had the future Bishop of Orkney, who was thus nephew of the Lord Justice Clerk and stepson of 'Olyfer Sinclair,' 'my gudefather,' consequently brother uterine of Isabella and Alison Sinclair, the co-heiresses of Woodhouselee. These two ladies married two brothers, Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh and Hamilton of Monckton Mains. Isabella, as eldest, had the fortalice as her præcipium, and resided there sometimes, and sometimes at Bothwellhaugh in Lanarkshire, which now forms a small part of the Hamilton estate." "Both brothers had mixed themselves up with the plots against the state, for which, as might be anticipated, they suffered severely. Bothwellhaugh had been on more than one occasion favorably dealt with. It appears that the lands of Woodhouselee had been made over to Sir John Bellenden with a view probably of protecting the ladies."

"When Sir John Bellenden got the conveyance of Woodhouselee he was thoroughly aware of the treasonable practices of his niece's husband, and although his influence procured the pardon of Bothwellhaugh, he, evidently for the protection of his niece, refused to reconvey the lands of Woodhouselee. Bellenden had been always ready to assist his brother-in-law's children. Thus it is instructed by the book of the Official of St. Andrews, that upon the 13th of September, 1546, 'Isabella Sinclair, filia naturalis Oliveri Sinclair et Katherine Bellentyne,' with consent and assent of the said Oliver her father and lawful administrator, personally present and consenting, sought that Sir John Sinclair, Provost of Restalrig, and Mr. John Bellentyne, son and apparent heir of Mr. Thomas Bellentyne, of Auchinoul, might be assigned as 'curatores ad lites et negocia,' which demand the judge granted, and they took the oath 'de fidei administratione' accordingly."

"This surely is excellent proof of the interest the uncle took in the affairs of his niece, and is explanatory of the precautionary measure he subsequently adopted to secure her in the possession of her own private estate. Aware of

¹ Dr. Burton gives the date of the assassination as February 23; but this is evidently a typographical error, although it occurs also in the second edition.

the restless and rebellious practices of Bothwellhaugh, a staunch adherent of the Hamiltons, who were anxious to overturn the existing Government, whilst procuring the pardon of his nephew-in-law, his lordship insisted for and obtained a conveyance of Woodhouselee, resolving to retain the estate till the time should arrive when he could safely reconvey it. He died before 1577, two years previous to the Parliamentary proceedings against Bothwellhaugh, Monckton Mains, and the Hamilton family. He was succeeded in his office of Lord Justice Clerk by his son Sir Lewis Bellenden, who obtained a Crown right to Woodhouselee. Although the death of the Regent occurred in 1570-71, no judicial steps were taken against Bothwellhaugh and his brother Monckton Mains, the husband of Alison the younger sister of Isabella, until nine years had elapsed. No legal proceedings had previously been instituted against the two Hamiltons, owing perhaps to the disturbed state of the Government and the changes of its rulers. At length, in 1579, a summons of treason under authority of Parliament was ordered to be executed against the Hamiltons, which, with other persons of higher position, included the names of 'James Hamilton of Woodhouselee, callt James of Bothwellhaugh, and David Hamilton of Moncktonmaynis.'

"This summons required to be executed in due legal form, and as regarded these two men the citation was not edictal, which it ought to have been had it been known that they had left Scotland, but '*at their dwelling places in Bothwellhaugh, quhar baith their wifis and family makis their residence.*' Not finding the males, the messengers '*delivered ane authentic copie hereof to ilk one of their saidis wifis, quha refusit to resaiif the same in their name.*'" "If in November, 1579, Isabel Sinclair, the Lady of Bothwellhaugh, was seated in Bothwellhaugh with Alison Sinclair her sister, it is surely plain enough that she could not have died mad previous to 1570. It may, in conclusion, be added that Isabella Sinclair, or Hamilton, lived subsequently at Woodhouselee for many years, and did not die until next century.

"Here was evidence of Sir John Bellenden's sagacity, for, by taking the deed previously executed in his own favor, the estate of Woodhouselee was saved from being forfeited, which, had the title remained in the person of Bothwellhaugh, must have been the case, and his two nieces would have been ruined.

"How Isabel and Alison Sinclair were treated by Sir Lewis Bellenden, their cousin, does not appear. Woodhouselee was included in a royal charter, April 25, 1581, and it may be inferred that the ladies were alimanted out of it by him. Both of them were alive in 1608, when an Act was passed restoring the estate to them as '*heretrixes portionaris,*' and authorizing them '*peciable*' to enter and '*bruick and joiss [i. e., enjoy] the saidis landis,*' ordaining letters to be passed for their repossessing the same in '*tyme cuming after the date of these presentis.*' At the same time it was agreed '*that the claim for previous rent should be given up,*' which no doubt was occasioned by the Bellendens having furnished the owners during their long extrusion with the means of subsistence. It can never now be affirmed that there is the slightest foundation for the rumor so generally circulated and so universally believed, that the Lady of Bothwellhaugh was expelled from her own house by order of the Regent, and died in consequence in the woods of Woodhouselee, or Glencorse, of cold and hunger."

Such is the story as given by Mr. Maidment, and, at first sight, it seems an extremely probable one. Provided the facts are all as stated by him, the conclusions drawn from them must be regarded as very natural. If it formed part of the ancient story, that the lady died in consequence of the cruel treatment to which she was subjected on that particular night, then to prove that she was alive thirty or forty years afterwards would be to give a presumption of falsehood to the whole story. If, as Mr. Maidment says, Sir John Bellenden was the young lady's uncle, and had taken a deep interest in her affairs, and if the Regent had transferred the estate of Woodhouselee to him, then it was

very natural that he, knowing the character of his niece's husband, should decline to part with it, and should retain it for her benefit. That such a proceeding on the part of Bellenden should so inflame Bothwellhaugh against the Regent as that he should make several attempts on his life, and eventually kill him, is in the highest degree unlikely, and could not fail to give an air of improbability to the whole story.

It is evident, however, that this finely constructed fabric must fall to the ground if we can prove to be false certain of the statements by which it is held together. If, for instance, we can show that the death of the lady formed no part of the original story, then any amount of evidence to prove that she was alive many years afterwards must go for nothing. If we can show that Sir John Bellenden never possessed the lands of Woodhouselee, then any interest that he may have taken in the affairs of his niece, Isabella Sinclair, is nothing to the purpose. If we can prove that Patrick Sinclair of Woodhouselee was succeeded, not by Oliver Sinclair, but by his son John, then his whole genealogical reckoning is put out of joint. If we can prove that the co-heiresses were daughters, not of Oliver Sinclair, but of the said John, the story has not a foot to stand upon. And, finally, if we can prove that the person on whom the forfeited estate of Woodhouselee was conferred by the Regent was not the Lord Justice Clerk, but a near relative of his own, then Hamilton may after all have had (or at least believed that he had) some grounds for his bitter hatred against the Regent, and there may have been some truth in the statements which Mr. Maidment has so confidently called in question—that the Lady of Woodhouselee was expelled from her own house, and left to wander, in a helpless, unprotected state, in the woods.

Had Mr. Maidment's statements been confined to the work in which they first made their appearance, their truth or falsehood would not have been a matter of so much importance; but as they have been adopted by Dr. Burton, and incorporated in what must be regarded as a standard work on the history of Scotland, the interests of historic truth demand their correction.

With regard to the death of the lady, the only historic work of a contemporary character that mentions the story is the "*Historie of King James the Sext,*" where it is said that "the gentilwoman, what for grief of mynd and exceeding cauld that she had then contractit consavit sik madness of spreit as was almaist incredible." Crawford of Drumsay's ("*Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland,*" London, 1706) account is that they "not only turned the gentlewoman out of doors, but stript her naked and left her in that condition in the open field, in a cold dark night, where before day she became furiously mad and insensible of the injury they had done her." In Principal Robertson's "*History of Scotland*" we read that the "estate had been bestowed upon one of the Regent's favorites, who seized his house, and turned out his wife naked in a cold night into the open fields, where before next morning she became furiously mad." To the same effect, Tytler says that the Justice Clerk "violently occupied the house, and barbarously turned its mistress, during a bitterly cold night, into the woods, where she was found in the morning furiously mad, and insensible to the injury which had been inflicted on her." None of these authorities, it will be observed, say a word about her having died at that time, nor are we aware of any historical writer of note that does so previous to the time of Sir Walter Scott, with whom tradition had always great weight, and who has been generally followed by subsequent writers. And it is only in his "*Tales of a Grandfather*" that Scott says "that in consequence of this brutal treatment she became insane and died." In his "*History of Scotland,*" where he may be supposed to be more careful in dealing with his facts, he simply says, "She became ere morning furiously mad."¹

¹ It is not a little remarkable that Dr. Burton, while admitting that the story, after being accepted by Principal Robertson and taking its place in legitimate history, "was naturally completed by the additional decorations of the new-born babe and the mother's death," should at the same time adopt Mr. Maidment's arguments, and attempt to disprove the original story by statements which, by his own showing, only affect its recent embellish-

In Sir Walter Scott's time, as we have seen, the ghost had a recognized existence, and was generally believed in. But, in order to be believed in, a further belief was necessary—a belief, namely, that the lady had died. It can scarcely be imagined that a ghost would have frequented a spot where its earthly body may have been subjected to cruel treatment if that body had happened to survive the event for perhaps thirty or forty years. The thing is contrary to all our experience of ghost procedure. The death of the lady was necessary to the existence of the ghost; and had the people known or remembered that the lady did not die till long after, they could scarcely have believed that it was her ghost which was troubling them. Hence we are brought to the conclusion that the ghost did not make its appearance till long after the event, and when the minor incidents connected with it had been forgotten. The great fact of the cruel treatment to which the lady had been subjected remained in the popular mind, but the fact of her having lived for so many years after had been forgotten. It is thus, we think, entirely owing to the belief in the existence of the ghost that the death of the lady has come to be added to the story. This view, that the ghost did not make its appearance till long after the event, is favored too by the change in the name. The name of Bothwellhaugh's wife, as we know, was Isabella, whereas the ghost was always known as Lady Anne. It may, perhaps, for the sake of euphony, or for some other cause, be occasionally permitted to ghosts to change their name, and we are willing to admit that Isabella may not be a very convenient name for such a fleeting object to carry about with it or to be designated by; but we are rather of opinion that the lady's real name had passed from the popular mind, and that Lady Anne had been substituted as being euphonious and answering every useful purpose as well as the proper one.

But whatever doubt or uncertainty there may seem to be connected with this part of the story, there can be none with regard to the fact that the individual who received a grant of the lands of Woodhouselee was not Sir John Bellenden, but a relative of the Regent's. The battle of Langside was fought on the 13th of May, 1568, and among the prisoners taken on that occasion was James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. On the 26th of the same month we are told that the Lord Regent caused charge all and sundrie barons and gentlemen who assisted the Queen's Majesty in the battle of Langside to deliver their places and houses to him under the pain of treason, and especially *all the Houses of Lothian*; and also summoned the hail gentlemen thereof to compare before him and the Lords of Secret Council under the said pains; and also disposed the escheats (*i. e.*, forfeited estates) of the said persons, being in the said battle, to the persons being with him at the time. The special reference here to the Houses of Lothian evidently shows on the part of the Regent a desire to have near the capital only such as were well affected towards him, and also shows how it was that Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh was not then forfeited, a fact which has led Dr. Burton into the mistake of supposing that he was not the eldest son.¹

Among the Privy Seal Records, and dated August 24, 1568, is a Deed of Gift "maid with advice of my Lord

Regent to Patrick Hume, sone of umquhile George Hume, of Lundeis, his aires and assignees ane or mae of the gift of the liferent, mailles, fermis, proffittis, dewteis," etc., "off all and hail the landis of Woodesley, ye landis of Milntown, with ye miln thereof, the landis of Estraw," etc., "during ye lyftimes of James Hamiltoun, sumtyme of Bothwilheuch, and David Hamiltoun his Brother-germane of the quhilikis landis," etc., "with their pertinents, the ane half pertenis to ye said James in lyfrent, and ye uther half to ye said David siclike in lyfrent, and now pertenis to our Sovereign Lord, and ar becum in his hienes handis by ressoun of eschete throw proces of forfalterie ordourlies led and deducit against the said James and David for certain crymes of tressone and lese-majestie committet by yame and ather of yame off the quhilikis the same James was convict in ane justice court holden in the Tolbouth of Edinburgh the 21st day of May last bypast, and ye said David was convict in Parliament holden in ye Tolbouth foresaid the 19th day of August instant, as at more length is contentin in ye processes, domis, and decretis of forfalteries ordourly led and deducit against yame respective thereupon. With power to the said Patrick his aires and assignees to intromit and tak up the mails, fermes, etc. during the lyftimes of the said James and David, and to dispose thereof at their pleasure and to occupy the same with their awin guids, or to set thame to tenantis, as thai sall think maist expedient, during the said space," etc.

The lands of Woodhouselee were therefore conveyed on their forfeiture through the rebellion of Bothwellhaugh and his brother, not to Sir John Bellenden, as has been generally supposed, but to the above Patrick Hume, who was a staunch supporter of the Regent, and also not distantly related to him, being his mother's cousin. The Regent's mother, Lady Margaret of Lochleven, was a daughter of John, fourth Lord Erskine, who died in 1552. This John had a sister, Margaret Erskine, whose second husband was George Hume of Lundies and Argaty, a son of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwart, the same who had possessed the lands of Woodhouselee before they passed into the hands of the Sinclairs. Of this George Hume, Patrick Hume was a younger son, and it was therefore natural for more reasons than one that the lands of Woodhouselee should be made over to him. It will be observed, however, that they were not entirely conveyed away from the Sinclairs, but only the life-rent interests in them, which vested in the two brothers as husbands of the co-heiresses. It was, therefore, on the part of the Regent, not an act of spoliation, but a natural and strictly legal proceeding, one called for from the known character of the men, and the danger to the King's peace from having such persons domiciled within a few miles of the capital. There is no reason, as we have seen, for saying, as is generally done, that Hamilton had yielded up his paternal estate of Bothwellhaugh, and that his wife had been driven to take refuge in Woodhouselee, which as her property she believed would be safe from the consequences of her husband's misdeeds. It could not, therefore, have been from having no other home that she continued to remain at Woodhouselee, nor could she have been uninformed of the fact of its forfeiture, but probably from a womanly feeling that her presence there would in some way or other have the effect of warding off the calamity. We may easily suppose that the bluff soldier and his martial following would have little sympathy with any such feeling, and they may even have subjected the lady to harsh treatment in carrying out their purpose. We may imagine the effect of all this upon the heart of a proud and disappointed man; the harsh treatment of his wife, the loss of her estate, the fact of the Regent having giving it to a favorite of his own and a relative, may only have served to concentrate his hatred upon the man at whose hands he had suffered defeat at Langside, and whom he would doubtless regard as the author of all his misfortunes.

Woodhouselee remained in the possession of Patrick Hume down to the time of his death, which took place in 1572, as is mentioned in Bannatyne's "Journal of Transactions in Scotland." "The second Julii or thereabouts was

ments. Anything going to prove that the lady was alive long after the time referred to cannot surely in any way affect the truth or falsehood of the original story, if the death of the lady formed no part of it, if, indeed, it is admitted to be a modern addition.

¹ His words are, "On the point whether Hamilton forfeited, in the first place, his own estate of Bothwellhaugh for his loyalty to his queen, the available documents leave it doubtful whether he ever possessed such an estate. It belonged to his father, but it appears to have continued in the family after James Hamilton would certainly have lost it by forfeiture had it been his. It may be conjectured that an elder brother succeeded to the family estate, and that James only got the patronymic of Bothwellhaugh according to the Scottish practice which often distributed the name of the estate over the family generally as a title of courtesy" (*History of Scotland*, Vol. V.). The forfeiture of the estate of Bothwellhaugh would appear to have formed no part of the Regent's plan. His great object was not to enrich himself or his followers, but to secure the peace of the kingdom, and hence his confiscations were chiefly directed against the powerful houses of Lothian, whose proximity to the capital might render them at any time dangerous. Bothwellhaugh was sufficiently remote to be little dangerous in this way, and probably, also, it was too near the Hamilton estates to render its confiscation an easy task, or to make it a desirable possession to any of the Regent's adherents.

Patrick Hume, Captain to the Regent's Horsemen, slain in rescuing a drift of cattle which Pherihurst had trogt [taken] of a piece of land of his, which he had gotten be forfaltrie of Jamie Hamilton that slew the Regent." We may probably even here find some countenance to the story of the cruel treatment of the Lady of Woodhouselee in the fact of Hume receiving his death at the hands of Fernyhurst, a strong partisan of Queen Mary and a friend of Bothwellhaugh. We find them afterwards consorting together in France, and Walsingham mentions in a letter an occasion on which Kerr of Fernyhurst, a Roman Catholic and an active friend of the Scottish Queen, with Bothwellhaugh, the blood-stained Hamilton who had shot the Regent Moray, had ridden post from France into Spain.

We find no trace of Woodhouselee for some years after the death of Captain Hume. In the Great Seal Register (Book XXXV. No. 492) is a charter dated April 14, 1581, confirming a charter of alienation granted by William Sinclair, son and heir of quondam Edward Sinclair of Galwaid moir, to Lewis Bellenden of Auchinoule, Knight, our Clerk of Justiciary. The charter of which this is the confirmation is dated the 28th day of July, 157- (the unit being omitted). It conveyed to the said Sir Lewis Bellenden, Castlelaw, Eastraw, etc., the lands of Woodhouselee, etc., Spottis, etc., in consideration of a certain sum of money paid by the said Lewis Bellenden to the said William Sinclair. Thus the estate of Woodhouselee came to Lewis Bellenden, not through his father, as it naturally would have done if it had ever belonged to him, but from William Sinclair.

In the Parliament held at Linlithgow in 1585, an Act was passed, under date December 10, restoring to certain noblemen and others their forfeited estates, among whom was Arthur Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. But a special Act, passed the same day, exempted from the operation of this Act the lands of Woodhouselee and others acquired by Sir Lewis Bellenden from William Sinclair, and confirms the same to him. These two acts were ratified and confirmed by Acts of the Parliament held at Holyrood House under date July 29, 1587. On January 12, 1591, the King with advice of the Lords of Secret Council finds and declares that David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh (otherwise designed of Monckton Mains), Isabella Sinclair and Alison Sinclair, heretrixes portioners of the lands of Woodhouselee, ought and should be repossessed to the lands, houses, tacks, etc., whereof they were dispossessed through occasion of the late troubles. This, however, did not take effect. In August of the same year Sir Lewis died, and the Parliament of the following year, held at Edinburgh, on June 5 ratifies in favor of the bairns of the late Lewis Bellenden the Act made at Linlithgow, December 10, 1585, and that at Edinburgh, July 29, 1587, both concerning the lands of Woodhouselee and others. Sir Lewis was succeeded by his son, Sir James Bellenden of Broughton. The latter died in 1606, and was succeeded by his son Sir William, whose special service as heir-at-law is dated April 16, 1607, and includes the land and barony of Broughton and others, and the lands of Woodhouselee, etc.

An Act of Parliament of June 17, 1609, after referring to the Act of Secret Council above noticed, declares to be null and void the exceptions made to the Act of December 10, 1585, declares the same to be extended to and to apply to David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, Isabel Sinclair, and Alison Sinclair, restoring them to the lands of Woodhouselee and others of which they had been dispossessed through the late troubles; but declares that the present Act shall not extend to craving or pursuing for any of the rents, profits, and duties of the said lands for any years preceding the date hereof, and also suspends the effect and execution of this Act during the dependence of the submission made and subscribed betwixt the said David Hamilton and his colleagues and William Bellenden of Broughton on the one and other parts. This terminated the connection of the Bellendens with Woodhouselee.

"That the claim for previous rents should be given up," says Mr. Maidment, "no doubt was occasioned by the Bellendens having furnished the owners during their long ex-

trusion with the means of subsistence." The more likely reason is that it was in consideration of the sum of money paid for the estate by Lewis Bellenden to William Sinclair, with which it is probable that the submission then existing between them had something to do.

We now return to the family of the Sinclairs, and here Mr. Maidment is equally at fault. He quotes from the Book of the Official of St. Andrews the appointment of Mr. John Bellenden and another as curatores ad lites to Isabella Sinclair, natural daughter of Oliver Sinclair and Katherine Bellenden. This proves that Oliver Sinclair and Katherine Bellenden had a daughter Isabella, but there is no evidence that she had a sister Alison, nor has he brought forward anything to establish her identity with the Isabella Sinclair of Woodhouselee. This one would have thought he would have considered it necessary to do. We may notice, in passing, that the Katherine Bellenden who married Oliver Sinclair was, according to Douglas, the daughter of Patrick Bellenden, the father of Thomas, and was therefore aunt, not sister, to Sir John Bellenden. The Crown Charter of the Lands of Pitcairns, of date January 12, 1537, is in favor of Oliver Sinclair and Katherine Bellenden his spouse, and their heirs.

"Who," he asks "was Oliver Sinclair?" and adds, "Mr. Napier says, and probably correctly, that he was the unpopular favorite of James V." "That Oliver succeeded," he says, "is undoubted; a fact which leads to the supposition that he was his son, had it not been that Douglas in his "Baronage" makes him third son of Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, an assertion which we suspect to be erroneous." It is strange that Mr. Maidment should have made this mistake, seeing that the deeds quoted by him in his edition of "Father Hay's Genealogie of the Sainteclaires of Rosslyn" prove that Oliver Sinclair of Pitcairns was the third son of Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin. Thus, in the charter of confirmation granted by James V. to Sir William Sinclair of Roslin (who succeeded his father, Sir Oliver) and dated August 25, 1542, there is a taillied destination, after the grantee's sons and the heirs male of their bodies, to the following: (1) Oliver Sinclair of Pitcairns, (2) Alexander Sinclair, (3) Arthur Sinclair, (4) James Sinclair, all brothers german of Sir William Sinclair. Sir Oliver's eldest son had predeceased his father.

To begin at the beginning, the lands of Woodhouselee were acquired by one Patrick Sinclair in the year 1529 from George Hume of Argaty. Who, then, was this Patrick Sinclair? It has generally been supposed that he was one of the Sinclairs of Roslin; but he certainly cannot be identified with any of the members of that family. We are rather inclined to identify him with one who, though his name is scarcely to be found in any of the common histories of the period, was yet a man of considerable note in his day, and was engaged in various important political missions. We refer to Patrick or "Pate" Sinclair, who was for many years a high official in the royal household. In the Treasurer's accounts we find after the beginning of the sixteenth century, and even before, various entries of disbursements made on behalf of Pate Sinclair for sundry articles of clothing, as "cloak," "doublet," "hat," "bonat," "hose," etc. In 1505 we meet with an entry of "Paid for six elne green taffety for ane cover to his horse" at the tournaying at "Festerns Even," when he played the "Hobby Horse," the King himself (James IV.) acting the part of "Abbot of Unreason." There must have been merry doings at Court in those days before the battle of Flodden had spread sorrow over the land.

After that disaster, in which Scotland lost her King and the flower of her nobility, Sinclair attached himself to the Queen Mother, Margaret of England, who was appointed Regent during the minority of her infant son. Her precipitate marriage with the young Earl of Angus, however, unfitted her for this post, and the Duke of Albany was appointed in her room. Albany was in his turn ousted through the intrigues of the Queen Mother, who, aided by the influence of her brother, Henry VIII., succeeded in placing her son, then only twelve years of age, at the head of the Government. In carrying out these negotiations we

find Sinclair acting as the Queen's trusted and confidential agent. Thus in September 1523, we find her writing to her brother, entreating him to use his influence with the Scottish lords to induce them to set the young King free from the control of the Duke of Albany; and she adds, that she durst not have written so plainly, were it not that the bearer was Patrick Synclair, her trusty and true servant, and ever had been to the King her husband and to herself. We find him also on several occasions the bearer of letters from the Queen to Surrey when about to invade Scotland, because, she says, she "can trust no other." It would appear, however, that when Harry Stewart came to be looked upon with favor by the Queen, Sinclair fell into the shade. This we learn from a letter by Norfolk to Wolsey, dated September 14, 1524, who says, that whatever the said Patrick did or said failed to give satisfaction, and that to please the said Henry she made a quarrel with the other. Sinclair, however, did not give up his English friends, and we find him frequently in the company of the English Ambassador at Edinburgh. Magnus, who filled this post, in writing to Wolsey on May 31, 1525, mentions Patrick Synklar and Mr. John Chisholm as being old servants to the late King, and of good honesty, having many friends and kinsfolk, and as having most specially resorted unto him and kept his company continually, because they be good servants to the young King their master, and right evil Frenchmen; and further recommends that they should each be rewarded with a pension of £20 a year, which, he adds, they well deserve. In another letter about this time Magnus says of him, that he "is a sadde and wise gentleman, and canne noote another in a cause right effectually." Again he says, writing to Wolsey, "I have so ordained that Patrick Sinclair, being in special favor with the young King, shall from time to time give plain advertisements how everything shall proceed in these parts." In 1526 he was the bearer of a letter from James V. to his uncle; and on that occasion Wolsey, writing to his master, describes Sinclair as one that had always taken the side of his Majesty, and had secretly advised Magnus of all that had been done by the French, or such as sought to destroy the amity that subsisted between his Majesty and the King of Scots, for which he had oftentimes been in no little danger and peril, but he had always remained faithful to his Majesty.

In March, 1527, Magnus writes to Wolsey, saying "that the Earl of Angus hath the whole rule and authority about the young King, and Patrick Sinclair is accepted with singular favor, so as now without the danger of any person he may speak and commune with the King at his pleasure." In July, 1528, he is sent by the King on a mission to Henry VIII., setting forth the superseding of the Earl of Angus and his assumption of the supreme power. In his instructions he is designed as "our familiar servitor and gentleman of house, Patrick Sinclair." A few months later he is again on a mission to the English King, and Roger Lassells, a servant of the Earl of Northumberland at Norham Castle, notifies to his master his having passed that way; adding, "He hath promised openly affor the King and all his council, if the King send but him he shall get of the King of England three years' peace, and that the King shall not aid the Earl of Angus, and this he hath undertaken." In this instance, however, Patrick had overestimated the extent of his influence with the English King, and Magnus, writing from Berwick, December 5, 1528, to Mr. Adam Otterbourne, says, "Patrick Sinclair of late was in England, and in his coming homeward did speak with me, and as it appeared he was not the best pleased with his answer given at the Court of England in the King his master's affairs." This is the last trace that we find of Mr. Sinclair's political life. In October, 1531, James sends Thomas Scott, "gentleman of our House," as envoy to the court of Henry VIII. It is in 1529 that we find a Patrick Sinclair purchasing Woodhouselee, and there can, we think, be little doubt that this is the same person; and that, disappointed at the want of success that had attended his labors, and conscious, probably, that his power at Court was on the wane, like a wise man, he had retired from the field, and spent the remainder of his days on his private

estate. If we were to judge Sinclair according to the light of our days, and the ideas that now prevail, we should be dealing with him too harshly. In his day almost the whole of Scotland was divided between such as were in favor of an alliance with England and such as sought an alliance with France; and it is not improbable that he was actuated by a belief that a close and intimate alliance with England would be of the greatest possible advantage to his native country. But with all this one cannot but regret that one who occupied so prominent a position at the Scotch Court should have so actively engaged himself in the cause of the English.

But whether this be the Patrick Sinclair who purchased Woodhouselee or not, there can be no doubt of the fact that the Patrick Sinclair of Woodhouselee was succeeded, not by Oliver Sinclair, but by his natural son John. In the Great Seal Register under date January 30, 1546, we find a charter of confirmation of a contract entered into between Patrick Sinclair of Woodhouselee and John Sinclair, his natural son, on the one part, and James Hamilton of Innerwick and Isabella Hamilton, his lawful daughter, on the other, conveying to John and Isabella and the longest liver of them the lands of Castletaw, Eastlaw, etc., and to John Sinclair and his heirs the lands of Woodhouselee, etc., also Spottis and other lands in Galloway. Here, then, we have the father of the co-heiresses Isabella and Alison Sinclair, who were thus, through their mother, likewise connected with the house of Innerwick, a powerful branch of the Hamiltons, and it was no doubt through this connection that James Hamilton and his brother first obtained a footing in the old house on the banks of the Esk.

In pursuing such investigations, it is often in byways or unexpected quarters that we come upon the information of which we are in quest. It is not in connection with Woodhouselee or Bothwellhaugh that we get our next piece of information respecting this matter, but in connection with the estate of Spottis, in the county of Kirkcudbright. Among the Special Services connected with that county, we find under date December 12, 1643, the service of James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh as heir of Alison Sinclair, legitimate daughter of John Sinclair of Woodhouselee, his grandmother, to one half of the lands of Spottis; and on the same date the service of Alison Hamilton, relict of Bishop Gavin Hamilton, as heiress of Isabella Sinclair, legitimate daughter of John Sinclair of Woodhouselee, her mother, to the other half of the lands of Spottis. As connected with the same, we find in the Commissary Records of Glasgow confirmation of the testamentary and inventory of the guides, gear, etc. which pertained to the late David Hamilton Elder of Bothwellhaugh, who died in the month of March, 1613, faithfully made and given up by Claud Hamilton, his second son, and also testamentary and inventory of the guides, gear, etc. which pertained to the late Alison Sinclair of Bothwellhaugh, who died in the month of June, 1618, faithfully made and given up by Claud Hamilton, lawful son of the defunct. Under date November 29, 1628, there is a general service of James Hamilton as heir of David Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, his grandfather; and under date February 23, 1630, general services of James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, as heir of Alison Sinclair, his grandmother, and Alison Hamilton, as heiress of Isabella Sinclair, her mother. Further, under date March 13, 1629, we find the service of Henry Home of Ardgatny and Lundies as heir male and of tailie of Captain Patrick Home, lawful son of George Home of Lundies, his grand-uncle.

In referring to the service of the summons at the dwelling-places of the two brothers, Mr. Maidment says, "This summons required to be executed in due legal form, and as regards these two men the citation was not edictal, which it ought to have been had it been known that they had left Scotland, but at their dwelling places in Bothwellhaugh, whar baith their wiffis and family makis their residence:" adding that "A citation of this nature would not be worth anything unless the husbands' domicile was where they had their residence, of which fact there was no proof adduced." The fact is that the summons was also served

edictally, as is shown by the officer's execution appended thereto. He says that "upon the 27th day of July being Monunday and mercat-day of the burgh of Edinburgh, 1579," he passed "to the mercat croce of the said burgh as the head burgh of this realm, and there by open proclamation I lauchfullie premtorlie with sound of trumpett and displayit coitt of arms sommont" the several parties mentioned, "and this I did at the said croce because all the said persons were fugitive, and as I was credibilly informat for the maist pairt forth of this realm."

We have thus, we trust, satisfactorily shown that Oliver Sinclair, the unpopular favorite of James V., was not the father of the heiresses, and never had anything to do with the Woodhouselee estate; that on the forfeiture of the Hamiltons, the estate did not pass into the hands of Sir John Bellenden (who was, besides, no connection of the heiresses), but that the life-rent interests which vested in the two brothers were transferred to Patrick Hume, a strong supporter of the Regent, and also a relative of his. As there is no reason to think that Bothwellhaugh was at this time forfeited, but various reasons for thinking the contrary, then Isabella Sinclair could not have been driven to take refuge at Woodhouselee, and her presence there had probably been rather intended to obstruct the entrance of the new possessor. In these circumstances it is not at all unlikely that she may have been subjected to somewhat harsh and even cruel treatment, and therefore we are inclined to think that private feelings of revenge may have had something to do in spurring Bothwellhaugh on to the commission of his crime, and that there may be after all some truth in the old story. At the same time, we trust we have vindicated the character of the "good Regent" from the charge of having seized upon the estate in order "to enrich a greedy favorite," or even of having connived "at a project for defeating a harsh law." The act was a strictly legal one, and one, as we have said before, rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case and the character of the man with whom he had to deal. It went no further than the personal interests of Bothwellhaugh and his brother in the estate; and it was very natural that the estate should be entrusted to a member of the family that had formerly possessed it. At the same time, it is easy to see the effect of all this upon the mind of a passionate and disappointed man like James Hamilton. The relationship which subsisted between Captain Hume and the Regent would naturally draw his attention to the latter rather than the former; and if, as we suppose, his wife had been subjected to harsh or cruel treatment, then in striking at the Regent he would only imagine that he was going to the root of the matter.

Along with all this it is necessary to keep in view his connection with the ducal house of Hamilton, which must have been of the most intimate character. His father, David the "gudeman of Bothwellhaugh," was the fifth and youngest son of John Hamilton of Orbiston, whose father was Gavin, third son of James, the first Lord Hamilton, and consequently the murderer of the Regent stood in no very distant relationship to the ducal house. His mother, Catherine Shaw, is also said to have been a sister uterine of John Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Further, the estate of Bothwellhaugh stood on the right bank of the Clyde, directly opposite the ducal estates, from which it was separated only by the river, so that a close intimacy must have subsisted between the two houses; and hence James Bothwell may have been the more readily induced to undertake the commission of a deed which he was led to believe would be of the greatest service to those whom he regarded as intimate friends and near kinsmen. Be this, however, as it may, we have, we trust, succeeded in throwing some light upon a hitherto misunderstood and misrepresented part of Scotch history.

Most of the materials that have been used in the preparation of this article (all of them that give value to it) were collected by the late Mr. W. Williamson, of London. A Scotchman by birth and education, he continued even after his settlement in the Southern Capital to manifest the deepest interest in everything connected with his native country. Its history, antiquities, lan-

guage, literature (especially its ballad poetry), were to him never-failing objects of interest. In particular his knowledge of the events connected with the Reformation, and of the condition and power of the religious houses in the times immediately preceding, was such as we believe to be equalled or surpassed by few. It was not, however, till within a short time of his death, that he began to commit to writing any part of his knowledge, or to note down the result of his researches with a view to possible publication; and then, though from the extent of his knowledge and his high mental powers he could not have failed to throw light and interest round any point or period of Scotch history that he had chosen to take up, it was to the incidents more or less historical connected with his native parish of Lasswade, and to the history of distinguished families who had lived there, that he first turned his attention. Hence one of the points that he set about investigating critically was that which forms the subject of this article. In all probability, too, the story of the Woodhouselee Ghost had been among the earliest of his recollections, and he may have felt dissatisfied with the way in which Mr. Maidment has handed over everything connected with it to the region of fiction.

DRAMATIC SOUVENIRS.

EARLY impressions leave their permanent mark; and, like proof engravings and prints before letters, retain their clearness and increase in value when later images have lost their distinctness. Here is one.

Dumas the Elder's introduction behind the scenes of the Théâtre-Français occurred on the evening of the first representation of *Sylla*. He was then two-and-twenty. His introducer was Adolphe de Leuven, the author of the *Postillion of Longumeau* and other pieces. He was to be taken into the presence of the man called sometimes the French Roscius, sometimes the French Garrick, but whom posterity will mention as simply Talma. He was deeply and doubly impressed by the event. It was his first glimpse of the corridor of a theatre—that is, of the interior corridor which leads to the artists' dressing-rooms. The corridor of the Théâtre-Français was full. De Leuven, familiar with the labyrinth, took him by the hand and dragged him through the crowd.

They reached Talma's room. There, the press was even greater. It is doubtful if the Dictator ever saw more clients at his door than his representative, that night, had admirers at his. Both Dumas and his friend were then slender young fellows. They glided on like eels till they reached an ante-chamber where all the literary celebrities in Paris were packed as closely as human beings could be. Many of the faces, Étienne and Soumet for instance, were as new to Dumas as the actor's ceremonial reception. While struggling to get into the second chamber—the sanctuary in which the idol was enshrined—some one called out, "Room, if you please, for Mademoiselle Mars!"

They squeezed themselves into nothing, with their backs to the wall. A charming frou-frou of rustling satin was heard, the air was filled with perfume, and in the midst of a cloud of gauze shone eyes as bright as diamonds and teeth as white as pearls. The gracious phantom glided past them, and a voice, mellow as the tones of a haut-bois, was heard, expressing, with an accent of perfect sincerity, the depth of its admiration.

It seemed to Dumas that Mademoiselle Mars said "vous," intimating respect, while Talma said "tu," denoting familiarity and protection; and that the two great artists kissed each other. The same rustling frou-frou was once more heard; Mademoiselle Mars reappeared, exchanged a few words with Étienne and Soumet, signalled with her hand a "bonjour" to Adolphe, and then disappeared. Lucky Adolphe! His companion could not understand how he contrived to receive the favor so coolly.

"Come along," said Adolphe, "we must go in too."

"I dare not," was the juvenile reply.

"Nonsense! He won't even notice you."

What a bucket of iced water to pour on Dumas' humility, or on his self-conceit, as the case might be! The encouragement did not encourage him in the least. Never-

theless, he plucked up courage and made his way into the second room. If not always stout, he was always tall. Although only just inside the door, and without the wish to advance any farther, by standing on the tips of his toes he could see over everybody's head and shoulders. His eyes sought Sylla, with his laurel crown, his imperial tuft, his dictator's toga, and he beheld everybody crowding round a little old man in a flannel dressing-gown, as bald as your knee.

Dumas could not believe his eyes. But Adolphe went and embraced the bald man in the flannel gown. It was decidedly Talma, and no mistake.

Subsequently, the great actor baptized Dumas dramatic poet, in the name of Shakespeare and Corneille, but died before he could render him effectual assistance. A five-act tragedy had been written, Christine at Fontainebleau. Whatever might be its imperfections, Talma would have found in it an original part, unprecedented on the French stage — the part of Monaldeschi — a coward! Talma would have seized the character by the collar, and held it until it became his own. No one had ever dared to put a cowardly hero on the stage. Dumas dared, but in perfect innocence, without a thought of making an innovation. He had found the character ready drawn to his hand in Father Lebel's narrative.

If climbing in courts is slippery work, rising in theatres is not a whit less so. To obtain the reading of a piece, at all times difficult, was still more difficult then. His patron, Talma, being dead, after considerable efforts he managed to get at Garnier, the prompter of the Comédie-Française (another name for the Théâtre-Française). Through the prompter Garnier he mounted to the actor Firmin, a clever little man of five feet two, forty years off, and six-and-twenty on the stage. Like all five-feet-two men, he was touchy and quarrelsome, but brave enough when it came to fighting. His great ambition was to play Bayard. Scores of times he asked Dumas to write a Bayard for him, always adding, "You must not suppose Bayard was a colossus. On the contrary, he was short rather than tall, and slim rather than stout. Bayard was a man of my size."

After efforts only rivalled by the patience of ants and a few other insects in surmounting difficulties, Christine was read before the committee (that is, the leading artists) of the Comédie-Française (one of whom, Monsieur Lafon, did not attend), who neither accepted nor rejected it, but referred it to the judgment of one Monsieur Picard, ex-actor and dramatic author, who granted Dumas an audience at the end of a week. Playing with the manuscript as a cat plays with a mouse, he inquired, in honeyed accents, "My dear monsieur, have you any other means of subsistence besides the career of letters?"

"Monsieur, I have a place of fifteen hundred francs a year in an office under the Duc d'Orleans."

"Well, then," said Picard, pushing the roll into his hands, "go to your office, young man; go to your office."

But Picard's opinion had not been accepted as infallible. The author must have been saved from utter discouragement by finding the actors interviewing him. On reaching his office, he found that Monsieur Lafon had called. This gentleman filled the rather ranting line of parts known as "chevaliers français," although it included Orosmane, Zamore, Achille, and other heathens; namely, parts dressed in a black cap, a white feather, a yellow tunic, tight pantaloons, buff-skin boots, and a cross-hilted sword; Bayard, Duguesclin, Raoul, Tancrède. Of course he was vain. When he spoke of Talma, he said "the other."

Lafon soon returned to the office. "Monsieur," he said, on entering, "you have written a tragedy on Queen Christine."

"Alas!" replied Dumas, "I cannot deny it."

"You would be wrong to deny it, Monsieur. It seems your work contains great beauties. Such is everybody's opinion."

"Except Monsieur Picard's."

"What signifies Picard's opinion? Your piece is accepted, and I came to tell you so. But, Monsieur Dumas, haven't you amongst your characters a spirited fellow who,

when the queen wants to murder poor Monaldeschi, interposes and says, 'Majesty, you have not the right to do it. No, no, no; you have not the right'?"

"Sapristi! Monsieur Lafon, now I think of it, there is no such a part. It is too late to remedy the omission. But, que voulez-vous! I am only an apprentice."

"But cannot you introduce the part? I will answer for the play's gaining by it."

"No doubt; but it was not written from that point of view."

"Comment, Monsieur! Is there not, in the whole court of Louis Fourteenth, a chevalier français, to plead, like the Talbot of Jeanne d'Arc, the cause of this unhappy stranger?"

"The event occurred, as I have dramatized it, fifteen leagues from Paris, nineteen from Versailles. There was no time for any chevalier to interfere. The murder was instantaneous. Its suddenness is the queen's sole excuse."

"She has no excuse, Monsieur," said Lafon, indignantly.

"I am to understand, then, that in your Christine there is no spirited fellow to say to the queen, 'Your Majesty has no right to kill this poor man. No, no, no. You have not the right, and you shall not kill him.'"

"And since there is no such personage in my Christine!" —

"My visit has no further object. Your most humble servant, Monsieur Dumas. Good luck to your Christine."

"Thanks for your kind wish. And if ever, in a subject which admits of it, there should be required a spirited fellow — handsome, well-built — standing no nonsense" —

"You will think of me."

"I give you my promise, Monsieur Lafon."

The door closed, and the actor came no more.

Two months afterwards, Christine was ordered for rehearsal. The favor was incredible, for there were authors who had waited five-and-twenty years. One day the office door-keeper announced Mademoiselle Mars. The visit completely upset Dumas. "What Mademoiselle Mars?" he asked.

"Are there two Mademoiselles Mars?" said a voice outside, which he recognized from having heard it on the stage.

"Yourself, in person!" he exclaimed, hurrying to the door.

"Certainly. As you do not go to see your actors, the actors are obliged to come and see their author."

"Ah, Madame; I did not presume!" —

"The moment you are accepted by the Comédie-Française, you are received by the comédiens français."

"I did not know it."

"There are a good many things you don't know. I am come to have a long talk with you, and you don't know that you ought to offer me a chair."

After discussing the distribution of the parts and the fitness of the actors in a business-like way, they came to the real object of the talk. The lady pulled from her pocket her written part (of course Christine) — which was not only copied, but learnt by heart. She observed that in her scene in the first act, there were six-and-twenty lines which she did not like, and which she requested should be omitted. Now there may be better rhymed verse than those lines, as there is worse. They are scarcely worth translating here. On the English stage, however well spoken, they would probably occasion a yawn; and we may believe that the actress, who knew her profession, was right. But, at that time, Dumas thought them the finest verses that ever were written, and would not yield. After a short discussion, Mademoiselle Mars made her exit, as stiffly as she had entered graciously.

At rehearsal, she skipped the objectionable lines, telling the prompter that the author meant to cut them out. The prompter, knowing the actress, warned the obstinate author that unless he suppressed the verses, the play would be suppressed too. Dumas was firm. Consequently, next day, Mademoiselle Mars was indisposed and could not attend rehearsal, nor the day after, nor the following day, nor ever; so that, instead of being played at the

Théâtre-Français by Mademoiselle Mars, Christine was eventually produced at the Odéon with Mademoiselle Georges as the Swedish queen.

One day Dumas met Lafontaine, the excellent actor who had "created" at the Gymnase and the Vaudeville a considerable number of different parts.

"Do you know one thing, old fellow?" asked Lafontaine. "I am engaged at the Théâtre-Français."

"I am sorry for it."

"How; sorry for it?"

"Yes. They have not engaged you, my poor boy, to make you play, but to prevent your playing at another theatre."

"Don't believe that. In the first place, they give me the choice of a part for my début. Guess which I have chosen."

"Oh! the repertory is too large, and I haven't time to indulge in that amusement. Out with it at once."

"Well, then, I make my début in — The Cid."

"You commit a stupidity. You will break down completely."

"I have no talent, then?"

"On the contrary, you have plenty of talent; but it is not talent which is required to play The Cid."

"Oh! I will play it after my own fashion."

"In that case, you will be still worse. If you had absolutely set your heart on coming out in The Cid, you ought to have told me so. I could then have made you a Cid to suit you out of the Spanish Romancers and Guilhem de Castro."

"You think yourself, then, cleverer than Corneille?"

"My poor Lafontaine, are you come to that, even before playing The Cid?"

"But, in short, The Cid is The Cid."

"Yes, certainly, The Cid is The Cid; but the genius of the seventeenth century is not the genius of the nineteenth century. You, my mistaken friend, are a completely modern man, an actor of the present day. You will admirably give my son's or Octave Feuillet's prose, Hugo's verse or mine; but you won't know how to recite Corneille's verse."

"You think, then, that verses ought to be chanted?"

"Some verse is none the worse for it. Racine indicated by musical notes the tones for the characters of La Champmeslé, nearly in the same way as notes are written for the epistle and the gospel in saying mass."

"We are talking of Corneille, and you cite Racine. Corneille ought to be spoken like prose."

"If Corneille had thought his verses ought to be spoken like prose, he would have written his tragedies in prose and not in verse. No, my dear fellow, to recite verses is an art, and a great art, which demands years of study, especially when the verses are transported from one epoch into another; when, instead of speaking the language of every-day life, you have to speak the language not spoken for two hundred years. Ah! if The Cid were a 'human-nature' play, like Shakespeare's, I shouldn't have a word to say. Shakespeare's plays, especially when translated into a foreign language which obliterates the mark of their date, can be acted at any epoch. Moreover, The Cid is a tragedy by no means written in the true French spirit, and its success was only a succès de circonstance."

The Cid, in fact, is not a play, but a protest; not a literary but a political triumph. There are few of Corneille's pieces, beginning with The Cid, which are not trials in a criminal court. The Cid kills Don Gormas; the king is informed of his death by Don Alonzo, who at the same time announces the arrival of Doña Chimène, to demand justice. But simultaneously with Chimène, who is the counsel for the prosecution, comes Don Diègue, the counsel for the defence; and the trial begins.

Horace, again, irritated by his sister Camilla's imprecations, kills her. Here we have quite a different affair to the Cid's — past a joke, sorricide, or — if that word be rejected, fratricide! This time, Valère is the public accuser. But, as King Tullus refuses to pronounce judg-

ment unless the prisoner is defended, he turns to him and says, —

Horace, defend yourself.

And Horace defends himself in a speech not less able than the opening of the case by the Roman attorney-general. Consequently, as the situation is the same as in The Cid, as the punishment, exactly as in The Cid, would strike the saviour of the state, the sentence is the same, and Tullus pardons in nearly the same terms as Don Fernand.

Apropos to this latter tragedy, one evening, when Dumas was receiving a large party of artists, Mademoiselle Rachel said to him, "Come and see me in Camille. I have hit upon a striking effect which is much applauded, and which I think is really fine."

"When do you play Horace?"

"Next Saturday."

"I will be there." And he took care not to miss the rendezvous given by Melpomene, as her fanatic worshippers called her. He had not asked where the promised effect was to be introduced; but knowing Horace by heart, having seen Camille played by all the tragediennes who had succeeded each other during the last thirty years, acquainted with all the theatrical traditions, he was sure not to let it pass without observing it. He sat, like Sister Anne, in the balcony, looking out for something to arrive. The first, second, and third acts passed without producing any besides the usual points, which Mademoiselle Rachel gave with her accustomed talent. The curtain rose on the fourth act; and, as in the fourth act Camille is killed, he felt at every line that the decisive moment was approaching. He saw, moreover, that the actress was playing her best for him. She really was magnificent.

At last came the capital scene of the fourth act, in which Horace enters followed by Procule bearing the swords of the three Curiaces, and in which, Camille, face to face with her brother, bewails the fate of her slaughtered lover. She marvellously rendered three-quarters of the speech, exactly like the Rachel Dumas had always known. But after the line, —

Give me, barbarian, a heart as hard as thine,

her voice grew gradually weaker and weaker; the last four lines were uttered with the languor of a person at the point of death; after which, she fainted away. The closing words literally died on her lips, and she fell back senseless into the well-known, tragic, uncomfortable arm-chair, which must be specially inconvenient for fainting fits.

As may be easily supposed, such weakness only exasperated, and not without reason, her victorious brother. Let his sister curse him, well and good; she was still a daughter worthy of Horatius; but that she should faint was much too bad; and while the house was ringing with applause, he roared out the lines beginning, —

Was ever woman fired with equal rage!

(he ought to have said, "with equal weakness;" for a syncope can hardly be described as rage), and concluding with,

His death secures the interests of Rome.

At the word Rome, Camille shuddered. Then with a prodigious study of nature's hesitations, slowly, little by little, and, so to speak, fibre by fibre, she came to herself. Nothing was omitted in her return to life, neither the trembling limbs, nor the dull eye, nor the infiltration of thought and intelligence into the still inanimate body. At last she suddenly awoke from her torpor and recovered her voice to give vent, with closed teeth and increasing fury, to the remarkable anathema beginning

Rome! All I owe her is eternal hate!

The climax, thus worked up, brought the house down. Rachel, while making her exit, gave Dumas a triumphant look — and he, perhaps, was the only person of the

audience, who had not applauded her. The act over, he hastened to her dressing-room (where French actors and actresses receive their intimate friends), in a state of considerable embarrassment. She had evidently reckoned upon his approbation; but far from approving, he blamed her.

"Well," she asked as soon as he entered; "what do you say to the effect?"

"The effect on the public, or the effect you have discovered?"

"Of course, my effect — the effect I have hit upon."

"I am sorry, my dear friend, that a woman of your talent should hunt after such effects, and above all that she should find them."

"How so?"

"'Tis as plain as can be. Do you think it consistent with Camille's nature to faint on learning her lover's death? And do you fancy a woman, on recovering her consciousness, would utter such a line as

Rome! All I owe her is eternal hate!

Insult your brother, scratch his face, tear out his eyes; but for Heaven's sake don't faint. One thing only has surprised me; namely, that the shade of old Corneille did not start from the boards and cry, 'Up with you, spiritless Roman hussy! In the family of the Horatii, women die, but they do not faint.'"

"Nevertheless, you authors of the romantic school like to follow nature."

"My liking to follow nature is the very reason why I for my part, blame you while the crowd applauds you."

"But it is woman's nature to faint."

"That depends on the woman."

"At least I know one thing. When Monsieur de M. was brought to my house, wounded in a duel, the sight of his blood made me faint."

"But you are not a Roman of the time of Tullus Hostilius. You are a femmelette nerveuse, a poor little hysterical woman, of the nineteenth century. You are not the daughter of old Horatius; you are only the daughter of Daddy Felix."

Dumas' preaching was all in vain. Mademoiselle Rachel was enthusiastically applauded; Mademoiselle Rachel continued to faint.

Such is a sample of the reminiscences to be found, by those who care to look for more, in Alexandre Dumas' *Souvenirs Dramatiques*.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Gas in England, like gas in this happy country, goes up in price and down in quality.

MR. GLADSTONE enjoys (as who wouldn't?) a neat salary of \$37,500 per annum, for his services as first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

A CONTRIVANCE is now announced by which a map or plan can be transmitted by telegraph. It seems to be chiefly adapted to telegraphing to headquarters any alteration in the position of troops about to engage.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, says: "If the British Anti-Tobacco Association would confine itself to a crusade against smoking in factories, coal mines, and other places where there is danger of fire or explosions, it might really become a useful institution."

ONE of the celebrities of the Quartier Latin, a Bohemian of long standing, who went by the nickname of Bouton d'Or, died the other day in the deepest poverty. He was in reality the Vicomte Boutonnet de Saint-Vallière, and had graduated in letters and in law. At the beginning of his Bohemian career Bouton d'Or was famous for his generosity; his purse was always open, and the wild youth of the Quartier Latin did not scruple to help themselves from it. Latterly, however, he made a livelihood by helping the students of law and medicine to write their theses, and was considered an excellent hand at

eliminating the solecisms and barbarisms which occasionally disfigure such productions. He was to be seen every morning and evening at establishments noted for the best absinthe, where he held forth to the students while partaking of his favorite beverage. His death, which occurred when he was but forty years of age, was, in fact, caused by absinthe, the first glass of which, he used to relate, was given him by Alfred de Musset, the day after a distribution of prizes, at which he had obtained some success.

KING LOUIS II. of Bavaria has written a play; it is entitled "The Fan of the Marchioness," and there exists but a single manuscript copy of it. It contains three acts, and is written in Alexandrine verses. That is all that is known about it. "About four months ago," says the *Court Journal*, "the actors of the Royal Theatre received from the manager of the stage the cast of the play entitled 'The Fan of the Marchioness,' whose author, he said, wishes to remain unknown, but which was to be rehearsed immediately. A week afterwards the first rehearsal took place, and a few days later the actors and actresses who were to appear in it were startled by the notification that they were to play the piece after midnight on the 3d of March. The most rigorous secrecy was enjoined upon them, and immediate dismissal was threatened to those who should talk about the affair. Who had ever heard of such a theatrical performance? The actors were all there, and when the curtain went up they vainly looked for an audience. No one was present to witness their performance but a young man, dressed in a loose suit of gray, his handsome face adorned with a small, well-trimmed moustache. The young man was seated in the left proscenium box, and he seemed to follow the performance with rapt attention. The experienced actors did their best to play their parts well. None of them had ever performed under more singular, not to say discouraging circumstances. Applause there was none. The curtain went down, and it went up again before a dark and empty house. The only spectator present was to all appearances highly interested, but not even once did he clap his hands. Finally, just as the neighboring clock of St. Catharine's Church struck four the play was over, and the actors went home. This singular performance has been repeated since then a dozen times. The actors are almost in a state of revolt, for it seems unnatural for them to play to an audience without marks of applause or disapproval."

GUINEVERE TO LANCELOT.

WOMAN is crowned, but man in truth is king.
I am a queen, but when my vassals bring
Fruit to my lips it is not fruit to me.
While bitter bread would be a feast with thee,
And each breath tremble into ecstasy;
But Fate forbids the dear delight to be.

I am a queen, but Love of queens is lord;
I am a queen, but fettered by a cord
Tight as the silk the Cupids pressed around
The boar, destroying Adon with a wound,
Found guilty by the Loves, and slain when found,
Condemned by Venus to a death renowned.

I am a queen; be merciful to me,
My subject Lancelot. Thee alone I see;
All else is fading from my swimming eyes,
That which in me was queen, is dead or dies,
But what was woman lives the more, and sighs
Like weary babe athirst at midnight cries.

A queen commands not heart, but lip and knee.
Poor little queen, why must thou royal be?
Knight of the smile and voice so blinding sweet,
Is not rank ice, and passion melting heat?
Wipe off the flakes that stain thy whiter feet
Upon my crown. Drown it, ye snows and sleet!

ROBERT BATSON.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER X. MISERRIMA.

THE Old Wharf-Side was still unchanged, even down to its minutest details. Mrs. Goldrick was still looking for the lost key. It was at all events an object in life for her, if nothing more. How she lived, or even existed, all those days and nights, is perhaps conceivable by those who have been at the pains to make inquiry into the ways and means of the solitary rats of the human sewers. Her sleep was perhaps scarcely worth speaking of, being a mere bundle of dreams. Her food was of two kinds, bodily and spiritual, the bodily being easily described. First she came to the end of her bread, then to the end of the small amount of ready cash that Aaron had left her, then to the end of her wine that had given her fictitious strength, and then to the end of Aaron's brandy, that had given her very actual fever. Then followed the strange spectacle of a witch and miser visiting the pawn-shops and raising upon her household rubbish anything that the man at the counter might be pleased to give her. At last, however, every nook and corner was left bare, and herself left almost without clothes. The windows lost their blinds, and such was the spectacle of her poverty that her reputation of miser, combined with such an appearance of utter destitution, gave ample ground for the children who fearfully peeped in, to set a report going that she must be rolling in gold. The apparent poverty of a reputed miser is a better foundation for credit than any amount of luxury; people have been told "All is not gold that glitters," until they have come to believe all that does not glitter to be gold. It could only have been her other reputation for witchcraft that saved her from burglary, and, even so, she was watched by many a curious pair of eyes. Then, when she reached the pass of being thought able to buy up all St. Bavons, she was driven for at least four-and-twenty hours to live literally upon nothing but air.

How many people who read of hunger know what hunger really means? Perhaps a good appetite may be bet-

ter worth having even than good food; but not even a chameleon could be expected to admit that the very best of appetite without food is equal in value to the very worst with some prospect of satisfaction before appetite changes into hunger. Mrs. Goldrick had arrived at the fourth stage. She had passed the first state of balked appetite, in which the healthy desire for meat fades into a faint craving for stimulant. She had gone through the state of collapse, after which comes a period of repose from all wish for food, when the patient feels as if life needed no fuel but what is self-supplied. This season of apparently self-sustained strength had lasted unusually long with her, but she had in due course passed into the third stage, when hunger woke again, not in the form of an appetite but of a passion. The fourth was the wolf-stage, when the wild beast starts up, and the human spirit is no longer responsible for the workings of instinct. Her existence — it can be called her life no longer — became almost too hideous for narration. With a treasure-box before her eyes that only needed the turn of a skeleton key to make her a rich woman, she transformed herself into as much a beast of prey as her miserable hunting ground allowed. Her rent had been paid up to the last quarter, so her search was not likely to be disturbed for the present, and her desert island was still her own hunting ground for some time to come. It is horrible to describe the shifts to which she was driven, and the temptations to which, rather than betray her self-imposed trust, she allowed herself to yield. There was a large tortoiseshell cat, persecuted by the children of the Old Wharf-Side, who was in the habit of creeping down into the cellars at ebb-tide for food and shelter. One day it fell upon the unusual good fortune of finding a rat too small and feeble to show fight, for the rats ran large in the neighborhood of Zelda's fortune. The poor creature was already half killed by the hungry cat when the more hungry woman caught sight of the unequal battle. It was not from any sentimental desire to protect the weak that a sudden impulse made her send the cat flying to the other end of the cellar with one of her pattens after it. There was a great corporation dinner at St. Bavons that evening, but no turtle was en-

joyed with greater zest than was Mrs. Goldrick's solitary supper. Not only was her gnawing hunger appeased for a time, but this struggle with even the gutter cats for their prey had given her an idea. Before she laid down that night she had invented a rat-trap, with all the skill and craft of necessity.

Thus much for her bodily food. For spiritual food she was as well off as ever. The more her physical strength failed, the more her craze grew into definite certainty that Zelda was still alive. She could not for a moment entertain the thought that she had sacrificed her life to a shadow, and the greater were the pains of sacrifice, the less it seemed possible that they were thrown away.

And so this was, so far, the end of the Cornflower. If she had, as she believed, succeeded in betraying her good angel into the most miserable of all miserable marriages, she had certainly crowded all the wasted strength of her nature into one life-long effort after expiation. When it was found that the husband of her friend and mistress had already an heir by a first unhappy wife, her duty was obvious — she removed it from the way. When Squire Maynard's ruin was imminent, her duty was also clear — to use her increasing influence over him and his affairs, and rob him right and left in order to make provision for Marietta's child. When the pedlar Aaron made her and her reputed savings the price of his recovering for her the stolen darling whom Marietta had left to her keeping, she, in her criminal ignorance of those English laws which every one is assumed to have at his fingers' ends by intuition, did not think twice of herself — self had become nothing to her long ago. After so much it would have been strange indeed if she had given up her life's object, however irrational it may seem to the majority of us other shadow-hunters, in order to exchange a diet of rats for a crust of bread and cheese. Her inheritance was Zelda, the child of the more than mother whom she herself, as she thought, had betrayed and destroyed, and she was not one to sell it for a mess of pottage. As for her own child, Mr. Brandt's missing cashier, who had been a good sort of son to her before he went under water among the Dutch dykes, she had been proud of him after a fashion, if it was

only because he did not squint like his father: but every maternal corner of her heart had been preëngaged long before he was born. Nothing was more natural than his disappearance—he had come of a roving race, not over regardful of legal honesty, and was no doubt on his legs somewhere. When she had seen his name advertised on the hand-bills, she only assumed that he had somehow managed to better himself at exceptional expense to the *Gorgios*, and returned to look for her key, thankful that her marriage with Aaron had not burdened her with domestic complications and interruptions. Possibly, in another rank of life, she would have set to hunt for her key on the floor of a mad-house; nor is it altogether pleasant to think how often the only possible mental and moral groove permitted to a special temperament by special circumstances may be taken by those who profess and call themselves sane as proof of madness. She knew what she was about, and, according to her lights, set about it in what she thought was the straightest and most appropriate way to succeed, without turning to the right or left, or yielding one inch of herself even to the attacks of hunger—that fiercest enemy wherewith moral strength can be called on to contend. Since these are generally taken as the clearest proofs of the soundest sanity, she ought not to be charged even with monomania. She was supremely in earnest, supremely steadfast, supremely ignorant of the banking system, and nothing more.

If she could only set her eyes on the *Zelda* whom she knew not even by name, and have surrendered the old chest into the hands of her for whose sake she still carried on the trade of miser, she would have joyfully sung the *Nunc Dimittis* which had for years been the sole canticle of Hope to her soul. After so long a vigil nothing could be looked for but a long sleep, which to her meant the welcome end of all things. The thought of dying before her watch was over was so bitter as to seem impossible. Though the days slipped by and made her grow older and older, as if they were so many years, her absorption in her mission rendered her as deaf and blind to the course of time as though past, present, and future were terms without meaning or difference. Her mental backward journey to Vienna was as real as her present penance, and neither was less real than must be her absolution before she died. Meanwhile, to her superstitious temper, everything depended on the finding of the key.

She searched so carefully as to leave no spot in the cellar unfingered. She counted the bricks, and felt over and round them one by one three times over, tearing up every weed and probing every crevice and rat-hole. The frogs, toads, and all other loathsome

natives of the place looked upon her as so entirely naturalized, that they only sat and stared at her, even when she transformed herself into a cat for the sake of their meat. She, in turn, became so used to their ways, that their splashings and scramblings were a relief to her solitude. But though she became at home with them more than any unwilling prisoner could possibly be, she had been cut off from human sounds for so long that the softest whisper, if it differed from the persistent baby voice that never left her ears, would have startled and jarred upon her more than all the strange noises of her splashing and scrambling companions. And it was not by any means a soft whisper that at the end of her third day of rat-trapping called "Mag!" down the cellar staircase.

Not that the voice was intended to be anything but eminently soft and persuasive. "Mag!" it called out again, "are you always down there among the coals? Come up and give me some brandy—but be still for your life: things are a little queer with me just now. I've knifed a nobleman, and the *Chikengros* are after me, so I've just looked in to keep you company for a day or two till things are quiet again—they won't look for me here, and you may as well let me have that thousand pounds."

Her heart sank down: what was to become of her with her husband coming to claim free quarters in her empty house, and with her key still unfound? But before she had time to answer a loud knock sounded at the street door. Aaron Goldrick ran back along the passage, and no doubt made use of some convenient chink to reconnoitre such a strange event as a visitor to the most deserted house in all St. Bavons. At any rate he soon ran back with his teeth chattering almost audibly, nor did he pause as before at the head of the cellar, but came down headlong to the verge of the pool.

"Mag, you old witch, there's always a something whenever I come here. Here's a man, a detective, I'll lay my thousand to all your bare boards. Go up and tell him all the lies you can think of, there's an angel. I can't step into all that slime, or I'd lie behind your coals."

"You coward. Stay where you are, then—I'll go and see."

"Is there no back way out? Can't one get to the river?"

"None. You must make the best of it there, unless you want to slip down and lie there till the tide comes up and drowns you—supposing you're meant to be drowned."

"Get rid of him any way—tell him"—

"I'll tell him what I please." So she waded back to the steps, put on her most stony manner, and opened the door as she had done to Claudia on Whit Monday—the last human being, save Aaron, who had dared to

seek the witch in her den. Her heart, which had sunk down at the unexpected arrival of her husband, rose up again above its dead level: since nothing was so extraordinary as a knock at her door, it must presage something more extraordinary than the visit of a policeman, and there was but one thing that with her could be the subject of any presentiment or presage.

Something so extraordinary happened to me a day after my half quarrel with Lord Lisburn that I gave up astonishment at anything thenceforth and forever. I had just read in the *Trumpet* that monstrous rumor of the forthcoming marriage between Lord Lisburn and the girl whom I had now come to hate with a sort of fascination. I cannot wonder at myself even now for beginning to think her influence savored of the supernatural—indeed I was not only beginning to think it, I had come to feel it, in spite of my sober reason. But it was not this that surprised me: *Zelda* was clearly as invincible as fate, and if she had set her heart upon marrying me instead of Lord Lisburn, I had no doubt but that she would only have had to command, and I should have obeyed. I could hardly bear to think of it all, however, little as I was surprised: and to this day I cannot tell whether my disgust arose simply from shame on behalf of my friend and patron, or simply from a feeble rebellion of my reason against the overwhelming mastery of the beggar girl, or whether it arose from both of these combined with a touch of jealousy. If she was to be the arbitress of my destiny it would have been some bitter satisfaction to feel that she chose to be the arbitress of mine alone.

I had hardly digested this piece of news, and had come to the conclusion that whether Lord Lisburn sailed to the Pole or no, I must henceforth resign duties that would keep me in the daily presence of the future mistress of the *Esmeralda*, when the maid-of-all-work who waited on me at my lodgings entered and brought me a letter directed in a strange hand. I had once spoken to myself of something being as impossible as that I should ever be a murderer or a millionaire. Now, to me, the possession of a thousand pounds would have answered all the practical purposes of a million: and the envelope, plainly addressed to myself, and without a word of explanation, contained bank-notes to the amount of exactly a thousand pounds. I had never seen so much money in my life before: it was as if the Bank of England had turned into a cloud and burst over my head. At first I thought it some blunder, but gradually a suspicion dawned upon me that made me, though alone, color up with shame. That Carol was acquainted with the Brandts he had told me the first time I had ever met

him : that he chattered about everybody to everybody, I knew. What was more likely than that he had been talking about me and my destitution in the quarter where, least in the world, I would have my name, far less my poverty, even whispered ? It was just the cold-blooded kind of thing that was strictly appropriate to Claudia ; she was just the girl, I thought, to destroy a man's life for him, and then console him by not allowing his body to starve. Not one of the notes would I touch, though I were reduced to take all my meals at coffee stalls ; I would let myself fall to a siege diet of rats and mice before letting myself accept such an insult in the name of charity.

The only question was, how to return them. It would not do to put them into the post—it was just possible I might be mistaken. At last, after much meditation, a brilliant thought came into my head. I would run down to St. Bavons itself, and ask my lawyer acquaintance there to consult Miss Brandt, as a well-known supporter of public and private charities, to what institution in St. Bavons she would advise a client of his to make a donation of a thousand pounds. If she understood the question, she would be sure to betray herself in some way : if she did not, it would be time for me to make farther inquiries and to seek less delicate means of showing her what I thought of such a gift. I do not know if I hit upon the best course to follow, but it was the only one I could think of, nor did the next morning alter the conclusion of the evening.

There was nothing to keep me in town for two clear days ; and, thanks to the *Trumpet* and my own rigid economy, I could spare the money as well as the time. I was on the point of setting out, when Lord Lisburn, to my shame—a shame of which I was ashamed—called for the first time to be a witness of my wretched lodgings, and of the poverty which I chose, so far as I could, to keep concealed from all men.

I do not think he was uncourteous enough to seem to observe—that was not the way of the truest gentleman whom I ever knew. But that I felt and looked confused is certain, and my false shame did me no good in after days. How clearly every instant of that day is imprinted on my mind—how strangely every word, every gesture, every look, seemed to work together as if in a conspiracy to bring about the most fatal chain of circumstance that ever, without any apparent fault, contrived to place one mortal at the utter mercy of another. Do we ever sufficiently notice how, to produce any event, however slight—not only the destinies of wars and kingdoms, but the wearing of a coat or the spilling of a cup of tea—there must have gone a special train of circumstances, beginning with the beginning

of the world ; births, deaths, marriages, looks, thoughts, words, gestures, times and places, and a thousand other things, without every one of which, combined with and following one another in one definite and invariable way, the fortune of war would have been reversed and the tea would not have been spilled ? I am not a fatalist, because I have witnessed, if I have never exercised, the full power of will, before which circumstance went down like grass before the scythe. But I can fully sympathize with those who hold that the sequence and combination of all things could not have been otherwise—that the human will itself is but a circumstance, seeing how much it depends for its very existence, and therefore for its exercise, upon temperament, which is the result of birth and breeding, and upon opportunity.—upon matters which take away from the will itself all attributes of independent power.

This is a long digression into the mysteries of philosophy to be suggested by my stupid mortification at having to receive a peer of the realm at my own home—if so sacred a word can be used in connection with such terms as Two-pair back and Solitude.

"I have come to ask you a favor, Vaughan," he said. "You know the news, of course—confound those cads, who won't even let a man have the credit of being the first to tell his own story. I'm afraid, somehow, we didn't part as good friends as we ought—I was angry, I own, and was in the right besides—but you couldn't expect to know Pauline so well as I. Well, I like to be straightforward and do things right off, and so do you, I suppose. I want you to be friends with Pauline—do you understand ? There's not another man whom I'd insult Pauline by asking such a thing, but you've saved my life twice, you know ; you can't throw me over, and if you're my friend you must be Pauline's too. Poor girl ! I must get her all the friends I can."

I could scarcely help smiling at the craving of a man who professed to despise the world for some one to stand by him. Besides, I had made up my mind that, whatever Zelda might be to me, she could never be my friend. But I was touched by his frankness and gratitude, and by the delicacy with which he tried to explain that if he had to choose between Zelda and me, he was now bound by stronger ties than those of friendship and gratitude. I could not find it in my heart to say, "They you must choose Zelda." I only said, lightly,—

"They say, my lord, when a man marries he says adieu to his friends ; I hope, though you are going to the North Pole, you will only say *au revoir* to yours."

Even this innocent speech was another link in the chain.

"Not even *au revoir* to you. By the way you seem off on a journey, to

judge from the look of your portman-teau."

"Oh, only for a few days."

"H. Vaughan, St. Bavons," he said, reading my label. "By the way, what sort of a place is St. Bavons ? I have a reason for asking."

"Very large, and very hideous—chiefly celebrated for turtle, back streets, and Quakers."

"By Jove ! the bonnets like coal-scuttles !" He thought for a moment, and said,—

"By the way, if you come across a policeman, or anybody who is likely to know the holes and corners of the town—if there is a 'Royal Arms,' and an 'Old Point Hotel,'—"

"Of course there are : at least, close by. Why ?"

"It is the place, then. Then you can find some chance of asking, without saying why, if there's an old gipsy woman, or some such person, known as Queen Margaret ; she's said to be a witch who coins gold, which sounds like a human curiosity, anyhow—if you're interested in such things."

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I. A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

So Madge lay in the ward of a hospital, and on the charge sheet of a police-station. But whilst doctors and nurses are restoring her to consciousness in order that she may be in a fit state of body to face the accusation of having robbed Mr. Jiddledubbin, let us revert to the nobleman who was the primary cause of all this—the stranger who made his brief appearance at the "Chequers" inn that rainy night eighteen years ago, and vanished like a shooting-star.

On the same day and at the same hour—such things will happen—that Madge was married to Thomas Brown, ostler, in the parish church of Wakefield-in-the-Marsh, a very different sort of marriage ceremony was performed in London.

His Grace the Duke of Courthope and Revel was united, or in the more respectful newspaper language of the day, his Grace led to the hymeneal altar the Lady Helena Pomona Cardwell, daughter and sole heiress of the celebrated and Right Honorable Sir Job Boroughs Whitworth Placard Cardwell, Marquis of Newcomen and Knight of St. Patrick. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury politely absolved the noble duke from the necessity of repairing with his illustrious consort to a cold, damp church upon a winter's morning, and granted a special license under his high dispensing signature as Lord Primate of the realm. By virtue of this courtly and

graceful document the Right Reverend Dr. Simonet Tythe, Bishop of Selsol-and-Man, who was descended from a family of French Huguenots, and the very Venerable Archdeacon Corrl, who was descended from himself, were enabled to administer the sacrament of matrimony after the most approved rules of politeness; and in a warm and comfortable manner at the duke's mansion in town. It was an imposing building erected by Sir John Vanbrugh, and it stretched from one of the busiest parts of the Thames River and blocked up the way to one of the busiest parts of parliamentary London at Whitehall, and it was properly aired and heated for the marriage sacrament, which a church would hardly have been.

There could be no doubt that a sacrament was administered in this agreeable way, for although the Protestant clergy have a trick of sneering at the sacred pretensions of marriage, which they probably derived from Martin Luther, yet the Roman Catholic Church very formally and precisely includes matrimony among its seven sacraments. Indeed, considering that the word sacrament is derived from the Latin *sacramentum*, and we are still accustomed to speak sometimes of "the marriage *oath*," as a sacred thing, some persons are rather inclined to think that the Protestant Church has dealt lightly in this matter. Moreover, there was no getting out of the fact that the Duke of Courthope's marriage was a sacrament, for although his Grace naturally inherited a belief in the orthodoxy of the established Church of England, yet the most noble Marquis of Newcomen had hereditary and political reasons equally strong for adhering to the Church of Rome, and the Lady Helena Pomona therefore naturally declared herself a Papist. It was upon that account his Eminence Clement Sylvester, Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, a friend and ally of the family, and Monsignor Digby, an English Jesuit, had looked rather coolly on this marriage at first, and had proposed to convert the duke as an indispensable preliminary to it. But they had subsequently become reconciled to the inevitable, when Lord Newcomen, who, like most successful politicians, loved a compromise, assured them that married ladies generally have their own way, and that the duke would probably be soon converted in the curtained and eloquent privacy of his wife's apartments. Ultimately, therefore, it came about that his Eminence the cardinal consented to show that he could be to the full as well bred, where a duke was concerned, as his Grace the Lord Primate of England. Something was courteously whispered about the extremely delicate health of the Lady Helena, who could attend three balls and dance eight hours every night of the season without inconvenience; and the muster of ecclesiastical dignitaries of both

persuasions in their robes of honor at Revel House that day was extremely edifying.

The Archbishop of Rouen came over from France to attend the ceremony, and he and his Catholic clergy appeared to the most advantage, for a mere prim apron and silk stockings, however artistically made to display the rounded calf of a well-turned leg, or the plump majesty of a prelate's proportions below the chest, look neither so dignified nor picturesque as the flowing robes, the priceless lace, the handsome cross and signet ring which gave pomp and splendor to the commanding presence of Archbishop Clement, the most famous orator and theologian of the Gallican Church.

There was almost regal state at Revel House that day, when the political and social interests of the two great names of Courthope and Newcomen, whose partisans divided the kingdom, were blended into one. There was not a gentleman of either family who did not feel that his chances of winning fame and distinction in the public service were strengthened by that alliance. The carriages which bore the wedding guests to breakfast, stretched in an unbroken line from Whitehall to Piccadilly; and there was not a single person in any one of them, from the veteran party leader to the bridesmaids' sisters in the fourth or fifth year of their teens, and the dashing, high-spirited young cornets and clerks—who had not something to hope or to fear from the Duke or the Marquis.

Lord Newcomen had been in the ministry from time immemorial. He was a very clever nobleman, stout, good-natured, of an easy temper. The court liked him because he really would do anything he could to please a prince or princess, and liked to please them better than he liked to please other people. His colleagues approved him because he was not noisy or troublesome. He let them take as much fame and consume as much consequence as they pleased, so that they left him the substantial benefits of office—a crown lease now and then, a lord wardenship for himself, an unobtrusive sinecure for a friend or a relative. In return he gave good dinners for the party, kept open the pleasantest house in town, and was always ready to put the peers in a good humor by a few amusing after-dinner stories. His lordship was indeed an invaluable man to his party, for he had no political opinions, and had never professed any. He was pledged to no course of action upon any subject; and he was popular among the people because he was the most affable and unaffected of men; a stout hearty-looking gentleman with full red cheeks, blue eyes, and short sand-colored whiskers. Personal appearance has a great deal to do with popularity, and nobody could say that the marquis was a fop or a sloven. He looked like a thriving cheesemon-

ger, and his grandfather had actually been in that profitable branch of trade, till at the close of one of the longest lawsuits on record even for an Irish inheritance, it had suddenly appeared that none of the claimants who had been contending for the property had anything to do with it, and that the rightful heir was Lord Newcomen's grandfather, old Jim McMorough or Borough, who kept a shop in Sligo. Jim drank himself to death with joy; but, of course, his successor changed the family name in accordance with its ancient spelling and significance, as sanctioned by Sir Bernard Burke, and bloomed out as a full fledged ambassador. His son, the present marquis, had been dandled into statesmanship on the knees of duchesses and princesses of the blood. He had ridden cock-horse on the walking-sticks of kings and emperors. His father had turned opportunity to good account; he had increased the family property, paid off mortgages with the proceeds of early information, and purchased so much parliamentary influence in unsuspected places, that he could pull an incredible number of political check-strings without apparently moving foot or finger. The present marquis had stepped into this agreeable position at about five-and-twenty years old. He had married a charming French wife, and notwithstanding his bluff British aspect, he really looked upon the affairs of this world very much from a Parisian point of view. He laughed at men and columns, while he used and enjoyed them.

No wonder then that all the world of wealth and fashion were ready to come at his call, or that their promptitude was in no way diminished by the opportunity which arose on the present occasion of paying court to the rich, powerful placeman and an authentic duke at the same time. His Grace, had he been consulted, would have liked to manage the thing more quietly, but the French marchioness would not hear of it being done in a corner, and Lord Newcomen thought if it was done at all, it should be done well. His wife had made the match, being fascinated by the duke's title, which was historical and familiar to her in many charming French novels. Lord Newcomen thought that as his daughter must be married to somebody, she might as well be Duchess of Courthope and Revel as not. He was rather staggered at the business arrangements suggested by Messrs. Mortmain and Feoff to his solicitors, Messrs. Plumbas and Dumbus; for the duke required the whole amount of his wife's fortune to be paid down, whereas his lordship was determined to tie up every penny under stringent settlements; but at last the thing was arranged by Lord Newcomen negotiating a loan through the government broker with a life insurance company which wanted a new charter,

and was prepared to lend the Duke of Courthope a sum sufficient for his immediate necessities on the tacit understanding that they should get it.

Things having thus been settled to the satisfaction of everybody in good society, the wedding festival, as already said, was imposing in its state and magnificence. The company comprised the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the cabinet ministers and ex-ministers of both the great parties in the country, the duke being nominally a Tory and the marquiss nominally a Whig; most of the proud old Catholic nobility who so seldom come abroad, all the well-connected bishops, deans, and canons of the High Church and the Broad Church, all the fine ladies and gentlemen who could beg, borrow, or win an invitation to be present. The Catholic portion of the marriage service was sung by some of the finest voices in Europe, imported from divers opera houses, as the custom is. The gorgeous family plate and art treasures, collected by wealth and taste for countless generations, were profusely displayed, and as the great folding-doors of the banqueting hall were flung open by the duke's chamberlain to his friends, the band of his Grace's old regiment, the Grenadier Guards, played them in amidst the blaze of diamonds, and the nodding of plumes on all the beauty and chivalry of the land.

Lord and Lady Newcomen received the wedding guests with the accomplished charm of a practised host and hostess; for our duke and duchess, in compliance with our English custom, left town immediately after breakfast for Beaumanoir, his Grace's place, in one of the midland counties, which Pope had called a wonder of the world.

There more rejoicings awaited them. Triumphal arches were erected with

perfect type and presentment of a great hereditary noble—the physical perfection of blood and race. Just then there was heard far above the bells and music, and above the roar of cannon, a wild shriek from a human heart which had broken, and a young woman, travel-stained, pale and haggard, fought her way through the throng, and flung herself in mad despair under the horses' feet. She was one of the numerous women of whose honor his Grace had made sport, but has nothing to do with our story farther than to illustrate that the duke's marriage had its small cloud among so much sunshine. She was dragged away, a shapeless mass all huddled together; nobody paid any attention to the incident; the crowd closed round her, angry at the interruption, and thinking she was an impudent beggar. The carriage rolled rapidly on, and the duke welcomed his wife to his ancestral home amidst deafening huzzas from his tenantry and dependents, as though he had done something great or good. But as the flag was hoisted on the battlements to announce his presence to the country round, and gave out its heavy folds to the wintry winds, it was remarked that his Grace looked a little unnerved, and that his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold his hat in it. The newly-made duchess looked at him with astonishment, and whispered in a rather crisp way she had learned from her mother, "Mon ami, vous feriez mieux de vous retirer." Then she turned graciously to acknowledge the congratulations of the kinsfolk and retainers of the great house who had assembled to do her honor, while the duke found a pretext to go to his dressing-room and drink a deep draught of wine before he reappeared again.

CHAPTER II. THE DUCHESS OF COURTHOPE.

THE marriage which took place under such auspicious circumstances to all outward appearance was not a very happy match. The husband and wife did not quarrel. Persons in their rank of life have no need to do that, because they can so easily avoid each other's society; and the Duke of Courthope lived much apart from the duchess. Indeed, his Grace did not like the restraints of married life, and his wife constantly galled and vexed him. She was a bright, sarcastic French person, who took very decided views of things, and was obedient only to her confessor. She had rather a contempt for her husband when she came to know him. She thought him dull and heavy-witted compared with her father, and the brilliant diplomatists she had been accustomed to meet every evening round her mother's tea-table. She got into a habit of sneering quietly at him, and the duke winced under her covert taunts as if they were barbed arrows which struck him

in the face and breast. Perhaps she had her own reasons for having a poor opinion of him; who can pry into the secrets of married life? His Grace had very little conversation. He was accustomed to be amused and made much of. He had been always king of every company he entered, the bright particular star of any firmament in which he deigned to shine, and he soon found out that his wife despised him. First he was astonished, then angry; but at last her contempt rendered him sullen and indifferent.

About a year after their marriage a son and heir was born to them, and it seemed at first as though the strong link of an existence for which they were both responsible, and which was a part of their own lives would have drawn them together. The duchess certainly tried for a while to put a better face on things. She went singing about her nursery with her child in her arms, and tried to jest with her husband; but if there was one thing which his Grace could understand less than another it was a joke. He was like most English noblemen of the highest rank—rather solemn, and had an excessive sense of his own importance. It irritated him to feel his moustaches pulled by merry fingers, and arms flung round his neck with screams of laughter, while a pair of dapper feet dangled half a yard from the ground, and clung to him. He liked to be made love to on hands and knees, and invited only toadies who flattered him, at his table. Madge, if she had had ever so little education, only just enough to speak and think in conventional English, would have fooled him to his heart's content. She would have made him supremely happy. He would have been faithful to her, because he would have found no such adulation elsewhere; he would have been proud of her, because she would have been so proud of him. He and Madge had the same tastes and pleasures; they both loved horses and dogs, coarse plain food, and a country life in the open air. Lady Helena had not a wish or an idea in common with him. She was light-headed and witty, he was pompous and dull, not so much by nature as by habits which had overgrown his instincts. She liked the life of drawing-rooms, books, poetry, music, the arts, and the perpetual whirl of society; he hated all these things. So at last they gave up all attempt to understand each other; and one day the duke, stung beyond endurance by her taunts, let fall a threat of fearful import, telling her rudely and plainly that she was not his wife, and he stood up in his wrath and cursed her.

"I knew it," she answered with keen contempt, "and am only too glad that my boy is all my own. Tenez, M. le Duc, si vous êtes duc—chose qui n'est pas trop sûre d'après ce que dit mon père. Vous êtes un lâche!" and she swept from the room, leaving his

"OUR YOUNG DUKE, AND OUR OLD CONSTITUTION,"

"WELCOME HOME,"

"O. & H.,"

and other romantic and original devices inscribed upon them in flowers or colored lamps. His Grace arrived in a carriage and four; his illustrious consort sat beside him, tall and upright as a wand, and the people loudly cheered them as they swept on to the stately castle gates of Beaumanoir, attended by a guard of honor composed of the county yeomen. The park-keepers in their state liveries came forward to receive them, the ancient Norman church rung out a joyous peal from its time-honored belfry, the militia band sprung into music on the lawn, and a salute was fired in the park.

As they neared the castle gate, the duke stood up and bowed repeatedly to the crowd. He was the same tall, gallant-looking gentleman who had slept at the "Chequers" inn, and he was visible in the sight of hundreds as the

Grace livid with passion, and terrified by his own imprudence.

"Damn the wine!" he muttered fiercely, after she was gone; "if I had not drunk so much at the hunt dinner I should not have lost my temper. But never mind, my lady will forget it before morning, and at all events that old humbug, her father (who has done me so neatly), is too sensible to make a row."

His Grace was partly right in this view of the case, and partly wrong. The duchess did not forget it all before morning. On the contrary, she passed a greater part of the night closeted with her confessor, a wise old man, who had known the wayward girl from her birth, and the next day, while his Grace was out shooting, she quietly returned with the priest to her own home, taking her infant son and his nurse with her. On the other hand, Lord Newcomen pooh-poohed the whole thing very pleasantly, and walked with the latest news on his lips into his wife's boudoir, giving her jocular orders to bring her Grace to her senses, and his wife, who loved and trusted and admired him, did as she was bid. Then he walked down to White's, where a telegram had assured him he should meet the Duke of Courthope, and they talked the matter over in the bow window most agreeably.

Said the duke: "I give your lordship my honor I am extremely distressed at having huffed her Grace—but, egad, I must tell your lordship it was after dinner:" and the duke smiled demurely. He did not wish to put a grave face upon the business.

"By the piper that played before Moses, as they say in my native country, the little vixen has got her back up, and there's no getting it down, your Grace, for a day or two," laughed the noble marquis, who knew his daughter's stubbornness upon a point of conscience where she was supported by the priesthood.

"I leave myself entirely in your lordship's hands," resumed the duke, with a courteous bow.

Lord Newcomen bit his lip, and his brow darkened almost imperceptibly for a moment. "Is there any proof against you, if you don't let the cat out of the bag to any one else?" he asked suddenly. His lordship knew the value of a direct home question when least expected.

The Duke of Courthope flushed crimson, his lips moved once or twice with a painful spasm, but no sound came from them. He could not force himself to tell a direct lie, and at last overcoming his emotion by a strong effort, he blurted out, "By God, my lord, I don't know," and then he bit his nether lip till the blood flowed.

Lord Newcomen looked very hard and keen when he heard this startling answer; and then said briefly, "Let me know the facts; perhaps I can tell you. What's the woman's name?"

"Zephirine Malvoisin."

The marquis nodded.

"The opera dancer?"

"No; her niece," answered the duke, not sorry to relieve himself of his terrible secret to a man so clear headed and expert in business as the marquis.

"Where is the girl now?"

"She died in the country hospital shortly after my marriage."

"Marriage!" echoed Lord Newcomen, with a slight tone of scorn, and raising his eyebrows; then remembering how much any manifestation of a feeling impedes business, and renders a mutual understanding between gentlemen difficult or impossible, he asked with perfect politeness and good temper, "Any children, duke?"

"Two, a boy and a girl," answered his Grace, determined to make a clean breast of it.

"Where are they?"

"For the life and soul of me I cannot tell;" and the duke, in mere nervous irritability and to give emphasis to his denial, rang the bell sharply, and asked the waiter for change for a sovereign.

Lord Newcomen looked out of the window and nodded to an acquaintance on the other side of the way till it was brought. He owed half his success in life to the fact that he never lost an opportunity of being civil.

"Do any of the woman's relatives know anything about it?" he asked, waiting patiently till the duke had put up his change.

"Her brother does. He was present, but he put himself out of court by forging my name to a bill of exchange."

"Have you got the paper?"

"Oh, yes," said the duke with a wry smile, which only moved one side of his mouth.

"Where is the man?"

"He lives at Rouen, and wrote me a bullying letter yesterday. I received it just as the hounds were about to throw off in my park."

"Let me see those papers," said Lord Newcomen quickly. "I mean the forgery and the begging letter."

"They are here," answered the duke, recovering his pomposity. "I was about to place them in the hands of Mortmain, my solicitor, to protect me against that kind of impertinence."

Lord Newcomen looked at him out of the extreme corner of one eye, and he thought "Dolt," but he said, "No, no, duke, leave this business to me. Lord Protocol, in Paris, owes something to me for having got him out of a scrape with an under-secretary at F. O. last year. I think we shall be able to give Monsieur Gontran de Malvoisin his choice between a vice-consulate in South America, on condition that he never returns, or the hulks at Toulon. It is quite immaterial to us which of the two he accepts, we must get rid of him."

The duke brightened into extreme

grandeur and dignity at this unexpected relief. He had great confidence in Lord Newcomen, and a well founded faith in the occult powers of government when set in motion by competent hands. "Upon my soul I am monstrously obliged to your lordship," said his Grace, extending his hand with great cordiality, but somehow or other the noble marquis did not see it, and the duke was obliged to withdraw his outstretched fingers untouched.

Lord Newcomen had sent for the clergy list, and was now turning over its pages, with a very stern expression come back into his face. If he had chosen to say what it meant, he might have told that he intended to drive the nail he had in hand well home, indifferent as to any fine feelings it might pierce on its way, or any sensitive nerves which might try to evade its point. With this purpose he was framing a few more questions. He never left business half done.

"Where did the marriage take place, duke?"

"At Enghein," answered his Grace, wincing.

"Enghein!" mused Lord Newcomen. "Pooh! there's no consul or British chaplain at Enghein."

"I did not say there was," replied the duke slyly.

"Why then, hang it, duke, you were not married at all," exclaimed the marquis, throwing himself back and laughing heartily. "A Catholic marriage don't count for anything except in Ireland—but stop, perhaps your private chaplain was one of the party?"

"Yes," said the duke.

"Well, he didn't register, of course?"

"No," said the duke.

"He won't peach, will he—I mean he is all right, you are on good terms with him? A chaplain is generally kept in order by his hopes or his fears."

"I am quite sure of him," said the duke. "He is a gentleman; I have a tight grip on him."

"Name?" asked the marquis.

"Dr. Porteous," answered the duke readily.

"Well, duke," observed Lord Newcomen, as he brought the interview to a close, "we may, I think, count on old Porteous. In the first place he is a gentleman and a man of honor, with a great admiration for his betters; he knows that whatever he might say no one would believe his word against yours, and that you would certainly contradict him; in the next place it would cost at least a hundred thousand pounds and about fifty years to dispute the succession to a dukedom with my grandson; it is not likely we shall be troubled by a beggarly French scene shifter and his brood. However, it may be as well to throttle him, and if ever you hear any more about the business come to me. Mortmain

would only stir up trouble, while we, as you know, have plenty of ways of settling such things quietly among ourselves; and the foreign police are always civil if well handled through the right people."

(To be continued.)

OBSTACLES.

THERE WAS a wholesome moral, rely on it, underlying the brisk narrative of that old fairy tale of the adventurous knight who sought to fill a pitcher at the enchanted fountain. As he climbed the hill, on the crest of which the wondrous water bubbled up, strange voices assailed his ear. There were the fierce threats of bitter foes, the roar of a raging crowd, the soft blandishments of gentle and upbraiding love. Yet the good knight pressed steadily on to the goal, while, all around him cropped out in ghastly profusion from the fatal soil a number of tall black stones, representatives of faint-hearted aspirants who had turned their heads, and had been petrified as a punishment. Every day's experience confirms the truth of the allegory. For obstacles are of two sorts, the soft and the hard, and of these, perhaps, the former, like sunken rocks in a ship's course, are the most dangerous.

The more familiar class of obstacles are solid stumbling-blocks; real, tangible barriers that proclaim "no thoroughfare," in unmistakable language, and that must be scaled by the daring, or hewn down by the strong. Sometimes these hindrances bar the way, not of an individual, but of a people. We see nations which seem from the outset to be too heavily weighted for the race of life. The Thibetian, cowering among rocks to escape the biting wind, can scarcely be blamed if the nineteenth century finds him as he was ages ago. A climate of imperious cold, a stony soil, a girdling wall of sky-piercing mountains, no roads, and it may almost be said no fuel, unite to keep Thibet the land of hunger and emptiness which it has ever been. The Icelander, who cannot afford fire except for cooking, and whose winter fare is an unwholesome diet of wind-dried fish and ill-fed pork, has positively retrograded since the days when his ancestors colonized Greenland. The old insular Scandinavians owned forests long since devoured by the lava of the giant volcanoes; their cattle grazed over many a square mile of pasture that is now but a cinder-strewn desert, for Nature herself appears to have served her writ of ejection on the dwindling population. There are other doomed tribes whose sum-total yearly lessens. The Esquimaux, whose national life has been one long struggle with frost and starvation, are dying out, slowly but surely, like one of their own skull-lamps when the seal-oil runs dry. Maori and Hottentot, the black race of Australasia, and the red race of America, wane with startling rapidity. The Polynesian islanders were diminishing in numbers, even before Cook sighted their bread-fruit groves and coral reefs, and their decadence has been, as usual, the quicker for the white man's visits. War and drought and slave-hunts are telling fast on the census of pagan Africa, and of all non-European races only those of China and Japan appear to retain their sturdy vitality.

Material obstacles, if not absolutely overwhelming, are precisely those which a vigorous nation confronts the best. Even here in England, a feebler stock than our own would hardly have crowded a forest of masts into their ports, or encumbered their wharves with heaped-up merchandise from every quarter of the globe. Our soil and climate do not enable us to dispense with skill and care. We must farm well, and make our coal and iron do us yeoman's service, and plough every sea with the keels of our trading-ships, if we would keep our place among nations. What is true of England may safely be said of more countries than one. Every hay-crop raised in Holland, every ship-load of Frison cheese, or Guelders butter, represents a triumph of unflagging industry and dogged courage. Those who redeemed their country from the waves of the

North Sea were surely competent to make the most of its resources, and the same may in a less degree be said of Flanders and the spade-husbandry that has turned a barren bed of sea-sand into a huge market-garden. The Rhinish vineyards are ugly when compared to those Tuscan enclosures where the graceful vines form fantastic arches from tree to tree, and where the heavy purple grape-bunches hang mixed with apple and plum, pear and chestnut, one tangle of variegated green and ripening fruit. But in Rhineland each terraced ledge that lines the tall river-cliff has been painfully won by hard work. It was no light labor to level those shelves of solid rock, to plant that system of ladders heedfully pinned to the crag-front, to carry up by basketfuls the very earth that should nourish the tender roots of the young vines, and to tend them in all weathers, jealously watching over every nursing shoot, and setting a nightly guard to secure the maturing clusters from thieves, biped and four-footed. Here is no instance of nature's lavish bounty, but of a valuable crop reared by incessant and self-denying toil.

The instinctive ambition to rise in life, the desire of almost every man to better his worldly condition, have been viewed by many legislators rather as noxious weeds to be discouraged in their growth, than as the germs of future excellence and improvement. It is curious to mark how often efforts have been made to draw a hard and fast line that should never be transgressed, and to stereotype the position of different ranks in society. We may safely say that the lawgivers of Peru had never heard of Lysurgus, and that the heirs of the Peruvian Romulus or Cecrops, Manco Capac, were by no means cognisant of the laws of Menu. Yet they strove, and not unsuccessfully, to do what Dorian and Brahmin had done, and to crystallize a kingdom into an unchanging solid. There was the heaven-descended emperor, fit compeer of Ninus and Belshazzar, of Numa and of Ella, deriving much of his authority from his semi-divine ancestry, as Semiramis and Cheops had done. There were the priests, white-robed, burning incense to a Transatlantic Mithra, in temples more gorgeous with gold than those of the sun-worshippers of that Persia whose rites bore resemblance to theirs. There were the great caciques, like so many provincial satraps of Xerxes or Darius, the minor nobles, who furnished the flower of the Inca's army, and the mass of the people, whose duty it was to work and obey. Here were none of the usual incidents of oppression. Compared with the serfs of feudal Europe, the peons of Peru had little to complain of. Poverty was unknown. The task exacted from each worker in the human hive was not excessive. All were fairly well-fed, lodged, and clad; nor does there seem to have prevailed any of that capricious cruelty that blots the pages of ordinary mediæval history. But if there was little fear, there was no hope. Merit could not win promotion. The peasant must live and die in his original station, whatever his qualities or his claims. There was a dull dead level of enforced mediocrity which the bulk of the nation might not pass, and hence the ease with which the empire fell before the Spanish sword. The glittering image rested but on feet of clay.

India and China, unlike in most respects, are at opposite poles as regards their social discipline. Labor, despised in India, receives high honor in the Flowery Land, where the deified emperor yearly puts his sacred hands to the plough. With an aristocracy of double-firsts and senior wranglers, with poets, judges, and philosophic viceroys, the Central Kingdom makes wellnigh all prizes the rewards of competitive examination. Chinese candidates are not hampered by nominations or by a stern limit of age. It is not only a lad of eighteen who may break a lance in that intellectual arena. Many an elderly-young man, often plucked, gets his pass at last, and wears the button of the lowest rank of mandarin. One or two degraded classes are supposed to be inadmissible, just as Cagots or lepers would have been hooted out of court during the feudal rule. But mere poverty and obscurity cannot keep a bright boy back from winning the blue ribbon of official Kathay. There are good schools to which the humblest have access;

and the system of coaching and cramming is as well kept up, and far more cheaply, than with us.

Very great are the temptations to Ching and Chang, quick-witted urchins as they are, to stick sedulously to their books, and to invest their pocket-money, not in kites and candy, but in feeing some needy graduate to teach them how to paint courtly verses on vermilion paper. There is something deserving of sympathy in one part of a Chinaman's ambition. Should he rise in life his forefathers will be ennobled, and he will have the satisfaction, very dear to him, of burning incense and gilt joss-sticks before costly altars dedicated to his ancestors. But, independent of this back-handed fashion of founding a family, Ching and Chang have motives less sentimentally respectable. Familiar from infancy with the extortions and frauds by which the chief mandarins swell a moderate salary into an enormous fortune, these pig-tailed young aspirants cherish no fonder wish than to be taken up among the privileged, so that they — even they — may "squeeze" provinces, and tax merchants at their will. The prodigal splendor, the gripping greed of the literary aristocracy, are tolerantly viewed by those in whose eyes it is the merest matter of course that persons in authority should play the part of King Stork, and who hope some day to see some nephew or grandson take his degree and enrich his relatives. Meanwhile, there are other channels for the nation's activity than agriculture or government employ. Commerce is widespread and lucrative, capital abounds; and there are many very wealthy families, dwelling in palaces, with parks around them, that in cost and care may vie with any pleasure in Europe, who are content with the enjoyment of ample means, and seldom send their youths to compete for the peacocks' plumes and gold and silver embroidery of a mandarin.

Far different is, or was, the imposing structure of Hindoo society. The most elaborate precautions were in India adopted to keep every layer of the community in its due position. There was the community in its due position. There were the hereditary kings, now extinct. There were the members of the sacerdotal caste, depositaries of all wisdom, holiness, and civil influence. There was the order of military nobles, ranging from the vassal princes and great feudatories to the rustic lord of some half-dozen ploughs, each and all of whom were expected to keep their sharp swords ready for the slaughter of the outside heathen. There were merchants and bankers, hereditary barbers and sweepers, village head men of long descent, immemorial watchmen and perpetual shawl-weavers. From the rajah to the washerman, each Hindoo had his allotted station, his duties, his rights. The accident of birth determined for him who should be his companions, what his pursuits, how he should live, from the cradle to the funeral pile. The immense servile class, on the labor of which this vast political structure was reared, was, in theory at least, utterly shut out from promotion, and dead to hope. This state policy, however, sorely breached by the Mohammedan conquest, was subjected to a new influence when the growth of the English power made itself felt in the peninsula. Savajee, son of a slipper-bearer, could set in motion more Mahratta squadrons than obeyed the Peishwa himself. Sudra ministers, Sudra governors, have been known to give their orders to Brahmin butlers and high-caste cooks. In India, as elsewhere, a hard head or a heavy purse won consideration for him who owned it, and the possessors of wealth or power became the patrons of those whose sole claim to notice was based on pedigree.

In Europe, whether Pagan or Christian, the spirit of the laws was less opposed to the individual's free passage from one condition to another than was its letter. The slave, in an Athenian's eyes, was not much above the present status of the gorilla, but he put on full humanity when set at liberty. A Roman freedman was not the equal of a born Quirite, and more than one constitutional victory had to be won before a plebeian general could command an army, or an Italian ally claim citizenship. But this was merely due to the selfish desire of the possessors of good things to keep what they had got, and, certainly, not to any

abstract abhorrence of change. Rome was a close corporation, its patrician families formed a select club. It was not in human nature that they should be very eager to admit outsiders to share privileges which lessened in value as they became diffused. In the Christendom of the Middle Ages the main impediments in the path of him who sought to rise, in peaceful fashion at least, were due to some such jealousy as this. The guilds of merchants and of craftsmen were chary of welcoming a novice, and ready to buzz and sting, like angry wasps, if an imprudent competitor essayed to undersell them or outdo them. The schoolmen were jealous of a too lucid theologian, the physicians of a doctor who presumed to cure what Galen had deemed beyond remedy. It was not easy, before the printing-press cheapened learning, to gather book-lore. Manuscript works of any merit were incredibly scarce and dear, and the possessors grudged a loan of them to their best friends, if residing at a distance. To dive into the arcanæ of natural science was harder still; all chemicals and apparatus being extravagantly dear and difficult of transport, while the student who collected a few retorts and alembics ran great risk of being pelted and misused for his devotion to the Black Art; and might, very possibly, expiate his over-familiarity with evil-smelling and explosive compounds by fine and imprisonment. For merit of a warlike order there was always a brisk demand, before gunpowder and standing armies combined to render soldiery the cheapest, instead of the dearest, of commodities. A feudal army, with its tumultuary levy, bound to give six weeks' service, was so awkward an instrument, that any valiant man, with strong muscles and tolerable brains, could make a fair livelihood of professional war. A trained crossbowman, a skilled archer, a man-at-arms, who was thoroughly at home in his steel-plated war-saddle, could earn a competence, with considerable probabilities of plunder and ransom. Louis the Twelfth of France remunerated the heavy-armed horsemen of his gendarmerie at the munificent rate of seven shillings and sixpence per day, and this at a time when money was nearly ten times as valuable as it now is. Our own Charles the Second allowed his life-guardsmen to draw pay equal in amount to that of a subaltern of the present day, and, of course endowed with far greater purchasing power.

If the fighting man of the Middle Ages had any ambition beyond the attainment of creature comforts, its gratification depended very much on his own thews and sinews and fearless heart. Modern battles do not afford such a stage for the display of personal prowess as did the *melée* of the old days of hand-blows. Nobody knows whose rifle does execution on the enemy, and Hans who has hurt nobody, perhaps receives the corporal's worsted stripes, that would have been better bestowed on the fatal sharpshooter Fritz. But there was no doubt about the man who hewed a road through the spear-hedges about him, beneath whose mace the hostile standard-bearer sank, or who brought in the rebel leader, unhorsed and unhelmed. To do justice to the sovereigns of the period, they were prompt to reward service such as this, nor did any prejudice against humble birth or rough manners cast a cold shade over the hero of the hour. Quick! the gold spurs and the knightly belt; clash, with steely clang down comes the accolade from the royal sword on the mailed shoulder of the champion; and as plain Dick of a minute since, Sir Richard now, rises from his kneeling posture on the crimsoned turf, strong hands are offered to his grasp, and friendly voices hail as a brother the new made chevalier. The herald, who is devising a bearing for his shield, will charge him no fees for this exercise of his skill in blazonry; the pages at the king's banquet will serve him with as courteous attention as if he were a mighty baron instead of a landless banneret — not that he will be landless long, for the sovereign is guardian of many a rich heiress, and will find a well-dowered bride for Sir Richard, if he do but fight on as he has fought to-day.

The revival of learning did much to smoothe the path for those who preferred to carve out their own fortunes otherwise than with sword and the battle-axe. Cæsar then

thought it no shame to pick up the maul-stick of a painter. Purlind scholars, better used to palimpsests and mouldering parchments than to the ways of flesh-and-blood contemporaries, suddenly found themselves the petted oracle of enthusiastic princesses and maids of honor. It was more profitable to pen a copy of verses, and sing them afterwards to some stringed instrument, than to overthrow a stalwart antagonist in the tilting-ring. Sorely did the big-boned, dull-witted cavaliers, who were fit for nothing but fighting, mourn that they knew no Latin, and could not, for their lives, turn a tune or put two rhymes together. And so we gradually reached the reigns of the last Valois and the two first Louises of the Bourbon line, when to write poetry was to be entitled to state pensions and sinecures, when a duke could hardly dispense with literary claims to distinction, and when a smart repartee, uttered within earshot of royalty, proved a gold-mine to the utterer. Art, when once discriminating eyes were on the look-out for its Avatar, was pretty sure to force its way to the front. No doubt but that exceptional good-luck befell that young Italian shepherd who, chalking his crude conceptions on the walls near which his flock fed, attracted the notice of a wealthy patron riding by, and so was spirited away to school, to the studio, and immortal renown. But when all pictorial power was rare and new, a lad with great aptitude for drawing was likely to become the brag and marvel of the whole country-side, and through a probation of side-boards to pass to the capital, present recompense, and future fame. More than one solemn impostor, more than one boisterous charlatan, sat at meat at that feast which prince and people designed to spread for the witty, the industrious, and the wise. But in the Renaissance itself, with its tender love of the poor student, its fostering care for budding genius, and its deliberate preference of refinement and reason to the old brutal standard of sheer violence, there was surely something touching as well as generous.

To rise, in the worldliest sense of the word, to attain to opulence and high station from the very bottom of the social ladder, is a feat hard to be performed, but which hundreds and thousands of financial acrobats have achieved with clean hands and a conscience of more than average purity. Unwearying patience, sublime self-denial, sound mother-wit, and a healthy capacity for work, are needed to push the climber of the slippery lower steps. Clear eyesight and a head that is not giddy at great heights do the rest. Every London 'prentice had not the chance, like the ancestor of the Osbornes, of leaping from the parapet of the bridge to the rescue of his master's daughter. It is a pity to think that dear Dick Whittington never slept under a waggon-tilt, or trudged penniless along the dusty road leading to the wonderful city that was paved with gold. Thrice lord mayor he was, and a civic Cræsus, whatever his mythical connexion with the cat, which some mediæval sculptor insisted on placing in the arms of his stone effigy; but it is to be feared that he rode up from Gloucestershire on a shaggy hackney, like any other freeholder's son, and only swept a shop as a necessary incident of his novitiate. There may have been clerks as intuitively thrifty as the quondam millionaire, Jacques Lafitte. It was well for him that when he picked up, out of innate carefulness, the pin that lay on the counting-house floor of that rich banker, who had just refused to employ the clumsy, hungry, country lad, such sharp eyes were upon him as those, of the shrewd man of business who called him back to a desk and fortune. Sooner or later, however, work that is at once hard and intelligent, if not overweighed by some remarkable counterpoise in the disposition of the worker, does make its way.

One series of obstacles, more formidable to many of us than poverty, than ignorance, or ill-health, or the dull opposition of the slow-witted enemies of change, remains to be noted. There was truth in the old Æsopian fable of the traveller who wrapped his cloak the tighter round him for all the stormy wrath of rain and wind, but who flung it from his shoulders at the first kiss of the warm sunshine. Ease, comfort, indolence, are the rust and mildew of many a no-

ble nature, and that man is strong, indeed, who always resists the Mephistophelian whisper that it is better to put off till to-morrow what may as well be done then, or any day. To enable us to overcome obstacles of this insidious species, even misfortune often proves a serviceable stimulant, and more than one winner of the world's prizes has lived to bless the day when the shock of some apparent calamity nerved him, at the pressure of need, to bring forth the talent that otherwise might have lain in the napkin, unheeded, until the final reckoning.

THE OLD HOSTELRIES OF SOUTHWARK.

AT the time when this paper is being written, the curious old decayed Talbot inn in the Borough still stands. How long it will so continue, is a problem waiting for solution. People hurry along in the busy Borough High Street, and may or may not see that one of the many inn-yards or gateways belongs to the Talbot; but it requires a little antiquarian reading to render one familiar with the fact, that this is the veritable successor to the Tabard inn of Chaucer's days, and the exact locality where the Canterbury pilgrims met and arranged their plan of journey. City men are too preoccupied to bestow much attention on such matters, during their hurried walk or ride to and from their places of business and yet there is more knowledge to be picked up hereabouts than most men are aware.

In the old days when London possessed only one bridge over the Thames, the south end of that bridge was a very important landmark. Wayfarers from the southern and southeastern counties found their way to the metropolis by that narrow channel. Farmers and market-gardeners, graziers and wool-staplers, skinnners and tanners, traders and carriers, wagoners and drivers of lumbering vehicles, soldiers returning from foreign wars, foreigners on their way to Dover—all entered the metropolis by the one only bridge which it possessed in the days of which we are speaking. To accommodate these travellers arriving and departing, inns and hostelries were built in considerable number—some of them doubtless cozy enough, according to the ideas of those days. Even now, after all the demolitions consequent on the operations of the Brighton and Southeastern Railway Companies, there are many memorials of the old inns still to be ferreted out, especially on the eastern side of Borough High Street.

At several of those relics of a past age, you enter under a square-headed gateway, and find yourself in a roughly paved courtyard, with a narrow foot-pavement on one or two of the sides. Looking up, you see queer old windows and doors, and quaint old wooden galleries running round the quadrangle. In the times depicted by Fielding and Smollett, as well as in days much more recent, travellers, in such vehicles as were then available, drove into these inn-yards, and placed themselves in the hands of mine host, who provided viands plentiful, if not choice, and bedrooms on one or other side of the galleried quadrangle. Rare fun sometimes took place in these old inns, though of a kind which our more decorous age would hardly permit. The fun is all gone. A small public-house or tavern, in most cases, occupies a part of the premises which used to constitute the veritable and venerable hostel: the remainder being divided off into separate tenements, warehouses, offices, or counting-houses, let to traders who are glad to obtain commercial premises in what is now, as it has been for hundreds of years, an important business locality. Hop-merchants and factors muster in strong force at those old inn-yards, in order to be in the centre of the hop-trade—nearly the whole of which is conducted hereabouts. There are likewise railway booking-offices, leather-merchants and factors, skin and fur-dealers, corn and seed merchants, farriers, and carmen, in these yards which were once surrounded by travellers' dining and drinking and sleeping chambers.

A famous old place of this sort was the Bear at Bridge-

foot. Old London Bridge was a little eastward of the present structure, and at so much lower a level, that we should have to descend a formidable flight of stone steps to get down to where the real old Bridge-foot used to be. The Bear was a well-known tavern at that spot at least four hundred years ago. Old household accounts are still extant, showing that, in 1463, Sir John Howard regaled himself at this hostelry, paying for dinner the sum of three shillings and fourpence, which in those days was a very high charge; but perhaps it was a family dinner for two or more persons. In the church-warden's accounts of St. Olave's (the Bear was close to St. Olave's Church) from 1568 to 1570, there are intimations of entertainments at the old inn. It is pretty plain that Mr. Norrys the parson, the church-wardens, and the "ancients" of the parish, knew that there was good liquor to be had at the Bear. Mr. Pepys, in the next century, recorded the important fact, that "Going through bridge by water, my waterman told me how the mistress of the Beare tavern, at the Bridge-foot, did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drown herself." The Bear, being on the down-river side of Bridge-foot, was a place at which passengers often embarked for Gravesend, either in row-boats, or more probably in sailing-boats of the hoy species. When the Duke of Richmond married Mrs. Stuart in 1667, against the wish of Charles II., Pepys tells us that the duke "by a wile did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridge-foot, where a coach was ready, and they stole away into Kent without the king's leave." A satirical poem, dated 1691, attributes to the Bear a long existence and notoriety:—

Through stinks of all sorts, both plain and compound,
Which through narrow alleys our sense do confound,
We came to the Bear, which we soon understood,
Was the first house in Southwark built after the flood;
And has such a succession of vintners known,
Not more were e'er in Welsh pedigree shown.

The Bear at the foot of the bridge was pulled down at the same time as the house on the bridge, about a century ago.

The White Hart still shows its gateway in the Borough High Street, and has still its tavern as of yore. The old house was destroyed by a fire of which we shall speak presently; but the inner quadrangle is in all probability the veritable one which told of the days of Jack Cade. This audacious rebel made the White Hart his headquarters in 1450. Shakespeare, in the Second Part of "King Henry VI." mentions the rebel and the house and the terror of the period. A messenger comes in and exclaims:—

The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

Another messenger rushes in to say:

Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses!

Jack Cade afterwards addresses his followers thus: "And you, base peasants, do you believe him? Will you needs be hanged with your pardons around your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart at Southwark?" Jack carried matters with rather a high hand. One of the chronicles of the time tell us that "at the Whyte Harte in Southwarke, one Hawadyne, of Sent Martyns, was be-heddyd." Cade remained many days at this inn; but at length, after a battle with the citizens on London Bridge, his rabble followers accepted a pardon offered by the king, and his career was cut short. The White Hart was burnt down in 1676, and rebuilt nearly on the old model.

The Boar's Head was another of these old taverns. It has not escaped the notice of Shakespearean critics, that while the Boar's Head in Eastcheap was one of the scenes of revelry of Sir John Falstaff, the Boar's Head in the Borough was the property of Sir John Fastolf in 1460. How far the one suggested the other; is a matter of specu-

lation. The Boar's Head, or Boreshead, as some of the old writers spelt it, was one of those which the fire destroyed. Its site is no longer traceable; for a part of St. Thomas's Hospital was built on it, and the hospital itself has since been swept away by the Southeastern Railway Company.

The George, which now claims the dignity of an hotel, is the existing representative of another of these old inns: mention was made of it in the time of Queen Elizabeth as a favorite hostelry. In the "Musarum Deliciae," 1656, there are some whimsical lines on a surfeit brought on by drinking bad sack at the George: the sufferer gives vent to his feelings:—

O would I might turn poet for an houre,
To satirise with a vindictive powere
Against the drawer!

When rebuilt after the fire, it retained as many of the old features as possible. A few years back, the site and the present premises became the property of Guy's Hospital.

The White Lion stood on a spot which was afterwards covered by the garden of St. Thomas's Hospital, demolished since by the railway people. It was used as a jail in 1540. During a portion of the reign of Elizabeth, Roman Catholic recusants were confined here. There is an entry in an old Borough book:—

Item: Paid to Mr. Cooke, keeper of the goale in Southwark, called the White Lion, for the charges of the prisoners £3 8s.

But the Talbot is the most famous among this remarkable group of taverns, not by reason of any lingering hope we may entertain that it will really turn out to be the original Tabard, but for the unquestionable antiquity of the Tabard itself, the certainty about the same site, at any rate, and the close association with Chaucer's world renowned "Canterbury Pilgrimage." It is a little too bad that, in this busy age, we should, most of us, possess so little knowledge of the poem and its meaning; for, as a few words will show, it is full of interest.

In the time of Chaucer, very little less than five hundred years ago, it was customary to make occasional pilgrimages to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury—a formidable journey, which had, in most instances, to be performed either on horseback or on foot. Chaucer described himself as being with twenty-nine such pilgrims, arriving from various quarters, and putting up at the Tabard inn in Southwark, preparatory to their long journey through Kent. His sketches of them constitute one of the most valuable records in existence of the condition, avocations, manners and customs, ideas and language, of the English in the days of our early Edwards and Henries. The Crusader knight, the gallant young esquire, the gentle nun or prioress, the jolly monk, the somewhat more than jolly friar, the pardoner or dispensing priest from Rome, the poor country parson, the learned Oxford collegian, the doctor of physic, the astronomer or astrologer, the purse-proud merchant, the bustling man of law—all are depicted in a strikingly characteristic way. No less so are the Wife of Bath, the well-to-do franklin or freeholder, the stout carl of a miller, the reve or bailiff, the church apparitor, the shipman, the cook, and the haberdasher. The following, slightly modernized in spelling, is Chaucer's mode of introducing his companions:—

Befel, that in that season, on a day
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devout courage,
At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, by adventure yfall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.

The pilgrims all supped together in the large room of the Tabard. It was agreed that their companionship should continue during the pilgrimage; and that, to lessen the tedium of the journey, every one should tell a story; mine host to be appointed judge of the relative merits of the re-

citals. There thus arose the celebrated collection known as the "Canterbury Tales," somewhat resembling Boccaccio's "Decameron," and the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," a group of independent stories set in a framework.

Such is the manner in which Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrimage" and "Canterbury Tales" came to be indissolubly associated with the Tabard inn. John Stow, writing in 1598 concerning the many hostels in Southwark, said: "Amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit, in the wars), their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service." Speght, who published an edition of Chaucer in 1602, confirmed Stow's account of the origin of the name Tabard; and added, that this inn, once the habitation of the abbots of Hyde, "was the hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met together, and, with Henry Bailey their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. And whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now, by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoining, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests."

The fire of 1676, which we have more than once adverted to, was extensive; although it would have attained greater notoriety had it not been eclipsed by the Great Fire of London ten years previously. It raged from the bridge to Margaret's Hill, sweeping away the town hall, many of the old inns, and six hundred houses. The tenements, chiefly built of timber, lath, and plaster, were ignited and burnt down so rapidly, that in fifteen hours on one day the ruin was begun and finished.

The Tabard unquestionably went with the rest, and was rebuilt, but with an altered name. "The ignorant landlord or tenant," says Aubrey, "instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot, or Dog;" and Talbot it has been ever since. (The Talbot was a peculiar breed of white hounds, now believed to be almost extinct.) Many lovers of Chaucer have tried to persuade themselves that, whatever may have been the case with other parts of the premises, the Pilgrims' Room escaped the fire, and that it was subdivided and altered when the rest was rebuilt. But the best authorities do not admit this.

We have no concern with the reasons—golden reasons, most probably—which induce the present owner to wish to dispose of the property. Although an auctioneer has failed to obtain a sufficiently high bidding, a second attempt may be more successful; and a short time may suffice to show us a block of handsome commercial buildings on the site of the present Talbot, and the ancient Tabard. Should this be the case, it would be pleasant to know that some kind of inscription were borne on the frontage of the future structure, to denote that the spot of ground is the same as that which Chaucer made memorable. We are rapidly losing all landmarks of the kind in this ever-changing London of ours. Structures that deserve to be called historical are disappearing every year, every month, nearly every week. Railway stations and viaducts, government offices, and law-courts, banks and insurance offices, monster warehouses and manufactories, are springing up in various localities, involving a vast amount of demolition. We cannot prevent it; but it would be well if we could adopt some mode of perpetuating the record of the old days of dismantled and destroyed buildings.

A VISION OF COMMUNISM: A GROTESQUE.

I.

"It will come.

"Already we have seen the handwriting on the wall. Infatuated governments, self-seeking officials, fraudulent

capitalists, they may put off the day of reckoning, in which the whole social fabric shall totter and crumble away, and men wonder that such a hollow thing should have stood so long; but the day must come.

"Aye! But when? How many ages of ignorance and injustice must first pass over us? How many thousands perish of want? and how many live out a life little better than a prolonged death-struggle?"

This was my midnight reverie. Mechanically I took up a newspaper; but it was one symptom of the attack of Communism-on-the-brain under which I was laboring that, look where I would down those columns, I saw nothing but those sickening paragraphs giving an account of the amount of destitution at present existing in London, and always side by side with those, to me just as sickening, stating that the late So-and-So's will had been proved, and the personalty sworn under £2,000,000! Did I turn to the Law Courts, I was sure to mark how, in one, some wretched street Arab had been sentenced to six months for petty larceny, in another, the Honorable bankrupt's liabilities had been laid at £50,000, no assets, bankrupt discharged. So much for "the times" and their equity. "And still men can wonder at the discontent, and still the cry goes up in vain, and will, till the millions shall feel their strength and lay hands on all those rights, so long, so skilfully monopolized by the units.

"But the means! How many more French revolutions and blunders and massacres? How many victims must fall to ignorance and tyranny and prejudice? How much heroism be wasted on both sides ere Communism become more than a mere name—a nightmare to some, a day-dream to others? Only our children's children's children will know this!"

"I beg your pardon," said a voice at my elbow.

Starting, for I had thought myself alone in my study, I turned, and saw a stranger. He was clad in what I will call a toga, and carried what I will call a wand. (But, on the back and in the hand of a common churchwarden, we should call the first "cassock," and the second, "poker.") "Sir!" I uttered, amazed.

"You were holding forth on the subject so many prate about, so few understand—Communism. Do you mean to say that you belong to the few who have its principles really at heart?"

"I am one of those unfortunate persons," I replied despondingly. "Who and what are you? Have you come hither to mock me as a political dreamer of dreams?"

"Nothing of the sort; I come from a contented city; a city of liberty, equality, and fraternity. If you like, I will take you to see your ideal realized—comfort for the million, in a land where all go shares in happiness."

I had read Dante, "Faust," and "The Coming Race." I saw the offering to initiate me into the mysteries of the supernatural.

"Are you Virgil?" I asked, sorrowfully, and shaking my head. "If so, you won't do for me. I never trouble my head more than I can help about the arrangements of Paradise, Purgatory, or Pandemonium. Are you Mephistopheles? If so, I shan't do for you. I am a philanthropist, and you cannot tempt me. Do you come from the Vrill Ya? Can Vrill, which may very likely never be discovered after all, take off one jot from the social misery of 1873?"

"I've no connection with the parties," he replied, dryly: "I'm a plain nineteenth-century man, and here's my card—Isotes, late Manager of the Grand Communist Company, unlimited."

"Late," I repeated. "Which is defunct, you or the Commune?"

"Oh, neither; the manager, not the man, is no more—now the Commune is self-supporting at last."

"But where is your state?"

"Ah! Our company don't advertise. Were the Commune thrown open to the public, rogues from the opposite political party would get in, and—such is their venomous hatred for the principles of equality and justice—move heaven and earth to sow discord among us, undermine our system, and bring about its ruin. In you, blind, backward,

prejudiced though you are, I see an honest, thorough-going leveller. We have no objection to such as you inspecting our establishment."

"Have you had many visitors?"

"None. We have just got our state into good working order, and in consideration of my services as manager, I am officially selected to show the Commune to such outsiders as I find worthy. You are the first I have found."

The very first! My heart bounded. I thought of the leaders I would write, the pamphlets, the essays. What a treasure I should be to all the editors in London.

"Will you venture?" he asked.

"That I will," said I solemnly, clasping his offered palm.

He took hold of my arm, saying, "The fare for the trip is ten pounds, and there are no extra fees."

II.

I had nerved myself for a strange and fearful voyage. I was prepared to encounter murky shades and Stygian rivers, to be shot down the shaft of a mine, or wafted aloft on an aerial excursion to the moon, like the adventurers in "Babil and Bijou." Great was my surprise, and deep my secret disappointment, when my guide took me in a common cab to a railway station, and thence into a train, with nothing remarkable about it except that we were the only passengers.

Then I think I must have slept. When I roused myself it was broad day. We were passing through a fine open country. There, opposite me, sat my guide smoking a cigar, with a self-complacent, impassible air.

"Tell me, Isotes," I began by-and-by, "how you succeeded in solving the social problem that puzzles our long-headed statesmen?"

"Puzzle them? Stuff!" he replied. "When the rogues lay their long heads together, be sure it's not to find out how to solve the question, but how to make it insoluble. But for their lies and tricks you might have kept pace with us. Communism, as you and they understand it, is a very old story—mere boy's play. Why we began it twenty years ago, when we started our state. Started with Simple Communism."

"Is there then," I asked mildly, "such a thing as compound Communism?"

"That's the very point I'm coming to. As for the little question of Labor *versus* Capital, it's been long settled among us; but there you are, still bickering about such simple affairs as the distribution of land, stock, and so forth. Why we look on private property, abolished by us twenty years ago, as you may on negro slavery, the Corn Laws, and other exploded abuses."

"Twenty years of perfect Communism!" I exclaimed, rapturously.

"Not so fast. We had made a beginning, learnt our A B C, and that was all. In point of fact the difference it made was slight. The more stringent the laws, the more certain they were to be broken. Men kept making fortunes under the rose, and there was no stopping hands from giving or hands from taking. Comfort and misery seemed nearly as unevenly distributed as ever. Some fellows lived in clover, others died in a ditch. Some were worshipped and flattered, others persecuted and trodden down. Evidently there was a hitch in the Commune,—a panic spread among the shareholders, and we had a rough job to weather the crisis. But this first experiment had opened some of our eyes to the stumbling stone—the root of the evil."

"And where did you find that it lay?"

"In Nature."

"Ah," I sighed, "in Original Sin."

"Nothing of the sort. In the Iniquitous Original Division of Personal Stock."

"Eh?"

"I'll make it plain to you in few words. There, in our State, all such private property as land, money, and marketable commodities, was now public, but on monopolies

of Nature's gifts not the smallest check was laid. The anomaly's monstrous when you see it."

"Well," said I, "but unfortunately the gifts of Nature are not things you can put into a common purse in which every one is to go shares." I spoke jestingly, but Isotes looked perfectly serious, and was about to explain, when the train drew up at a station.

"Here we are," said he, "let the Commune speak for itself."

As we walked down from the station to a large thriving looking city, he observed, "I have sketched out your day, so that you shall not waste time. First, I'll take you round the town, just stopping to cast a glance at the colleges, halls, and public buildings. Then you shall come to my house, dine with me, and, in the evening, I'll take you to a private ball. I want you thus to get a general notion of our social system, and we can take the details to-morrow."

III.

We began with the College. Of my first impressions of the town I say nothing, finding nothing to say. The houses were all of medium size, and fac-similes of each other. I was going to make a note of the unpleasant monotony of the effect, but I observed the absence of dens and hovels such as disgrace our metropolis, and let it pass.

The College, a large, symmetrical building, stood a little apart from the town. The vast playgrounds were swarming with youthful Communists. It was with some emotion that I watched the sports of these boys. Little, probably, did they reck of their privileges, birth in this equitable realm, and an education free from the dangers of our public colleges, those little monarchies, with all monarchy's abuses in miniature—bullying for the weak, license for the strong, flattery for the rich and titled. Isotes and I stood watching a cricket match. Some of the players, big, burly fellows, seemed curiously clumsy and stupid, the rest were nimble and skilful, but feeble and puny, and I thought the game lagged. Near me, a youth of uncommonly powerful build lay stretched lazily on the grass, looking on. I accosted him, and asked when he was going to take his innings.

"I never play cricket," he replied. "It's bad for me. Can't you see how unfortunately strong I am? Feel my arm."

"Well," said I, "with those muscles of yours, I should hope you'd soon beat the awkward squad yonder, and send the ball flying well over the College roof."

As I spake, Isotes drew me forcibly away. "Mind what you're about, please," said he, sharply, "I shall have to answer for the misconduct of the visitors I bring over. Recollect, you're not at Eton or Harrow. The College rules with regard to athletic games are these: Boys whose stock of natural strength and agility shall exceed the average are forbidden to practice them and become proficient. Where the excess of physical power is extreme, the boy is forbidden to take part in them at all. This is in order that all those who do play may be nearly on a par."

"But what tame affairs your games must always be!"

"Throw the competition open to a large school, you will always find that some half-a-dozen will outshine all the rest, and be worshipped as heroes and kings. And why? Because they are honest and deserving? No. Because they chance to be born to an exorbitant amount of private property—brawny arms, broad chests, long legs, quick sight. Is this a cause why a youth, like your land and water giants, should make money, be talked about and have half a newspaper column devoted to him and his exploits? What is to become of the weaker, the puny, the short-winded brethren? But grant practice and skill to the weak, and not to the strong, and you bring the two parties on a level."

To this I had nothing to reply. He next took me into the gymnasium, where we found such a sickly looking set of boys, that I asked, in some alarm, if the site of the College were a healthy one.

"Uncommonly so. The redistribution of the wealth of health, a very delicate job, too, has been carried out with signal success. Not a boy leaves school of whom it can be

said that he has a particularly robust or a particularly shaky constitution. We have a sanitary standard, the highest to which it is possible, by dint of care and exercise, to raise the weakly boys. The reduction to it of the over-healthy is a comparatively easy task, but quite necessary. There is no privilege that gives a man such an undue advantage over his neighbors as the possession of the lion's share of health."

We were now entering the school-room, where a number of little Communists were receiving instruction in the Latin tongue. I noticed one bright-eyed, sharp-looking fellow, sitting by himself, munching an apple. I patted him on the head, and asked him the Latin for apple.

"I've not begun Latin," he said.

"Not yet?" (He looked thirteen, or more.)

"No, and I'm half afraid I shan't. You know, I'm a monstrously clever fellow."

"Indeed; then what can you do?"

"Read; and I'm soon to learn writing, if I don't get on too fast."

I took the ex-manager aside, and asked if the young gentleman was out of his mind. Isotes laughed.

"That boy is what *you* call a genius — *we* a little intellectual millionaire. His parents never found it out. It was one of the masters here who first detected in him a private hoard of quickness and intelligence which, cleverly invested, would one day have enabled him to buy up the whole College, masters included. The same allowance of teaching and brain culture that his schoolfellows receive would bring him in extra profit at the rate of 200 per cent. But by keeping him back, and carefully checking his activity of mind, we cut down his net mental income to the average figure, and prevent his unjust promotion over the mass."

"But the injustice to the boy himself!"

"He is well off enough."

"But must fall short of what he might have been."

"Which makes him equal with the others. There is a certain point up to which all boys, not positively deficient, can be educated. Those with ready wits, good memories, and superior powers of application should be kept by artificial means from rising above it. Shall the boy who learns slowly and hardly be branded as a dunce, because that despot, Nature, has treated him ill? Shall the naturally apt, the keen, the sagacious, trample on the naturally obtuse? Not here in the Commune."

Here in the Commune, as I was beginning to understand, they undertook to set even Nature to rights, and life was a handicap race.

IV.

As we went into the street, the first words that Isotes let drop confounded me quite.

"Ah," he said, carelessly, "here comes the Marquis; I'll introduce you, if you like."

"Marquis!" I repeated, aghast.

"Yes; the Marquis of Carabbas."

"And you call this a Commune?"

"Why not? Because we have our aristocracy?"

"It's flatly absurd. The very notion of such an institution is contrary to the first principles of equality."

"You talk like a novice, who hasn't got beyond the first principles. You have everything yet to learn. Look there."

A little hunchback was riding towards us. He was magnificently dressed (a great contrast in this respect to the other male citizens, who all wore plain clothes — very plain clothes), and was mounted on a fine thoroughbred.

"That's his Grace," said Isotes, bowing politely. "In the Commune all cripples are barons, blind men earls, dwarfs marquises, and so on. Titles rising with the gravity of the natural defect. You see these people are born to a heritage of scorn. For a long time we really did not know what to do with them, and once they revolted, saying that it was flatly absurd, in a Commune, for men to start in life at such a disadvantage as they did. Now, we could not reduce the whole state to their level, and so somebody proposed to exterminate all the incurables, but that meas-

ure was rejected as too inhuman. It was a lucky hit, this raising them into a nobility. Before, they were always grumbling. But this guarantees them a share of that respect which is every honest man's due, and of which nature deprived them from their birth. The street boys used to laugh at Carabbas. They don't dare, now that he has got his coronet and ermine mantle." A citizen was passing at this moment, and stopped to shake hands with Isotes, who accosted him at the top of his voice —

"Well — did you get the order?"

"Remanded for a month," was the reply. "I must pass another examination. I'm not given up yet."

"That gentleman," my cicerone explained, "has lately become very deaf. He applied for an order" —

"For the hospital?"

"No, no; for an order of knighthood. But they don't think the case bad enough at present. Should it become confirmed he will be dubbed immediately."

I made no comment. But the picture that arose before me of a House of Lords thus constituted, was so droll, that I fell into a fit of laughter.

Passing through the streets, I was chiefly struck by the absence of beauty among the women, and also by the frightful way in which many of them were dressed. This bad taste seemed, however, by no means general. Presently I inquired, jestingly, of Isotes, whether they had many pretty lady Communists. He looked astonished by the question.

"Why, the stock of beauty was never larger than at the present. There goes a pretty girl — look!"

"Pretty scarecrow!" I muttered rudely, at the sight of a damsel in a rusty black gown and shawl, widow's cap and spectacles.

"Oh, you mean the dress. My word for it, she has splendid eyes, hair, and complexion. That girl came to us with a fortune in her face. Well, in the Commune, of course, she couldn't have it to spend. We know how, in society, the pretty and attractive lord it over the homely and silent; how, when it comes to marriage, the former may pick and choose from a hundred suitors, and the latter never come in for a single offer. Now we can't alter the girls' faces, but dress goes a long way, and their costumes we can and do regulate. Our fixed rate of beauty is within the reach of almost any lady who dresses well, and those to whom an extravagant grant of grace and good looks was made in the first instance have to dress down to it."

I thought this a sad pity, and asked if things had always been so in the Commune.

"No," he said, with a sigh; "there was a time — but we must not regret it — when no limitation was laid on personal charms. What were the results? Appropriation of the affections of the whole youth of the Commune by some half-a-dozen belles! Insurrection of the snub-nosed, red-haired, and hard-featured sisterhood! It certainly was a crying injustice for them, though fairly well-conducted and hard-working, to be quoted in social life at half the price of those others. An institution of ugly heiresses would only have complicated matters. But we smoothed all difficulties by this simple expedient of the 'Reduction of all Beauty to a Medium.'"

V.

Isotes next directed my attention to a large hall, from which emanated sounds of music. "Shall we look in?" he asked; "there's a grand concert going on at the Academy."

"By all means," I replied; "I am a musician myself, and always regretted to hear it said that such doctrines as yours had a tendency to disparage the fine arts."

He laughed. "Another of the crude notions of a beginner. Here we encourage art, under proper restrictions, of course. Even a Commune feels the want of a little recreation now and then."

My first act as we entered the concert-room was to clap both hands to my ears. A Communist virtuoso was running through some variations, with wonderful facility and tremendous force, on that instrument of torture — a piano

utterly out of tune. Luckily he had nearly finished. Soon the discords ceased, and he retired amid moderate applause. After one or two indifferent vocal exhibitions, came a young lady pianist, nervous and wooden, who shuffled through a sonata on one of the most splendid instruments I ever heard in my life.

"I don't care for her," I observed to Isotes, as we left the hall. "But if the young man who appeared first had only had her piano to play on" —

"He would have received an extravagant sum of applause," broke in the ex-manager; "double as much as the girl, who is the most painstaking person of the two — practices nine hours a day. But her fingers are naturally stiff. The other has flexibility of joints, lightness of touch, and a capital ear. All this he got for nothing, inherited from his mother, who was musical too. Is it fair that he who holds a large musical fortune that he never earned should be allowed the extra advantage of a first-rate instrument? What chance would Labor have against Capital without some such regulations to balance a preponderance of the latter in such cases?"

We had now reached my guide's house. As we went up stairs, he asked me if I was beginning to understand Communism.

"I think, with you, that I have everything to learn," I replied, humbly. In the drawing-room we found two young people, whom Isotes introduced to me as his son and daughter, Abel and Eva. He then excused himself, having to attend to some business.

Eva was a beauty. I knew it directly, from her unbecoming dress. There, beneath her hideous cap, I could spy the cropped gold hair. That clumsy ruff bespoke a slender throat, the ill-fitting gown and enormous slippers a graceful figure and tiny feet, those blue spectacles a bright pair of eyes. I soon became friends with her and Abel. I found both very conversational and lively. Only when I alluded to the Costume Laws in the Commune a shade crossed Eva's face. I frankly admitted how sorry I was to see her disfigure herself by blue spectacles.

"What's to be done?" she said, seriously; "I've got such an enormous stock of beauty, and it *will* accumulate. They say if it goes on at this rate I shall have to dye my hair gray. But perhaps I might leave off my spectacles if I could learn to squint."

"Don't, pray, talk of anything so horrible. Have you any sisters, or brothers besides Abel?"

"Several. But we gave them all away. Several Communist families were very short of children at that time. Generally as many as four or five are allowed to each household."

Isotes now joined us, and we all went to dinner together. The two young people interested me immensely, especially Abel, who was a very handsome, striking-looking fellow. He had an unfortunate impediment in his speech, but all his observations, when he did get them out, were most original, thoughtful and witty. But once or twice he let fall a remark betraying an ignorance amounting to that of a savage. Immediately after dinner I started with Isotes for the ball he had promised to take me to. As we went I seized the opportunity of being alone with him to congratulate him on his charming son and daughter.

He told me they had given the Commune a world of trouble, being endowed, both of them, with parts of outrageous value, especially Abel, who, at the age of six, composed verses and played like an angel on the piano. Of course he was forbidden to learn music, and his education has been most carefully neglected. At sixteen he was taken with a lucky stammer which had squared matters to some degree. But he had still to be watched. For a suspicion had been spread that the stammer was all a sham, put on in order that he might be allowed to dine out.

"To dine out?"

"Abel has a good deal of conversation, and a large fund of wit and repartee."

"A very agreeable fellow to meet at dinner."

"Yes, but in the Commune very agreeable fellows are not allowed to dine out. They are so apt to monopolize

the invitations. I knew men in London who might positively choose for themselves, night after night, at whose table they would dine; while for others an evening from home was a rare and blessed event. Natural social gifts, such as Abel's, must be bridled. Else the owner's gross receipts of social pleasure will be far in advance of those of the majority of his fellow-men, whose social incomes are derived from less productive sources."

VI.

My spirits, which had been a little damped by the previous dialogue, rose as we entered the ball-room. I delight in dancing, and was beginning to accustom myself to the effect of the Costume Laws. Introductions, said Isotes, were not considered necessary at a ball. So I walked up unhesitatingly to a young and tolerably nice looking girl, and requested the honor of a dance. She almost bounded from her chair with surprise, or indignation, or both.

"Why, I'm only seventeen. Surely I don't look more than that!"

"A charming age," I replied, gallantly. "Sweet seventeen, may I have the pleasure?"

She turned to her chaperon with a look of dismay I shall never forget; but the old lady smiled on me benignly.

"The gentleman is a stranger. I have heard all about him. Sit down," she added, to me, "you may talk to my daughter, though she may not dance. In the Commune, no girl ever does, till she is past five-and-twenty."

"But why, madam, why?"

"It is a set-off to the exaggerated profit afforded to youth and freshness and denied to sterling worth and experience. We passed this by-law to quiet the spinsters. They brought a petition complaining that, having neither the dignified position of married women, nor the attractions of early girlhood, they were unfairly placed. The grievance was proved. This rule and a few others of the same sort were passed in their favor, and have worked very well, for there have been no complaints since."

Of all the aberrations of justice I had yet witnessed, this seemed to me the most preposterous. Unable to disguise my feelings, I left the room in a huff, without a word to Isotes, and walked straight back to his house, trying to invent some excuse for my sudden flight. As I mounted the stairs I heard the most exquisite sounds stealing from the drawing room. I opened the door softly, entered on tiptoe, and there remained, rooted to the spot by the charming sight that met my eyes. Eva, rid of her ruff, cap, and spectacles, looking as lovely as an angel, sat at the piano, singing. Beside her stood Abel, listening, entranced. She touched the notes with an untutored hand, but her voice though quite untrained, was beautiful — past description — rich, full, and flawless. As I listened, tears of delight rose to my eyes, and I uttered an involuntary "Bravissima!" Eva jumped up, and on seeing me, gave a piercing shriek.

"Don't be frightened," I implored. "That song again Eva. My child, you have the most glorious voice in the world. Take care of it, cultivate it well, and one day you will be the delight of nations," I concluded, with enthusiasm.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Please, please don't tell. Only papa knows, and he says there's no harm in it if I never sing: and I never do, except to Abel. But the Commune would not trust me, and, if they knew, I might have to do something disagreeable. For there's no kind of property on which they keep so strict a watch as on fine voices."

"And they are quite right," broke in Abel. "I've been told that in London people will sometimes give five guineas to hear one, and that the finest singers are bribed to appear, at the rate of two or three hundred pounds per night, and have bouquets and jewels showered on them besides; while the others, who work twice as hard, get wretchedly low wages. Is it true?"

I owned that it was.

"Shame on the public who will pay tribute to a certain formation of the throat or the ear! Is it not infamous that favors should go, for so hollow a reason, to many who have done nothing to earn them?"

"Eva — Abel," I exclaimed, "these are wild ravings. Infatuated children — to shackle and spoil the gifts of Providence in this barbarous way. Come with me and let us fly to my country. There, Abel, you will be a poet, looked up to and loved by the best in the land. You, Eva, will throw Patti and Nilsson in the shade, and have all London at your feet. There the roads to perfection and honor are open, and you may hope for everything."

Another shriek from Eva, and I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning round I saw Isotes. He was looking at me reproachfully, more in pity than in anger.

"Stranger, I arrest you in the name of the Commune!"

VII.

That very night I was brought up for preliminary examination before the magistrates, charged with trying to corrupt the youth of the Commune, and entice them away from their homes.

I had no time to prepare my defence. All I could do was to reply to the questions in a straightforward manner, and as the inquiry proceeded, my answers seemed to slip out unawares.

"You were admitted to the Commune as a visitor?"

"I was."

"But as a true convert to the principles of liberty and equality?"

"Certainly."

"And can you deny that here the lots of all men are, as nearly as possible, equalized?"

"No."

"You were taken in the act of undermining the principles you profess?"

"No — protesting against the sequestration of superior artistic powers."

"Superior! Superior powers can only belong to a few, and if allowed free play, enable a few to lift up their heads over the masses. What becomes of equality?"

"You go too far. Take wealth, material wealth into your hands to be dealt out for the public good, but stop there."

They looked at each other with amusement. "Don't you perceive," said one, "that this arrangement enhances enormously the values of a capital of beauty, intellect, or imagination? Other things being equal, what chance here below has a blockhead against a man of genius?"

"But your system is unnatural."

"That we allow. If all men were born free and equal, our laws would not be necessary. But the saying is a falsehood. All men are born dependent on each other, and no two are equal. It is the glory of our state to have done away with native disparities, and brought all things to one standard."

"A standard of mediocrity," I cried, "which none are to have a chance of passing. If all must be alike, and not all can be first-rate, none can be first-rate, and what becomes of perfection?"

At this all the magistrates rose in dismay, with an outcry, "What was that word? Repeat it."

"Yes," I persisted, "that you must own. It is a miserable society that is founded on selfish principles alone, and not on charity to all and honor for what is good and great in nature and man. As for me, I can bear the sight of my betters in fortune, honor where honor is due, aspire and hope for myself. If need let not one star differ from another in glory. But do not bar the way to excellence, because greatness is easier for some than for others. For perfection is the goal all are to run for, though few can receive the prize."

At the word Perfection, there arose such an uproar as completely drowned my voice. I was seized, hustled out of the room into the street, dragged to the railway-station

and put into a special train. Just as it started I fell asleep, exhausted. I awoke in my study, repeating "Perfection is the goal all are to run for, though few can receive the prize."

EXPLORATIONS IN MOAB.

FEW know anything of Moab, further than that it is a country on the east side of the Lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, and is often mentioned in the Old Testament as being inhabited by a people who were almost constantly at war with the Hebrews during their occupation of Palestine. After notices of these wars, the Moabites are little heard of in history. They fell under the sway of successive conquerors, Romans, Persians, Syrians, and so on, until latterly they were mastered by the Turks, who, according to their usual practice, reduced a fertile country to a desert, and left the inhabitants to live by a blended system of pasturing sheep and cattle, and plundering all the strangers who unhappily fell in their way. The Dead Sea has, on the whole, been a good thing for them. Travellers from all parts of Christendom have visited it for centuries, as a natural as well as historical curiosity, and it has always been a pleasant thing for the wandering Moabites, under their sheiks, to exact contributions as heavy as they could possibly levy from those who ventured to cross the Jordan, or go round by the south end of the lake. For the most part, adventurous travellers have been thankful to save their lives by yielding to the demands of these wholly unscrupulous robbers.

Until recent times, the most successful explorer of Moab was the eminent Swiss traveller Burckhardt, who went through the country in 1810, and has left an account of his journey. For that difficult undertaking he had prepared himself by studying Arabic, and becoming acquainted with chemistry, astronomy, medicine, and surgery. Simulating the character of a Mussulman, and acting as a physician, he was fortunate in not only exploring Moab, but in travelling unharmed to Mecca and participating in the ceremonies of the Mohammedan pilgrims. The revelations of Burckhardt whetted curiosity. Moab evidently possessed remarkable remains of art, such as old buildings, roads, inscriptions, and other tokens of an ancient civilization. Yet such was its state of insecurity, that few attempted deliberate researches. The first thing that stimulated investigation was the accidental discovery of the famous Moabite Stone, with an inscription which confirmed some interesting facts in Scripture history. Professor Palmer and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund, made a hasty journey into the land of Moab in 1870, to search for Phœnician inscriptions, in which they were not very successful.

Thus matters stood, when the British Association, in 1871, granted a sum of money to carry out a geographical exploration of Moab. An expedition was accordingly organized for the purpose; it included gentlemen qualified to execute photographs of places of special interest, and to make proper topographical surveys. At the head of the expedition was the Rev. Dr. H. B. Tristram, Honorary Canon of Durham, who, like Burckhardt, was skilled in languages, and could on occasion perform the function of a physician. All were well armed with revolvers and guns — the guns being of importance, if only for the sake of shooting game to supplement the stores of groceries and provisions required in a journey of two months in the desert. Through the aid of the Rev. F. A. Klein, Church Missionary Society's representative at Jerusalem, a dragoon, horses, and mules were engaged. Disappointed in a promised escort by a sheik who claimed the right to conduct travellers round the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, Dr. Tristram and his friends set out from Jerusalem on the 29th January, 1872; the route being such as several members of the party, the leader included, were already acquainted with.

The cavalcade, as in all Eastern journeys, was attended by a number of followers to picket horses, set up tents for

the night, and perform other needful offices. Proceeding by way of Bethlehem, with an intention to strike on the Dead Sea about the middle of its western side, the party spent the first night under canvas on a slope to the south of Hebron. There the evening meal was partaken of under a clear moonlight sky. During the night, the thermometer stood at 35° F., a degree of cold not unusual at the season. Next morning, a purchase of some excellent wine of Eshcol was made from a Jew merchant in Hebron. The rest of the day was spent in concluding a contract with a sheik, Abou da Houk, to conduct the party to Kerak in Moab. It was a tiresome piece of diplomacy, and to the contract, which was written by a native scribe, all set their seals. One of the chiefs in the escort, who happened to have no seal, wetted the point of his finger with ink, and pressed it on the document. The price to be paid was 2500 piastres. A Turkish piastre is worth about two pence-halfpenny. Half the money was paid down in napoleons, which form the most convenient travelling money in the East.

Departing from Hebron, the expedition turned its back on the outskirts of civilization, and shortly, on crossing the water-shed of the Mediterranean and Dead Seas, the true wilderness was reached. By a pass in the cliffs at Engedi, the descent was made to the shore of the lake. This pass has, since ancient times, been the principal channel of communication from Southern Moab to Palestine; for the border of the lake farther north is too precipitous to allow of transit. It was here that invaders of old entered the hill-country of Judæa, and from Kerak to Jerusalem the pass, though only a zigzag pathway on rugged mountain steep, continues to be used by traders. The scene from the top of the pass was particularly grand. The Dead Sea, which came into view, is in all respects a wonder. It lies in a pit, sunk amidst mountains, at a depth of thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Receiving the Jordan at its northern extremity, and a great number of smaller streams on both sides, it has no outlet; in its length of forty miles, by an average breadth of nine miles, its waters escape only by exhalation. After encamping for a Sunday on the sultry shore of the lake, the party went on towards Jebel Udsun, a huge ridge of rock-salt, at the south end of the lake, near the supposed site of Sodom. Rounding this critical point, the party crossed the desolate sand-swamp ordinarily called the Vale of Salt, and after several hours of toil and trouble, arrived at the boundary-line of ancient Edom. The expedition was now in Moab.

Hitherto, with the exception of squabbles about back-sheesh, things had gone on with tolerable smoothness. Now, on entering Moab, every one had to be on the alert, for a crowd of savages hung on the skirts of the party, ready to steal anything — horses included — which they could lay their hands on. There was a more serious danger in an attack from mounted Bedouins, of the tribe of Beni Atiyeh; but the party were saved by the good management of the sheik commanding the escort, and the first night in Moab was passed over peacefully. Proceeding onward, some ruins covering a large space were seen, but no proper conjecture could be formed regarding them, except that they might be the remains of Nimrim. The route pursued was close in upon the eastern shore of the lake, with bare fantastic cliffs of new red sandstone overhead, and wadies, or rugged valleys, which required to be crossed. At Dráa, a place overhanging the peninsula which here projects into the Dead Sea, the conclusion arrived at was, that it was the Zoar of mediæval history, distinguished as the seat of a bishopric in the fifth century.

Here, there was an adventure. A portion of the guard had departed for Jerusalem, carrying with them letters for England, and thus weakened in its defences, the expedition was in a great measure at the mercy of the Beni Atiyeh tribe, of which there now appeared an encampment prepared for mischief; yielding to threats, the party were saved from destruction by paying down twenty-five napoleons. Free to move on, the humbled cavalcade ascended

the rising grounds to Kerak, a steady ride of more than five hours, over what might be called Alpine scenery. Proceeding up a gorge, which was at one time an important pass, the party came upon a ruined fort, dating from the last crusade, when it was held by Raynald, a chieftain made captive in battle by Saladin, 1187, just before the rendering up of Jerusalem.

Towering over the rocks at the head of the gorge, stands Kerak — the Kir-Haraseth of Scripture — a fortress which, though partially in ruin, is of surprising strength and magnitude. There are indications of its Roman origin, but substantially it is a work of the crusaders, under whom it was a Christian bulwark long defiant of the Saracens. What with its lofty walls, its entrance by easily guarded tunnels, and its picturesque situation, Kerak is even now, in its shattered decay, a marvel of art. Getting access by means of the tunnels, the party encamped within the castle. Tents were set up, horses and mules were picketed, and other preparations made for a short stay, the proceedings being jealously watched by a crowd of eager onlookers. Much to their gratification, Dr. Tristram and his friends were almost immediately visited by a young man, a native of the town, in ecclesiastical costume, who acted as teacher in a Greek missionary school, and volunteered to lionize them over the place. Under his guidance, they visited the remains of Roman baths, some vaults with Roman pavements, and the Greek Church, a building in an old Norman style, with a well sunk in the floor of the nave. Returning to camp, there ensued a scene of uproar and dismay. Mudjelli, a young chief, who assumed to be the principal local authority, was enraged that the party had gone over the castle without his consent and escort, for which he claimed a fee of six hundred pounds; and this sum, which he considered moderate, must now be paid. We have not space to describe the embroilment. For a time the party were placed under guard, and experienced other indignities. A letter explaining the difficulty was written to the British consul in Jerusalem, and was secretly despatched by a faithful messenger. Before an answer arrived, Mudjelli saw he had carried things too far. His demands had been mere bluster. The father of the youth interfered with apologies, and Beni Sakk'r Zadam, the sheik who now felt himself accountable for the party, having made his appearance, peace was established, and pipes smoked as a token of reconciliation.

The number of Christians in Kerak is estimated at 1600 in a population of 8000. The Christians live in a particular quarter of the town. In their school were noticed books, Psalters, and Testaments, and two Arabic Bibles, with the Bible Society's stamp on the covers — a hopeful beginning in the process of civilizing the whole community, and to which we hope no check will be interposed. The very existence of a Christian community in one of the old cities of Moab is a gratifying indication of progress. Before departure from the place, Dr. Tristram with one or two companions devoted a day to an excursion southwards, and there discovered numerous ruins of historical interest, all demonstrative of a large settled population in ancient times. In the course of the ride, he came upon the old Roman road, which still, with its bounding walls in good preservation, runs in a distinct line north and south through Moab, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles east of the Dead Sea. It was chiefly along or near this line of road that the party proceeded northwards from Kerak to Rabba, or Rabbath-Moab, the Areopolis of the Greek and Roman writers.

In going along this northern plain, there were opportunities of seeing the means which the Romans had adopted for insuring fertility, by irrigation from artificial tanks. In Dr. Tristram's account of his journey, "The Land of Moab," his description of the ancient water-tanks and sluices is of the deepest interest, and, for this alone, the work is worthy of perusal. At Rabba, the tents of the party were pitched in the bottom of an immense tank, fifty to sixty yards in length and breadth, and which was perhaps fifty feet deep; its actual depth being uncertain from the quantity of debris, Rabba, a town of the Roman period, but with remains of an

earlier date, is wholly in ruins. Buildings of an elegant style of architecture have fallen down, fragments of Corinthian pillars and broken sarcophagi lie scattered among a countless number of vaults, now used as a shelter for Arabs and their flocks of sheep and goats. The Roman road intersects the ruined city, and was followed by the travellers northward. Three of the Roman milestones were still entire, but prostrated on the ground. In the course of the day's journey, the ruins of temples and other imposing edifices were passed. Among the ruins of Kasr-Rabba, the party found their messenger to Jerusalem on his return with a letter, intimating that a body of soldiers were sent to their succor; such aid, fortunately, not being now required.

The River Arnon, which flows down a deep and picturesque ravine of limestone cliffs, being successfully crossed, the journey was continued northwards along the upper country of Moab, interesting from having been inhabited by the Amorites, who were vanquished by Moses, and whose lands fell to the share of Gad, Reuben, and Manasseh. It appears to be a district full of memorials of the past. Every day's march disclosed heaps of ruins, some of them covering several acres, along with the remains of well-built water-tanks of prodigious dimensions, and so many evidences of ancient fertility as to give the impression that, if social order were established, the country would, as of old, support a large population. Under protection of Beni Sakk'r, the party pursued their explorations in security. Dhiban was found to be a desolate heap of stones. It is the Dibon referred to by Jeremiah as doomed to submit to the spoiler; and no destruction could be more complete.

Amidst the ruins of Dhiban, the Moabite Stone was discovered by Mr. Klein in 1868. It was a heavy basaltic monolith, three and a half feet long by two feet broad. On one side was a lengthened inscription in the Shemitic character, purporting that the stone was set up at Dibon by Mesha, king of Moab, in honor of his god Kemosh, also in testimony of his conquests, and of the public works which he had executed. As nearly as scholars can determine, the stone was set up 896 B. C., or two thousand four hundred and sixty-nine years ago. A dispute having arisen among the natives regarding the proprietorship of the stone, a party of the rival claimants mischievously shattered it in pieces, but, fortunately, not before a copy of the inscription had been effected. Mesha is mentioned in Scripture (2 Kings iii.) as king of Moab and a sheep-master, tributary to the king of Israel, against whom he rebelled; the rebellion leading to some momentous incidents. The destruction of the stone which he had set up at Dibon, is matter for universal and lasting regret.

At Ziza, in a northeasterly direction, the travellers came upon extensive water-tanks of solid construction, and the ruins of buildings of Saracenic origin. What was here seen fell far short of the splendid remains of Mashita, a short way beyond the road used by pilgrims to Mecca. The ruins were not those of a town, but of a magnificent palace, of which no mention is made in history, and which is unnoticed in any map. Its site is at a distance of thirty miles, in a straight line east from the northern extremity of the Dead Sea. There it stands in solitary grandeur on the silent waste, its shattered walls covered by architectural decorations, reminding one of the peculiar and rich style of the Alhambra. The building is described as consisting of a large quadrangle, measuring one hundred and seventy yards on each side, with rounded bastions at the angles. The entrance-gate at the centre of the front façade leads to a hall, which opens on several inner courts. The lower part of the edifice is built as vaults. What strikes the observer with surprise is the good preservation of all parts of the palace still standing. The walls had not been injured by any wilful violence, but rent and thrown down by one of those earthquakes to which much of the desolation of Moabite cities is traceable. There is something extraordinary in the obscurity hanging over the history of this remarkable edifice. The name Mashita signifies in Arabic winter-quarters, but it is evidently so called

from being used as a winter-shelter to the flocks of the wandering natives, its original name being lost. The style of the building is neither Greek nor Roman; nor is it Mohammedan, for among its carvings are human and animal figures, which are not allowable by Moslem doctrine. The palace, however, is evidently according to Eastern taste, and had been erected by a potentate of the Nebuchadnezzar type.

At a loss to clear up the mystery while on the spot, Dr. Tristram, on coming home, received what may be considered a satisfactory explanation from Mr. J. Fergusson, well known from his architectural and archaeological knowledge. The opinion he gave was, that the palace is to be referred to Chosroes II. of the Sassanian dynasty of Persian kings, who overran Northern Syria and Asia Minor, A. D. 611, and took Jerusalem by assault from the Romans, 614. Chosroes II. was a kind of Eastern Napoleon, and eventually experienced similar deserved reverses. After a short reign of rapine and splendor, his conquests were wrrenched from him by Heraclius the Roman emperor, 627, and he died miserably as a fugitive. It was an expiring effort of Roman power. In 632, the Saracens took possession of Arabia and country east of the Jordan, and five years later Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Calif Omar. The most feasible conjecture is, that Chosroes II. built the palace of Mashita during his transitory possession of Moab, according to the plans and style of a Persian architect; the date of the structure being perhaps 620, only a few years before the era of Mohammedan triumph.

Dr. Tristram made a number of other discoveries in this quarter, but none of such novelty or magnitude as that just mentioned. The expedition was now in what is called the Beni-Hamideh territory, which is occupied by a people only semi-nomadic in their habits. They partake more of the character of the shepherd than the robber, and living part of the year in huts, around which there is a little cultivation, they do not prove a serious terror to travellers. We are told that not possessing a wide sweep of power, they cannot properly act the part of escorting sheiks, and that dependence on them by explorers has often led to disappointment. Early in March, the weather being as fine as June in England, the party descended from the high pastoral region down the Wady Jiffar, a valley lined with picturesque masses of limestone and basalt to the border of the Dead Sea. The wady is celebrated for its hot sulphurous springs, known as the Baths of Herod, in consequence of having been resorted to by that personage during his last illness. The fact is mentioned by Josephus. Few modern explorers have visited these once famed medicinal baths, and the description given of them by Dr. Tristram is therefore peculiarly valuable.

Overhung by palms and oleanders, the springs, seven or eight in number, bubble forth from recesses in the cliffs, and pour down from pool to pool, the waters sometimes finding their way by tunnels formed from sulphurous deposits. One of the springs has a heat of 143° F., the warmth, of course, diminishing as the water descends the ravine. The Romans, during their occupation, highly appreciated these springs for their healing effects; and they are not less esteemed by modern Arabs and Moabites, who visit them when opportunity offers. Their method of bathing is simple enough. It consists in sitting down, up to the neck, in one of the open pools, the steam which curls overhead blending with the perfume of wild flowers, and the spectacle around gorgeous with swarms of beautiful butterflies—a bath equally enjoyable and beneficial, for which, according to an Arab proverb, the patient is “to thank Allah and be gone.” For anything one can tell in this age of progress, we may live to see the Baths of Herod numbered in the list of fashionable Brunnens. All that is needed to bring back Moab into a condition of settled prosperity, is to give security to life and property. The establishment of a garrison of Turkish soldiers at Kerak, which we learn took place in the spring of the present year, is a step in the right direction.

Leaving the encampment at the baths, Dr. Tristram, with a guide and a muleteer to carry a photographic apparatus

started for a short tour southwards, to inspect the ruins of Machærus, a Moabitish stronghold. Its history is intimately connected with the Jews under the Maccabees, in their last struggle against the Roman power, but is not less interesting from having been the place of imprisonment and death of John the Baptist. The excursion brought unexpectedly into view, on a high ground, several circles of upright stones, dating from pre-historic times, and resembling those which are found in various parts of Europe. On finally quitting the valley of hot springs, and taking the route, by Heshbon, the expedition met with several dolmens of an antiquity coeval with the stone circles, and which, unharmed, have survived the political and military disturbances of thousands of years.

Rounding to the eastward, and descending to the fertile plain of the Jordan, that river, in its breadth of sixty yards, was crossed by means of a public ferry boat; and landing in Palestine at a short distance from Jericho, the expedition was happily without accident brought to a close. The narrative we have been able to present is but an outline of details of the most absorbing interest. To the geographer, the naturalist, the Biblical scholar, and the antiquary, as well as the reader for mere amusement, we heartily recommend the perusal of Dr. Tristram's interesting production, "The Land of Moab."

STAR-HUNTING.

IN the months of August and September, managers operatic and theatrical, scour Europe to recruit their companies. It is an exciting season and a busy to those who manage operas, for the competition after tenors and *prime donne* has reached such a point of keenness that electioneering is mild in comparison. In the good old days the struggle generally lay between the managers of the London operas and those of the Italian house in Paris; but for the last fifteen years Paris has been nowhere in the running. Its resources were too small to allow of its measuring purses with London; so it fell into the habit of letting London try the new singers first, engaging them afterwards, when they were successes, for the winter months before the English season opened. On the other hand, capitals which formerly never thought of hiring leading singers until they had graduated in Paris or London, now enter the market on pure speculation; and St. Petersburg, New York, Vienna, Rio de Janeiro, and even Cairo bid against each other as best they can by dint of craft and guineas.

The most conspicuous result of the new system — a result which, however, will only be fully apparent in a few years — is the steady deterioration in the quality of singers; for a new tenor or prima donna of promise is no sooner signalled than he or she is pounced upon and carried off before the voice has had time to acquire style or power. Hence failures innumerable. The tenor caught too young and set to sing for high wages in a monster house yelps his voice into shreds in half a year; while the prima donna, having developed into a first-class screecher, vanishes in disgrace and incurably hoarse.

This was not the case when operatic nurseries existed, to which managers resorted, as gardeners do to hot-houses, watching the fruit mature slowly. The theatres in the small ducal Courts of Germany produced good singers as regularly and surely as sunshine and rain do grapes; so did the little operas at Parma, Modena, and Florence, and those two richest among conservatories, the Scala at Milan and the San Carlo at Naples. Neither was it always easy to coax away favorite performers from these cities.

In Germany a Court chamberlain had generally to be negotiated with. If the singer were a man — say a good bass — he would be tied down by some stupendous engagement — twenty years, with the prospect of a pension and decoration at the end; if a lady, she would be the morganatic spouse of the Duke himself or his brother, and these distinguished personages would make a fuss which it would need the intervention of the foreign manager's

Minister to smooth away. Occasionally a manager had to make a very speedy exit from the city whence he had tried to beguile a morganatic soprano, and it was one of these impresarii who, to revenge himself for being ordered to quit a diminutive principality within four-and-twenty hours, answered, "Oh, certainly! it won't take five minutes."

In Italy the obstacles were more democratic than in Germany, for a singer who was thoroughly popular led such a pleasant life of it as to feel little inclination to go elsewhere. A prima donna at the San Carlo was known and beloved by all the lazzaroni. She received deputations and public presents on her birthday, was cheered and universally bowed to when she appeared in the streets. If she were ill the matter became a state concern, and there was no end to the rejoicings and affectionately familiar demonstrations that greeted her return to health. It was much the same with a favorite tenor, who ranked in some respects as a public character; for if an insurrection occurred in one of the cities under Austrian rule, or at Naples against the Bonbas, it was not to a professional spotter that the excited populace went to get their courage roused, but to the pet singer, who, climbing a stone in the market-place, would break out into a revolutionary hymn to make the very walls chorus. However, both in Germany and Italy a thoroughly enterprising and clever British manager would generally override difficulties, though the inducements he held out were not similar in the two countries. German singers argued the whole matter financially, balancing their present comfort and secure income against the risk of failure in England, and consequent inability to return home on their old footing — all of which reasonings had to be combated with allurements heavy and sterling. Italians, less mercenary, could be enticed to London by the prospect of glory; besides which, politics often came to the rescue, for a prima donna whom it would have required reckless thousands to engage for Russia or Berlin, would travel to Covent Garden for half the money, simply because the English were liked in the Peninsula.

All this has much altered now, and sentiment plays a very small part in operatic engagements. A good voice has its market value, and, like other transportable commodities, it goes to big cities, because it is there only that the best prices can be had. Most of the German and Italian princes who were such lavish patrons of singing are gone, and the municipal corporations which have arisen in their stead cannot afford to emulate their generosity; whence a paragon singer in a small town has grown to be as great a rarity as a bottle of authentic Johannisberg in a country inn. Some of the continental municipalities, however, battle desperately to maintain an efficient company, and the local theatre forms a much bigger item in their rate-budgets than either drains or schools. But there are fierce debates to be borne; for municipalities, like more important assemblies, have their opposition parties, ever zealous for economy and criticism. These vestry reformers cavil at each vote: they inveigh against the excessive salaries of the performers, declare the scenery to be ruinous, move amendments to substitute cheap gas for electric light, to reduce the number of chorists, to make the costumes in "William Tell" do duty in the "Huguenots" and "Faust," and, of course, drag in the workingman, whose feelings are outraged when a ballet dancer has two pairs of new satin shoes in one week. Moreover, charges of jobbery are preferred right and left, as must inevitably be the case when some singer with more beauty than talent is seen to get all the best parts; and the upshot is that the theatre, which should be ruled despotically by a manager responsible only to his patron or the public, becomes a fighting ground on which every vestry stumperling tries his young tusks and tongue. But then, when the budget has been at length voted, with or without amendments, comes the hardest calamity of all; for some night the fell rumor gets about that a foreign manager has put up at the chief hotel. The mayor cannot send his beadle, as the Duke used to do his aide-de-camp, and invite the stranger to depart. Alas! we live in humane times, and the town council are fain to sigh resignedly on hearing that their

pet singer is going to desert them. Perhaps the mayor calls on the faithless one — if it be a lady — and appeals to her good feelings. He urges that the town council were kind and liberal to her; that America and Egypt are far off; that she would do better to take a few years' more training on a small stage so as to get her voice in full bloom; and he solemnly utters these paternal aphorisms: "All that glitters is not gold," "The rolling stone gathers no moss," "Old friends are the truest," and so forth.

But this is chaff with which not even the youngest of vocal birds can be caught. Distance counts for nothing when a golden bridge is set to span it, and the idea that long practice is needed to make perfect is one that went out of date with stage coaches. For all this, the manager who has discovered what he conceives to be a pearl does not find matters much smoother for him than the mayor does. Just as at picture sales there are men who dog connoisseurs and outbid them on the mere chance of making a good bargain out of any painting they have fancied, so a knowing manager is frequently followed by a whole troop of agents who are very detectives in keenness, and run a singer, who was nobody yesterday, up to a premium in less than a week. Truly diplomatic astuteness is necessary to counteract these manoeuvres and to draw a singer into signing a treaty before his or her head gets filled with undue conceit and rapacity.

But even when the engagement is engrossed and sealed, there are artistes who will laugh the whole thing to scorn, and go off with the first plus-bidder who presents himself. To be sure, the law is there to render justice to every man; but an action brought in Italy to recover damages against an actress who has signed for London and sailed away to the Brazils, is an enterprise offering more risks than attractions. Once upon a time extradition was pretty common in theatrical matters, and runaway actors and actresses from one State were often sent back across the frontier by a friendly neighbor. Thus, in 1696 the French Ambassador in Venice obtained that a whole company who had broken engagements in France should be reshipped under escort; and some years later the Italian Opera troupe who had eloped from Paris to La Haye for higher gains, were courteously restored by the Dutch to Louis XV. Unfortunately, this species of international civility was found to have its inconveniences, and a manager can now only rely on himself — that is, on his purse and his plausibility. That is why a successful manager was once heard to compare star-hunting to fishing for eels with a silk net and golden hooks — with this difference, that the water eels were the less slippery.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY IN ENGLAND.

Two or three little stories which have appeared in the papers during the last few days — and those days have perhaps not been more fertile in scandal than usual — are unpleasantly illustrative of our views of commercial morality. A confiding widow, for example, saw an advertisement offering Wallsend coal for 27s. She bought four tons, which turned out to be totally unfitted for burning. The seller was summoned before Alderman Finnis, and, without disputing the facts, set up a remarkable defence. It was argued on his behalf that he had published "a mere tradesman's advertisement." It would appear that a tradesman's advertisement is a delicate circumlocution for a false statement. The falsehood, however, was asserted to be so transparent that nobody ought to have been deceived by it. If the purchaser really fancied that she was to get Wallsend coals for 27s., she was a fool for her pains, and had no right to expect a remedy. The doctrine does not appear to be peculiar to the coal trade.

A dairyman was recently summoned before Mr. Ingham, charged with mixing his milk with water, an offence which, however common, is not very agreeable at the present moment. Here, too, it was argued that people who bought milk for 4d. a quart must know that it was adulterated.

Mr. Ingham replied very pertinently that, if people wished to have water mixed with their milk, they would probably prefer to perform the operation for themselves; and the unlucky milkman was fined £10, with the alternative of two months' imprisonment. Alderman Finnis also declined to sanction this ingenious mode of argument, though we regret that he only fined the coal-merchant £1 a ton, instead of inflicting the full penalty of £10. Not being ourselves either coal-merchants or milk-dealers, we have very little sympathy with the plea they put forward; although they might possibly claim the sanction of a certain celebrated Cabinet Minister, who, as we all know, considers adulteration to be simply a form of legitimate competition.

That such practices should be put down with a strong hand seems to the unsophisticated mind as obvious as that picking pockets should be emphatically discouraged. A man who sells a quart of water and calls it milk, cheats his customers quite as dishonestly as if he stole their money in a simpler fashion, even if he simultaneously sells four quarts of milk at the acknowledged price. It is exactly the same as if his customers paid him in gilt money and called it gold. In short, the matter does not really admit of an argument, and all consumers, to say nothing of honest traders, must be anxious to see the law rigorously enforced.

The unpleasant part of such transactions is the light which they throw upon the ideas of honesty prevalent amongst retail dealers. When a man has the impudence to say that his customers are to be blamed for their own folly if he succeeds in imposing upon them, we are amazed at the audacity of his assumption. And yet there are too good reasons for thinking that a very similar code of morality is prevalent amongst merchants who trade upon a much larger scale. We need not recall the notorious facts which have thrown so much discredit upon our manufactures. What are we to think of it all? When it suddenly turned out three years ago that the military stores of men and material upon which the French nation relied in its need had been adulterated on a gigantic scale, we acknowledged that defeat was a natural penalty for widespread corruption.

If the English commercial system is tainted with a dishonesty so widely spread that the recollection of what honesty means is beginning to grow faint, may we not expect to meet some day with a catastrophe of a different kind, but not less startling or disastrous? The question well deserves examination by those who are interested in the matter and have the necessary means of information. We shall not attempt to say more at present than that some ugly symptoms undoubtedly exist. The complaint, indeed, is not a new one. Adulteration, though the art may have been carried to an unprecedented pitch of refinement, has probably existed as long as there have been such things as shopkeepers; and to justify any decided opinion upon the disease from which we are suffering, we should have to say whether it is becoming more virulent than of old, and is more prevalent amongst ourselves than amongst our neighbors. That the first of these propositions is true is indeed highly probable from general considerations, and may suggest to moral philosophers some curious speculations.

Ethical treatises and sermons of all kinds lay down moral rules in the most general terms. The commandment is that we should commit no murder, not that we should refrain from murdering a particular class of people. In practice, however, such laws are interpreted after quite a different fashion. We are always very slow to admit that we owe the same duties to all mankind. Everybody knows, for example, that the law against murder is frequently understood with strict limitations. A colonist in any wild country is very sceptical as to its having any application to aborigines. Or, again, to take a trivial instance, it is curious to remark the way in which a school-boy interprets the duty of speaking the truth. The same boy who would be utterly ashamed of telling a deliberate falsehood to one of his companions, would think it a point of honor to deceive his masters upon certain subjects. In short, moral

sense in its rudimentary stages is generally identified with some class feeling. The savage may be strictly virtuous in his conduct to his own family or tribe, and regard the rest of the human race as standing altogether outside the pale of his sympathies; the artisan is equally sceptical as to his obligations to capitalists, and the shopkeeper about his duties to the whole world outside his doors.

Now, whilst commerce has of late years extended with extraordinary rapidity, the development of a corresponding moral sense has by no means kept pace with it. A shopkeeper at the present day who should keep to the code of his grandfather, might in practice be a far greater rogue. Each of them would admit in terms that cheating was wrong; and each of them would in secret put in a saving clause to the effect that to sin really consisted in cheating your next-door neighbor. But then the grandfather lived in a world of next-door neighbors. He was a member of a small society changing very slowly, each of whom had not only a lively interest in his neighbor's honesty, but had the power of constantly keeping an eye upon him. If a dairyman adulterated his milk, he got a bad character within a little circle beyond which he had no power of looking; and therefore he was pretty certain of suffering very rapidly for any offences he might commit. If fate had put it in his power to cheat a man living at the Antipodes, he would possibly have felt very little scruple about doing it; but then fate never did put it in his power. On the other hand, his grandson, inheriting the same moral views, has constant relations with the most distant parts of the world, and therefore constant opportunities of cheating people to whom he feels himself bound by no comprehensible tie. If he cheats his customers, he only cheats one of a crowd of people who are constantly moving, and of whom there is a very fair chance that he will never see anything again. The sufferers are persons of whom he knows nothing, who will probably not take the trouble to punish him, and whose anger cannot reach him for an indefinite period. He speedily reconciles himself to conduct of which he would see the dishonesty and impolicy if its object were brought nearer to him. Indeed it may be said that, in some sense, the amount of commercial dishonesty is only a measure of the degree in which we can trust each other. There is so much cheating because there is so much credit.

Mr. Montague Tigg very truly said to Mr. Chuzzlewit, that if you wrote your name in large letters over a door in a London street, and said that you were willing to take care of people's money, a certain percentage of passers-by would infallibly turn in and press their confidence upon you. When that unlucky widow made her purchase of Wallsend coal, she put a certain amount of confidence in a man of whom she knew absolutely nothing except that he had the means of inserting an advertisement in the newspapers. She was foolish, as the event proved; but we are all of us every day trusting ourselves to utterly unknown people, with a confidence which is almost equally blind. A man with a tolerably good suit of clothes and a sufficient amount of impudence will find himself trusted everywhere to a marvellous extent on the apparently unreasonable hypothesis that clothes are a sufficient index to character. Experience on the whole justifies the confidence, and we make up our mind on the doctrine of averages that we shall suffer only a certain percentage of loss.

The complex arrangements of modern society would not work for a day if everybody insisted on receiving legal proof of the respectability of all people with whom he has dealings. And thus we may even take some pleasure in the increase of cheating, on the ground that it must repose on the increase of well-founded mutual trust. It follows, however, with equal certainty, that it is of vital importance not only to maintain the existing standard of morality, but to elevate it as nearly as possible to the point at which our confidence would never be misplaced; in other words, the safe development of commerce absolutely requires an improvement in the moral sense, whilst unfortunately it is too apt to produce rather the contrary effect. People are demoralized in proportion as they find that other persons trust them, instead of seeing the necessity of rising to the

occasion. A merchant who has dealings in China hopes that he will have made his own profit before his goods have been found out; as the milkman calculates that he can afford to disgust several successive sets of customers before he will have exhausted the vast ocean of public credulity.

By what moral means the sense of honesty is to be increased is a tolerably wide question. But it is at any rate plain that we have one means of persuasion, of which we should take the fullest advantage. If the check derived from the personal inspection of a man's immediate neighbors tends to grow weaker than it was in simpler days, the action of legislation should grow more systematic and vigorous. A certain school of reasoners professes to be very much terrified by the dangers of excessive interference on the part of Government; but even they will generally differ from Mr. Bright in admitting that Government is rightfully employed in putting down dishonest trading. If a milkman or a coal-merchant is more independent of any given set of customers, his dislike to fines and imprisonment does not diminish.

We are beginning to understand the importance of sanitary supervision, and to recognize the unpleasant fact that dishonest dealing may spread not only discomfort, but fatal diseases. A systematic attack upon the petty cheating which falls with special severity upon the poor who are unable to make an efficient protest, ought, one would think, to be a popular measure; and we can strongly recommend it to statesmen of all parties who are in need of a policy. We should only be disposed to add a hope that the net may catch the big fish as well as the small ones; and that whilst retailers of coal and milk are assailed, some thought may be given to the capitalists who on a larger scale are applying just the same principles of competition.

GREEK COINS.

THE collection of coins deposited in the Medal Room of the British Museum is the finest, if not the largest, in Europe. Kept there as in the national strong-box, and filtered through the adjacent or so-called Ornament Room by the display of a typical set of electrotypes or the march past of a few trays of real coins at a time, its beauty, size, and importance can scarcely be appreciated by the visitor to its casual ward. The access to the collection, or rather the iron-doored room in which it is preserved, is limited to a few, and to them a portion only is shown at a time under a glass tray; yet this grand collection continues to grow unseen, and the glimpse of a fraction of it through the pages of a catalogue is like the revelation of a mystery to the general public. The grants for its enlargement have been on the most liberal scale, the accessions to its cabinets of the choicest and finest specimens. The strength of the Greek section lies in the autonomous coins struck by the free towns and petty republics of Greece, Asia Minor, the Isles, and the Colonies. The cabinets of the Rue Richelieu had more examples and rarer types of the Kings and Tyrants, yet even in this branch they are now equalled, if not excelled, by the suits in Bloomsbury.

The Lydian or Argive, who first stamped gold or silver, was a genius. Clay and leather and other plastic substances had been stamped before, but it was the hand of a giant mind which first impressed on a lump of metal its weight, its origin, and its responsibility. It converted the uncertain ingot into the decided coin, and the man of the Old World no longer required the scale, like the pedantic Chinese, to measure every ounce he paid. Greece and Asia contended for the honor of the invention. The difference lay in the metal. Asia issued gold, Greece silver. Croesus, B. C. 560, struck gold, and Pheidon of Argos silver, according to the Parian chronicle, three centuries before. Later, Asia coined silver also; declining Greece gold; and when Philip of Macedon found the gold mines of Mount Pangæum and issued gold staters, their seductive

influence corrupted the orators of Athens and the statesmen of Greece.

Once invented, the improvement was rapid. At first, the device of an animal was seen on one side, the other had the irregular indentation, apparently the impress of the projection of the lower die to hold the gland-shaped lump while struck; for the Greeks were aware how the coin slipped under the hammer, although they could not invent either the ring or the collar to clutch the piece. This little trick was one of the last discoveries of the modern mint. By degrees, however, the irregular indentation became the regular square, and a device within it completed the reverse. Nor were the pieces regular in shape or exact in weight; they were sometimes double struck or cracked at the edge. The high relief of their devices, which gave them artistic beauty, impaired their public utility. They could not be piled or stacked, but could only be heaped, while the friction of daily use rapidly deteriorated their value. Hence coins like them are unsuited for modern civilization. They have no more relation to it than the arrangements of Greek temples have to the requirements of churches or other public buildings. They were the counters of a nation of artists, in whose mind was deeply impressed the love of the beautiful occasionally to the neglect of the useful. To the modern die engraver they have proved an invaluable aid to his art, and guided his taste as soon as it had emancipated itself from the thralldom of the imitation of Byzantine coinage.

For about eight hundred years, from the first coin of Greece or Asia to the days of the Roman Emperor Gallienus, the States of Greece enjoyed the right of coinage, while free, in all metals; after their subjection to the Imperial eagles of Rome, in brass and copper only. Coinage in the precious metals, an Imperial privilege, was the badge of a centralized sovereignty; the contemptible copper was left to the control of the local municipality. The conquests of Alexander the Great had before this partly suppressed the civic devices, as in the principal towns of Europe and Asia, one type, his own regal one, was adopted, and the place of issue indicated by a device, a letter, or a monogram. His Greek successors continued the system as far as their power extended, and the Romans followed up the plan. The Greek series exhibits during the eight hundred years coins of more than 1000 towns and republics, and above 300 kings, and of each of those many varieties, supposed to amount to 60,000 pieces.

The monetary system, too, had its difficulties, as each town had its local issue; rarely does a countermark attest the adoption of the coinage of a city by its neighbor or its rival. The ancient traveller must in the course of a short journey have passed a small collection through his hand, and constantly applied to the money changer unless, as in some states of Europe, the change was given in miscellaneous pieces which were taken at their nominal value. The principal denominations were the drachm, didrachm and tetradrachm, with a rarer oktodrachm and dekadrachm, and their subdivisions. The drachm of the Ægean standard weighed 96 grains, its didrachm about 192. The Attic drachm was 67.5 grains, its didrachm 135, and tetradrachm 270 grains. The Kings of Macedon used a drachm of 58 grains and a tetradrachm of 232 grains. These are the principal monetary systems.

The coins principally found in cabinets are the didrachms and tetradrachms; the drachms are rarer; the smaller denominations, the obolos and its multiples, are still more so. Some are so small that they have been preserved with difficulty, or have escaped the eye. The devices of the mints were the heads of deities or heroes, sacred animals, arms, and weapons. They often had relation to each other. In the silver coinage the skill of the artist was best shown in the tetradrachm, which is about the size of a florin or half-crown; but it is wonderful what merit the Greek engraver evinced in Asiatic coins of electrum not larger than a sixpence. The name of the town always, of the annual magistrate often, of the artist seldom, appeared on the coins of the free states. When

the space became too narrow, monograms were used, and at a later period, and exceptionally, dates. Kings, indeed, allowed the names of magistrates and cities on their coins, but artists were carefully excluded, and few have left their names behind them. Their names can be counted on the fingers, and one only, Theodotos, of Clazomenæ, asserts his character. Yet they must have been as well known as the engravers of gems or hard stones, long lists of whom appear in classic authors and on works of ancient art. The Greek, occupied in political struggles and metaphysical discussions, cared little for the history of the processes of the art, and the mint in particular was forgotten; a few scattered notices about coins are to be found in Hellenic literature, but no treatise on the subject.

Artists and their dies have alike passed into oblivion; for, although tens of thousands of these appliances must have been engraved, no certain ancient Greek die is known. Allowing that the same public authority which made them also as certainly cancelled them, and admitting that they were easily broken and constantly renewed, yet the problem of their absence still remains unsolved. Iron, indeed, might perish through the oxidization of time, but bronze survives. Accident, fire, vicissitudes, and public calamities must have often buried the matrix and the mould as well as the coin in the depths of the earth.

Every small republic and principal town had its circulation, and the state of the whole Greek coinage was like that of the copper issue of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when any tradesman might be his own mint master and issue his peculiar token. To this is due the infinite variety of beautiful Hellenic coins, which, regarded as works of art, are metallic camei of a high order of merit; not so indestructible as engraved stones, but public and authentic productions of ancient art produced by rival artists.

The revival of the arts in Europe brought with it the desire of collecting. Petrarch, in the fourteenth century, had collected a few Roman coins, which he presented to the Emperor Charles IV. Later the De Medici collected the museum and cabinets of Florence. The passion extended to kings and princes, and rich persons followed the fashion. In the middle of the sixteenth century there were 1000 known collections in Europe. The first important cabinet in England was that of Charles I., but the civil war dispersed or melted it. There were several collections in the seventeenth century, but the eighteenth was the period when the largest were formed.

The principal collectors were physicians. Meade had a celebrated collection, which went to the hammer; Sir Hans Sloane another, which was absorbed by the British Museum; William Hunter a third, now at Glasgow. Besides these the Pembroke and Devonshire collections were of later growth and less importance. In the present century the national collections were enriched by the additions of the coins of Cracherode and Payne Knight, distinguished for their fine condition, selections from those of Lord Northwick and Burgon, recently from that of Wigan, and the slow, but continuous, purchases at public sales, to which all the older collections have succumbed. If the taste for coins has not declined, the fashion of collecting them has, and the last of important private collections is that of the late General Fox. Cabinets may be as numerous, but their contents are less complete. Public museums ultimately attract all the unique and finer specimens. The private collector feels he cannot contend against national exchequers, and the pride of accumulating is thus extinguished. The coin once pigeon-holed never reappears in the market, and the collector might as well hope to obtain a lost Pleiad.

The study of Greek numismatics began with the publication of Goltzius in the sixteenth century, but it was not till 1762 that Pellerin engraved the first plate, in which the size, flaws, and condition of the coin were indicated. Subsequent writers followed the example of this numismatist. Catalogues of the principal cabinets were also published—that of Dr. William Hunter, in 1782, with excellent engravings and descriptions by C. Combe; that of the national

collections, in 1814, by Taylor Combe, his son, the plates drawn by Corbould and engraved by Moses. The collection bequeathed by Payne Knight was published from his own descriptions in Latin in 1830, since which time no catalogue has appeared from the Museum till the present year. Similar in plan, but with more critical remarks interspersed, Leake gave in 1854 his "Numismata Hellenica," an account of his coin and electrotypes unaccompanied by engravings.

The catalogue of his coins of Italy of the Greek series of the Museum, published by Mr. Poole, follows the same general method of arrangement as the older catalogues, with the exception of outline wood-cuts of the coins introduced into the text. These are fairly executed, but are certainly not finer as works of art than the figures of the coins of the Syrian kings, by Bartolozzi, or the engravings of the older catalogue by Moses. It seems to have been agreed among numismatists that the literature of the subject should be neglected, the compiler being content with describing each coin without tracing the history of the assignment, or the works in which each specimen has been successively published or engraved. It is to be regretted that numismatists have not followed the example of naturalists in this respect, as mere skeleton descriptions afford no clue to the learned labyrinth of the study. Another important point is the condition of a coin indicated in some catalogues by letters imperfectly seen, being marked by fainter lines.

In this country the refinement of collectors has attached great value to condition, and increases the price of those in a beautiful state of preservation from pence to pounds. The sixteen volumes of Mionnet, published from 1806-1837, are, notwithstanding the disparaging observations passed on them, the best guide to the collector. This work, originally compiled to aid the sale of sulphur impressions, although not so highly scientific, contained all that was required—the style, the size, the rarity, and the market value. In this the author was assisted by Rollin, the celebrated French coin dealer of the Rue Vivienne, at Paris.

Undoubtedly the most beautiful of the Greek series are the coins of Italy, especially those of Southern Italy, where the Greek colonist founded a new Hellas in the seventh century B. C. There are noble specimens of art in the Peloponnesian coinage, and exquisite gems in those of Asia Minor, but the series of Italy and Sicily excel both. The standard of the currency was Attic, the art of the finest Greek, the tone the softest Italian. The earlier coins are remarkable. A thick bracteate kind of didrachm prevailed at the earliest period at Crotona, Metapontum Sybaris, Posidonia or Pastum, and Tarentum. The type on one side was in relief, and the same in cuse or in intaglio on the other. The latter coins rapidly improved, and their art was only rivalled, if excelled, by that of Sicily. A series of numerous didrachms, no two alike, was issued in the third and fourth centuries B. C., from the mint of Tarentum. Taras, son of Neptune, and founder of the state, is represented by sea and land, riding on a dolphin or mounted on a horse in several attitudes. The gold staters are also remarkably fine, and that on which the young Taras runs out of the sea to his father Neptune is as beautiful as it is rare. The didrachms of Heraclea, with the head of Pallas and Hercules strangling the Nemean lion, are fine in style and wonderful in execution. Thurium, which succeeded Sybaris, and was founded by Athens, B. C. 444, struck didrachms of exquisite beauty, with Scylla on the helm of Minerva's head, and a bull rushing to butt.

Charming examples of the engraver's art are also found on the didrachms of Terrina, where Iris or Nike appears in many devices. The copper coins of Neapolis or Naples are remarkable for the beauty of their blue patina, produced by a volcanic soil. The coins of Northern Italy, Etruria, Latium, Umbria, are unwieldy masses of brass or copper, cast, not struck. The historical As of Servius Tullius is not found; it is a myth of the Lays of Rome. The heavy and inconvenient copper of Etruria and the surrounding territory is, after all, not much older than the third century B. C. Silver is limited to the town of Populonia; the rest is doubtful; Greek language disappears from the coins; the Etruscan appears. The coins of Samnium,

issued during the Social or Marsic war, are silver, with Oscan legends, and belong to another system. There was no unity. The coins of Italy have been well engraved and amply illustrated. The Italians Borghesi, Carelli, Cavendon, and Tessieri, were excellent numismatists, while the English Millingen has illustrated the history and types, and the German Mommmsen the Etruscan, Oscan, and Roman monetary systems.

The science of numismatics has been so far explored that great discoveries are exhausted, but the labor of cataloguing coins has not diminished. Catalogues are chiefly useful as subsidiary to the labors of the master minds, like Eckhel or Mommmsen, who generalize such subjects and group together the meaning of the devices and other minor points of these microscopic objects of antiquity. Surrounded by an apparently eternal civilization, it is too often forgotten that so much of it is perishable. A coin may represent a reign, a space in time, or a people; it is buried, forgotten, and reappears. Not explaining itself, history, science, and literature are required for its illustration. It may add the name of an obscure town or an unknown prince to our knowledge, but no more. It satisfies curiosity with a portrait. In art, however, it is a little jewel. Its value has attracted the attention of forgers, and the discrimination of the difference between the true old specimen and its fictitious substitute demands a special gift of mind or a long experience.

TOOLE THE COMEDIAN.

THE London public requires for its special delectation a notable comic actor. It has had one, for very many years back; successive generations have laughed at the drolleries of Wright, Paul Bedford, Robson, Charles Mathews, Buckstone, and even Sothorn. Wright, Robson, and, we believe, Paul Bedford, are dead; and the public has now Charles Mathews and Buckstone—who are both very little, if at all, younger than the century—and Toole! Of late years, Toole has become the fashion; and every one who is familiar with London society knows what that means. The Prince of Wales has been at pains to show his preference for the comic, in comparison with the more serious branches of the theatrical profession, by his patronage of Toole. The Prince never fails to attend Toole's benefits—though unreminded and unsolicited by Toole himself—and it is related that the first theatre he visited after his nearly fatal illness two years ago, was one at which Toole was acting.

If the Prince of Wales' favorites are not always commendable, in this case, at least, discretion has been shown. Mr. Toole's fine qualities as an actor had been discovered and appreciated long before the Prince of Wales set the example of patronizing him. The high place which Toole now holds in public esteem is one which he well deserves, and for which he has striven earnestly.

From his youth he had a taste for elocution, recitation, etc., having, however, no idea of adopting the stage as a profession. He was installed by his family as clerk in a wine merchant's office, and "still he was not happy!" He could not keep his natural genius from budding out occasionally. He joined an elocution class at the Walworth Institution, which was also frequently visited by Charles Dickens and his unmerciful friends John Forster, Mark Lemon, E. L. Blanchard, and other well-known men. As may be imagined, Toole rapidly became noted in this circle of clever appreciative minds; he grew to be the star of the establishment, and was warmly recommended by his friends—notably by Charles Dickens, to try his powers on the stage. Toole often says, by the bye, that he owes much of his public spirit and his determination to adopt the career for which he was fitted, to Dickens' encouragement and whispers of fame. At the Walworth Institution he recited extracts from well-known pieces, and took, occasionally, whole parts in theatrical representations. Like Keeley, he began by the serious line of drama, taking the

tragic rather than the comic parts. Bassanio, for instance, in the "Merchant of Venice," was a very popular character of Toole's in those days — indeed, it was the first in which he appeared. Every one who heard him at Walworth advised him to go on the stage. His talent was so evident, and so natural, that every one feared lest he should "miss his vocation," as the foreigners put it. When, later on, he was heard in extracts from the "Boots at the Swan," and in pieces by which his comic powers were brought out, he was so warmly recommended by his friends at the Institute, that he went, merely as an amateur, to Ipswich (where he acted, curiously enough, on the stage that Garrick first trod), in order to test his strength; and feeling confident of himself, from his success, he resolved to take soon some decisive step. After his Ipswich victory he returned to his office quietly enough next morning. Still waters run deep, however; and there is no reason to doubt that he was maturing a plan for the execution of his long-cherished idea. When his holiday-time came, young Toole started for Dublin, interviewed a theatrical manager there, and finally obtained an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin. The manager had heard of Toole's success at the Walworth Institute, and being of an adventurous turn of mind, hazarded an engagement which, we need scarcely observe, was most profitable to him. Toole was recognized as a catch immediately, and flattering prospects were held before him on all sides. This was sufficient for his sanguine nature; he threw up the laurels that fate had reserved for him as a wine-merchant, incurring at the same time the grave remonstrances and prejudiced anger of his family, and became an actor, playing at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, while Robson was at the Theatre Royal, in the same town. His time was well filled there; he acted in many pieces, and travelled, of course, at his manager's direction, through various parts of the country. He himself relates, with great gusto, how, on journeying one evening from Cork to Dublin, dressed as the Artful Dodger in "Oliver Twist," he terrified a party of ladies and gentlemen. The carriage had been ordered to be kept for his exclusive use, but owing to the arrival of the American mail the orders had been overlooked, and the train was unusually crowded. So Toole, rushing on to the platform at the very last moment, in his by no means attractive get-up, opened the door of the first compartment he reached, and installed himself in the comfortably cushioned seat. The other occupants of the carriage were so alarmed, however, at this unlooked for apparition, that they precipitately left him to himself, much to his amusement, and we may add, to his comfort.

Later on, Toole went to Edinburgh, where he achieved equal success, playing chief parts in Shakespeare, as well as the comic characters in which he especially shines. Rehearsals all day, and three or four pieces every night — to say nothing of twenty pieces in which he played during the benefit week — made up a busy season, and Toole realized that the profession of amusing one's fellow-creatures is not so light as it may seem.

His name, being a popular one in Dublin and Edinburgh, had reached London, and the play-goers of our great metropolis became anxious to see the rising Wright. Accordingly, Toole appeared in London, soon after his Scotch and Irish successes, at the St. James' Theatre, under the management of Mrs. Seymour, subsequently acting at the Lyceum, under the directorship of Dillon. Of the fifteen or sixteen years during which Toole has been amusing the English public, eight or nine have been passed by him as one of Benjamin Webster's admirable company at the Adelphi — at which theatre Toole succeeded Wright. It is but recently that this comic actor has been installed at the Gayety Theatre, where he is delighting the audiences of country cousins with his jokes and antics in "Ali Baba."

He makes a tour in the provinces every year, playing at every important town, and as may be supposed, reaping continual triumphs. The theatres are crowded whenever he appears; the orchestra is frequently turned out, in order to make more room, and even seats have been got up hastily at the wings on the stage. A curious incident occurred dur-

ing one of Toole's recent visits to Birmingham. On this occasion there were some fifty seats arranged "behind the scenes," for eager spectators. Toole coming from his dressing-room to the stage, had to pass some of these seats. The foremost occupants were a would-be aristocratic old lady and her daughters. When Toole passed them as Tom Cranky the bricklayer, in the "Birthplace of Podgers," the old lady's blue blood boiled at the indignity of such men being near her, and she murmured audibly that she wondered the workmen were not kept away. The young ladies were quicker, and discovered their companion's error and told her of it. However, in the next piece a somewhat similar mistake arose in the old lady's mind; and, finally, in the last piece, which happened to be "Oliver Twist," when Toole drew near her party, again on his way to the stage as the Artful Dodger, her anger knew no bounds, and she declared — looking round her haughtily — that she had never before been in such low company, and that the workhouse must have been let loose into the theatre! Her daughters had some trouble in convincing her of her third mistake; and, doubtless, to this day she maintains to her own private friends that the manager of the Birmingham Theatre was very careless as to whom he admitted within his establishment.

Toole tells another amusing story with regard to his make-up. The incident occurred one night when he was playing for a benefit at Sadler's Wells. He performed at the Surrey Theatre and at the Adelphi on the same evening, and as may be imagined, had little time to lose in dressing, etc. However, his work over at the Surrey and the Adelphi, he left the latter establishment, taking a cab, in order to be driven to Sadler's Wells. He entered the cab as Mr. Spriggins, — an old man — the character in "Ici on Parle Français," which he had just been playing — and to the cabman's intense surprise, when he opened the door of his vehicle for his fare to dismount at the stage entrance of Sadler's Wells, the popular attire of Muster Grinidge, in the "Green Bushes" met his eye. There was, of course, no vestige of old Mr. Spriggins in the cab. "What have you done with the old man?" cried the startled cabman, frightened at his sudden disappearance. "Where's the old man?" Hereupon Toole explained to him how that he and the old man were one and the same person, held out a liberal fare, and told him that they were waiting for him on the stage inside the theatre. But the cabman was for a long time obdurate; he thought that some unfair play had been transacted, and refused to let his fare go, calling on him continually to produce the "old man!" The disturbance might have been indefinitely prolonged, had not some of the theatrical officials come outside to look for the recreant actor, and found him struggling between the cabman and the appreciative crowd. Of course a release was effected, and Toole taken in triumph on to the stage.

Toole is not only a comic actor. He has serious and even pathetic powers that command the attention of his audiences, and his rendering of Caleb Plummer, in the dramatic version of Charles Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," will not have failed to impress those who have seen it. He is so earnest in his work, so natural and so easy, that his admirers feel instinctively the stage to be his native element, and know that he is enjoying his profession, though he puns in the same grooves night after night. By the bye, he has played, he says, in "Ici on Parle Français" two thousand times. He has won an enormous popularity, aided by his own efforts alone. Patronage has recently made the "people's comedian," — as we have heard him called — fashionable; but patronage did not create the energy and vitality which have distinguished Toole's early attempts to reach the stage. He is as popular as a man as he is before the footlights. His services when required for benefits, are never refused; and his liberality in this matter contrasts strongly with the tendencies of many actors. We have heard also that the Dramatic College is indebted to him.

In common with all the popular men of the day, whether actors, authors, poets, painters, or singers, Toole is going to America. The faces of all great public characters seem to turn intuitively towards the West.

ELEPHANTS.

THE popular English notion of elephants is ordinarily derived from the courts and camps of the East. They are rightly enough believed to play a prominent part in reviews, Durbars, and solemn pageants in which Oriental magnificence is seen side by side with British symmetry and order. Most Englishmen are aware that a considerable number of the tigers annually slain in our Indian dependency are shot by sportsmen securely seated in howdahs on the backs of elephants; but these useful beasts are employed for many domestic purposes, and are often maintained all over India by native gentlemen who never faced a tiger or handled a gun in all their lives. Under the Mogul Emperors the "Fil-Khanah," or "Mansion of Elephants," was a regular department of the state; and the officer in charge of it had a rank and significance analogous to that of the Master of the Buckhounds with us. The Great Akbar used to beat the jungles with a line of elephants extending for a quarter of a mile. Some native princes have derived a vile pleasure from witnessing a duel between two of these well-matched antagonists; and their services have often been called into requisition to put ignoble criminals to a barbarous death.

Scott, whose knowledge of India, derived from members of the civil and military services, was invariably correct and striking, has introduced an elephant to contribute to the *dénouement* of one of his least read novels. In the *finale* of the "Surgeon's Daughter," the apostate Richard Middlemas, who has just received what was his due from the bounty of Tipoo, is told to accept the fruit of the justice of Hyder, and is crushed, in open Durbar, under the foot of a well-trained elephant. "The cry which the victim uttered," we are told, "was mimicked by the roar of the monster, and the sound, like an hysterical laugh, mingled with a scream, which rung from under the veil of the Begum." No amount of Indian experience, we may observe, could have enabled any writer to describe better types of the age and time than have been given by the great novelist in the desperate adventurer Middlemas, Hardly the Doctor, Tom Hillary the crimp, the Amazonian Mrs. Montreville, and we may even say, Tipoo and Hyder, who have the same sort of resemblance to the real rulers of Mysore that the Greeks and Romans of Shakespeare have to their originals. It is not very long since that the indignation of the Government of India was expressed to the ruler of Baroda, who had fastened an unlucky offender to the feet of an elephant, and had had him pounded to death in this fashion through the main streets of the city.

Bernier's entertaining travels contain sundry notices of elephants as forming a part of the royal establishment. The Emperor every year went away from "Agra or Lahor of great Mogul" to escape the hot season in the cool and picturesque valleys of Cashmere. In fact, he did what the present race of English Viceroy is every now and then attacked for doing; he sought a climate where life could be enjoyed, instead of being merely endured, in the hot winds and rainy season. On one of these expeditions some elephants of the King's household took fright in a mountain pass, and fell over a precipice some hundreds of feet in sheer depth. Bernier, who came up in the *cortège* three days afterwards, saw the unfortunate beasts still alive at the bottom of the pass, moving their trunks and diving by inches. It is creditable to this writer's accuracy of description that a few years ago an English officer, travelling by the same route, believed himself, on reasonable grounds, to have ascertained exactly the very spot where the accident took place. Had Livy, instead of muddling up two different accounts of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, applied himself to a critical and local examination of his original authorities, we might have been spared all those distressing doubts as to the exact position of the "White Rock," and have perhaps even been enabled to fix the place where the solid mountains were or were not melted down with vinegar.

The possession of an elephant or two is, as we have in-

timated, by no means confined to royal or princely families. Landholders, and English gentlemen engaged in commercial or agricultural pursuits in the interior of the country, find such an animal to be well worth his keep in many ways. It brings in the collections of rent from an out-station to headquarters. It takes important letters or supplies right across country. It will carry half a dozen servants, with bed, baggage, and cooking apparatus, to any place where these adjuncts or necessities cannot be relied on. It enables the native agents of a factory to travel about with security against accidents or robbery. Where roads have not been constructed, or are impassable for vehicles during the rainy season, the elephant is equal to any emergency. To swim rivers, to skirt or wade through swamps, to step cleverly over fences to fray a path through reeds, to break down forest trees firmly connected by long trailing creepers, is a comparatively easy task to this sagacious, powerful, and obedient servant. It is true that three or four miles an hour is the average rate of progress, and that it is hardly fair to exact of an animal more than fifteen or twenty miles of march in the day. It must be admitted, too, that practice is necessary to accustom the traveller to the motion, and that the paces of all elephants are not the same. Some are so smooth as almost to invite slumber; on others the unlucky occupant of the cushion rolls about as at sea, and arrives at his journey's end with sore pains in all his joints. But the docility of the beast and the security of this mode of conveyance are, where rapidity of communication is not essential, of the very greatest convenience to residents in the plains.

The owner of an elephant has besides a far greater guarantee for respectability than the owner of a gig. It is not to be imagined, however, that elephants cost nothing, or can prosper without care and attendance. A prudent person will guard his elephant from the deluge of a tropical rain, and to this end a high-roofed barn must be constructed with open sides large enough to admit something of the size of an ordinary haystack. Then the bath is as indispensable to the elephant as it was to an old Roman, or a good breakfast to the jurymen of Dickens: and after a daily plunge and a swim, during which nothing is seen of the animal but the tip of his trunk, it lies down on its side at a signal from the driver, and submits to be oiled, cleaned, and brushed while thorns or foreign substances are extracted from the toes. When these operations are concluded, a chain is fastened round one hind leg, and made secure to a post or tree, and the remainder of the day is passed by the elephant in obliterating the traces of the bath by showers of dust, or in driving away the flies with a leafy branch.

The food generally consists of several pounds of coarse rice, the stem of a plantain tree, and a whole cart-load of tender branches recently cut. To procure this latter supply is the daily duty of one of the attendants, who in Indian phraseology is termed "a mate," the title of *Mahout* being reserved for the head keeper. Not every kind of leaf is palatable, and whole tracts of country covered with forest trees are absolutely useless for the feeding of elephants. When on a march, or in the jungles, elephants will endeavor to feed all day, and will snatch at anything edible. Those who are now groaning over the price of coals will hardly be consoled by the knowledge that the price of an elephant's keep has almost doubled in the last quarter of a century. Formerly in the Gangetic Delta an elephant, with its two attendants, cost little more than £2 a month. The amount is now fully double, and in other and drier parts of India, where forage is scarce, it reaches the high figure of £6 or £7.

Elephants are also very liable to be disabled by sore feet or to get out of condition. Thorns, stumps, and stones cause laceration and lameness; sores and ulcers arise from neglect or carelessness in fitting on the howdah; and internal disorders are betrayed by the animal itself, which literally consumes lumps of earth to show that it needs a purgative. Then an elephant may, under bad management, become as fertile a source of quarrel as rabbits or hares. Some have a vicious habit of getting rid of their fastenings, and making nightly expeditions into fields of rice or sugarcane. A Mahout, with the recklessness or nonchalance of

Asiatic menials, will take his elephant right through a field of rice, wheat, or pulse to save a circuit of a few hundred yards, or he will permit it to pluck the finest fruits of the orchard, or, as he passes through a village, will slyly connive at a push or a shove that annihilates a line of store-houses, or huts made of wattles, mud, and thatch. Incensed landowners, defrauded of their rents or defied by their tenants, have often been known quietly to send a *posse* of servants on an elephant into the garden or field of their adversary, and to trust to subsequent chicanery and corruption to meet and counteract the tale of a plundered homestead and a ravaged crop.

About a quarter of a century ago elephants played, or were made to play, a very active part in boundary disputes, or contests for new tracts of alluvial formation, with which the Executive was then wholly incompetent to cope. Districts were at that time of enormous extent. The laws against what are termed agrarian outrages were palpably lax, the police was wholly officered by natives, and encroachments were either attempted or resisted, on the part of the proprietors, by the aid of organized bands of strong-limbed and well-paid club-men. A desultory engagement ensued, in which, so the police report stated, a couple of men were transfixed with spears and died on the spot, and three or four more were wounded; and then the fight was fought over again in the criminal and civil courts. In a long and acrimonious litigation it was minutely described how the aggressor had sent one servant on a bay pony, a second on a white ditto, and a third on the elephant; how, at a given signal from the howdah, the ripe corn had been fired or the well had been choked; how this tenant had been speared with a javelin because he would not give up the inheritance of his fathers, and been riddled with buckshot because he had refused to swear to a lie; and, finally, how the huge bulk of the earth-shaking beast had been employed to finish the work of the club-men, and to pound hearth and homestead into a chaotic mass. Unluckily, in these statements, graphically detailed and sworn to in essential particulars by a score of respectable witnesses, there was a substratum of truth and a vast superstructure of falsehood. Two men had possibly been killed, but they belonged to the opposite party, or they were not dead at all, but had been conveniently kept out of sight to give color to the story; no four-footed animals had appeared on or near the battle-field; the servants whose dignity and position required ponies or elephants for locomotion had in reality kept quietly out of sight in some friendly or neighboring village, and had allowed the rough work of violence to proceed through the agency of subordinates, who had been instructed as to what was required of them in the interests of their master by a few words as significant as the old Latin formula to the Consuls—*ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat*.

These tales are happily almost obsolete, and the iniquities, real or imputed, of the elephant, are now more often confined to the abstraction of two or three sticks of sugarcane, or to the treading under of some perches of a newly-planted crop. But occasionally damage to property and life is done by a tame elephant which gets loose in the rutting season, and is transformed from a drudge as serviceable as the "lubber fiend" into a demon of cunning malice and deliberate revenge. An elephant has been known, when in this state, to take up a commanding position on a high road and near a village, and to deal death and destruction round him for a week together. Old women and children caught and pounded to a jelly; corpses whirled round in mockery by the trunk of the infuriated animal; several houses unroofed or thrown down; portly native gentlemen flying out of their palanquins; communication stopped, and the whole neighborhood in a panic—this has not unfrequently been the tenor of the police reports for days until a spherical bullet from the practised hand of a sporting magistrate or indigo-planter gives the destroyer his quietus. Sportsmen accustomed to the jungles know that there are only two or three places where a shot is effective. Either the charge of the animal must be awaited, and the aim must be taken at the hollow just above the trunk, or, if

the sportsman has not coolness enough for this venture, a side shot through the eye will do equally well. More than forty years ago the elephant that went mad on Exeter Change exhausted something like a barrowful of bullets before he could be destroyed, the assailants being either ignorant of the vital part, or being unable to catch the animal in the necessary position. It is well known that the late Major Rogers had killed some twelve hundred wild elephants in the jungles of Ceylon, and rarely failed in despatching his victim at one shot. But then he had thoroughly studied the habits of the animal, whether single or in herds, was a first-rate shot, and had the assistance of a native so cool and daring as to be able to walk up to a herd and pull the tail of an unsuspecting beast, which, in consequence, looked round and presented a favorable shot to the experienced sportsman.

Elephants live, it is generally believed, to the age of a hundred or a hundred and twenty years, and average six to seven feet in height. A very few years since, one died at Benares which was believed by local tradition to have carried Warren Hastings. At seventy years old the animal is quite in its prime, and will perform long marches, beat the jungles for a whole day, and receive unmoved the charge of the solitary buffalo, a greater test of staunchness and confidence than the rush and roar of a tiger. The price of a docile elephant, free from disease or vice, and with many seasons of usefulness before it, varies from £60 or £70 to £120. Much higher sums are constantly given for those which have a reputation in the sporting world, or which are conspicuous for their height or symmetry, or are peculiarly fitted to play a part in festivals or social pageantry. An elephant of nine, ten, or eleven feet is rare, but is magnificent to behold. Each animal has its name. The female is "the Pearl," the "beloved" one, or the "golden mouth." Recent history or ancient tradition is called on to supply appellations for the males, which range from the familiar sounds of Hyder Ali and Tippoo on the one hand, up to the mythic heroes of the Indian epics on the other; Bhima, who wielded a mace like Athelstan the Unready, and Arjuna, who, like Ulysses, distanced all competitors in the use of the bow. Herds of these animals in a wild state are still to be found in Central and Southern India, in the jungles of Assam, and also in the forests which skirt the Eastern frontier of the Indian peninsula. It is scarcely necessary to add that elephants cannot be used for practical purposes except in hot climates. But there are few sights more in harmony with an Eastern landscape than a line of some fifteen or twenty elephants waiting, by the side of some well-known cover, for the signal to commence operations, or than the solitary animal which may be seen towards evening in the months of January or February, slowly wending its way over an enormous plain to a cluster of white tents in which a couple of English officials are recording the results of a survey of the country, or have been dealing out useful advice and summary justice to a whole village population.

BUTTON-HOLING IN ENGLAND.

THERE are at present three recognized modes whereby young men of some merit but of small fortune may make a fair start in the world. The first is matrimony; the second is borrowing upon life insurance; and the third is button-holing. Of these three branches of the great art of getting on, button-holing is at once the most scientific and the most secure. Profitable matrimony is not, as times go, a bad transaction; but it is mostly a delicate and risky operation, and few there be that can work it with facility. In matrimony, moreover, the *quid pro quo* is always serious. The young women of the finest fortunes do not always possess the finest tempers; and diamonds have nowadays a tendency to associate themselves with the grosser forms of the Lancashire dialect. The course also of legislation is not likely during the next few years to be so favorable to a due control over his wife's fortune as the young climber on the

ladder of life could wish. The air teems with subversive notions on the subject of women's rights. The women may very likely be used before long, as the householder and lodger recently were, for the purpose of "dishing the Whigs;" and even if the Conservatives should discover a less objectionable mode of securing office than the extension of the franchise to women, there has been talk enough about it to turn the heads of half the heiresses in England. In fact, if a young Englishman is desirous of marrying an heiress, and feels that he has a gift that way, we should strongly recommend him to look out for the daughter of a German manufacturer. Any little defects in style or dialect will not be easily recognized in a foreigner; and for the present a German woman with money is likely to have less nonsense in her than an English woman similarly blessed.

A very shy or very ugly young man, who does not feel that confidence in himself, which is essential to a successful operation in the marriage market, may, if his health is good and he is not afraid of work, prefer the second of the two recognized modes of beginning life. To purchase an interest in a well-established mercantile house, or to buy a partnership in a firm of solicitors, are modes of starting in life which have for some years back been considered eminently promising and satisfactory; but they are modes which imply in the operator not only a certain reputation for ability, diligence, and integrity, but also the immediate possession of one or more thousands of ready money. The process, however, of procuring the use of such a sum of money is one which presents no serious difficulties to a healthy and energetic young man, particularly if he has had a public school or University career. He insures his life with some first-rate Life Society for about twice the amount of cash required to enable him to make his start, and after furnishing such guarantees as may be demanded for his continuance of payment of the annual premiums, he raises the cash amount required, at a moderate rate of interest, and on reasonable terms as to payment of principal, by mortgaging his policy to the Society. Borrowing upon life insurance is in some respects the simplest and easiest of the processes whereby impecunious young men of merit gain a start over their fellows in the race of life; but it is a process of which the ease and simplicity are very soon exhausted, and which may at a later stage of an adventurer's career be found to produce inconveniences which will more than overbalance the advantage of the start.

The process of button-holing is free from all the risks and nuisances which accompany the other two processes. It may be a long process, but art is proverbially long. It may be a troublesome process, but what can poor young men of merit expect to obtain without taking trouble? And of course it may in any given case prove to be an unsuccessful process. But then, what is certain except the rise of prices? It costs not a bit more preparation than that which is required for a matrimonial, commercial, or professional speculation. It involves the adventurer in no irritating or clogging connections or liabilities. And its grand advantage is, that if the button-holer fails in any of his operations, he is not compromised; he is not hampered, weighted, or damaged; he must, however unsuccessful, have gained something from his last operation, and he is free to begin again with at least as good a chance as he had before. Button-holing, as the name implies, is the art of establishing special relations with influential persons, and it is an art which undoubtedly requires a considerable amount both of trouble and tact. There are men who fail in this art because they will not take trouble enough; and there are men who fail because they are hopelessly wanting in tact. On the other hand, with painstaking and discretion, particularly if these qualities are set off by a good personal appearance or a frank and conciliatory manner, there are no lengths of success to which the button-holer may not hope to go. There are those possessed of these qualities who can button-hole, not only men, but groups of men. Several boroughs possess a speaker or two who can button-hole a public meeting, and there is at least one statesman at the present time who can button-hole the

House of Commons. But such success in button-holing as this is quite exceptional; and the term is therefore usually and properly restricted to signify the art of establishing special relations with a patron. In this sense button-holing is the modern and refined representative of the old and coarse art of toadyism.

As a common trade or regularly professed mode of making a livelihood, toadyism is gone out in this country, partly because there is not so much to be got by it as formerly, and partly because other and less nasty ways of rising in life have been discovered. The rich or noble fools who in the last century kept their toadies, much as two centuries earlier they would have kept their jesters, have lost much of their patronage and influence, and new channels have been opened out to the clever men who used to live upon them. The place that was once given by favor is now given by competitive examination; and the man who was formerly driven to become a parasite may now flourish as a Special Correspondent. For these and similar reasons, pure toadyism has ceased to be profitable, and is pretty nearly extinct as a trade. If indeed it lives at all, it lives only in its modern and much less objectionable representative, button-holing.

There is this in common between the toady and the button-holer, that they both seek to profit by trading on the foibles of a patron. If patrons were indifferent to flattery there would be no place for the toady. If they could appreciate hidden merit, there would be little success to the button-holer. Both depend entirely upon the frailties of the powerful. But there the likeness ends. The button-holer is almost necessarily a superior creature to the toady. The weaknesses which nourish him are not special, gross, and palpable, such as the stupid selfishness or the excessive vanity whereby the toady thrives, but are simply those which are common to all men, whether in or out of office — namely, that men do not see that which is far off so well as that which is near, nor that which retires so well as that which obtrudes itself. The toady may, the button-holer must, be a man of some merit. The toady can hardly help being servile; whereas the accomplished button-holer works with little, if any, loss of self-respect. Altogether, if it is fair to consider the toady as surviving in the button-holer, it is fair also to admit that he is a vastly reformed character.

Under exceptional circumstances, such as an Eastern despotism, or the sway of a Western Saviour of Society, the ability to button-hole may carry with it riches, pleasures, and gigantic power. And the power which is thus exercised indirectly by the judicious button-holer is even more enjoyable than that which is exercised directly by his patron. It may be questioned whether the power possessed by an able Vice-Emperor is not actually greater in quantity than that possessed by his master; but there can be no doubt that it is in quality more enjoyable. To the discreet man there are few things in this world more delicious than to pull hidden strings; and when the high-spirited and intelligent Radical expresses a preference for Cæsarism, it is always with the implied condition that he can button-hole Cæsar. And in the ordinary circumstances of English life it is the opportunity and ability to button-hole that gives to a young man entering a profession or the public service a prospect of a brilliant success.

Diligence, tact, quickness, and accuracy, good temper, controlled enthusiasm, the power to do without sleep, and an imperturbable digestion, all these combined in one man, say a Civil Servant, will no doubt save him from being a failure in his career. But they will not secure him a brilliant or a rapid success. They, or some of them, are among the conditions of success; but they are not the sole or the essential conditions. It is well that he should be diligent; but it is better still that the great man should think he is so. He may strive much to be quick and exact in his work; but he should strive more to catch and keep his chief's eye. To happen to be always standing just where that eye happens to fall; to be ready with his "Here am I, send me," whenever the chief is considering whom he shall employ on a delicate business, and then, of

course, to do the business satisfactorily; to be about his patron; to occur to him; to observe him; to oblige him; and so, as the lost and triumphant achievement, to become the man of whom his patron thinks the best and the kindest in his particular department or profession, and whom therefore he means to send to the top of it — this is the cheapest, the safest, and the truest art of rising in life; and this is what is ordinarily meant by *button-holing*.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. STRAKOSCH has been appointed director of the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris, which will open for the season on the 7th of October.

A FRENCH paper tells us that M. Thalberg has been embalmed by order of his widow, and is preserved "in the fresh state" in her *salon*.

A PIECE by Balzac, bearing the descriptive title of "tragédie bourgeoise," has been discovered, and is soon to be produced at one of the Paris theatres.

OFFENBACH has composed a new operetta for the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, entitled the "Jolie Parfumeuse." The words are by Hector Crémieux.

VICTOR HUGO has just published a poem entitled "La Libération du Territoire." It is to be sold for the benefit of the expropriated Alsatians and Lorrainers.

THE distinguished geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, has recently been engaged in scientific explorations at Combe-Varin, and along the lower slopes of the Chaumont.

M. DU CHAILLU has been in Lapland and Norway, and is said to be preparing two works for publication — one, an account of his travels; the other, a book of adventures for boys.

THE London *Court Journal* says: "Mr. John S. Clarke, the highly popular comedian, who is attracting to the Haymarket Theatre the largest audiences ever known at this period, has obtained by purchase the legal assignment of the comedy of 'Everybody's Friend,' now so much better known under the title of 'A Widow Hunt.'"

M. HENRY TAINE is engaged on an elaborate History of the French Revolution, which will be mainly founded on an examination of State Papers and other contemporary documents which have not been published. A third edition of M. Taine's work, "De l'Intelligence," is preparing, in which will be found numerous corrections and additions.

THE age is frightfully levelling, and free-trade has had much to do in the matter. Hitherto it was only princes who could be baptized in water taken from the river Jordan. At present there is a depot in Paris where water from that river, bottled, and carrying the seal and trade-mark of a religious society in Jerusalem, can be had for a trifle. The chief depot is at Marseilles.

"THE two latest additions to Madame Tussaud's Wax-Work Exhibition," says the *Illustrated Review*, "are Charles Dickens and the Shah of Persia — the latter admirably good, the former execrably bad. The novelist's effigy is utterly unlike him, and is so distressing a caricature as to be suggestive of its having been designed as a revenge for the inextinguishable laughter directed against the plastic art by the celebrant of the immortally ridiculous Mrs. Jarley."

A GERMAN chemist, named Lonsberg, claims to have made a discovery of great importance to persons of weak sight, and, indeed, to all persons not actually blind. It is understood that the painful effect produced on the eyesight by many of the common forms of artificial light is due to the great proportion of non-luminous, and merely calorific rays which they contain. In sunlight there are fifty per cent. of such rays, but in gaslight there are nearly ninety per cent., in the electric light eighty, and in kerosene ninety-four per cent. Lonsberg asserts that by passing any kind of artificial light through a thin layer of alum or mica, these calorific rays are absorbed, while the illuminating power of the true light rays is undiminished, and becomes mild and pleasant to the eyes.

OF Anna Deslions, a lady lately deceased, the French papers tell the following story: One day, at the Hôtel des Ventes, she

took a fancy to a landscape by Carat, which, as she happened to be in funds, she bought for 22,000 francs. Her friends told her the picture was not worth the money, and though not exactly of that opinion herself, she was frightened into selling it for 16,000 francs, with which she bought a diamond bracelet. Thereupon, her acquaintance said she had been robbed, and that many of the supposed gems were but paste. That evening the bracelet was exchanged for a pair of ear-rings, at a cost of 3,000 francs. When returning from the jewellers she saw a miniature *chalet* in the window of a toyshop, and was forthwith overcome by a violent desire to take a trip to Switzerland. Eight days later, the ear-rings followed the bracelet, and with the 11,500 francs resulting from their sale, she purchased a *chalet* at Interlaken. A clock played a quadrille from "Orphée," "Vive Paris!" the lady cried, "there's no place like Paris!" The *chalet* was sold for 5,000 francs, with which she purchased some bronzes, supposed to be antique, but worth some 300 francs, a price they fetched when sold at the Hôtel des Ventes fifteen months after.

DESIRÉ, the famous actor in comic operettes, has just died. His appearance on the stage, without speaking or even singing, was so droll as to convulse the theatre with laughter. On the news of his death reaching the green-room, while the famous "Timbale" was being represented, the artists assembled recited a collective pater-noster for their departed *confrère*. The talent of Desiré was the forced product of beer; he drank gallons of it during a performance, and it ultimately caused his death. In proportion as he increased his draughts did his good though coarse gaiety and fantasy become more brilliant. Acting on medical advice he abstained from indulging his passion, but finding he no longer pleased the spectators, he resumed his habits, which have proved fatal. Once he indulged in politics; in 1864, in a village festival represented on the stage, the crowd placed him on a barrel and insisted on his making a speech. He admitted he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and inadequate to the occasion, but that he was ever "sustained by the immortal principles of 1789." At this moment the barrel cracked, and he disappeared inside it. The republican press took up the matter, the play was interdicted, and Desiré was fined. Ever afterwards, if the word revolution was pronounced in his hearing, he took off his hat with great solemnity.

FRENCH authors, when engaged on foreign subjects, have ever had a greater character for courage than discretion, and M. Dumas fils has just added a remarkable proof of the truth of this rule by undertaking to publish a preface to a translation of Goethe's "Faust," lately brought out for the Paris market. German works are hardly of themselves very popular there at present, except, indeed, the military literature arising out of the war, which is greedily translated and read as fast as it appears. And M. Dumas has laid himself especially open to adverse criticism in his new labor by his candid confession of almost entire ignorance of the language of the great poet, of whom he introduces that particular work which makes the greatest demands on the knowledge and thought of the reader. "I admit, he naively says, 'that I have but a poor call to set myself up as a judge of the style or form of 'Faust' in the original. I know just enough of the latter to ask my way, take my railroad ticket, and order my meal when in Germany.'" It is no wonder that a not unkindly critic in the *Temps* asks whether it is not time that the gifted author's friends should have the courage to tell him the plain truth, and get him to stick to that work which is proper to him, since the only result of his plunging into the mysticism he knows so little of will probably be the loss of the keen judgment and good taste with which nature has endowed him.

A CURIOUS original letter is published by the *Tribune* of Berlin. It was addressed during the Franco-German war to the President of the Berlin police by a countrywoman, to whom he had forwarded some assistance to enable her to leave Paris and settle in England, and who afterwards wanted help to return to Germany. She owns to the unpatriotic weakness of having accepted the addresses of a Frenchman as follows: "Think not," she writes, "that I love the French; but the heart of my deceased Hubert was rich, and he meant to know nothing of the war, but fly from Weissenburg to me in England. There, as I hear, a bullet has cut his arm in two and worried his head off. What am I to do if you do not send me another trifle for the journey to Germany and the exigencies of my clothing? The war has sadly carried me away, and if I do not instantly seek better luck in Germany, I must go into a convent. Forgive me the love of the good Frenchman; he was true, and would have had nothing to do with the war, but Napoleon, the former Emperor of Paris, unmercifully took him away with him, and he will never return. He fell innocently at Weissenburg. I should

have written long ere this, but our old cook always has to help me a little to make my letter sound well; she is very learned, but sad to say, she sleeps on the most important occasions, and then I must break my head alone, and converse with your worship unaided. And then she is so sharp, that for every word out of her mouth I must sit up sewing for her half the night. Do me a kindness in these hard times. I beg for haste and calm remembrance of your worship's most insignificant handmaid and vassal, SOPHIE KLERER."

WHILE the various Christian denominations are engaged in quarrelling and fighting with each other, it is to be feared that some astute old Christians, weary of all this warfare, will embrace Judaism for the sake of peace. Such a case, according to a Hamburg paper, seems to have lately occurred at Munich. A rich Catholic lady who died there the other day left a will on which was endorsed the following direction: "This, my last will and testament, is not to be opened except in the presence of the chief judge, the head of the Catholic faith, and the head of the Jewish congregation." On the will being opened by these gentlemen, it was found that her property was left to the Jews, her reasons for the bequest being stated as follows: "During the whole course of my life I have given my best attention to investigate the various creeds, and I have seen that the Jewish religion is the purest of all; among all nationalities I have never noticed any possessing such good and upright feelings as the Jews. I therefore bequeath 60,000 thalers to the heads of the Jewish congregation, to be distributed to such of their charities as they please." The will terminated with these words: "Any person who may presume to disobey my injunctions, and depart from the exact terms of my will, that part more especially connected with the good of the Jews, may the curses inscribed in the Book of the Law rest upon him." It must be admitted that, if to "dwell together in unity" is the distinguishing mark of Christian brotherhood, the Jews are far more like Christians than many professors of Christianity; and it is not unnatural that an old lady should get into a confusion between the two persuasions. We shall all be placed in a ridiculous position, if, owing to sectarian differences, people earnestly desirous of leading really Christian lives find themselves only able to do so by becoming Jews.

With a people like the Japanese, by whom no institution, however time-honored, is considered sacred; who have brought their Emperor down from the skies to the level of a human being; who have dethroned their daimios; who have disestablished their national Church, and are now about to institute another formed on a conglomeration of articles collected from the creeds of the Roman Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, and Buddhist religions; who have discarded their national dress, their national habits, and their political Constitution; we ought not to be surprised to find that they are now anxious to throw over their written character wholesale, and to adopt a European alphabetical system in its stead. Such, indeed, was the proposal embodied in a speech delivered at the recent International Congress of Orientalists at Paris, by Samesima Naonoba, the Japanese Minister at the Court of France. "I beg," said his Excellency, "to call your attention to a question of great importance to us. Japanese writing has, as you are aware, practically ceased to be purely alphabetical, and has become, to a great extent, ideographic. As long as we kept to ourselves it sufficed for our wants, but we now find it quite inadequate for the expression of the European words and ideas which we are beginning to employ." And he then proceeded to urge the Congress to throw some light on the subject by discussing the question. According to the French papers, a long debate followed, which led to no definite result and gave rise to the expression of many opposite opinions, the result appearing to point to the impossibility of arriving at any universal orthography for the transcription of Japanese characters by means of European letters. But the startling fact remains that the Japanese are willing to adopt any alphabetical system of writing which will be approved by, and be intelligible to, the nations of Europe. And these are the people who, sixteen years ago, would have made very short work of any foreigner who dared to show his face on the sacred soil of Japan!

PARENTS who spend large sums in marriage trousseaux for their daughters, will do well to follow the example of parents at Aleppo, who appear from the report of Consul Shene on the trade of North Syria for the past year, lately issued, to be awakening to the dictates of common-sense on this point. The taste for jewels, he says, once so prevalent, and absorbing so large a portion of the smallest fortunes, seems to be declining in North Syria. Instead of tying up at least half of their daughters' dowries in costly gems, parents at Aleppo are now

content to give them on their marriage a few gold ornaments of European manufacture at a comparatively trifling outlay, and to hand over to their husbands the whole amount they can afford to settle on them, for the purpose of trading with it. Several dealers in precious stones are turning their attention to other sources of profit, and the chief brokers of pearls and diamonds, finding their services rarely called for, and not having capital to enter into trade on their own account, have gone to settle at Alexandria and Constantinople. In 1871 this trade was depressed by the want of means to enable purchasers to come forward; in 1872 the means existed but not the inclination; and it does not seem likely that jewels, once so largely dealt in at Aleppo, will ever again appear in a report on the trade of North Syria. It is not unworthy of remark, adds Consul Shene, that serviceable clothing is now more sought after in this province than useless heirlooms of precious stones; the contrary was the case until quite recently, and this change, too, is an indication of popular conversion from Asiatic turns of thought to the more positive and practical ideas of Europe. Upon which the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, "Whatever may be the case in other large European cities, it is impossible for any one to mingle with society in London without observing with pity and regret that many ladies covered with jewels seem unable to afford themselves sufficient covering in other respects, and it is very rarely that they sell their diamonds and invest the proceeds in 'serviceable clothing.'"

SOME men's faith in women's anxiety to get married is really boundless. "A gentleman, whose character has been for years past systematically traduced and libelled in and out of the columns by a well-known newspaper proprietor," advertises in the *Matrimonial News* for "a lady with means, who would wish him to seek redress from his traducer in a court of justice. . . . Here the vicious paper-man would be exposed, a jury would decide the sequel, and David would earth his Goliath." We fear that the "ruddy boy" of three-and-forty will remain (as he says he now is) "at bay." He suggests "an appointment with a solicitor," and promises disclosures no doubt tempting to the female mind. But while the same paper announces that "a gentleman, tall, well-looking, aged fifty, with good income, feels lonely, and wants a cheerful, handsome partner, from thirty-five to forty," the "paper-man's" enemy has little chance, even with the most eager enthusiastic widows. Miss Sally Brass might, if he has a strong case, perhaps see her way to a correspondence; but, though she would bring plenty of professional skill, she could hardly furnish the funds necessary to "set right above might." Can Geraldine, by the way, "aged twenty-six, tall, ladylike, daughter of a deceased country gentleman, with £700 a year under her own control," be really unable to find "a steady gentleman of forty" without recourse to the columns of the *News*? Is she too fastidious, or does she want to play off a practical joke on her acquaintance? And can the "clergyman of the Church of England, descended from an ancient and noble house, and now heir to immense estates and titles in France," seriously expect to meet with "a lady possessed of not less than £50,000"? We are afraid, when we read that "a young lady, aged twenty-one, very pretty, with a few hundreds at marriage, but who will ultimately come into £5000," wants a husband, and that "a beautiful young lady, aged nineteen, tall, fair, highly connected, musical, and who will come into a fair fortune," wants the same, that school-girls are beginning to advertise. They had better work slippers in readiness for cases like that of "a young clergyman, aged twenty-five, tall, good-looking, moderate income, but with good prospects, who wishes to meet a good looking, jolly young lady, to make life pleasant." What a desperate struggle life must be becoming when people have not time to look out for themselves! One can understand "a young German in business," and "an American who will pay expenses out;" but what is the world progressing to, when all these "very jolly, warm-hearted, domesticated" ladies and "tall, handsome, stalwart men, mostly with money, are f reed to make the editor of the *Matrimonial News* their match-maker?

As a wash for the complexion BURNETT'S KALLISTON has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, and is admirably adapted to all unnatural conditions of the skin, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin, curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

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EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1873.

[No. 17.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER X. (continued.)

"THIS has to do with Zelda," I thought, "though it's putting the cart before the horse to commit one's self first and to inquire afterwards." I certainly did not care to meddle any longer in the affair, seeing that to bring back pleasant news I knew to be impossible, while if I brought back unpleasant news I should be sure to have my motives misconstrued. I made up my mind, however, that I would take the hint, for the sake of my growing interest in all that regarded Zelda, and was about to satisfy him by saying yes, when, as luck would have it, my landlady came into the room, and, without regarding the presence of a third person, requested that I would pay her my single week's arrears before I went away. The demand was made in so peremptory a manner, that no one could help seeing her opinion of the value of my credit; indeed, I was obliged to live in such hand to mouth fashion that, though I was angry, I was not surprised. Anger was useless, however. I opened my purse, and found myself obliged to give up my journey: to squeeze out both fare and rent was impossible. I was so annoyed that Lord Lisburn could not fail to see my embarrassment, while its cause must have been equally obvious.

"What a forgetful brute I am," he said, when the woman left the room. "One thing I came for was to let you have a check for your salary in advance, as surgeon to the Esmeralda." I knew he did not come for any such purpose, and I had no intention of drawing pay for duties that I had very little intention of performing.

"Well, my lord, you see how things are. We'll talk of my salary afterwards — meanwhile, I must plead guilty to wanting a loan of five pounds, or even two."

Lord Lisburn stared a very little — it was to him as though I had asked for a loan of five pence. He said nothing, and handed me ten: and in another hour I was on my road to St. Bavons once more.

The next morning I learned for the first time of the ruin of the house of

Brandt and Company — so it could not have been from Claudia's hands that I had received the mysterious thousand pounds. As I left my friend's office I met my other acquaintance, the curate, whom I disliked, but whom, as versed in the affairs of all the old women, rich and poor, in St. Bavons, I made a point of accosting.

"If you are looking for a real heathen, such as you say," he told me, "I should think you must mean that Mrs. Goldrick, in Old Wharf-Side; she is the pest of St. Catherine's — not that she ever does much harm, but her life is an evil. She is the only one of my flock who ever baffled me."

"You forget that I also was a parishioner of St. Catherine's," I could not help saying, rather maliciously, "so perhaps your two black sheep may suit one another." And so, with my mind full of Claudia's strange reverse of fortune, I took my way, half out of idleness, half out of curiosity, to the Old Wharf-Side.

CHAPTER XI. THE OLD WOMAN AND THE WATER.

I HAD been ashamed to receive Lord Lisburn in a room that was a palace compared with the abode into which Mrs. Goldrick, on my saying that I had business with her, guided me. As a medical man, I had not failed to see poverty in most of its forms, but here was something I had never seen. No one but a miser, I felt sure, could prefer such a dwelling-place to the work-house or to chance barns — which are at any rate furnished with straw. The house itself was falling to pieces with damp and rottenness, and in the room which evidently served as the kitchen and sitting-room — to judge from a few chair-legs smouldering in the grate — there was not even a stool to sit down upon. The woman herself had well won the character given her by the curate: she was gaunt, haggard, and grim to the last degree; her eyes were dim and clouded as if the daylight was painful to them, and there was a stony expression not only about her face but her whole figure, as though she had been petrified by misery, or by misanthropy, or by crime. I felt myself in the presence of one who had to conceal some terrible history, to which a very few ineffaceable traces of statuesque beauty and a certain

unconscious ease and repose of bearing added a striking dignity, although her shoulders stooped and she was clothed in tatters of which a beggar would have been ashamed. I had not become a critical student of pictures for nothing, and so marked was the present subject that I had taken in every visible detail before either of us spoke a word.

She stood up before me with her arms folded, and said, in a voice as harsh as if speaking was an effort to her, and with a curious accent, —

"What do you want with me, young man? If it's about the rent, that was paid up to last quarter."

"If you are Mrs. Goldrick, I only wanted to make some inquiries, that's all."

"I am Mrs. Goldrick. I suppose you mean you want your fortune told?"

"I had it told once, with such little result that I scarcely want to repeat the experiment. Let me see — I was warned to beware of water and old women, I believe, and everything would go well."

"Then if you were told by one of them that know, I'd keep from water and old women, if I was you. And I don't think you'll find much else here. How do you know but the fortune may be truer than you think for?"

"Well," I said, though for a moment startled by a coincidence brought to my notice so strangely, "I'll take my chance — I can swim, and the woman that one is talking to is never old."

"I left compliments behind me forty years ago," she said coldly. "If you don't want your fortune told, you had better take warning from your old one and make your danger from old women as short as you can. *'Ayez peur des vieilles et des laides, jeune homme; les belles n'étudient qu'elles-mêmes — les femmes sans beauté apprennent tout le monde.'*"

"Are you a Frenchwoman?" I asked. "Am I wrong in guessing you to be some connection of a man I once knew in St. Bavons who bore your name?"

"My son? But I can tell you nothing about him. I thought you'd given up looking for him as a bad job long ago."

"Given up looking for him? Why what do you take me for?"

"You're young at your trade indeed. Ah, I'm a better fortune-teller than

you think for—I know nothing about my son, but I know very well you'll never get the reward by coming here."

"I know that, for I am not looking for it."

She half closed her eyes, as if to concentrate their look upon me. "But I see I'm wrong for once," she said. "I don't see as well as I did, and I thought you were a constable. Who are you, if you know my son? Do you bring me news from him?"

"I am a surgeon, that's all, and my name is Vaughan."

"I have heard the name. And now, perhaps, you will tell me your business."

"It isn't much—it's only about something I want to know. Mind, I don't want to pry into any secrets, nor do I want to do any harm to your son, about whom I know nothing whatever except from a slight acquaintance of a long time ago, or to anybody. But there is a person, a lady, in whom I am greatly interested, and strange as it may seem, there is some chance of your being able to give me some news of her."

"I don't know any young ladies, and if I did, I'm not one to talk about people without knowing why. What's her name? I suppose you mean Miss Brandt: but if you do, I know no more of her than I do of my son—may be just about the same, for aught I know."

"Then you don't happen to know such a name as Zelda?"

"I once knew a Zelda—but she was no young lady: she was what you would call a gypsy woman, who was old when I was young. What can you want to know of her? I should say she had gone to the worms long ago."

"I should like to know something about her, though. Names so often go from mother to child. So she was a gypsy woman? Was she married? Had she children?"

"She had—worse luck. She had three sons, and I don't know which was the greatest scoundrel. One of them was transported, another got killed in a prize fight, and the third—well, he's dead for aught I know. Is that enough about Zelda? Was she the old woman you were to fear?"

"Well then, if names can't go from mother to child they go sometimes from grandmother to granddaughter." The detective fever fell on me, and even if Mrs. Goldrick knew nothing, I was determined to find out the little she could guess—I had come to take a morbid pleasure in getting at the root of the history of my Zelda, from whose influence, and not from any old woman in the world, I feared all things.

Suddenly the strangest transformation took place that I had ever seen. I had once, in my student days, been witness to a horrible sight—nothing less than the return to true and con-

scious life of a patient whom we had supposed to be a corpse two whole days before. When I say the sight was horrible, I refer to one moment only—a moment caught by no eyes but mine—when a spasm distorted the apparently rigid features with an agony of returning life to which all the worst convulsions of the hardest death-bed must be child's play. Probably birth is always a more painful process than dying, but that case of suddenly dying into life—happily for the patient he retained no recollection of it—must have been as hideous to undergo as it was to see. Anybody who has ever been in a dead faint and not recovered till after temporary annihilation will, in proportion to his own strength, form some slight conception of what I mean. I am not speaking of the slight flutterings of habitual faintness, but of those who really mean living when they live and dying when they die, so that with them a trance means not a truce but a battle royal.

A waking of this kind came over the stony figure before me, which moved, not with the easy stepping into life of the marble of Pygmalion, but as if one of the daughters of Niobe had been touched by some doubtful hope into forgetting for a moment that she was stone.

"Your knock fell upon my heart," she broke out in a trembling and smothered voice that I could not recognize for hers. "Zelda—Aaron's mother—who is *your* Zelda?"

What hidden history could it be, of which I stood on the threshold? "You do know another Zelda, then," I answered. "Who is she?"

"I am in an agony," she groaned, in a tone that almost terrified me, so hollow was it, and so like the voice of a drowning woman who clutched at a straw. "Where is she? What is her age? What is she like? *Du Lieber Himmel*—is the time come? Have you brought me my message of pardon from my Marietta?"

I was not so stupid as to take her incoherence for madness.

"Come, be calm. I cannot answer you unless you make me understand what you ask me. Is she a daughter of yours?" I asked in as commonplace a tone as I could, for it was piteous to look upon that gaunt figure trembling as if with a palsy of the soul, and upon those hard, dull eyes imploring with dried-up tears.

"Calm! I should think I could be calm after all these years. How old is she?"

"I can only say she is young. Certainly more than eighteen—certainly younger than five-and-twenty."

"And like?"

"Very little—very dark"—

"And where?"

"In London—an actress. When I first saw her she was with a man named Aaron—the very name you named: a travelling conjurer, who

squinted hideously. That was last Whit Monday at Lessmouth."

"*Ach Gott!* Oh, if I were only a man—the lying scoundrel!"—

But her rage died away as soon as it came. She dropped on her knees, nor did she stop there, but cast herself full length upon the floor and sobbed as though rivers of tears were boiling up within her. For some moments I feared a fit: but at last the pent-up rivers broke forth and carried all before them. She was broken down—without regard to me or anything, she lay prostrate and wept aloud.

It was impossible to ask her a single question more. But, if I had been morbidly interested in Zelda's history before, I was now honestly interested a thousandfold. I could only for the present do one thing—leave her alone until nature was exhausted, and watch to see that no harm happened.

The frenzy of weeping at last grew into calm, and the calm tears at length rained themselves dry. But they had indeed done the work of a shower, and I seemed to look upon a human desert no more.

"Oh if I could only be sure!" she said at last, but added, turning to me, "But I am sure. I have been waiting for this a hundred years; how it would come I never tried to guess—what matter, so it has come?"

I took her arm, and tried to raise her from the floor, but she threw off my hand, and rose at once, without aid. Not only so, but the stoop from her shoulders seemed to disappear, as well as the dullness from her eyes. I speak without exaggeration, and with literal accuracy, when I say that with her tears at least ten of the years she carried had been wept away. Then she laid one of her hands on my shoulder.

"Tell me," she asked, "what is she to you? Do you love her?"

"God forbid!" I exclaimed without thinking.

She, however, took no offence, but only heaved a sigh of relief, in which another ten years seemed to be breathed away. "And so do I say God forbid that she should love, or you. And now all that is left is for me to see her, and give her what I have kept for her so long. Will she come?" She must come, for I cannot go to her, and what I have to say to her none must hear."

"But who is she—I will ask nothing more—is she your daughter?"

"She is the daughter of an angel—not of me. But she is my child—more than my son; the child of my fault, and then of my sorrow, and now of my joy. When will she come?"

I could almost hear her heart beat under her miserable rags. It was no time for me to repeat my question of "Who is she?" All I could do was to offer my services if there was any mystery to be investigated or explained. But she refused them shortly, only asking me for Zelda's address,

which of course I gave. I carefully abstained from volunteering any further information, nor did she require any: the mere fact of Zelda's existence seemed at present to be all the food she could bear. Besides, I needed an opportunity for thinking over what steps I ought to take in the interests of Lord Lisburn, for that there was some mystery, perhaps some crime, at the bottom of my extraordinary adventure, I felt assured. Indeed, for aught I knew, Lord Lisburn himself might already hold the key to it; his memoranda and his inquiries had certainly tended that way.

So I set out to walk, and, as if by instinct, took the very walk along the Lesse wherein I had first of all met Zelda, and which had lately been so vividly recalled to my mind by that picture in the exhibition, while now the walk, in its turn, recalled the picture. I must have been wrong, after all, I thought, in so hastily deciding that Claudia Brandt and the bearer of my own initials could not possibly be one and the same. In spite of my feelings towards her, I was not quite such a brute as to be able to triumph in her downfall, and the more I blamed her for her pride, the more I felt that she needed pity. The development of no mystery outside myself, however interesting it might be, could vie with the story I had heard from my lawyer friend of the downfall of the most respected merchant in St. Bavons, his loss of competence, and even of honor. I asked how Claudia had borne the blow, but he could not tell me—she had been away from town at the time. How I wished that the thousand pounds, still safe in my pocket-book, were really my own! I would then assuredly have done to her as I had suspected her of doing to me, and have found some means of letting her have a gift from the past without letting her know from whom. After all, I had loved her, though she had sent my heart so utterly adrift that it found itself struggling about in all sorts of inextricable meshes—though I was even beginning to suspect myself of a capacity for the miserable weakness of not being able to live without this hateful and miserable atmosphere of Zelda, the betrothed of my only friend. I felt what a harbor of safety and refuge Claudia's quiet affection would have been, if it had only been real. I could have defied tempests of sweet voices and legions of evil eyes. I suppose I was intensely weak in my wavering, but I do not know—a man to whom Fortune has refused a standing-ground in life, in spite of all his resolutions, can hardly be called weak because he understands neither himself nor Fortune. I had learned from experience that I no sooner formed a definite resolution than it became impossible.

Naturally, however, in spite of the memories of Claudia which every step of my walk renewed, and of my castle-

buildings about what might have been that led me as far on as the Old Point Hotel itself—now silent and apparently deserted—my thoughts would every now and then revert to the strange display of human passion that I had just witnessed at the Old Wharf-Side. Its character I could not attempt to fathom. But, to my still further bewilderment, that strange phenomenon which we call in half-earnest "a recollection of some former state of existence," came once more into play. Mrs. Goldrick was strange enough, but I could not get it out of my head that somehow or other she was not altogether strange to me. I had heard her quote French and ejaculate in German—neither of which surprised me in the mother of my scapegrace acquaintance Luke Goldrick—so the jargon of un-English words with which her voice connected itself in my mind might have been one of these two tongues. The idea seemed impossible, but I had long ceased to regard any conceivable idea as strange.

Of course I did not linger at St. Bavons; but, having seen that the thousand pounds were still safe, came back by the earliest train.

CHAPTER XII. WHAT THE SUN SAW.

No wonder that Harold Vaughan thought he had seen the coming of a corpse to life. The evidence of the identity of Zelda with the child of Marietta, though vague, amounted to moral certainty. It is impossible therefore to describe the utter ocean of joy into which her whole soul was plunged. Her tears and her sighs had removed not ten, nor twenty, but forty years—if Marietta, the unmarried Marietta, had stood before her she would not have taken her for a ghost. The discovery of Zelda was the only mould of hope and joy that existed for her, and into it she poured all the life which, like her gold, she had been hoarding up for years. Not only would she deliver up her trust, and bless the pang which the parting with so much coin of the realm even to Zelda would cause her, but she would feast her eyes on the girl who, though unseen since babyhood, had become to her nothing less than a religion, for which she had suffered like a Trappist or a Fakir. As for Aaron, the scoundrel who had preyed upon and made sordid capital out of her soul, who had made her remorse a matter of calculation, and her faith and hope subjects for the exercise of black-mail—she had not found room for him in her mind yet awhile—there would be time enough when the great, immediate joy became sated to revive it with the piquant flavor of revenge. At present she could only feel the sun-lit shadow of her crowning absolution, for as such she regarded the acceptance of her self-devotion by the invisible powers. "Oh, if I had but only known all these years!" she could not help exclaiming.

"If I had only known that I had but to reach out my hand to grasp the child!" But even this repentance for blindness to the things that are nearest, usually so intensely bitter, could not rob her of one foretaste of what was to come. There was fate in it all, she believed—in the penance as well as in the expiation, nor could the latter ever have been gained without undergoing the former. The more intense had been the pain, the more intense would be the reward.

Still, though he had been the necessary instrument of her punishment, that was no reason for her sparing him one jot of her scorn. She had him most gloriously at her mercy; he had not only forfeited his claim to black-mail, but he had confessed a crime for which she could deliver him up to justice—joy, though it softened her to herself, did not render her generous or merciful. Why indeed should it? If he did not deserve hanging, it was not likely that his wife should be brought to view the matter logically.

"Oh," she thought, "if I could only make things happen as fast as I wish, and could wish as fast as I feel!" And then she went to the cupboard, and took out a pen and ink—the only things that had not been eatable—lay down again on the floor, and began her revenge by writing at once to the unseen Zelda, while she left her husband crouched up and shivering on the cellar stairs. He was likely to wait there a long time, for Marietta's gift of writing had been long unused, and the worn-out quill was a poor conductor from her heart to the scrap of mouse-nibbled paper which, after a search, she found.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER III. MARQUIS OF KINSGEAR.

THE Duke of Courthope and Revel never did hear anything more of the business which had formed the topic of conversation between his Grace and Lord Newcomen. The noble marquis, his discreet and business-like father-in-law, died in the ordinary course of events, leaving his title and entailed estates to be fought for between a shoemaker in Cork and a captain in the Indian army; both of whom were ruined in pocket and character by the litigation, just as a merchant seaman returned from Australia with an attorney behind him, and established his claim to govern a part of the British dominions by hereditary right, all wants of aptitude and education notwithstanding. The charming French marchioness who had been the life of London society so long, died also. She caught cold, dowagering about with visiting cards, in an east wind;

and a Yankee Bowery girl whom the merchant seaman had met while on a spree ashore at New York, was the next Marchioness of Newcomen. She made a showy peeress of the realm; and had very tall footmen, who called out her name loudly upon drawing-room days, so that all St. James' Street might know what a fine coach and coachman she had. A good natured marchioness she was too, and would have given much more money than she did to public charities if the costs of the attorney who raised her to the peerage had not been so large; and her fortunes, had they anything to do with this history, might be worth following. As it is they would lead us too far afield.

The bright-eyed Duchess of Courthope, who had married so grandly and so unhappily, fell into a low fever while superintending the preparations of her mother's funeral, and, last of all her family, she died also, leaving only one child, a son, of about twelve years' old, who had been her sole hope and darling in this world. His name was, among many other names, Bertran-Cardwell Wyldwyl; he was commonly called Marquis of Kingsgear, and he was undoubted heir to the titles and estates of Courthope and Revel, with the unentailed estates of Newcomen; though strange to say he was only mentioned in his mother's and grandfather's will as Bertran-Cardwell ("my beloved son or grandson"), his own family name of Wildwyl and the titles which he wore by courtesy having been omitted evidently through the blunder of a conveyancer. "It was not even worth while to set the blunder right," said Mr. Mortmain, the confidential family solicitor of the Wyldwyls, to his chief clerk. "There is and can be no dispute about the person meant. The late duchess had only one son, and her father, the late marquis, had no other grandchild, whom he ever to my knowledge recognized."

"It is a curious mistake for Mr. Pynsent to have made, though, sir; isn't it?" observed the clerk, who had private suspicions of his own respecting the affair of Mr. Mortmain's clients. "Yes, it is, Mr. Copeland," answered his employer, fastening a steady glance on his subordinate, and both kept up the legal fiction of deceiving each other even in the recesses of their office, where there was no manner of occasion for double-dealing. So in due time honest Mr. Copeland rose to be a member of the firm, and it signed "Mortmain, Mortmain and Feoff" upon the briefs which it submitted for the opinion of counsel.

CHAPTER IV. THE LAW OF ENTAIL.

FULL eighteen years after the Duke of Courthope's marriage, his Grace was seated one morning in the library of his hereditary castle of Beaumanoir, which had been a monarch's

residence, and was part of the dowry of a king's daughter, who had brought royal blood into the blue veins of Revel. It was a noble apartment, where generations of bygone princes and statesmen had wrought and pondered. It seemed still big with the silent memories of history; and about it were grave dark pictures and mute marble busts of captains, judges, and ministers who had illustrated the lofty house of Wyldwyl from generation to generation, being born into place and honors. It had served many purposes, that grand old room with its fretted roof, sculptured and painted by cunning hands long cold. It had deep embayed windows which looked over tall woods with the antlered deer that dwelt there; and a broad expanse of silver lake where the sluggish tench and the hoary carp slept in dim hollows under tideless waves, while the stately cygnet sailed grandly over them. It was here that Henry II. made his first appeal to Sir Raoul Wyldwyl, of Courthope, against the arrogance of Becket, and that Richard III. brooded over his dark and thorny path to power. Here that the eighth Henry, moved by Thomas Lord Revel, resolved upon his lawless divorce, which changed the faith of England; and that Charles I. determined on the arrest of the five members, influenced, as was supposed, by the secret advice of Archibald Wyldwyl, first Marquis of Kingsgear.

On the northern wall, behind a long row of folio volumes marked with the names of theologians and philosophers, a sliding door opened which led through secret passages into one of the most sylvan parts of the park. You pressed the back of Jeremy Taylor in the centre of his "Ductor Dubitantium," and the well-made panel moved noiselessly backwards in its groove. In the passages beyond the Jacobite emissaries from St. Germain had lain concealed in the days of William and Anne, while their cause was still worth a risk, because it had still a hope. It was in a niche of a bow window which commanded the widest view of the country round that the last hopes of the young Pretender had been ruined after the defeat of Culloden; and Sir Robert Walpole had won over the most powerful of his remaining adherents to the house of Hanover. They were keen-sighted men, those nobles of the long prosperous line of Wyldwyl, and seldom found themselves on the losing side in politics; while politics were the business of gentlemen and patriots. But the present duke finding them given over to the commercial classes, and become more or less a game of all fours between stock-jobbers, speculators, contractors, and the permanent clerks of departments, had early learned to feel the same contempt for them which is entertained by most men of high rank and large fortune for the pettifoggery of modern administration. He considered truly

that office was not worth the vexations and annoyances which inevitably accompanied it; and after having been for a few weeks a member of the club which formed Sir Robert Peel's first cabinet, he would never consent to be mixed up with any other, nor was he asked for his advice by any future Minister of the Crown. Latterly he had resided a large part of the year at Beaumanoir, because he was a much greater man there than in London; and he might have lived on his estates in dignity and happiness had he not been seized with an incurable greed and thirst for land. His Grace's agents had orders to buy up every acre, perch, and rood that was for sale in the county: and it was well known that he would give any price for it, rather than allow it to pass into other hands. The first news that an estate in his Grace's neighborhood might be bought was as good as a fortune to any one. Sometimes land was bought and sold half a dozen times by his own agents or their coadjutors before it was ultimately conveyed to him, and the bills of surveyors, solicitors, and conveyancers employed in these purchases were prodigious.

The nominal rent roll of the Duke of Courthope, when he had succeeded to the title and estates of his family, amounted to about ninety thousand a year. Since then, however, it had enormously increased, and his Grace thought with some complacency that whereas, at his accession to the dukedom, his revenue had barely exceeded ten thousand a year from land within his own county, he could now show by figures that his rents should not be less than seventy thousand a year there. To be sure, the liabilities upon these large estates had necessarily accumulated. It had been deemed expedient to destroy the late duke's will to avoid the payment of legacy duty, and his Grace had left behind him such directions as he had to leave by word of mouth. It had also been considered peculiarly fortunate for the family honor that a son and successor had been born to him just in the nick of time; for had not the present duke made himself responsible for about eleven hundred thousand pounds of the family debt on coming of age, there were some rough-tongued creditors who talked of impeaching his late Grace for misdemeanor. However, all this was ancient history. The living duke had always been able to obtain loans for his immediate needs. He had borrowed money at fifteen per cent. of usury to buy land which yielded two per cent. of income; and when he wanted more to uphold his rank and dignity, he had deferred the payment of the late duke's bequests which had been confided to his honor till a convenient season, and applied the family trusts which had devolved upon him to his own use. In most cases the *cestuis que trust* had unhesitatingly confided their possessions to his keeping; in

others he had not thought it worth while to ask their consent, because inquiry is never made about trust property, while the usual rates of interest can be paid, or disputed upon specious grounds; and if it should ever become necessary, argued his Grace with perfect reason, the capital sums taken could be always replaced, or some satisfactory arrangement made respecting them. The powerful head of a noble house, with places, pensions, and a score of church livings at his disposal, invariably finds his poor relations manageable — and if not, there was the Court of Chancery, where suits lasted till the original cause of them was forgotten.

Therefore his Grace, who knew well what he was about, and was fully aware that an English duke can do no wrong, granted life annuities by the dozen; and made debt support debt, as his ancestors had done before him: which is an easy thing to do for any one who has the world's respect, his friends' credit, his kinsmen's hopes and property in custody, and is legally provided with a life-interest in false appearances. He signed his name to more papers than he could remember, as his father and grandfather had always done, giving greedy people large shadows for their substance. If his affairs were in inextricable confusion, if he was utterly insolvent, he was neither better nor worse off than most other noblemen, and it was really no business of his. When his son came of age the estates must be resettled, as was usual and convenient; and money could be raised in this way, as it had been when he himself attained his majority. By and by a rich marriage would put everything to rights. Indeed there was a banker's daughter in the market. She had a fortune of five millions sterling; and the duke had been privately informed by Lady Overlaw, his friend, relative, and very intimate counsellor, that the banker longed to have his child martyred and glorified as duchess presumptive of Courthope. He was not sure, if the banker behaved himself, that his son, Lord Kinsgear, should not marry her; though this son had been engaged from his cradle, by a family compact the duke had never quite understood, to Amabel, daughter and sole heiress of Lord George Wyldwyl, his Grace's uncle, commander-in-chief, by birth and patronage, of her Majesty's forces in India. Mr. Mortmain, the duke's family solicitor, knew more of this compact, and the duke thought it might be well to consult him.

CHAPTER V. MR. MORTMAIN.

MEANTIME his Grace the Duke of Courthope, while revolving these and other projects in his mind at leisure, had taken a fancy to an estate in Chancery, which might be got out of it with a little money and interest; so he had sent for Mr. Mortmain, his

family solicitor, to pull the strings of his new puppet. Mr. Mortmain hastened to obey the summons of his illustrious client. and the duke ordered a dog-cart to fetch him from the station.

As he sat in the library looking at a pair of new guns which had just arrived from Manton's, he heard the wheels of the dog-cart returning with the lawyer in it; and he pressed a large hand bell which stood upon the carved oak table before him.

An Italian valet answered the loud silver sound of the bell. No country but Italy now produces servants illiterate enough to do their duty contentedly. The duke told his valet to show Mr. Mortmain up at once, and to take care that he did not tumble against anything. Mr. Mortmain was near-sighted, and the duke ordered Giovanni to bring him, just as he would have asked for a parcel containing something fragile.

"How are you, Alderman?" said his Grace, in a high falsetto voice between a squeak and a roar; for most of the Wyldwyls spoke not only loudly, but had an intonation peculiar to themselves, which part of speech may be observed to characterize whole noble families, who borrow it the one from the other.

"I hope I see your Grace quite well?" answered Mr. Mortmain, in more conventional notes, replying after the custom of his age and profession by a question to a question.

"Pretty well, thank you, Alderman," returned the duke, without looking up from his gun-case. "A little gout at times, but that is good for the complexion." It may be here observed that Alderman was not Mr. Mortmain's Christian name, but it pleased the duke to call him Alderman (it was a way his Grace had, to give nicknames), and it pleased Mr. Mortmain, for business reasons and the fruit of the toady-tree, to accept any appellation the duke chose to bestow on him.

"If I might be permitted to say so," now remarked Mr. Mortmain, "your Grace is looking in remarkably vigorous health. I perceive by 'Dod's Peerage,' a work to which Mrs. Mortmain occasionally refers in my presence, that there is not any important difference between your Grace's age and mine, yet I am quite gray, whereas" —

"Ah," screamed the duke again, in that amazing falsetto, "old fellow, are you, Alderman? I dare say. My hair was always black, and always will be. You are of a different breed, Alderman. But how about Gripwell's trustees; have you raised the money to satisfy them? Their estate takes a corner out of my property, and if any radical fellow were to get hold of it, he might play old Harry with my deer."

"I fear, your Grace," replied Mr. Mortmain, who spoke very slowly and precisely, "I fear — ahem — we shall

not be able to raise the money. Except," he added, after a pause, "by means of life insurances at a very considerable interest."

"Ah, that's your business, Alderman," shouted the duke, shrilly. His Grace often shammed being a fool in money matters, but he was not so. By this means, however, he frequently caught people out, and induced them to commit themselves, just when they thought they had overreached his innocence; that is to say, he did this when he considered it worth while to catch them. Sometimes he had other designs.

"I have not yet been able to devise any means by which sufficient funds can be raised to purchase the Gripwell estates at present," resumed Mr. Mortmain, nursing his right leg with an absent, wistful look.

"Why not, Alderman?" piped the Duke. "My son will cut off the entail, and resettle the estates as soon as he is of age."

"Why, yes, your Grace," replied Mr. Mortmain, "but we have to deal, as you are aware, with a very troublesome old gentleman, named Brown, who firmly maintains that his sister was married to the late duke. In fact, he seems to hold proof of this marriage, after which, he avers," continued Mr. Mortmain, consulting some notes in his pocket-book, "that his sister was decoyed to Italy, and there forcibly placed in a convent at Naples. She fled thence with the assistance of a person who obtained access to her, and was delivered of a daughter. If that daughter survives, she is unquestionably Countess of Winguid."

"And I?" asked the duke hoarsely.

"In that case," returned Mr. Mortmain blandly, "your Grace would have no name. Many of my clients among the hereditary nobility are in that delicate position; but as we are in possession, we might possible effect without difficulty such a compromise as would admit of your Grace retaining the title, and a portion of the life-interest in the estates of her ladyship the countess."

The duke was very pale. He had quite lost his hoity-toity manner, and got off his stilts. "She could only take the Scotch titles and property," he said, clutching at a straw, "eh, Mortmain?"

"She could only take the Scotch titles," said Mr. Mortmain, dryly, "but she would inherit all the property save Beaumatoir, which would pass in the ordinary course to Lord George Wyldwyl your uncle. It is also my duty to inform your Grace that in the case of Mademoiselle Zephirine Malvoisin, although we have satisfactory proof of the death of both mother and son, and the brother is held by the double tie of an annuity and a forgery, yet your Grace's previous contract with that young lady is perfectly valid by the law of Ireland, where the Waifecoast estates and fisheries are

situated, and they are the next important part of your Grace's inheritance. If therefore we could get rid of the late duke's marriage with Miss Margaret Brown on demurrer by alleging lapse of time and the Statute of Limitations, still, as the confessor of the late duchess pointed out to her Grace, the prior claim of Mademoiselle Malvoisin unquestionably invalidates the completeness of your union with the Lady Helena Placard Cardwell. Moreover, although the sole surviving issue of this previous marriage is a daughter who has drifted into ruin and out of sight, having been last heard of as the companion of a French political convict at Cayenne, nevertheless she might become extremely troublesome if she ever got wind of her rights, and we have really two bars sinister to surmount. Both are indeed out of sight at present; and it is for that very reason that I presume to suggest that your Grace had better not set the keen eyes of money-lenders to work, lest they should suddenly spy out something dangerous."

"Dear me, Mortmain," said the Duke, smiling graciously as he leaned back in his chair, "if we were all to listen to you legal gentlemen we should hardly be able to believe in our own identity. All sorts of things have happened since the time of Noah." His Grace pretended to have recovered his spirits, for it was not desirable that Mr. Mortmain should suppose that his startling communication had much affected his client. On these points his Grace was an admirable diplomatist. So instead of putting a grave face on the matter, he treated it as a mere ordinary gossip which rather bored him. Presently he said, yawning, —

"By the way, Mortmain, have you settled that business with Mr. Sharpe? I cannot assign my Cornish mines to him. Confound it! I won't hear of it. They are the only things which always bring me ready money, and if they had not dropped in last year on me as universal legatee of Lady Penarrow, I should have almost known what it was to be inconvenienced; egad I should." And the duke showed his teeth, which were white and even as ever. Nothing could be more agreeable and cordial than his manner.

"Mr. Sharpe appears to have some information which he will not at present communicate," answered Mr. Mortmain, knitting his brows and again referring to his notes. "He therefore peremptorily insists upon security for the whole of his outstanding demands upon your Grace, and will listen to no delay or temporizing. From what I can gather, the intelligence he has received, and which has urged him to such prompt and decisive action, has reference to some of your Grace's family papers which came into his hands, in a manner which he declines to explain, as solici-

tor for the trustees of Sir Richard Porteous, whose estates have been for many years in the hands of his creditors."

"An attempt to extort money by threats is a punishable offence, Mortmain, isn't it? We could catch him there," observed the duke, who shared that foible common to big people, of thinking himself very shrewd at law. "I could write a note to the attorney-general, and we would have Mr. Sharpe in Newgate before he knew where he was. A criminal information is a serious thing, you know, Mortmain."

"I am afraid, your Grace, Mr. Sharpe is not the kind of fish who could be caught in that net," answered Mr. Mortmain, after a few minutes spent in deep thought. "From certain hints which he threw out, I am even apprehensive that your Grace might not find it altogether safe to irritate him; and I am never inclined to advise any hostile course of action, which it might be subsequently deemed more prudent to abandon."

"No," said the duke, pursing his lips together thoughtfully, "it is never good to bark till one can bite — you're right there. But, by George, he had better look to himself if he offends me. I'd take care he never set foot in this country any more."

"I think your Grace might, on the whole, find it better to get rid of him quietly," remarked Mr. Mortmain, scratching the point of his left ear, as he only did when in great perplexity. "He is rather an illiterate person, Mr. Sharpe, but I have been upon several occasions brought into contact with him professionally, and it has been my practice to recommend my noble clients to submit to his terms rather than take the risk of proceedings against him. Mr. Sharpe," added Mr. Mortmain, after a pause, "has considerable influence in high quarters, and much money. It is my opinion that a criminal information could not be filed against him with any chance of success, however prudently the case was conducted; we have at present few counsel of commanding ability at the bar; and even although we might possibly obtain a verdict against him, he would appeal again and again, and he is rather a formidable adversary, because he is not only, I believe, part proprietor of a daily newspaper, but he has also a strong party at the Home Office, and at court."

"Old Tythe, the bishop's brother, you mean," nodded the duke.

"Ye-es," mused Mr. Mortmain, "and others: I should not be disposed to say confidently where his influence begins or ends."

"I always knew he was a cunning fellow," replied the duke. "My father would have made him wince, though."

"Ah," sighed Mr. Mortmain, who was a sincere and honorable friend of the upper classes. "Thirty years ago,

your Grace, the nobility could do many things which now they cannot do."

"Come and look at my aviaries, Mortmain; I know you are a bit of a bird-fancier," said the duke, pleasantly changing the conversation. "Dinner will be ready in an hour. There will be nobody here but the chaplain and my cousin, Lady Overlaw. We must drink a bumper in memory of the good old times after dinner."

"Will your Grace permit me to make the necessary alterations in my dress before I have the honor of being presented to her ladyship?" asked Mr. Mortmain, with his best company voice and manners.

"No," said the duke, with a kind despotic way he could make very charming. "Half an hour is time enough to dress. Giovanni shall come to us when the first bell is going to ring for dinner, and I want your opinion on my golden pheasants."

"Most honored, your Grace," said the fascinated solicitor, who, having frankly given his professional advice, was now naturally eager for good society.

"By the way, alderman," said the duke, as they stood watching the beautiful birds whose golden plumage shone so splendidly in the last rays of sunset, "you know my son Kingsgear has got his commission in the Guards. You will have to draw his marriage settlements next."

"Are General Lord George Wyldwyl and Miss Amabel about to return so soon from India, your Grace? I had understood his lordship's command did not expire for another year."

"Aye, Alderman, but I was thinking of Lord Cursor's daughter. Lady Overlaw tells me she will have five millions, and her father has behaved very well about a first charge on the Gripwell estates, which is in his hands."

"I fail precisely to comprehend your Grace," said Mr. Mortmain gravely.

"Egad, Alderman, I speak plain English too. My son, Lord Kingsgear, shall marry Miss Penny, Lord Cursor's daughter. Will that do?" laughed the duke.

"Why, no, your Grace, certainly not," replied Mr. Mortmain decisively.

"How's that?" asked the duke, throwing up his head like a strong horse that chafes upon the curb.

"Why not?" said Mr. Mortmain, in some surprise. "Because," he added slowly, "Lord George Wyldwyl, your uncle, is unquestionably Duke of Courthope and Revel, and when he, being a widower, waived his claim to inherit on the demise of the late duke, it was upon the express condition that, should your Grace marry, his only daughter should become the wife of your heir, and this was a generous stipulation, for Lord George might have prohibited your Grace from marrying at all. Such, however, were the

terms of 'the family compact.' They prevented some scandal at the time; and it would be not only in the highest degree unsafe, but it would be utterly impossible for your Grace to make any successful attempt to evade them."

(To be continued.)

IMAGINATIVE MEDICINE.

WE may reasonably give this name to the medicines, panaceas, elixirs, charms, and amulets which, if they act at all upon bodily and mental maladies, do so through the medium of the imagination. The curious volumes by Mr. Jeaffreson and Mr. Timbs concerning doctors, quacks, and patients, are crowded with illustrative instances; and the medical journals are always adding to the store, chiefly for the purpose, of exposing and denouncing quackeries. Patients, strongly impressed with a belief that a particular medication will do them good, often persuade themselves that this result has really been attained by taking the substance in question; and it becomes somewhat difficult to disentangle the actual facts of cure or no cure. Unfortunately quacks are also ready to take advantage of this credulous state of feeling. In some cases, however, practitioners are as honest in their belief as the patients themselves.

Bishop Berkeley, a hundred and thirty years ago, published a work "On the Virtues of Tar Water," and a few months before his death he published "Further Thoughts on Tar Water." That he honestly believed all he said is manifest enough. His recipe was to put a quart of tar in a gallon of water, stir them well, allow the mixture to settle, pour off the clear liquor from the sediment, and to drink five or six glasses of this liquor or tar water per day. That tar is useful in many forms of disease is known to medical men; but the good Bishop of Cloyne went further, and credited it with the qualities of a universal panacea. He believed that tar contains a large percentage of the "vital element of the universe," pure invisible fire, "the most subtle of bodies." He mixed up much of the mysticism of the Neo-Platonic philosophy with the functions and maladies of the human body; the learned studied his philosophy, but the unlearned were much taken with his tar water, which speedily had an enormous success. There was a "Tar Water Warehouse" in Burystreet, St. James's; and the reputed cures were prodigious. If people imagined themselves to be cured, it was hard to tell them that they were not; and yet the maladies for which this tar water was taken as a specific included many which physicians nowadays believe would be quite untouched by it. Medical men, philosophers, men of science, wits, satirists, attacked the bishop's theory. Walpole wrote an epigram on it:—

Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
She tells us all her bishops shepherds are,
And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar.

The fame of tar water gradually died out.

The Mandrake had a long reign of popularity. The Chinese physicians assert that this plant possesses the faculty of renovating exhausted constitutions. Some nations have believed that the root of the mandrake, if wholly dislodged from the ground, becomes the good genius of the possessor, not only curing a host of maladies, but discovering hidden treasures, doubling the amount of money locked up in a box, keeping off evil spirits, acting as a love-charm, and rendering several other notable services.

The Earth-bath once had an amazing run. About a century ago a London empiric opened a "Temple of Health" in Pall Mall, where he gave lectures on health at the extravagant charge of two guineas for admission, which fee many wealthy simpletons were willing to pay. Among other attractions he enlisted the services of a beautiful woman, said to have been that equivocal person who afterwards became Lady Hamilton. Many kinds of mountebank

frauds were exhibited at this place; the last of which was earth bathing. He and the Goddess of Health immersed themselves to the chin in warm earth, he with his hair full dressed and powdered, she with the fashionable coiffure. How many dupes honestly believed in their own cure by such means, history has not recorded; but the admission to the "Temple" gradually fell from two guineas to one shilling, and then the earth-bath died out—not, however, before the "lady" had run much chance of ruining her health by this peculiar kind of bathing.

The Toad has had its day of importance in the minds of those who look for specifics against diseases; and so has the toad-stone, which was described by Joanna Baillie in a letter to Sir Walter Scott as "a celebrated amulet, which was never lent to any one unless upon a bond for a thousand marks for its being safely restored. It was sovereign for protecting new-born children and their mothers from the power of the fairies; and has been repeatedly borrowed from my mother for this purpose." This amulet was described as being a convex circular stone, rather less than three quarters of an inch in diameter, semi-transparent, dark gray, and apparently silicious composition; it was set in a massive silver thumb ring. Besides its virtues as a charm for keeping off wicked fairies, this toad-stone was believed to be a specific against diseases of the kidneys; it was immersed in a cup of water, and the water then quaffed off.

The Eagle-stone bore some analogy to the toad-stone. Pliny the naturalist, who had an abundant belief in wonderful medicines, gravely stated that a round perforated stone, if found in an eagle's nest, will prove to be a specific against disease, and a charm against shipwreck and other disasters. Mr. Timbs quotes a passage from Charlotte Smith, to the following effect: "An acquaintance of mine possessed an amulet of this description, for which his mother had paid a considerable sum. It was small, brown, and when shaken rattled as though another stone was inclosed within it. A ribbon was usually passed through its perforation; and it was said to possess more virtues than I can pretend to enumerate."

Fish charms have been met with among many nations. The fish called the bull-head is used by some of the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. Again, if suspended horizontally, and carefully balanced by a single thread, while allowed some freedom of motion, the fish is credited with the power of indicating, by the direction of the head, the point of the compass from which the wind will blow. Many kinds of fish have two hard bones just within the sides of the head; and one species, the maigre, has these bones larger in proportion than most others. These two bones, called colic stones, are in some countries regarded to possess medicinal virtues; mounted in gold, and hung round the neck, they are a specific for the colic. But this peculiarity attaches to them: they must have been received as a gift; if purchased, they do not possess the magic virtue.

The Lee Penny has had much celebrity among curative agencies. It is a dark red triangular stone, measuring about half an inch along each side; and is set in a silver coin. This coin, though much defaced, is supposed to be a shilling of Edward the First, and has been in the possession of the Lee family for centuries. It used to be believed that if this stone were dipped in water, the water when drank would cure all diseases in cattle, and the bite of a mad dog. When the plague was at Newcastle, the inhabitants begged the loan of the Lee Penny, leaving a large sum of money as bond for its safety; it "did so much good," that the citizens wished to purchase and retain it for the sum deposited; but this the owner declined. One Lady Baird, of Saughton Hall, near Edinburgh, was bitten by a mad dog, and was in a sad way about it; she begged the loan of the Lee Penny, steeped it in water, drank the water and even bathed in it, continuing this course for six weeks; either by the effect of the water or her imagination, of her natural good health or of an improved regimen, she recovered; but the Lee Penny received all the praise. In one year (the date unfortunately not given), Mr. Hamilton,

of Raplock, cited Sir James Lockhart, of Lee, to appear before the Synod of Glasgow, and answer to the charge of encouraging and indulging in superstition by the use of the Lee Penny. The Synod found on inquiry, that the virtue was attributed to the water in which the stone was dipped, that no words were uttered such as are used by charmers and sorcerers; they therefore acquitted Sir James, on the ground that "in nature there are many things said to work strange effects, whereof no humane wit can give a reason; it having pleased God to give unto stones and herbes a special virtue for the healing of many infirmities in man and beast."

Medicinal rings were at one time very seriously believed in. Physicians were wont to wear finger rings, in which stones were set; and these stones were credited with the possession of many virtues. Sometimes the patient was simply touched with the ring; sometimes he put it on his finger for a while. Many a patient has worn such a ring to stop an hemorrhage, which sedatives, absorbents, and astringents alike failed to allay; if the desired result followed, the ring was unreservedly regarded as the healing agent; if the cure did not follow, we are told nothing about it; for in these matters

What is hit is history;

But what is missed is mystery!

A wine-colored amethyst, set in a ring, was a specific against intoxication and its consequences; a hyacinth stone, similarly set, acted as a charm to produce sleep; an agate had wonderful power in curing amaurosis and other diseases of the eye; a jasper showed its value in cases of dropsy and fever; while a coral was an antidote against nervousness and causeless fears. That many imaginative cures have been wrought by such means, who can deny? Even if the patient only gets a little better, and attributes the healing influence to the stone in the ring, he may be right so far as this — that the influence exerts itself through the imagination.

The Touch is, historically speaking, one of the most curious examples of imaginative cures, on account of its attributed connection with the Royal Family of England. A belief prevailed for many centuries that the British sovereign had the power of curing disease by touching the part affected. Especially was this the case in regard to the disease known as scrofula or king's evil. Edward the Confessor, nine centuries ago, "touched" many of his subjects. Chroniclers differed in opinion on the question, whether this power was due to the special piety of Edward, or whether it was inherent in the blood of the Saxon kings. To what extent the Norman kings followed the example is not known; but Henry the Second certainly "touched." The ceremony was more or less continued to the eighteenth century. The Stuarts believed in it, or at least accommodated the belief of it in the minds of other persons. William the Third did not. Macaulay says that when the king heard that his palace was besieged by a crowd of sick persons towards the close of Lent, he exclaimed, "It is a silly superstition; give the poor creatures some money, and send them away." And when, on a particular occasion, a patient was importuning for a touch, William said, "God give you better health — and more sense." How far the hope of some little pecuniary advantage influenced the patient, it would be difficult to decide; for Charles the Second, who "touched" no fewer than twenty thousand persons in the first four years after his restoration, is believed to have been rather liberal in giving money to them; and the applicants were many more in number than those who were really afflicted with king's evil. One form of the belief was that, if the sovereign touched a particular coin, it became thereafter a panacea against king's evil; several such coins, called royal touch-pieces, are preserved in the British Museum. Queen Anne touched no less a person than Doctor Johnson, or, to speak more exactly, a child of three years old, who afterwards became the great lexicographer. In a prayer-book of the Church of England, printed during the reign of that sovereign, there is printed a service "At the Healing," in which these instructions

are given: "Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the queen upon their knees; and as every one is presented, and while the queen is laying her hands upon them and putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to her majesty, shall say the words following: 'God give a blessing to this work, and grant that these sick persons, on whom the queen lays her hands, may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'" Here the touch is at once a royal and a religious ceremony. An old man, witness at a trial, averred that when Queen Anne was at Oxford she touched him (then a child) for the evil; he added that he did not believe himself to have had the evil, but "his parents were poor, and had no objection to a bit of gold." If this means that a bit of gold accompanied the touch, we need not wonder that the touching was popular among the poor. The Pretender, in the time of George the First, had a touch-piece cast or stamped for him, in order that he might exercise the mystic power of the royal touch as well as the (hoped for) substantial power. Touching for the evil does not appear to have been practised in England after the demise of Queen Anne. A similar healing power was claimed by many of the French monarchs, from Clovis the First down to Louis the Fourteenth. Even below the rank of royalty, the attribution of this power may be met with in persons of distinguished rank or exceptional piety; and there may still be found old women in our country villages who claim to be able to cure warts and other skin affections by simply stroking the affected part with the hand.

The caul is one of the most remarkable existing evidences of the belief in a curative influence which, supposing it to be possessed at all, can only act through the imagination. Those who search the columns of the *Times* for curiosities will meet with advertisements such as the following: "A child's caul for sale." "A child's caul to be disposed of: a well-known preservative against drowning, etc.; price ten guineas." "To mariners, etc.; to be sold, a child's caul, price fifteen guineas." "To be sold, a child's caul; to save gentlemen trouble; price thirty pounds." "A child's caul to be sold for fifteen pounds." Persons who know nothing of this subject may wonder what a child's caul may be.

This name is given to a membrane which is sometimes found on the head of an infant at birth, nearly encompassing the head. It is a rare occurrence, and the rarity has led to great importance being attached to it. The child itself will be lucky; and the owner of the caul in after years will be shielded from many troubles that affect his neighbors. The superstition came from the East, where it had its origin in remote ages. Many diseases were believed to be curable by the wearing of a caul; and to this day some sailors — even English sailors in the second half of the nineteenth century — have a faith in the efficacy of a child's caul to preserve them from drowning at sea.

Sir John Offley, of Madeley Manor, in Staffordshire, bequeathed a caul as an heirloom, in a will proved in 1658: "I will and devise one jewel done all in gold, enamelled, wherein there is a caul that covered my face and shoulders when I first came into the world, the use thereof to my loving daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Jenny, so long as she shall live; and after her decease, the use likewise to her son, Offley Jenny, during his natural life; and after his decease to my own right heirs male forever; and so from heir to heir to be left so long as it shall please God of his goodness to continue any heir male of my name; desiring the same jewel to be not conceded nor sold by any of them."

A child two years old fell into a well near Romford, and floated face uppermost on the face of the water, whence he was rescued by his mother. The good woman at once attributed the preservation of her boy to the fact that he had been born with a caul. The readers of Hood's "Whims and Oddities" will remember "The Sea Spell," in which, imitating the style of the old ballads, he narrates a sea story, but pokes his fun in every stanza at the superstition of the child's caul.

Charms, amulets, talismans, and phylacteries, all belong

to the list of articles which produce imaginative cures; seeing that the persons who trust to them believe in some good obtainable from them, in purse or in person, in health or in welfare; and if the good does come, most assuredly the imagination is the channel through which it approaches. Two or three years ago, at a town in Worcestershire, after the inquest on the body of a man drowned in the Severn, a woman applied to the chief constable for permission to draw the hand of her son, a boy of eight or nine years of age, nine times across the dead man's throat, in order to bring about the removal of a wen from the boy's neck! In another instance, in the same county, this was actually done, with fatal results; for the man had died of typhoid fever, which was in this way communicated to several living persons.

A ring made of the hinge of a coffin, and a rusty old sword hung by the bedside, are (in some districts) charms against the cramp; headache is removed by the halter that has hung a criminal, and also by a snuff made from moss that has grown on a human skull in a graveyard. A dead man's hand, and especially the hand of a man who had been cut down while hanging, dispels tumors. Warts may be removed by rubbing them with a bit of stolen beef; the chips of a gallows, worn in a little bag round the neck, will cure the ague; a stone with a hole in it, suspended at the bed's head, will prevent nightmare. Many verses are known, which, if repeated aloud, are credited with curing cramp, burns, and other bodily troubles. When you have the whooping-cough, apply for a remedy to the first person you meet with riding on a piebald horse—a ceremony that Doctor Lettsom, the physician, was fated more than once to become acquainted with.

Amulets, hung in a little bag around the neck, are very widely credited with the power of warding off disease; the list of such substances is an ample one, but need not be given here. The anodyne necklace, which was a profitable affair for one Doctor Turner in the early part of the present century, consisted of beads made of white bryony root; it was believed to assist in cutting the teeth of infants around whose neck it was hung. One peculiar kind of amulet is the phylactery, a bit of parchment on which a few sacred words have been written; if worn on the person, it is a safeguard against disease and calamity. The Jews in the East used to carry such an amulet written with a Hebrew verse from the Bible; and some of the Mohammedans with an Arabic sentence from the Koran.

A horseshoe is a perennial favorite, as a bringer of success. Doctor James picked up a horseshoe on Westminster Bridge, and put it in his pocket; that same evening he made a profitable commercial arrangement concerning his famous Fever Powders, which he ever afterwards attributed to the horseshoe. Strange provincial nostrums, for which no intelligible reason can be assigned, are too numerous even to name; as in the other cases here mentioned, the cures by their means, if cures they be, are no doubt entirely through the imagination.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

VIII.

PEOPLE talk of skeletons in the cupboard. Lina's skeleton was not in the cupboard, but locked up in one of the square iron boxes in her father's study at home. He called the place his den. No housemaids were ever allowed to dust the room or put it in order. Lina was the only member of the household ever admitted, and, indeed, few people except Lina would have cared to spend much time there. It was a dreary sort of place; to say nothing of Sir George himself, lumber of every description lay piled in the corners, under the tables; ugly and forbidding things were scattered about; the room was close, with a faint smell of

tobacco, of books, of mice; spiders roved along the ceiling, moths flew out of the corners, where from year to year clothes hung to pegs, and coats and hats were covered with dust. There was a rusty collection of pistols and foreign-looking weapons against one faded wall, and a case full of whips and heavy sticks. Along the chimney stood a row of stags' heads, opposite the window a great cabinet full of fossils, from which toothless jaws were yawning, socketless eyes blankly glaring, thousand year old thigh-bones lying with peeling labels. The iron box was one of six in which Sir George kept the family papers, and it was supposed to relate most specially to Lina's own affairs.

One day Sir George called his daughter in to help him look for a bill he had mislaid. Lina, girl-like, went seeking about in all sorts of impossible places, behind the boomerang, in the sheath of the cutlase, inside her father's umbrella, and then peeping behind the cabinet she happened to see a thick packet wedged in against the wall. She pulled it out with her slender little hand, and saw that it was a parchment covered with many inky flourishes and signatures and wafers (all unavailing enough to fasten the farm they related to to its rightful possessor). Lina peeped inside a fold of the parchment and saw the names of Lefevre and Gorges written over and over again, and she crossed the room slowly, reading as she came along.

"Papa, this must be of consequence," she said, and the baronet held out his hand, thinking she had found the bill. "Agreement between the said Sir Harold Gorges, baronet, and the said John Lefevre, farmer, of the same parish, as regards the said fields commonly called Marshfields," read Lina unsuspiciously. Sir George, springing from his seat, snatched the roll angrily out of her hand.

"What have you got there?" he said roughly. "Have I not told you over and over again that you are *not* to touch anything in my room?" and without even looking at it, he hastily flung the parchment into the box that stood open before him.

"Do you know what it is, papa?" Lina asked with frightened persistency.

"No, I tell you," he shouted, and showering down all the other papers that were lying on the table, he closed the iron lid with a great clang, locked it violently, and put the key in his pocket.

So Lina's skeleton was only a parchment skeleton after all. A very vague, backboneless skeleton, and yet it haunted her continually. She had heard the story of the Lefevres' accusation. The thought of that dusty parchment returned to her many and many a time. At church, when she saw Mrs. Lefevre's widow's bonnet bobbing before her, the skeleton popped from over a pew. In the sunset lane, when she read poor Hans' verses, her skeleton came, crackling and dusty, to haunt her. Lady Stella had no need to take the young man's defence so warmly. Poor Lina listened, day by day more pale and more distracted. She could not help it. In vain she blamed herself and her own unworthy suspicions. How dare she suspect her father? She was pursued by the thought that she had seen the missing lease. She had tried once again to speak to her father on the subject, but her courage failed before the furious expression of his face.

Lina was no heroic nature; she could not stand before his rude vehemence. Miss Gorges should have been cast in some firmer mould. Sir George would have been a better man if his wife and children had been less afraid of him. Lady Stella was the only one of the party from whom he would ever bear a contradiction, but to *her* Lina could not breathe her suspicions; she kept them close and brooded and pondered upon them, and drooped sadly.

"She seems all out of tune, somehow," said Harold to his wife.

"She was very much upset by that scene on the common," said Lady Stella, "and now your father is very much vexed because she will not even look at poor Mr. Crockett. It is a pity. She wants some more interest in life. She does not seem happy, and does not look well. Harold, look at baby! actually standing by the chair!" and as she took her baby in her arms, Lady Stella thought to herself,

¹ See EVERY SATURDAY No. 301.

with some sweet and pardonable pride, that she herself was happy, and that her own life was indeed complete.

And yet all this time Lina was growing and toning and ripening in spirit, as people do, who have even a sorrow to educate them. Each terror and regretful longing taught her to feel for others, for the grief at her gate, for the trouble that met her along the road, as no description could have ever taught her, and with her sympathy and secret revolt of heart (which was all the more passionate for its enforced silence and terrified suppression), the girl's somewhat morbid nature seemed to grow silence by silence. Some strange new impulse impelled her to be more true to her own self than she had been hitherto. When Lina said no to Mr. Crockett's advantageous proposal, she was firm to her new faith, though she had much to go through from them all, to say nothing of Mr. Crockett's persistent persecution; he was an amiable, obstinate man, and having "come forward," as Sir George said, seemed little inclined to go back.

But something had raised a veil from Lina's eyes, taught her to try to grasp at the solemn soul of life, not to fear sorrow as she once had done, nor to turn from those sacred sad rites, by which, at the price of sacrifice and with pangs of self-renunciation, the mystery of life in some inscrutable way, as time goes on, touches the very stones, and sanctifies our daily bread.

IX.

The next Saturday's *Excelsior* came out with an article which drove Sir George nearly frantic. There was nothing to lay hold of. This polite sarcastic bitterness was very different from the richly laid-on epithets of vituperative partisanship. In vain the old Baronet stamped and raged and choked over his grilled luncheon bones, there was nothing to be done. He vowed he would bring an action for libel, although his attorney had assured him there was nothing libellous in the article, not even in the opening apologue, where some mythological monster was described, whose voracity not only extended to the donkeys and the geese upon the commons, but to the commons themselves, which he seemed prepared to gulp down — thistles, washing-lines, furze-bushes, and all. This mythological monster was not fastidious — so it was reported. Fair Andromedas, ancient widows, unwary leaseholders, all fell victims to his voracity, to say nothing of farmyards and their unsavory contents.

How different was the conduct of the respected lord of two adjoining manors, the *Excelsior* went on to say, who carefully respected all those rights that could be proved, and only attempted to possess himself of those which long custom perhaps had given for the use of the inhabitants of the parish, but about which some legal difficulties might arise — for instance, the village green and the elm trees — "What a wicked, wicked shame!" said poor Lady Gorges, looking up from her plate. "George, dearest, do you really think they mean you?"

"What do I care who they mean?" the Baronet growled crashing down the paper on the table.

"Perhaps it is Mr. Crockett," faltered Lady Gorges. "He has property here, you know, and" —

"———," said Sir George. "Give me a sharper knife, Corkson. How dare you bring me such a thing as this!" and he almost flung the great blade into the butler's eye.

"You are quite right to pay no attention to what they say, dear," faltered Lady Gorges with an agonized look.

"Hold your tongue, Jocasta," roared her husband. "Lina, will you have any more cold meat? — say yes or no: — it! How dare the cook send it up half raw!"

Lina shook her head with an expression of disgust. When her father left the room, she got up, heedless of her mother's call, and followed him into the hall, where she heard him stamping about, shouting for his boots, his whip, his horse.

"Your mother is only about one remove from an idiot," he said to Lina, as she came up; "how can you let her talk such nonsense? I am going to see Gripham, to talk things

over again. — their impertinence. I know the writer: it is that — Lefevre — crash him! He shall pay for his articles."

Lina stood leaning against the hall table, watching her father as he prepared for his ride. . . She felt she must speak. It was her duty, come what might.

"Papa," she said, in her grave, vibrating voice, "I must say this — before you take any steps, remember that you never looked at that paper I found. If it were to be the lease, if he were to prove" —

"What, you too!" raved Sir George in a new frenzy. He flung his heavy coat to the ground in his rage, and he seized her by the shoulders. Lina turned pale and sick and giddy, so that she scarcely knew what happened; she did not see his fierce, red face turn pale. But she was his girl — the one person in the world he loved. "Get out of my way," he said, with a sudden change of tone, letting her go, so that she would have fallen but for the table. When she looked up her father was gone. The coat was still lying on the ground, and as the butler picked it up Sir George's keys fell out of one of the pockets. "Ma'am," said Corkson, coming up, "shall I send them after him?"

"No, give them to me," said Lina faintly. "I will keep them."

X.

Up at Stoneymoor Court the sun blazes steadily on the flagged court-yard; it throws the shadow of the brick arcades along the flags; the chimney-stacks stand out against a blue vault where some birds are flying in a line. It is all very silent, very hot. The morning-room windows are open wide. The oak panels look dark and seem a refuge from the flames of this autumn day. It is Lina's own sitting-room, with the grand old chimney, where the scutcheon of the Gorges is carved above the shelf. There are the pictures of the vanished ladies who have inhabited the room in succession: the Sir Antonio More grandmother, whose eyes are Lina's still; the Sir Joshua grandmother, the first Lady Gorges. Those ladies were happy enough no doubt in their morning-room, respected and peaceful, enclosed and protected by the oaken walls from the dangers by night, from the heat of the day, from the wild pains that were still lurking round about the park gate — pains of hunger, of want, of life-long weariness.

Those dead ladies had been good women living, sheltered among the branches of the family tree, coming to an edifying end. They did not resent their patches and *eases*, their laces, the pearl necklaces on their slim throats. Why could not their descendant be as they were, useful, contented in her generation, as ready as they had been to keep up the family tradition of womanly beauty and graceful virtue? How could she demean herself as she did by taking an interest where none should have existed for her?

People cannot reveal their secrets and then go back and be as if they had never spoken nor thrilled in sympathy. As the time comes round, one by one, people strike their note, speak their word, and are revealed to each other; and the day had come when Lina revealed herself as she was, and broke through her reserve. When she had met Hans again after that miserable discovery, he knew what manner of woman she was. How could she still treat him with lofty young lady indifference and distance? The injustice which had been done, her father's violent attack upon him and threatened prosecution — all seemed to draw her towards him; and she found herself talking to him almost as if he were a baronet's son, asking him one question after another — about himself, about his dispute with her father, about the poor in the parish. One day Hans eagerly offered to take her to see Old Conderell and the cottage in which he lived, and Lina would have gone off then and there if Lady Stella had not interfered. Lina was very angry with her for interfering, and drew herself up quivering with vexation; but while the discussion was pending, Lady Gorges drove up in her big carriage, and Lina was carried off a prisoner in a dark padded prison, with an immense battlemented coat of arms on the panel.

Lina of the golden hair is standing in one corner of the room in the curious nervous attitude peculiar to her; one foot put straight out, her long arm hanging by her side, and her blue eyes wandering round, anxious and vacant. . . . Was anything amiss? Everything looked comfortable and luxurious enough. The gardener had brought two great basins of roses for her table. She had just come in, and had flung her blue gauze scarf and her hat upon a chair, with a volume of La Harpe's "Course of French Literature," which she had been reading in the garden (there was a verbena leaf to mark her place); some music which had just arrived from Hilford was piled on the floor, Ap Thomas's "Variations," "Erin-go-Bragh," and other melodies. On the top of the music a great gray fan was lying half open (the women at work in the fields had no fans), and beside the music on the floor at her feet stood a small iron box. It was marked No. 5, and looked just like one of those in Sir George's study.

A sound at the door. Lina hastily covers the box with her scarf and turns round with a startled "Who is there?"

It is only her mother, who opens the door and puts in her head. "Your papa is out. I am going to distribute the bread tickets in the housekeeper's room, Lina. Shall we drive at three?"

Lina looks round, absent and a little confused. "Yes, mamma, at three," she says.

"That is, if dear papa does *not* come back," continues Lady Gorges, "for he *might* be vexed with us for ordering the carriage and *not* wish us to drive."

"Perhaps not, mamma," says Lina, with an impatient sigh.

And then Lady Gorges closed the door, and trotted off to the housekeeper's room, where the good lady's chief interests were sorted away, and where twice a week in her husband's absence she assembled a certain number of pensioners. (Her benefactions were not likely to pauperize the neighborhood, but she kept them from Sir George's knowledge, and economized this bread and meat cast upon the waters, out of the housekeeping books.)

The poor lady would retire to her store-room in the intervals of her husband's temper to solace herself with sugar-cones and orderly jam-pots, tin-cans of spice, and gingerbread nuts. It was Mrs. Plaskett's niece whose duty it was to dust and arrange the contents of the many cupboards. The store-room led by a narrow stone passage to the door of Sir George's study; it also opened into the yard, and the Baronet had a fancy for passing out this way without being seen by the household. There was a third door leading to the pantry and the kitchens, through which Susan Plaskett would escape if she heard him coming, and where, on bread-and-meat-ticket days, she used to stand sentry, admitting the applicants by one.

The concourse had been larger than usual. Juvenile Ferriers, Pencuits, Conderells had appeared, each with a dismal story. Mrs. Barnes herself had looked up to ask for help; two of her hens had been killed on the common the day of the "turn-out," so Mrs. Barnes called it. They had been found crushed under the branches of a fallen elm.

"One be my best sitter, milady," quavered the poor old woman. "'Tis a heavy loss to me."

Lady Gorges gave her a shilling and a certain amount of sympathy and scolding towards making up her loss.

"You really *cannot* expect me to do more, Mrs. Barnes," said she, "considering the *very* uncivil, ungrateful way in which you have all been behaving to Sir George, who *always* does so much for you all. I was *quite* grieved to hear how you had all forgotten yourselves. Pray remember *not* to forget yourselves again."

Widow Barnes meekly tottered off with her shilling, feeling that she had been guilty of some vague enormity against her betters. She knew very well that this shilling would not buy her another Dorking. "But milady was a real lady, whatever people said. An onquiet lot they were down the village. There was that young Lefevre! 'Twas he set the others on. Why couldn't he stop quiet at home instead of flourishing about as he did?" wondered Widow Barnes, feebly crawling along the road.

Meanwhile Lina with trembling hands is unlocking No. 5, turning over deeds and plans and hurriedly looking them over, and Lady Gorges is examining an important case of Albert biscuits, all pasted up with red inscriptions.

"These will do nicely for Sir George's afternoon tea, Susan," she says to her little attendant. "I will put some out for to-morrow."

And Hans the unquiet spirit is jumping over a ditch. Then, by the help of a branch, he lugged himself up a steep embankment, then he leaped over a hedge, and so by the short cut he scrambled up the steep slope to the Hall. He wanted to see Sir George, and so come to terms with him. Hans Lefevre was nobody, but Hans the accredited agent of the Reds and Greens, with the *Excelsior* to back his demands and a lawyer's opinion in his pocket, to say nothing of all the chances of the coming election, was a personage not to be utterly ignored.

XI.

And so by one of those chances which sound improbable when they are written down, although they happen often enough in real life, while Hans was wandering round the house in search of an entrance, Lina with trembling hands and drawn blinds was reading over the lines of his future fortune.

Hans found himself in a back yard at last, and walking across, he accosted an elderly woman in a big apron, who stood looking out of a back door; he took her for the housekeeper. She seemed much perturbed when he asked if Sir George was at home.

"Sir George! he is riding up the road! What *do* you want? This is not the right door. My husband does *so* dislike meeting people on his way. You must wait if you want to see him. Here, Plaskett, take this person into the pantry, put by the bread-tickets, and shut the door."

Hans flushed up, but after a moment's hesitation he followed the maid into the adjoining pantry, when she began stowing away the bread pans and baskets in the various cupboards. "You should have gone to the front door, Mr. Lefevre," said Susan; "Sir George does storm at us if he meets any one on his way. There he comes;" and through the closed door Hans could hear a loud voice shouting and scolding.

"Faw! how close your room is! I'm tired. —it, can't you tell them to bring me some tea? and don't forget the cognac," he shouted, "and tell the cook I have another man's dinner to-morrow, and —let her see that the roast is properly served up. The dinner was not half cooked last time. You didn't expect me so soon. I caught Gripham at the station. Where is Lina? I want her."

Lina heard her father's voice echoing through the open doors, but she did not move.

She had lost her count of time and was still standing with the fatal paper in her hand; she was not reading it, but wondering in a stupid, tired way what she could do: how she had best persuade her father that this was indeed the missing lease to be given up to the rightful owner. Did he know? Ah, no, that at least was impossible. She shrunk from certainty, poor child — and clung passionately to her one hope that he was unconscious of the truth. He had scarcely glanced at the paper as he flung it into the box. How *could* he know? And then suddenly the door opened wide and her mother came in in some hurry and fluster, and Lina, startled, in terror and confusion unconsciously followed her father's precedent and dropped her roll into the open box at her feet.

"My goodness, Lina, what are you about?" cried Lady Gorges; "your papa is calling for you everywhere." ("Lina!" came a shout from the distance.) "He is come back, he wants his cheek-book, and Corkson says you have got the keys. Oh! and you are to take No. 5 deed-box. Are you ill, child? Why have you pulled down the blinds?"

"The sun was too dazzling," said Lina, trying to collect her thoughts. "Mamma, what — why does papa want the deed-box?"

"That tiresome young Lefevre is here, come to talk about his rights," said Lady Gorges; "I sent him to wait in the pantry. I hope I did not offend him."

"Oh! mamma, how could you?" said Lina. "Did he mind?"

"What does it signify whether he did or not?" said Lady Gorges. "It was very disagreeable for me: you can hear every word that is said from the pantry, and dear papa seemed tired and annoyed. He has such an active mind. He has been telling me he thinks of building a new public-house on the common; it is a nice airy situation and an excellent investment, and it was very foolish of me to object."

"Oh! mamma," Lina was beginning; but a loud call from her father made her start up hurriedly.

"You will find him in the hall," said Lady Gorges, as Lina took up the box and ran out of the room.

Lady Gorges went about tidying the room and pulling up the blinds. "How could she sit in this darkness, and what was she doing with the box?" wondered the mother. "Dear me, how limp those curtains are! I must speak to Susan."

If Hans ever felt sorry for any one in his life, it was for Lina that day, as she came into the hall, carrying the deed-box and the check-book that her father had asked for. Sir George was leaning back on one of the big chairs and looking very strangely. The cup of tea Lady Gorges had ordered was there on the table before him, and beside the tea stood a liqueur case and a glass half emptied; and as Lina came in Sir George suddenly filled his cup to the brim with brandy and drained it off. The day was very hot; the Baronet's brain had been greatly excited. He had perhaps wished to brace himself up for the interview with young Lefevre by an extra potation. Alas! Noah Ferrier himself could not have been more completely fuddled and overcome in the bar of the "Green Ladders" than was the poor Baronet in his own ancestral hall. The Baronet gave a strange sort of chuckling laugh, which frightened poor Lina. Hans came forward, and would have taken the heavy box from her, but she refused his help, and laid it down herself on the table before her father; and as she did so she saw to her terror that she had left the keys in the lock. But Sir George noticed nothing; and indeed his strange look and voice made Lina forget all else in her bewilderment. Poor Lady Gorges might have been less frightened.

"Come here," he said; "is this right-box-number-five quite right?"

He ran his hands oddly one into the other; but at the same time, with the greatest politeness and elaboration, he began to explain to Hans that he kept all his important papers in different boxes, always different:

"Don't put your eggs" (Sir George called them eggsh) "into the same basket," said he. "This is my deed-box" — he went on chuckling and patting it with one hand — "my hen with the golden eggs, hey, Lina. . . . That bit of gorse shall pay for your wedding-dress, my dear;" and again he chuckled, and then suddenly nodded off to sleep.

It was one of the most cruel scenes in Lina's life. She looked up at Hans with a wild, imploring look. How sorry he seemed for her! — there was comfort in his compassionate face.

"Your father has been overcome by the heat," said the young man in a low voice. "It will pass off; you need not be frightened. I will come again another day."

Sir George, who had nodded off, suddenly woke up with a start, and heard the last words.

"Another day!" said he. . . . "No time like the present. Come here, you —. It is my wish," he added, with great solemnity; and with an effort he sat bolt upright and opened the box with the keys that Lina had left in the key-hole. Then Sir George drew out a map of his estate, which he laid solemnly on the table before him and pushed towards Lefevre.

"There," said he, "there is the map, and you will see the common belongs to the marsh-lands, and the marsh-lands belong to me."

Hans colored up. "There may be some doubt about that, sir," he said; "and I do not believe that the owner of the marsh-lands has any right to inclose the common."

Sir George got very vehement. "I am the owner of the marsh-lands!" he said. "Who says I am not? Don't you believe me? — it! Yes, here is the lease;" and the wretched old man pulled out the fatal document which was lying at the top of the box, and flung it down on the table. As he did so he looked triumphantly from one to the other. Then some doubt seemed to occur to him, and he would have pulled it back again. "This is mine; give it back to me," he shouted; but Hans had taken up the paper, and he looked first at Miss Gorges and then at the sleeping man. "This is mine, not your father's," he said in a low voice, as he turned it over.

"Then take it and go," cried Miss Gorges, passionately. "What are you waiting for? Go, I tell you," she cried in a sort of agony of shame, clasping her hands. "Don't you see he has given it you? What are you waiting for?"

Sir George seemed awakening again.

"He meant you to have it," she said; "I know he did. I entreat of you not to wait."

Her voice was like a sobbing echo from some long distance off.

XII.

Hans walked away with many things in his mind; he was trying to think it all over before encountering his mother's loving vehemence and cross-questioning. For Lina's sake he determined to shield the tipsy old man, and to say that the lease had been willingly delivered up, although Hans was too shrewd not to suspect the real truth of the matter. Did Lina suspect? He hoped not. Poor young lady, how sweet, how pathetic was her story! what a sad life! how beautiful she looked, as she flung down the roll before him, pale and tremulously vibrating, all her soft drift of hair pushed back. He should never forget her innocent sad look; he could see her still, the little bit of old yellow lace at her throat, and the gleam of her diamond locket, and the wild soft flash of her eyes. It was a sudden burst of sad music to him in the silence of his life; some instants suddenly reveal all that has gone before, seem to tell of all that is to come, to realize a meaning into existence itself, into all dull and inanimate things, all monotonous thoughts, and the sun rises with heavenly alchemy. As Hans left the room, Lina looked at him for one instant, and the golden horizon of wonder-world had gleamed for them both.

He found the cottage deserted and blazing with lonely sunshine. Hans ran up-stairs and down-stairs in search of his mother, who had gone down to the village. Hans was preparing to go in search of her, when Tom Parker rode up to the door in hot haste, stopping his horse with a heave and extending his legs widely apart.

"Take care, Tom! what are you pulling at that bridle for?" said Hans, coming out with a radiant face. "I say, it is all right about the common, old Gorges is prepared to give in."

Tom gave a scornful laugh. "Give in! — not he. Are you going to be taken in by such chaff as that? I was coming for you, Hans. Butcher wants to see you at once. Haven't you heard what is up now? Do you know that the Ogre has got out a warrant against Bridges — charge of brawling, obstructing the public way? You must come along and see to it, Hans my boy," cried the vulgar Tom on his high-shouldered red mare. "We must have a slasher next Saturday. And wait till the next election, when the young Ogre comes forward again. But come along — there is no time to lose."

"You don't mean to say that he has actually dared to summon Mr. Bridges?" cried Hans, very much excited. "I'll be with you directly."

And so it happened that his mother came home, depressed and tired, to find an empty house, no hint of good in store, no news of Hans. She sat down wearily in a vague and remorseful state of mind. Poor thing! in these twilight hours a melancholy array of ghosts used often to

rise up to haunt her: all the things she had done amiss, all those she had left undone; and the words she had said and those she had left unsaid, and the many absurd and indescribable terrors of a troubled mind. Hans had not come in; was he hurt with her? Had she said anything to pain him? He had not answered her the night before when she had complained of Mrs. Plaskett; perhaps he had thought her cold when she said good-by. If only she could understand him better and suffice to him; but somehow, dearly as they loved each other, they seemed a long, long way off; the more she loved him, the more confidence she longed for and the further he seemed away. And incomplete natures wanting more than their desert, are apt to be sad ones; perhaps they would be happier if they could be contented to be content. But as I have said, Emelyn Lefevre was her own life, and with some people everything means everything, and they put their whole hearts' interest into each mousetrap along the road—and perhaps they catch the mouse and they are scarcely satisfied; or it runs away and they cannot be comforted.

Mrs. Lefevre started up at last, lit a light, and began to sew a little; but her head ached, and she threw down her work and blew out her candle.

She had been sitting for some time in the dark, when some one knocked at the door. "Is that you, dearest Hans?" she said, with a sigh; and there was no answer. The door opened a little farther, and some one came in. The room was so dark, that although the white figure was standing in the doorway, Emelyn did not recognize it. All the dazzling purple twilight was dancing outside, and a faint fresh incense from the evening fields came in with the slim white drift of drapery. "Who is it? what is it?" said Mrs. Lefevre, starting up.

"I am Lina Gorges. Miss Gorges from Stoneymoor. I want to speak to Mrs. Lefevre, or—or her son;" the voice failed, then rallied, with that curious trembling chord that belonged to it.

"Miss Gorges!" said Mrs. Lefevre, surprised, and coming forward. "Please wait one minute. I will get you a light."

"No, no; please don't get a light," said Lina: "I have only come for a minute. They are waiting for me at the Rectory. I have something to say."

Mrs. Lefevre was greatly surprised. At another time she might have received Miss Gorges more coldly, but in the darkness of the twilight and the suddenness of the meeting she was surprised into her natural kindly tone, and being an unconventional woman herself, she could understand other people doing things out of the common, and even forgive them for it. So she walked up to her visitor and took her by the hand, saying, "As you like, my dear; here is a seat in the window, and if you care to speak to me, I am ready to hear you." And Lina knew, when she heard her speak, how it was that Hans had learnt the ways of a man of her own class of life, and, as she recognized some of the tones, she felt an unconscious sympathy for his mother. Only she sat silent, and realizing how dreadful it was to speak. Was there some strange difference between Hans and all the rest of the world, that it seemed to her as if he were the only person who would believe and understand her story?

After Hans left, the time seemed unending until her father awoke, and then the storm was so terrible that poor Lady Gorges had secretly sent Lina to her brother's house to entreat him to come up. The Baronet was raving that he had been robbed, he had been cheated, and poor Lina's fiction that he had returned the papers consciously was exposed to every servant in the house. She saw Corkson open-eared, open-eyed; Plaskett tripping consciously about. She knew that every word was caught up and commented on; the shame seemed almost more than she could bear. If only Hans could know the truth—he would believe her and help her to believe her own story. She sobbed it out to Lady Stella, who was very kind and sympathizing, and who brought her baby to cheer her, and a Dresden cup full of tea. "I wouldn't go to speak to Mr. Lefevre till you have seen Harold again," Lady Stella

said, brightly; but all the time Lina felt that Hans was the only one person to whom she wanted to turn for help. Stella could not know what she was suffering when baby upset the Dresden teacup: she could smile and playfully shake her finger at the little thing, just as if Lina's heart was not beating with shame. Stella did not love her poor papa as she did. "Oh, my poor papa," Lina would repeat to herself, again and again. She felt faint; she could not bear the atmosphere of the room, and ran out into the garden, through the window, and breathed more freely. All the lights were low beyond the nut-woods, and she saw the purple dimness of the peaceful night spreading over each gorsy hollow: then a star's light, silvered into the glow, then a candle shone from the farmhouse window, and it seemed to call her somehow across the dusky fields, and then Lina, with a sudden determination, had opened the wicket-gate and passed out, crossing the common, and disappearing herself into the twilight gloom. And so it happened that she was sitting silent in the dark cottage room.

Mrs. Lefevre was waiting, but all words seemed to fail. Lina felt the touch of her hand still in hers. The room was quite dark; a faint streak of moonlight was now coming in through the lattice.

"I thought I could have spoken," said the girl at last. "I can't—the words won't come—I am very sorry. I will go back to the Rectory."

Mrs. Lefevre's hand began to tremble a little.

"My dear," she said, nervously keeping the girl back, "is anything wrong? Does it concern my son? You must tell me, indeed you must; it would be too cruel to leave me in suspense. Has he got into trouble—has he?" Mrs. Lefevre spoke shrilly.

"No," said Lina gravely, almost scornfully. "What should make you doubt him? We are in trouble," said the girl. "You need not be unhappy, Mrs. Lefevre. It is we who have done you a wrong. I understood it all by chance."

If Emelyn could have seen her face, she would have understood it all still better than poor Lina, but she was utterly bewildered.

"I have not seen Hans since the morning," she said. "I know nothing." Then with a sudden flash—"Miss Gorges! A wrong? Is it possible that the lease"—Emelyn Lefevre had curious and rapid inspirations at times—"did you find it?" she cried. "God bless you. Oh! my boy—my boy."

"Yes; I found it," said Lina, in a low, shame-stricken voice; "it had been hidden for years. You will believe me, won't you? You will tell him to believe me?" she said. "That is why I came; I wanted him to know that I found it by a chance"—

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Lefevre. "Yes, my dear, he will believe you. Do not be afraid," said Mrs. Lefevre, and once more she took Lina's passive, cold hand, and with some sudden impulse bent forward and kissed her.

Then Lina got up to go away; and as she crossed the garden she saw Hans coming in at the gate.

XIII.

A great red crescent moon came floating from behind the fresh dark trees. It hung burning gently in the sky, lighting the little garden full of cottage flowers, the white heads of the hollyhocks by which Lina was standing so motionless. This was a home-coming that he had never dreamt of as he hurried along the dark lanes: he thought to himself that if he spoke she would vanish from his eyes into a flower, a moonbeam, a stray light upon a drift of vapor; but as he waited he heard her say his name in a low tone that struck familiarly on his ear; the vision of the flower and the moonbeam vanished away; it was Lina who remained. She came forward quickly without waiting for him to speak.

"I have seen your mother. I have told her," said Lina, "something that I wanted you to know—that I myself found the lease. You will remember, won't you?" she repeated wistfully. "Shall I tell you the truth? Papa did

not know of it; that is the truth. Now he knows what the paper was that he gave you; but I shall trust to you," she said, "whatever the future may bring."

"Indeed you may," said Lefevre, very much moved; "and if you only trust me, I don't care who else" — He stopped short with a look that lighted up even this dim radiance of garden and sweet mystery. Lina's eyes filled with wide happy tears that seemed to come from some long, long distance, as did the voice that was speaking to her. Her whole unreasonable tender heart seemed to go out in gratitude towards the friend who had found her in her trouble, who had understood her unspoken prayer.

"You will never tell any one," she repeated wistfully.

"I saw the lawyer to-day," he answered gravely. "I have told him your father has returned the papers which had been so long mislaid. You and I must never speak of this again to each other, nor to any one else. I hope you will not be unhappy; indeed there is nothing to be afraid of;" and then he was also silent, as they waited face to face. More stars came out, and wide breaths came from beyond the fields, and evening whispers and mysterious hushes, and in the dreamy light their eyes met once and then fell again. Mrs. Lefevre had gone back into the cottage, where the lamp was now alight and shining through a green curtain of garlanded clematis; and here, outside, everything was turning to a silvery radiance — the very words and silence, the sleeping plants, the vapors and light clouds; even sorrow seemed beautiful to Lina at that moment, as she said in a low, sudden voice, "Tell me how it is that I came. I do not know. I don't know," she continued, "how it is. I wanted you to know it all. It is very wrong to come to you — but oh! but you have made me speak to you by your kindness. . . . My poor papa, my poor papa!" sighed the girl with a great irrepressible sigh.

"You came in your kindness," said Hans gravely; "but I can only say, don't let us speak of all this again, and remember that I shall never let any one else speak to me on the subject." As his dark eyes lighted upon Lina they seemed (in her moved fancy) to put a meaning into all the past dead and sorrowful and bitter things among which she had grown up so sadly — to make a link between herself and the whole human race. "Don't you know that I love you?" said Hans by his silence as he looked at her. Lina's own face was moved and sweet in the moonlight. . . . The church clock struck at last, ringing through the shadows. "I must go," said Lina, remembering herself; and then, still without a word, Hans turned round and walked by her side, crossing the road and coming into the great stubble-field where they could see the country in moonlit miles, and all the stars of heaven assembling. Not far from the Rectory gate some one met them with an exclamation of surprise.

It was Lady Stella, somewhat disturbed, with a lace shawl over her head.

"Lina! I have been looking for you. You missed me." "I had meant to come with Miss Gorges," said Lady Stella, turning to Hans, with, for the first time, some slight indescribable touch of patrician precision and distance in her voice. "I also wished to tell you that we are very glad indeed to hear that you are to have your land after all. My husband has gone up to the Hall, and will speak to his father and say everything, you may be sure, that you would wish said in your interest. Pray don't let us take you any farther out of your way. Come, Lina."

They were gone, without a good-night. Lina, frightened and overwhelmed by her sister's tone, had turned without a word or a look and followed her along the field-path. Hans saw them flitting like ghosts into the shadow of the great walnut-tree.

Lady Stella did not know — how could she? — all that had happened that day, what day it was! This visit had seemed to her a strange and uncalculated-for proceeding of Lina's. She had rigid ideas of etiquette, for all her sweet charity of heart. She did not say much, but her displeasure was apparent. "Good night, dearest," she said, a little reproachfully, as Lina was starting. "I think you must

wait for me another time. You know I am your chaperone, and it is not usual for young ladies to go about alone. I shall come up and see you early to-morrow."

"Good-night," said Lina passively, as she sank back in a corner of the carriage, and with a crunching jolt the great landau drove off with the pale girl safely shut in. As she passed the low farm-house she saw the light still in the lattice window. How ungrateful she had been! She had left him without a word or a farewell sign. Would he ever know her heart's gratitude? "Never, never," said Lina to herself, bursting into tears in the choking, padded darkness.

Never! so people say to themselves, forgetting how short their nevers are. Never! we say; an image of all eternity makes us reel, as it dazzles before us; but never is not eternity, only a poor little life wearing away day by day, hour by hour. Seventy or eighty years and our never is over for us.

Hans had certainly been hurt by Lady Stella's coldness and distance, and by Lina's silent acceptance of her blame; he had never presumed — it was she who had sought him out; he had deserved better treatment. They were not to be trusted, these fine ladies.

Some people are born free, some are born slaves by nature — Lina was a slave by nature. A superior slave, but for all that she was not free. Hans was a freeman born — no willing dependent upon a fine lady's caprices. When Lady Stella spoke in that galling tone of unconscious superiority, Lina should have shown, as she might have done, that she was something more than a casual patroness showing some passing interest in a poor young dependent. Hans was all the more angry because he seemed to feel this failure as a flaw in a sweet and noble character. Sweet indeed, and unlike anything and any one in his limited experience. Lady Stella had been kindness itself, but with Lina there had been this understanding sympathy — he scarce knew what name to give the feeling — and for her to turn away in that grand-lady manner had pained him and wounded him beyond expression.

His mother blessed him as she said "Good-night." "There is no one like my Hans," she said proudly; and looking at him with wistful eyes, "Hans, I am not the only person who thinks so, my dear."

Hans turned away abruptly. He went up to his room, and for hours the widow heard him pacing overhead until she fell asleep. "Hush!" said the night. Hans leant his head upon his hands, and stretched out from the open lattice; under the faint light of the stars that seemed raining from heaven, lay the woods, the dusky roofs, and all dim outlines, confused, indistinct, asleep. As he pressed his hands against his head, he tried with an effort to calm the rush of the torrent of life, that seemed only the more vivid for the silent mystery all round.

Lady Stella said nothing of Lina's visit to the farm, and Lina herself offered no explanation. Lady Stella was a discreet woman. She had that gift of considerate silence which belongs to people of a certain world, who have almost inherited the tradition. Discretion is not reserve: Lina was reserved, but not discreet. She could only open her heart in sudden impulses and pour it forth in a passionate cadence. She could not sing Lady Stella's sweet and gentle song. But then all Lady Stella's life was gentle: she had no lonely hours, no dark suspicions to poison her trust, no bitter reserves with those she loved.

XIV.

Poor Lina! After that moonlight, sunshine came to make all things cruelly distinct; to scare away the sweetest dreams; to light up dull facts, monotonous habits, disappointment, people at play, people at work, common sense on the face of things — the Gorges' crest on the panel of the great carriage as it rolled up the lane. How sensible it seemed, with all that it expected — that hideous dragon's head to which Lina was expected to sacrifice her poor little life without a moment's doubt or hesitation! Lina could ill stand the doubts of those she loved. She was constant, but not faithful by nature; she could ill hold her own

against the tacit will of those she loved; she made no effort to see Hans again, but her confidence seemed to droop with her spirits; and though she scarcely owned it to herself, she longed to hear of him again. Once, with a secret trepidation, she had announced her intention of walking down to the farm; why should she not go? she asked herself.

"My dear," said Lady Gorges, taking her aside, "you must not think of it; your papa would be so displeased."

This must be at Stella's suggestion, thought the girl. For a time she was very angry with Stella; but how was it possible to keep up a coldness with any one so sweet? — only the girl's confidence seemed to droop away little by little.

And indeed Sir George could not hear Hans' name mentioned without fierce volleys of abuse. Day by day his temper became fiercer, his humors more unbearable. Lina said nothing; her one language was to grow more silent; she seemed to fade and fade in her corner. If only she could have heard them mention Hans' name sometimes, she would have minded it less; but neither Harold nor Stella ever spoke of him now; and one day when Lina was driving with her brother Harold, and met him in the lane and would have stopped, Harold urged on the pony, taking the reins from her hands.

"Harold, why wouldn't you stop?" said Lina, almost in a passion.

"I am in a hurry, dear," said Harold weakly, confused. "I have a christening at three o'clock — and there are reasons;" but she could not make up her mind to question her brother. Lina used to ask herself what she had done — where her crime had been?

The truth was, there had been odd rumors in the village. Lady Stella might be discreet, but Mrs. Lefevre could not help speaking to Mrs. Plaskett of Lina's visit; Mrs. Plaskett had repeated the story with many fanciful additions, and some version of it had come to the Rector. He and his wife were in terror lest it should reach the Hall. Lina must not hear of it, they decided, and all intercourse with the farm must cease. And to spare one pang, as people do, they inflicted another still worse. People talked, as people talk, without much meaning; for a long time they discussed the lease so strangely restored. Hans, installed on his father's domain, became a man of note in the parish. Harold called to see him one day, and to offer compensation for the land upon which his own house was standing. This land-rent came out of the young man's private resources, and was somewhat of a tax, but he did not grudge it. Mr. Gorges found the young farmer; he was full of a scheme for a joint-stock farming company; his own laborers were to have shares in it, and he had engaged a manager for a time, while he himself went off to Agricultural College to study the business more thoroughly.

"You will be giving up your paper," said Harold Gorges, not without some secret relief.

"I am only going for a few months," said Hans. "I hope to keep my hand in at the office, and to be home again before the elections."

Harold looked rather uncomfortable. His brother Jasper was coming forward; he was very doubtful as to what his reception might be; and a vision of future *Excelsiors* came before him.

All this silent suppression was a mistake as far as Lina was concerned; she was unhappy, and brooding, while Hans was working and interested, and angry perhaps; but anger is far less wearisome than passive regret. The farm had thrown out fresh gables; the garden was trimmed and blooming. His carts were rolling along the lane; Mrs. Lefevre, in a nice black dress, would sit sewing in the garden. One day Hans was standing beside her, and he took off his hat as his mother kissed her hand audaciously to Lina, and the girl bent her head in answer. Jasper Gorges, who had come home, and who was riding alongside of the carriage, was furious.

"How can you encourage such impertinence?" he said, cantering up. "That low ploughman!"

Lina colored up: "Why do you speak of Mr. Lefevre in that way, Jasper; what wrong has he done you?"

"Remember that I have heard more than you seem to imagine," said Jasper, savagely. "He is at the bottom of everything. I believe him to have organized this attack upon my father. Do you know that they have already contrived to get Mr. Kewsey to come down from London to defend that fellow Bridges? If it wasn't for the election I would give them my mind," said Jasper, in his father's own tones, cutting at his poor little mare.

Jasper was quite right in one of his surmises. It was Hans who had spirited up the Reds and Greens to apply to Mr. Kewsey, and to organize the Bridges Defence Committee. Young as he was, he had that peculiar art of leadership which is so hard to define: that gift of personal influence and persuasion. His sleepy eyes seemed to open wide, his courage to rise; a something that would have been called heroic in past times, seemed to carry other minds with his own. Mr. Kewsey himself was very much interested by the modest and handsome young fellow, and when that learned counsel appeared in court, strong in heart and clear in his merciless logic, Sir George's summons was dismissed, and Bridges came off with flying colors.

That winter was very severe; the cold nipped people's hearts; aches and pains seemed borne down by the heavy iron clouds; trees shivered and shook their frozen wings in the blast. Birds were found lying dead under the hedges, and the price of provisions and of coals rose higher than had been known for years. In the spring, warmth and light and ease returned, but the prices were still excessive. Some landlords — the Duke among them — had raised their wages. Jasper Gorges, who was a shrewd man, told his father that he had been looking into the matter, and that before long it would be necessary for him to do so too. "We must remember the election," said Jasper.

"What do they want with more wages?" growled Sir George. "It is that — *Excelsior* putting us to all this expense. That — paper is at the bottom of it all."

The *Excelsior* still held its place, and now and then published articles that were really remarkable in their way — clearly conceived, simply expressed; others were sheer clap-trap, and Hans blushed as he read them. But he worked away with all his might at his own work, and from time to time sent articles from the College, and once or twice he came home to see his mother. Hans believed in his cause and his organ, though now and then chance expressions that Butcher let drop struck him oddly. But he was too single-hearted to suspect others of motives different from his own.

When Hans came back from the self-imposed course that he had undertaken, he was well satisfied with the condition of things in the home farm, but he thought there was a change in Tom Parker and Butcher. They welcomed him gladly, and made him as much at home as ever; but they seemed to have been preoccupied with personalities, private discussions, and vague schemes for putting this man and that man into this place and that place, in all of which the *Excelsior* took part; but with which Hans himself could not sympathize with much cordiality.

One day Hans had a somewhat unpleasant discussion with Butcher in the office, where he had gone to write a leader. He had come in in the middle of a conversation between Butcher and Parker, who was in his shirt-sleeves, superintending the men.

"We can't afford to have him popular — never do for us. They say Jasper Gorges has not such a bad chance, after all. He is a clever fellow, and knows which way his bread is buttered."

"What is it all about?" asked Hans.

"Oh!" said Butcher, "the old Ogre wants to raise his wages. He might get popular, you know — never do for us."

"Look here, Tom," said Butcher, with a grin. "I know how to stop it at once. We'll recommend him to do it, in a rattling leader."

"But why shouldn't he raise his wages?" said Hans. "And why stop it? What is it to us whether Jasper Gorges or Lord Henry gets in for the county? I don't suppose it will make much difference to any one of us in the long run."

"Look here," said Butcher, and he pointed to a paragraph in the *Excelsior*.

"We understand that Lord Henry Cropland, the second son of the Duke of Farmington, is about to issue an address to the electors of Hilford and Hayhurst on the occasion of the forthcoming election. His lordship, it will be remembered, has very lately come to reside among us, having retired from the navy, where he has seen much service. He is a staunch Liberal. Mr. Gorges, the eldest son of Sir George Gorges, of Stoneymoor Court, has, it is rumored, also announced his intention of coming forward as the Conservative candidate. Mr. Gorges has already tried, on more than one occasion, to gain a seat in Parliament. We are also authorized to state that the working men of Hilford have unanimously determined that the time has now come to put forward a representative of their own order."

"Will Bridges come forward?" said Hans, eagerly.

"We are going to try for him," said Butcher, with a look at Tom Parker.

"And if you can't get Bridges?" said Hans.

"Well, there is you and me and Tom here," said Butcher, slowly. Hans colored up, and they were all three silent for a minute.

Before he left, Hans resumed the wages discussion.

Butcher did not like being opposed, and answered sharply, that this was not the time to move for higher wages; it would do positive harm instead of good. Wait till the harvest time—that was the time to strike.

"I don't at all agree with you," said Hans, hotly; "it's a shabby trick;" and if Tom Parker had not interfered, there would have been a quarrel.

As Hans left the office, he almost ran up against Sir George, who was walking in, and who scowled at him as usual. Sir George was followed by Jasper, who bowed politely as he passed; but Hans thought he preferred the father's open scowl.

XV.

And meanwhile Mrs. Lefevre basked in her son's presence again. To hear him come and go was perfect felicity after his long absence. For years past she had not been so free from care. Hans was not idle all that week; he went into his own affairs and into his neighbors': he went from cottage to cottage; he cross-questioned a whole parish of agricultural laborers, and at the end of the time he made up his mind that the rise in wages was an absolute necessity. His own laborers were few in number, but their interest was safe; "and if Butcher threatens or frightens or talks Sir George out of his good intentions, I'll never write another line for the *Excelsior*," said Hans to his mother. "This is the time to ask for an advance. I hate that plan of waiting till the crops are ready to be gathered. They tell me there were acres of wheat spoilt last summer by the strike of the reapers. I can't understand such a man as Bridges countenancing such a beggarly scheme."

"Where are you going to now, dear?" said his mother, as Hans turned to leave the room.

"I will tell you later," said Hans, as he kissed his mother before he went away.

Then he came back. "I am going to the Hall," he said; "I had better beard the old fellow in his den."

Mrs. Lefevre looked hard at him. "I am glad you are going, dear," she said. Something seemed to have opened her heart. She no longer worried and complained of his ways as she used to do. She could not love him more than she had ever loved him; but she spoke her love in other words. Things come right as they go wrong, one can scarce tell how.

XVI.

Mrs. Lefevre going out into the garden some two hours later to look at her beehives, found to her surprise that Hans was come back. He was sitting on the bench by the great walnut-tree. His hands were in his pockets, his long legs were stretched out upon the grass, and he was look-

ing straight before him, staring at a great city of growing hollyhocks, of which the spires and minarets were aflame in the slanting light. Hans did not move until his mother came up to him, but as she laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder, he looked up in her face with a very sweet expression.

"Well, dear," she said, "have you seen Sir George?"

"I have seen him," Hans answered; "and I have seen her," he said in some agitation. "Mother, how ill she looks! Do you think she will—she will die? I met her in the hall as I was coming away. She called me back—she—Oh, mother!" said Hans, suddenly throwing his arms round his mother's waist, and hiding his face for a moment against her, "I can't believe it, I can't believe it."

Emelyn's own heart was beating as tumultuously as her son's almost. She understood all that he would have said, as she had guessed at poor Lina's unconscious secret long before.

"Hans, darling, what did she say?" she cried excitedly. "I knew it all along; I knew that she loved you that day when she came here. Oh, my dear, my dear, how could she help loving you?" said Mrs. Lefevre, melting utterly.

"Hush, dear," said Hans.

"Did you see Sir George?" Mrs. Lefevre asked. She was trembling, and sat down beside him on the bench.

"Yes; they showed me into the drawing-room, by mistake for the pantry, I suppose," said Hans. "They were all drinking tea; Mr. Crockett was there with a pair of sugar-tongs, and Sir George. She looked up, poor darling, with her sweet face, but Lady Gorges rushed in between us, and then Sir George took me away. I don't know where—behind a door-way, I think."

"And how did he behave?" said Mrs. Lefevre.

"He was wonderfully civil; and to my amazement he proposed at once to sign the landlords' agreement to a rise of wages; he said he had heard of it, and that he had been wanting to speak to me on the subject. He talked a great deal of nonsense about the elections, and then"—Hans stopped.

"And then what?" said his mother.

"And then he suddenly said he was very glad to hear that the agricultural interest was likely to be so fairly represented," Hans continued, blushing; "and although Mr. Bridges could not stand, he strongly recommended me to agree to Butcher's suggestion, and to come forward as popular candidate."

"You!" said Mrs. Lefevre, in utter amazement and consternation. "You, Hans?"

Hans looked a little conscious. "I thought he was half tipsy at the time," said the young man, dryly; "but look here, mother: I met Tom Parker, who was bringing this up."

"This" was a telegram from Butcher: "Bridges refuses to come forward. H. L. has the qualification. Tell him to trust to us. *Excelsior* shall bring him in."

"Parker showed me this, and said they would share the expenses," said Hans, looking his mother hard in the face, with an odd expression.

"My dearest Hans," cried Mrs. Lefevre, "what does this mean? I can hardly take it all in! Should you know how to do it? Could you afford it? Oh! my dear, dear boy, be careful."

"I'm careful enough," said Hans quietly. "You needn't excite yourself, mother—it is only an electioneering trick;" and he crumpled the paper up, and put it in his pocket again, and sighed. "People don't have roast quails dropping into their mouths nowadays."

"Why should you call it a trick?" said Mrs. Lefevre, disappointed by his calmness. "What greater honor could be done you at your age? I can hardly believe it. Oh, if your father were but here to see this day!" and Emelyn flushed up, and was becoming somewhat hysterically oratorical.

But Hans stopped her. He put his hand on hers: "Listen, mother," he said; "it's all a bubble. She warned me—I told you she came running after me," he said. "I heard her dear voice calling me as I came away. I was to

take care — she did not understand, but she knew that Mr. Butcher had planned something against me. It was something to bring Jasper in. Jasper was to give the money, she said, and I was to spoil Lord Henry's election. She said she had heard them talking on the terrace. Then she took my hand — and oh, mother, she burst out crying, and said she could bear this cold estrangement no longer — that she did not forget — she could not bear it."

"And then?" said Mrs. Lefevre.

"And then Jasper himself came into the hall with Lady Stella," said Hans, with a bitter sort of laugh, "and he would have liked to turn me out of the house: but I can stand my ground, you know — it was a painful scene enough. At all events the wages are safe," he said with another great sigh, "and Sir George has signed the landlords' agreement."

Mrs. Lefevre was not thinking of wages; she was looking at her son with vague, dreamy eyes. "Hans, you ought to go back," she said, suddenly. "You won't leave her all alone to bear the brunt of their anger? Hans, dear, do you love her? She might be a happy woman if you do. Listen, dearest; she might come here, where I have been so happy and so unhappy," said Emelyn, with her two hands on her tall boy's shoulders, and looking tenderly and wistfully into his face.

He was quite pale. He looked at her very steadily, with dilating eyes. "Do you mean it?" he said. "I too, mother, have been thinking something of the sort. She will die if she stops up there. Her hands are quite thin and transparent. Do I love her? — with all my heart and soul I love her."

XVII.

They had dined early at Stoney-moor that evening. Lady Stella had gone home very sad at heart. Jasper, who suspected Lina, had behaved very cruelly; sneered at her, and taunted her mercilessly. Lina had borne it all impassively, and scarcely seemed to hear; Lady Gorges had sat in her best feathered dinner-cap, with tears slowly flowing down her cheeks; Sir George had sworn, and growled, and d——d, but even he had thought that Jasper went too far in his anger against his sister, and once he took her part: "Jasper, what are you worrying on about? Eat your dinner, can't you? These marrow-bones are excellent." This was too much for the poor girl: she had borne the unkindness in stolid silence — at her father's first word of kindness she burst into tears, and ran out of the room. After dinner he had called her back to play to him as usual.

Lina was sitting on the step of the terrace. The dining-room window was open, and Sir George was snoring in his easy-chair. Lady Gorges had retired to her room, and Jasper had been summoned to Hillford to talk matters over with his agent. He had not heard what Lina said to Hans, but he shrewdly guessed that she had given him some warning, and hence his rage against her. Lina cared not for his anger at that moment: there she sat in a bronze shadow, leaning her head against one of the stone pilasters. As the gold streamed westward some solemn vapors were massed in purple and splendor beyond the trees and flower-beds. Every leaf, every flower was bathed in light, and from her shadowy corner Lina watched it all; but this hour was not for her. She was thinking over what had happened, shivering with shame at the thought of her own boldness, and crying out in her heart at the injustice of her fate. To Jasper, Lina said nothing, but she had turned furiously upon Lady Stella that day before she left. "It is easy for you," she had said to Stella; "you may speak and be yourself, and love Harold and not be ashamed. But I! what have I done, what have I said, that you and Jasper are so cruel to me? Mamma looks pleased enough if I speak civilly to Mr. Crockett: she would be enchanted if I took the smallest interest in his affairs, or cared one sixpence for his opinion; and here is a man who is cleverer and braver, and a thousand times better than he, and whom I respect with all my heart, and whom we have wronged most

cruelly. If I even speak to him, you are all up in arms; and if I feel grateful for his kindness and help — and you don't know what that has been — you cry out and say it is a shame and a degradation. It seems to me it is we who are degraded," said Lina, with a burst of tears, "when we are grasping and ungrateful, when we set vanity and worldliness and good investments above everything else in life."

Stella hardly knew Lina as she stood quivering and passionate before her: the girl looked transformed, beautiful, vehement, and Lady Stella looked at her hard with her clear, thoughtful eyes. A vision rose before her of Mr. Crockett, amiable, weak-eyed, feebly admiring, and of young Hans Lefevre as he had looked when he walked in among them that day, simple and erect, with his honest eagle face and the grand seigneur manner of people who have not lived in the world, but who instinctively hold their own among other men and women, and then Lady Stella took Lina's hand and kissed it. She could not say anything to her, for in her own kind heart of hearts she felt that the girl had a right to cry out against that strange superstition which condemned her. Stella being gone, Lina's burst of indignation over, the reaction having set in, she sat as I have said — shivering at the thought of her own bold speech. Had she saved Hans from any dangerous step? that at least she need not regret; for did she not owe thus much to him and to her friendship? and in all her perplexed regret it was peace to have seen him again — to have spoken her mind, not to a stranger, but to a friend. It was a sort of farewell, thought Lina, to the might-have-been that would never be hers. Good-by, said her heart; you have sown no grain, you can reap no harvest in life. There is no happiness anywhere, but perhaps there may be some work and a little courage to do it; and then came the old refrain.

"My poor papa, my poor papa," sighed Lina, looking in through the open window at the sleeping man, "I have been false to you, and to my friend and to myself, and yet I meant to be true;" and she hid her pale face in her hands. The sunset had spread by this time, and Lina's golden hair was burning in a sort of sunset aureole, lighting that shadowy corner. She heard a step fall on the stones, and looking round with her tear-dimmed face she saw Hans standing erect in the full blaze of light, smiling and undismayed.

"You here?" she cried, faltering. "Oh, why have you come?" and she started up half frightened, and held out her hand, saying, "Go. Papa is there; he will hear you."

But Hans did not move, and stood holding her hand. "Don't you know why I have come back?" he said.

The sight of her tears gave him strange courage. "I have come back because I could not keep away. And now that I am here you *must* know that I love you."

"Oh, no, no!" said poor Lina, passionately; "this is the last time; the last time."

"Listen," he said, with some decision; "I must speak now. Can't you love me better than all these things which do not make you happy? I love you well enough not to be afraid that you will ever regret them."

What a strange love-making was this flashing into the last sunset minutes of this dying day — love-making to the sinking of the sun, in its burning lights, its sumptuous glooms and sombre flashes! The distant lights seemed to call to her, his voice and looks seemed to call, and for one instant Hans' arm was around her, and she did not move or speak — only her eyes spoke.

Jack of the Bean-stalk carried his precious golden harp boldly away, notwithstanding its piteous outcries. There is a picture of him wielding his prize in one hand, and warding off the giant with the other. To-night it was no giant awakening — but an old man still asleep in an arm-chair by the window — and, for all his cruelty and harshness, Lina was the only person he loved: how could she forget it? "Yes, I do love you," she said; "but I can't — I can't leave him so. Don't ask it — oh, don't ask it. Papa! papa!" she called, in a shrill, pitiful voice, suddenly clasping Hans in her arms.

Then Sir George, hearing his daughter's voice, woke up and in his stupid, half-tipsy sleep, he started from his chair, and came staggering out into the garden. And as he came, his foot caught in some mat in the window, and with one more oath he fell, with a heavy thud, upon the ground, where he lay senseless. His daughter shrieked, and ran to help him. Hans helped her to raise him from the ground. "I had better go for a doctor," he said, for he saw the case was serious.

The frightened servants coming in presently, found Miss Gorges alone, kneeling on the ground, and trying to staunch the blood that was flowing from the wound in her father's head.

XVIII.

He rallied a little, but the Baronet was never himself again. The shock brought on paralysis, which had long been impending, and he died within a year. This paralysis may (as doctors will tell us) perhaps have been the secret of his mad furies and ravings. During his illness the story of the negotiation with Butcher came out, and cost Jasper his election. Tom Parker disclosed the transaction. The Duke and his son Lord Henry were indignant beyond words. "It was a shabby plot; the Gorges tried to get up a Radical diversion, and were to pay half the expenses," Lord Henry told every one. "Bridges suspected the whole affair, and refused to have anything to do with it, and so did young Lefevre, whom they tried to bring forward. He is a very fine fellow," said Lord Henry, who could afford to be generous; "I hear he has cut the whole concern since then."

"But they tell me he is engaged to Miss Gorges," said the Duchess. "It seems a strange affair altogether."

When the Baronet died, it was found that he had not signed his will. Lady Gorges took her jointure, Lina only received her great-aunt's inheritance; it was little enough, but it came in conveniently for her housekeeping when the "strange affair" came off. There was no strangeness for Lina on the day when Hans brought her home. After her father's death she wrote to him, and he came and fetched her away. For the first time in her life Lina felt satisfied and at peace. Not the less that sweet Lady Stella's fears were over, and she had only brightest sympathies to give. Lady Gorges had no opinion on the subject; now that Sir George was dead, she subsided utterly, and agreed with everything and everybody. Mrs. Lefevre lived in one wing of the house, and spoilt her grandchildren. Hans rose in the world: his joint farming company flourished, and his writings became widely known, and one day his name appeared at the head of the Hillsford poll, and the Radical member was returned at last. Then Emelyn felt that in some mysterious way an answer had come to the problems of her own life. She had failed, but she had lived, and here was her son who had done some good works, and who seemed in some measure to be the answer to her vague prayers for better things. She had scarcely known what she wanted, but whatever it was, her life had unconsciously influenced this one man towards right-doing; and there are few women who would not feel with Emelyn Lefevre, that in their children's well-doing and success there is a blessing and a happiness even beyond the completeness of one single experience.

CONFEDERATED HOMES.

THE British Association seems to think itself entitled to take cognizance of all those subjects over which another body of philosophers has in recent years assumed a special supervision. It is perhaps rather hard upon the Social Science Congress, which will meet next week, to be anticipated in the discussion of such eminently social subjects as cookery and household work; but we must nevertheless admit that Mrs. King at Bradford had something to say upon these subjects which deserves attention.

This lady, who is, we believe, American, describes English maid-servants as living in semi-slavery, and she

insisted on their right to enjoy the society of men. We understand her to mean that mistresses ought no longer to object to "followers," nor to express displeasure at flirtations between their maids and the baker or policeman. Her proposal for "confederated homes" implies that masters and mistresses and their children are to live under one roof, and servants under another. Except at fixed hours, or in special cases, the luxury of ringing the bell will have to be renounced, because there will be nobody on the premises to answer it. A family will live on the same plan as a single man at Oxford or Cambridge, to whom a scout or bed-maker comes at certain hours to do necessary work and then departs. Mrs. King appears to consider that economy of labor would result from her plan, and probably to some extent she is correct. We see how quickly the work of cleaning and putting rooms in order is performed in a large hotel, and we might safely assume that the same quantity of work is done more slowly in private houses. Of course in a large hotel they do not clean for cleaning's sake, or because it is Saturday, but merely "do what is wanted, and no more, or even less."

One obvious advantage of Mrs. King's plan would be that the trouble and difficulty of feeding servants would be got rid of, and master and mistress would be at liberty to demean themselves by eating Australian meat if they were so inclined. It is perhaps premature to speculate on the introduction of the ubiquitous Chinaman into England, but in some countries which were colonized from England he does nearly all the domestic work there is to do, and he comes at fixed hours to do it in houses where his residence would be intolerable.

The "confederated homes" which Mrs. King proposes would, we presume, be arranged on the principle of what are called flats, and it would hardly be convenient in a flat to do without one servant, unless the lady of the flat could undertake the duty of saying that she was not at home to disagreeable visitors. This, however, is a detail which would adjust itself. It would be easy to appoint one evening in the week for being at home, and to decline to receive all but necessary visits at other times. If the system of "confederated homes" should promise to produce the abolition of morning calls, that would be a clear advantage. It would be part of such a system to have gas and water laid on at every floor, and to employ lifts for raising coals and other heavy weights, instead of having them carried up by servants.

Ladies, we believe, find life in a flat, where the windows look out on nothing, very dull; but perhaps if they undertook a share of domestic work this deprivation would be less serious. Mrs. King indeed suggests that the cheerfulness and pleasure of the inhabitants of "confederated homes" would be promoted by neighborly intercourse; but that is hardly consistent with the habit of London, where it has been usually accounted a convenience that you need not know your next-door neighbor. Mrs. King thinks that in "confederated homes" the want which young men and young women feel of social intercourse and variety of amusement would be met naturally and healthily. But mothers might perhaps regard the probable consequences to their daughters of this social intercourse as dangerous. Of course, if we could choose our neighbors, all would be delightful, but then, we could not.

The reports of Mrs. King's paper are imperfect, and perhaps it may have had a more practical aspect than these reports exhibit. But she certainly seems to us to take too little account of obvious difficulties. Thus she says that, "with combination in cooking, we could afford to have an artist to guide and direct the staff of inferior cooks." This sounds like a proposal for dinners and suppers in a common hall, which, however economically justifiable, would be destructive of domestic comfort. If there is to be a separate dinner or supper in each "home," there must be at least one person in that home to cook the food and serve it up. If the mistress of the "home" can and will do this, so much the better for herself and her husband; but much training both of the wife who cooks and of the husband who eats would be needed to produce a satisfactory result.

In order to deal completely with this branch of the subject of "homes," it would be necessary to investigate first principles. We must begin by inquiring what is a dinner? The English notion of a dinner differs from that of almost all the rest of the world, and it is to be feared that our devotion to roast beef would be fatal to any project for economizing labor in the kitchen. It is true that you can get roast beef in almost any Continental country, but then it is not roasted. In England we demand large joints roasted before a large fire. In France it is usual to cook no more meat than is likely to be eaten, and to employ no more fuel than is absolutely necessary. Thus if the mistress of a French "home" undertook to dress dinner for her family, she would neither be required to handle such heavy weights nor to expose herself to such a degree of heat as in an English kitchen. She might dress a dinner sufficient, according to French ideas, for herself, her husband, and children, with only such assistance as she could get from an intelligent girl or boy.

We do not suppose that a man of education and refinement would desire that his wife should habitually cook dinner for his family, but still it is useful to consider what is possible. The important point to observe is, that economy in food, fuel, and labor go together. We had forgotten to observe that the "homes" might be warmed in winter by heated air, so as to dispense, at least partially, with the wasteful practice of burning coals in open fireplaces. This, again, would be a change abhorrent to the feelings of many English men and women, but the high price of coals will compel it. If we cannot alter our own habits, we had better bring up our sons and daughters to accept a stove as a substitute for the sacred fire of the domestic hearth.

It cannot be doubted that "the organization of labor" might to some extent be applied to domestic purposes by means of these "confederated homes." We understand that an attempt has been made to introduce the principle of common servants in a block of new buildings called Belgrave Mansions, where lifts are used to economize labor. These mansions are stated to be so far a financial success that they are always full, but "They are not the social success they ought to be, only because they are managed in the interest of the proprietors for the sake of profit, instead of, as they ought to be, in the interest of the tenants." The gentleman who gave this information to Mrs. King seems to have adopted a new and harmless form of socialism. If he expects landlords of house property in London to manage it in the interests of anybody but themselves, he possesses the inestimable advantage of a sanguine disposition. If his words have any meaning at all, they imply that the proprietors ought only to let apartments or flats in these mansions to those whom the tenants, or rather the tenants' wives, could agree in considering "nice" people. This is an extravagance of tenant-right which could hardly have been invented even in Ireland.

We suppose that the alleged want of social success in these mansions consists in this, that the occupants entirely decline to exhibit any sociability with one another. This is a difficulty which we fear cannot be removed by reading papers in sections. Mrs. King remarks that the English are sociable abroad, and asks why they cannot be the same at home. The obvious answer is that they are sociable abroad because they are not at home. It is said that when the plague raged under King Charles II., the Duke of Buckingham took refuge in the country, where he made himself so agreeable to his tenants that, when he was leaving, they inquired when they should see him again. The duke answered, "Not till the next plague." So we are mutually agreeable abroad because we know that we can cut one another at home. If we met our actual next-door neighbors of a London street, we should probably be cautious about speaking to them even in a Swiss hotel on a wet day.

The discussion which followed the reading of Mrs. King's paper was even more barren than the paper itself in practical suggestion. One speaker regretted that modern life entirely severed the husband from the wife in matters of business. If this remark referred to what is

commonly called London, it should be remembered that modern life during the hours of work is, in a large and increasing number of instances, transacted by the husband at a distance of five or ten miles from his wife. We might almost say that nobody, either principal or assistant, lives in the city of London, where an enormous mass of business is transacted. It may well be that the character of that business has been affected by the circumstance that it is transacted almost entirely between the hours of ten and four o'clock in the day. Rapidity and dispatch have been attained in business, and Mrs. King thinks that this is equally desirable in household work; but perhaps in both cases there is something to be said on the other side. As regards the wish expressed by a speaker, that wives might resume their positions as assistants and advisers of their husbands, it is to be remarked that marriages in England are apt to produce a number of children, and it is thought by some social philosophers, that family and household duties ought to engage more of the time and thoughts of wives than they do at present. Miss Becker, on the other hand, being, as might be expected, in the van of progress in these matters, would carry the organization of labor to the extent of entirely superseding what she calls "domestic drudgery." Women, she says, are expected with their own hands to make the clothes of the family, and this is "a most uneconomical employment of labor." We should be inclined to accept Miss Becker's words, although not exactly in the sense in which she used them. It would be a very uneconomical employment of labor if women in general were to make their husbands' coats or trousers or shirts, because nothing is so wasteful as a misfit. But we see woman constantly employed in needlework, which appears, to the uninstructed eye of man, to have some application to the clothing of herself or somebody else. A husband goes into the city by train, and a wife, after supervising (very ineffectually as Mrs. King would say) her house and kitchen, sits down to needlework, and finds therein sufficient occupation until her husband returns. If the organizers of labor take away the needlework and leave the wife, what is she to do? Mrs. King appears to contemplate that very superior women—so superior, in fact, that men are almost afraid to marry them—would be the heads of the proposed organization of labor, and those who desired employment in domestic work would take service under them. A married woman might perhaps govern a corps of housemaids and cooks; but her duties and opportunities of usefulness as a wife would rather be diminished than increased under the new system. Mrs. King sneers, and perhaps justly, at lectures on cooking to ladies, which she calls playing with the frying-pan. But it is beyond doubt that Englishwomen of the middle class possessed in the last century a knowledge and practice in domestic work which to a great extent they have lost now. We may remember that Mrs. Beecher Stowe ascribes to a lady of New England the habit of arranging her own bedroom, and this habit was probably carried by the early colonists to America. The superior skill of Frenchwomen in domestic matters has been very forcibly described in a recent publication. If this model is too high for Englishwomen, they may at least endeavor to imitate their own grandmothers.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE profession of literature has rarely had a more honorable representative than the Poet Laureate, Southey. As the Laureate, he wrote poems which are unworthy of him, as a politician he made many egregious blunders, and his partisanship exposed him while living to considerable obloquy. We know now, however, what all his contemporaries could not know, that the faults of Southey are comparatively venial, and that his virtues deserve the highest admiration. The record of his life, with all its errors, has been inconsiderately laid bare to the public, but, while it exposes much that was rash and presumptuous, and some

weaknesses that ought never to have been known beyond the family circle, it shows too, beyond all controversy, the noble nature of the poet, his high courage, his unswerving rectitude, his almost unexampled benevolence, his strong affections, his generous and ungrudging appreciation of contemporary genius. No mean jealousy of the great writers who made the early part of this century so famous ever disturbed the peace of Southey, and if some of the satisfaction he evinced sprang from a profound consciousness of his own worth, it must be allowed that he was never eager to snatch the prizes to which he thought himself entitled, and was always ready by word and act to magnify the achievements of his friends. •

The most ambitious and the most voluminous author of his age, Southey was also one of the least popular, and time, instead of changing the national verdict, as he anticipated, has apparently confirmed it. His vast epics, the acorns which he planted when his poetical contemporaries, as he said, were sowing kidney-beans, are not the trees whose majestic proportions win our admiration or to whose shade we willingly resort; his bulky histories of Brazil and of the Peninsular War stand upon our shelves unread; his "Doctor," that strange jumble of humor and nonsense, of learning and simplicity, of literary strength and weakness, is read chiefly by the curious; his "Naval History of England" is a dead book; so is the "Colloquies;" the "Book of the Church" is not dead, but it is not popular, and probably the only works which keep Southey's name before the latest generation of readers are the biographies of John Wesley and of Lord Nelson. Failure then, if any trust may be placed in the verdict we have recorded, is written upon a large proportion of Southey's works. It is sad to state this after reading the innumerable passages in his correspondence in which he foretells the plaudits of posterity, and it is all the sadder when we remember that while living he knew but little of the commercial success which so many writers less competent and less worthy have achieved.

It is especially unfortunate for the memory of Southey that his career has been recorded by an incompetent biographer, and his correspondence published by an injudicious editor. The theme was a noble one, for no man ever lived a more honorable and consistent life; no author ever did more to dignify his profession. The materials too were ample, for Southey, though never prone to talk (he said once that Coleridge's garrulity had taught him to be silent), poured out all his feelings in letters to his friends. The task, it is said by Mr. Forster, would have been undertaken by Sir Henry Taylor, "whom Southey had singled out as the one man living of a younger generation whom he had taken into his heart of hearts;" but a dispute arose which imposed silence upon that distinguished writer, and a monument worthy of Southey remains still to be erected. The thought of what we might have had if the author of "Philip Van Artevelde" had been entrusted with the work makes us all the more dissatisfied with what we possess. With every wish no doubt to do justice to his father, it has been the son's misfortune to produce in six volumes an enormous mass of ill-arranged matter, commencing indeed with the poet's birth and terminating with his death, but having no other claim to be called a "Life" of Southey. To this lumber there is no index, so that the critical reader, as he wanders helplessly through the pages, is forced to remember the author of his misery at every turn. This is not all; Southey's son-in-law, the Rev. J. Wood Warter, has produced four volumes of correspondence, also without an index, which contains many letters that ought never to have seen the light, some parodies of Scripture utterly unworthy of Southey, and some editorial comments which can only be characterized as exquisitely foolish. Mr. Warter is careful to let his readers know that he is a man of learning, well read in German literature, and not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, but whatever his learning may be, he lacks the common-sense and the critical judgment required of an editor, and has therefore done little more by way of assisting the reader to form a just estimate of Southey, than to heap up additional lumber which he must turn over unaided. All this is eminently unlucky for the

poet's fame. The veneration of his relatives has prevented them from seeing the injury they have done him, partly by an inability to use wisely the manuscripts at their disposal, and mainly by preventing the work from being done by more competent hands. For the truth is, that no one can properly estimate Southey as an author without becoming acquainted with him as a man. For a long life he dedicated himself to literature with a devotion which no disappointment could check, no difficulty daunt. With his vigorous intellect, his vast memory, his persistent resolution, and with a faith in his own powers strong enough to produce faith in others, there can be no doubt that in any of the beaten tracks upon which men pick up fame and wealth Southey might have won both. Tall in person, handsome in face, of quiet gentlemanly manners, with a head upon his shoulders which was the envy of Lord Byron, Southey in the start of life had many outward advantages in his favor which no one can afford to despise. Add to these gifts a healthy body and a disposition free from the least tendency to dissipation or extravagance, and it is easy to see that a man so gifted, and with a character so firmly knit, might have made a distinguished name in any calling. The dream of Southey and Coleridge, known as Pantisocracy, has been told so often that it need not be mentioned here. In early life both the poets were full of visionary schemes, and both by their early marriages to the Misses Fricker may be said to have been wilfully improvident. Southey, it will be remembered, was indebted to the help of Joseph Cottle for the sum required to buy a wedding-ring, which the young wife, retaining her maiden name, hung round her neck, while her husband parted with her at the church door to spend six months with his uncle, Mr. Hill, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon. The young poet had just completed his twenty-first year when this important event took place. It must have seemed at the time to any person of mature judgment an act of supreme folly, but thanks to Southey's high integrity of purpose and to a courage which no difficulties could shake, it turned out happily enough. No man ever had a more faithful helpmeet, no woman a more affectionate and considerate husband. The first days of their union were full of privations. Southey was not willing to gain his fortune in any ordinary professional channel. He hated London and all large cities; he made a trial of the law and declared the pursuit detestable; he commenced the study of medicine, and found "medical studies of all others most unfavorable to the moral sense;" he declined from conscientious scruples to take holy orders; but he made at length what he fondly terms "one happy choice," and betook himself to literature as his business in life. "No man," he said, "was ever more contented with his lot than I am," and in spite of constant difficulties he remained faithful to his choice. The struggle was a severe one, but Southey, while considering himself a heaven-born poet, trusted more to his industry than to his genius for the support of his family. His poems might, assuredly would, make him immortal, of this he never doubted for a moment, but present necessities demanded literary work of a less lofty kind, and if the poet indulged in splendid dreams he never allowed them to interfere with the daily drudgery which was to produce the daily bread.

At the age of thirty we find him settled at Greta Hall, and there, for nearly forty years, he labored at his calling with a hopefulness and assiduity that are well-nigh unparalleled. Sir Walter Scott was probably as industrious as Southey, and both of these illustrious men were remarkable for the careful way in which they husbanded the odd moments which most of us are apt to waste; but much of Scott's work, unlike Southey's, was not done at the desk, but while riding on horseback, or walking silently by the banks of his favorite river, or vigorously wielding his axe in the plantations at Abbotsford. Scott at the busiest period of his life moved constantly in society, flitted frequently from the country to Edinburgh, discharged his official duties, wrote his wonderful books, superintended his estates, and lived among his people so as to be almost regarded by the poorest of them as a blood-relation.

In his prime he was, as he himself relates, a desperate climber, a bold rider, a deep drinker, and a stout player at single-stick. Every moment of his time was occupied, but there was considerable variety in the occupation. He was a clerk of session, a landed proprietor, a diner-out, an influential citizen with public duties to perform, as well as a poet, a novelist, and a man of letters. Southey's life ran in a much narrower groove. He went but rarely into society; scarcely knew by sight any of the country people living near him; never rode on horseback; took no outdoor exercise save that of walking, and this often from a mere sense of duty and with a book in his hand; and, although living in one of the loveliest spots in all England, and not insensible to its charms, preferred the shelves of his library to the finest prospect in the world. He found his relaxation where he found his daily labor, within the walls of his study. "I can't afford," he wrote, "to do one thing at a time; no, nor two neither; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much; for I cannot work long at anything without hurting myself, and I do everything by heats; then, by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is at hand."

Southey was, as we have said, an affectionate husband and a fond father; and whenever in his correspondence he alludes to his home happiness it is with a tenderness and warmth of feeling that are eminently beautiful. Moreover, he was a constant, and at all times noble friend, ready even when in straits himself to help with money or with his pen those who were more straitened. No one ever acted better the part of the good Samaritan, and while he never forgot a benefit received, it would seem as if his own magnanimous charity had no place in his memory. The story of his life abounds in instances of the most generous self-denial, and of a steadfast goodness of heart which never shrunk from the demands made upon it. Heavily burdened as he was with work, he was continually accepting fresh literary labor in order to benefit others; nor was this all, for he received under his own roof his wife's widowed sister, Mrs. Lovell; and when Coleridge, in that strange waywardness of mood which his vice of opium-eating can alone explain, deserted his wife and children, it was with Southey that they found a home. There is a beautiful anecdote given by Lockhart of a poor music-master offering Scott all his savings in the hour of his adversity; a similar story may be told of Southey, who, when his friend May, an early benefactor of the poet, fell into difficulties, sent him more than £600, which was all the money he possessed. If the poet had strong and generous affections, he was also a good hater; but this feeling was shown to principles rather than to persons; and if, which was not seldom, political animosity led him to write bitterly against his antagonists, there was not one of them for whom, after the moment of writing, he retained an unkindly feeling. It is said that he seldom spoke harshly of any man with whom he had once conversed; he had too large a heart for petty animosities, and he was wholly free from envy. At the time when a whole year's sale of a ponderous epic failed to produce the poet £5, Scott was gaining his thousands, but not a word of bitterness falls from Southey on this score; and the praise he bestowed on his contemporaries, a few of them more distinguished than himself, but the larger number men of far inferior power, is frequently more generous than just. Although not, as we have said, a sociable man, he had the good fortune to know intimately most of the illustrious authors who made the early part of this century so famous, and long before Wordsworth had received the public recognition which was his due as the greatest poet of the age, Southey, like Coleridge, expressed his admiration of his friend and neighbor in no niggard terms.

This noble triumvirate, by the way, reminds us that probably not since Shakespeare's day have three men of equal mark lived together on terms of intimacy and affection. Landor called them "three towers of one castle," and, as all the world knows, they have been absurdly classed together as forming a school of poetry. In a measure, indeed, every poet influences his fellows, and no man, how-

ever original his genius, is strong enough or self-contained enough, to take a completely independent path. Scott, it is evident, owed a debt to Coleridge; Coleridge, strange to say, derived some of his early inspiration from Bowles; Byron, the poet of passion, owed much to the meditative muse of Wordsworth, and Wordsworth himself, although but slightly affected by the works of his brother poets, sometimes caught their notes and was under the spell of their genius. Southey, who possessed a fatal facility of verse-making (he had written more than 30,000 lines before he was nineteen), paid chief homage, as other poets have done, to the transcendent imagination of Spenser, whose "Faëry Queene" he read through thirty times, and of contemporary poets he showed most regard to Wordsworth and to Landor. He acknowledges, also, that he derived much benefit from Cowper and "more from Bowles," and he appears to have caught his unfortunate fancy for unrhymed stanzas from a Dr. Sayers, whose name is probably unknown to modern readers. But he belonged to no school, and whatever may be his ultimate position in English poetry, it is one which has at least the merit of being independent.

In later life Southey seems to have discovered that he was less likely to be remembered for his poetry than for his prose, but in early manhood it was as a poet that he anticipated earthly immortality and a monument in St. Paul's. And it is curious to note how he followed his vocation as a poet with the steady business-like regularity which marked his ordinary engagements with the booksellers. "I had rather leave off eating than poetizing," he said, and so he tagged verses and ate his daily meals with a similar regularity. With this difference, however, that he was a moderate eater and a most immoderate rhymester. "What a pity," he said, at two-and-twenty, "that I should not execute my intention of writing more verses than Lope de Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore," and many years afterward he told a friend that he had had a plan of making every important mythology the basis of a narrative poem, adding that had "Thalaba" been more successful he should have accomplished his whole design, and produced such a poem every year. Indeed, it is painful to think of the extent to which Southey might have burdened the world with poetry if circumstances had been more favorable, and all the more painful when we remember that this unhappy facility of verse-making, which seemed independent of season and of place, instead of adding to his poetical reputation has done much to diminish it.

Southey based this reputation upon his epics, and epic poetry, like wine, unless of the finest quality, is comparatively worthless. The epic and the drama afford scope for the most exquisite and the most precious expression of the poetical intellect; but in works of this class there is no room for inferiority. It may be possible to write poems not of the highest order, which shall afford permanent delight; and many a simple piece of verse, owing to some dainty turn of thought, or choice rhythmical melody, lives in the memory a joy forever. The short lyric poem is remembered because it soothes the ear and touches the heart, and gladdens us with beauty of form; but the epic poet, like the dramatic poet, has a high argument to sustain for a lengthened period, and to succeed in doing this demands genius of the noblest order as well as the consummate taste of a great literary artist. Therefore it is, that the world knows only three or four epic poets, and among these there is no place for the author of "Madoc" or of "Roderick."

Southey's first and boyish epic, "Joan of Arc," contains some beautiful descriptive passages, and some lines remarkable for their pathos; the reader will be struck also with the author's facility of versification—a dangerous gift as possessed by Southey, who lacks that mastery of language which leads the great poet as though by instinct to express his thoughts in the most perfectly fitting words.

"Madoc," his second epic, received the warmest praise—of its author and of a few of the author's friends. "William Taylor has said," writes Southey, "it is the

best English poem that has left the press since the 'Paradise Lost,' indeed this is not exaggerated praise, for unfortunately there is no competition." That the poem would "stand and flourish" he had no doubt, but after the lapse of more than seventy years the poet's opinion of his work has not been ratified by the public. It is possible that the research and studious labor he expended upon the work colored his estimate of it. The reader, however, who cares little for such labor, will probably judge that the action of the poem is languid, the plan ill-considered, and the descriptions often tedious, that the flowers, although not sparsely scattered, are half choked and half concealed by the rank growth of weeds. And yet it is with some hesitation that he will form this opinion of a work which was applauded by Davy, which Walter Scott read through four times, and which kept Charles Fox up until after midnight.

Southey had but little ear for harmony, and it was therefore all the more unfortunate for his fame that he elected to write his "Thalaba" in a novel metre which is without the dignity of heroic blank verse, or the soothing, satisfying charm of rhyme. Landor saw his friend's mistake in this respect, and observed very justly, "Are we not a little too fond of novelty and experiment, and is it not reasonable to prefer those kinds of versification which the best poets have adopted and the best judges have cherished for the longest time?" But Southey, on the contrary, was well pleased with his experiment, thinking that while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. So far is this from being the case, that no one familiar with the lovely harmony of Shelley's verse, or with the delicate music of Coleridge, to say nothing of earlier and later poets, is likely to gain delight from the strange and fitful and sometimes jarring notes of Southey. But there is strength in his verse if not harmony, and "Thalaba," while it has its wildernesses and arid deserts, can also boast, as indeed all Southey's epics may, many a fair scene of richness and beauty. Splendor of diction and felicity of description occur frequently, but frequently, also the action halts, the verse drags, and the reader feels inclined to resign himself to slumber. On the whole, perhaps, the erudition lavished on the poem is more striking than its poetical wealth, and it is sometimes a relief to turn aside from the text to the curious and highly entertaining notes which serve to illustrate it. Southey himself deemed "Roderick" the finest of his poems, and Landor in writing to him said, "There is no poem in existence that I shall read so often." Charles Lamb, however, an admirable judge, and Wordsworth also, preferred "The Curse of Kehama," and without endeavoring to compare the value of the two works, there can be no doubt that they are the poet's greatest and least wearisome efforts. It is singular that in none of Southey's epics are there passages which lay hold of the memory and become as it were a part of one's life. No doubt the first consideration of the poet should be to have a worthy action, and the more he strives after this object, the less will he concern himself with the beauty of particular passages; but the lack of what may be called "beauties" in Southey's poetry is due, we think, less to the severity of his taste than to the diffusiveness of his style, which has, as it were, no points for the memory to lay hold of. With all their deficiencies, however, the student of English poetry can never pass by with indifference these elaborate productions, but he is not likely to agree with Macaulay that Southey's poems taken in the mass rank far higher than his prose works.

Among the minor poems of Southey a few must be pronounced successful. "The Holly Tree," "The Old Man's Comfort," "My Days among the Dead are past," "The Battle of Blenheim," and one or two more short pieces have a place and deserve to keep it in most selections of English poetry. His sonnets, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, are comparative failures, for Southey's style, which at its best is diffusive, and at its worst sprawling, lacks the terseness and concentration demanded of the sonnet-writer. The odes which, as Laureate, it was his

vocation to write, were as useful or useless as any of the Court paraphernalia of the time. They served their purpose, but their value was contemporary with the events that produced them, and it would have been better for Southey's fame if they had been respectfully buried out of sight, instead of being only half interred in the ten volumes which contain his poetical works. But his ballads, grotesque, weird-like, sometimes horrible, have an attractive power, which lays hold of the reader. "Masterpieces of fantastic beauty," Mr. Forster calls them; too high praise, perhaps, but the best of them are thoroughly good things in their way, original in conception, and highly characteristic of the writer.

All his life long Southey was fond of writing nonsense verses, as well as nonsense in prose; he was fond also of dealing with melancholy subjects in a comical fashion, fond of such reading as relates to the supernatural and to the unnatural. He would have delighted, we think, in Hawthorne's romances, and in the ghostly ballads of his contemporary, Justinus Kerner, whose works he does not appear to have known. He would have read also with a keen curiosity of the marvellous phenomena vouched for by the spiritualists. The ballads, which were mostly written in early life, show the bent of his mind in this direction. Thus one of them tells the story of a woman in whose body the devil walked for two years after she was dead, so that none suspected but that she was still alive.

Yet never to Donica's cheeks
Returned their lively hue;
Her cheeks were deathly white and wan,
Her lips a livid blue;

and when at length she stands by her lover's side at the altar —

That instant from her earthly frame
A daemon howling fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The livid corpse fell dead.

In another ballad, Rudiger, a strange knight, alights from a boat drawn by a swan in a silver chain and wins the heart of a fair maiden living on the banks of the Rhine. He has purchased prosperity from an evil spirit by the promised sacrifice of his first born child, and when by the wife's prayers the knight's attempt to give it up to the demon is defeated, —

The mother holds her precious babe,
But the black arms clasped him round,
And dragged the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

One of the best known of Southey's ballads is "The Old Woman of Berkeley," a ghastly story of a witch, who when upon her death-bed begs that her son the monk and her daughter the nun may be fetched with speed. They bring with them the holy sacrament, at the sight of which the Old Woman shrieks in despair. "Take it away," she cries, while her lip trembles with agony and the sweat runs down her brow. She then confesses that she has rioted in all kind of sin, has sucked the breath from sleeping babes, called the dead from their graves, and anointed herself with infant's fat. Little hope that one who has troubled the dead man's grave shall find rest in her own! Nevertheless, she begs her children to sprinkle her shroud and coffin with holy water, to fasten her stone coffin with iron bars and chain it with three chains to the church floor, to see that fifty choristers defend her bier day and night with holy hymns, to toll the church bells, to bar the church-door after even song, and to do this for three days and nights till the fourth morning, and then peradventure she may rest in her grave. All is done according to the Old Woman's request. The priests pray, the choristers sing, the bell tolls loud, and the monk and nun tell their beads through the first night, but in spite of all they hear the fiends outside making a hideous roar. On the second night the tapers burnt dimly and blue.

And yells and cries without arise
That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.

Terrible is the din, but louder and louder rises the song of the choristers, and the fifty priests continue their prayers until morning light. The third night strokes as of a battering ram shake the church-door; the bell-men can toll the bell no longer, the monk and nun forget their beads, the choristers' song ceases, the lights are extinguished, the door is burst open.

And in he came with eyes of flame,
The devil to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glowed,
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they mouldered asunder,
And the coffin-lid which was barred so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise,
And come with her master away;
A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quivered with fear,
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave,
Never did mortal hear.

Then she follows her master to the church-door, where stands a black horse upon which the devil flings her, leaping up in front.

And away like the lightning's speed they went,
And she was seen no more.

Southey wrote a parody of this tale, entitled "The Surgeon's Warning," and a strange story it is. A "Resurrection Man," when he is dying, is terribly afraid that since he has rifled so many dead men's graves he will never have rest in his own, so he entreats his friends to bury him in lead and in a patent coffin:—

If they carry me off in the patent coffin,
Their labor will be in vain;
Let the undertaker see it bought of the maker,
Who lives by St. Martin's Lane;

which was done accordingly, and how it came to pass that in spite of this precaution, the surgeon's bones were not allowed to rest in peace, is told with minute and unsavory particularity.

The story of Hatto and the rats, so admirably sung by Southey, is familiar to every one, for have we not all seen the tower in which the wicked bishop thought to escape from the judgment pronounced upon him? In vain, however, for the army of rats swam the river by myriads, and climbed the shore, and made their way to the tower.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

In several of the ballads the devil plays a conspicuous part, for Southey, although after early life orthodox in creed and a sound Churchman to boot, treated the evil spirit with contemptuous pleasantry as a goblin or imp of darkness rather than as a being to be abhorred and dreaded of all Christian souls. Among his poems of this class "The Pious Painter" and "Cornelius Agrippa" are perhaps the cleverest. Very admirable too is the short and spirited tale of "St. Romuald," which opens with a

Frenchman stopping at an inn door and asking the landlord whether the holy saint was still to be found in his cell, to which the man replies sadly that he has left the neighborhood. And then the innkeeper describes St. Romuald's sanctity as proved by his love of dirt, and relates the fierce conflicts he had with Satan, who used to maul him like a Turk.

"But," quoth the traveller, "wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
"Why," said the landlord, "sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honor: and you know,
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went."

"What might this honor be?" the traveller cried;
"Why, sir," the host replied,
"We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us;
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he'll be made a saint of, to be sure—
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

The love of the incongruous, of the mystical, of the ridiculous, was as much a part of Southey's nature as the sober melancholy and the calm-sightedness which led him at the height of his prosperity to write mournfully of life, and to look forward to the grave with hope. Overflowing as he was with intellectual activity, and possessing the frolicsomeness of spirit which most men leave behind them with their boyhood, his tears were drawn forth even more readily than laughter, and if there is comparatively little pathos in his writings, his life was marked by the deepest feeling, and by a mournful tenderness as beautiful as it is affecting. It is probable that he instinctively avoided pathetic subjects when writing poetry, and that he did so in later life may be judged from the following beautiful stanzas, written in 1829:—

Nor marvel you if I prefer
Of playful themes to sing,
The October grove hath brighter tints
Than Summer or than Spring;

For o'er the leaves before they fall
Such hues hath Nature thrown,
That the woods wear in sunless days
A sunshine of their own.

Why should I seek to call forth tears?
The source from whence we weep
Too near the surface lies in youth,
In age it lies too deep.

As a poet, Southey cannot be classed with the great English masters; as a prose writer, his manly, simple, flexible style may be regarded as a model. In reading his books the attention is not immediately drawn to the form of the composition, as in the case of such mannerists as Lord Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle, but when it is examined it will be found to fulfil admirably the purpose of the writer.

"The reason why so many persons write ill," he said, "is because they think it necessary to write a style something different from the common speech." Southey was in no danger of falling into an error of this kind. He used the simplest words to express his thoughts, and it is never possible to mistake his meaning. No modern writer that we know of states facts more clearly or more honestly, but the judgment which he draws from his facts is often curiously perverse. The power of forming a wise judgment was not one of Southey's intellectual privileges. Like his friend Landor, he had the peculiarity, as Mr. Forster has pointed out, of putting the imagination and passions in the place of reason, and of thinking thus and thus by the mere force of his will and pleasure. "It was not ill said by an acute observer who knew them both, that their fault was not that of blindness to the truth so much as that of indifference to give it welcome unless as a discovery or pos-

session of their own." This is true we think, but true in a larger degree of Landor than of his friend. Southey had strong feelings, and reached his decisions by their help. He had not time to think out any subject calmly, and he was far too impetuous to judge of any serious question impartially. That the opinions of his early and ardent youth were not those of his mature manhood, can excite no wonder.

Most men of original power pass through one or more mental revolutions before they find rest for the intellect and the heart, and to this rule Southey formed no exception. His fault lay in his unwillingness to grant to others the freedom of which he had made such ample use himself; but his integrity, so often questioned in his lifetime, may now be regarded as unimpeachable. "He has convinced me," wrote a shrewd observer, "of the perfect exemption of his mind from all dishonorable motives in the change which has taken place in his practical politics and philosophy," and the publication of Southey's correspondence has confirmed the judgment of Crabb Robinson. There are some illustrious men who are never rash in speech, and who speak and write to their intimate friends with the most circumspect wisdom. They rarely make a mistake, or commit an absurdity, their propriety is exquisite, and when they die it may be safe to produce their correspondence without much editorial supervision. Southey was not one of these men; he wrote often rashly and thoughtlessly, and his hasty words, which expressed in many instances a momentary prejudice or feeling, have had the misfortune to be stereotyped in print. "In days of old," he once wrote, as if anticipating the injury that would be done him, "when an author was dead and buried, *Requiescat in Pace* might have been written on his tombstone: but those days are past, and he must expect now to be dissected and embalmed, to have his rags presented as relics, and to be canonized by his devotees." The "rags" have been zealously flaunted by Southey's "devotees," but there is some comfort in the thought that, thanks to the mode of preservation, they have failed to attract attention.

It cannot be denied, however, that reckless opinions are to be often found in his published works as well as in his correspondence, and thus it has come to pass that the most trustworthy of writers is at the same time the least satisfactory of guides. Thus, for instance, he does not scruple to assert in print that the Political Economists "are to the Government of this country such counsellors as the magicians were to Pharaoh; whosoever listens to them has his heart hardened;" and he terms the "Wealth of Nations" "a tedious and hard-hearted book, greatly overvalued even on the score of ability." He denounces our manufacturing system as a pest to society, which debases all who are engaged in it; he declares that "the Protestant cause sustained more injury from the English Puritans than from all the efforts of Spain and Austria combined, and of France also, when France put forth its strength against it;" and that the Puritans should be held up "to contempt and infamy and abhorrence." And again and again the liberal-minded reader is moved to something like contempt, or aroused to fierce anger, by the extravagant and narrow opinions put forth by Robert Southey. And yet Southey could write, expressing herein a feeling of which many of us must have been conscious, "I have an instinctive horror of bigotry. When Dissenters talk of the Establishment they make me feel like a High Churchman, and when I get among High Churchmen I am ready to take refuge in Dissent." On some points, it is but fair to add, Southey was in advance of his age. He writes wisely in many places of the imperative necessity of a national education, and he was one of the first to press upon the public the services that might be rendered by Protestant sisters-of-mercy and by ladies properly trained as hospital nurses.

In the preface to the collected edition of his poems, Southey remarks that it was the greatest of all advantages to him to have lived more than half his life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men; but the reader who follows the poet's career will probably arrive at a precisely opposite conclusion. "Beware that you be not

swallowed up in books," wrote John Wesley, and this assuredly was in many respects the misfortune of his biographer. "He was never happy," said Rogers, "except when making or reading a book;" and so inveterate was this love of solitary study, that in society Southey, feeling he had little conversational power, would "roll himself up like a hedgehog." Solitude may have many advantages, but it is scarcely calculated to produce breadth of thought or freedom from prejudice; and Southey, brooding tenderly and constantly over the wealth of his own mind, was not likely to discover its deficiencies. He needed collision with other intellects; but this salutary contact with his fellows he disliked, and, as much as possible, avoided.

If we reckon his *Quarterly Review* articles, Southey produced in all nearly two hundred volumes, a small library in itself. Many of these works are more likely to be consulted than to be read; while some on which the writer set most count must stand, it is to be feared, on the shelves which contain (to use Lamb's familiar epithet) the books that are not books. Southey's *magnum opus*, the "History of Portugal," was destined never to be finished, but a portion of this vast undertaking, the "History of Brazil," was accomplished to the entire satisfaction of the historian, who said that ages hence it will be found among those works which are not destined to perish, and be to the Brazilians, when they shall have become a powerful nation, what the work of Herodotus is to Europe. The prophecy cannot be contradicted, but it may fairly be questioned, and when we remember how many prophecies Southey made in his lifetime, which have turned out to be delusions, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that this will also prove a blunder. The "History of Brazil" was an enormous achievement, but it was labor ill-bestowed, and Sir W. Scott characterizes it wisely, when he says, in writing to the author, "A more faithless and worthless set than both Dutch and Portuguese I have never read of, and it requires your knowledge of the springs of human action, and your lively description of 'hair-breadth 'scapes' to make one care whether the hog bites the dog or the dog bites the hog."

Still less satisfactory in its results was the toil bestowed by Southey on his "History of the Peninsular War," a work which has been since accomplished with consummate ability by a military historian. The Duke of Wellington spoke of Southey's History as wholly inadequate and as displaying gross ignorance, which was likely enough in matters of military detail; and here too, as in so many of his works, he wasted his strength and wearied the reader's patience by a display of useless erudition. Well would it have been for Southey's fame had he attended to the wise axiom of Dryden, which that great poet, by the way, sometimes forgot himself: "An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought."

The truth is, and scores of instances might be cited in proof of it, that the Poet Laureate, with all his ingenuity and learning and perseverance, and with a literary ability that might have enabled him to put what he knew in an attractive form, missed the mark again and again. He could not, for the life of him, distinguish between the topics to which he was specially attracted and the subjects likely to interest the public; he even thought that he had power to command attention whether his readers wished to attend or not. Sometime he hit, as it were, by accident on a theme which was fitted for popularity. The "Life of Nelson" is as beautiful a specimen of biography as we possess in the language, and for this fascinating work we are indebted, in a measure, to the publisher as well as to the author. Southey, though rebelling against the imposition, was happily restricted within certain narrow limits. He could have made the book, he said, ten times as long, and there can be no doubt that if he had had his way he would have done so, and have spoilt it. His love of digression, of ingenious trifling, of exhibiting in a half serious, half-grotesque fashion the results of his prodigious acquisitions, is notably exhibited in "The Doctor," a book which charms and annoys the reader by turns. "How beautiful!" he exclaims on reading one page: "How horribly wear-

some!" he sighs out on turning to the next. On the whole, perhaps, the fatigue predominates over the pleasure, although there are moods of mind, moods of happy indolence for which there is little space in the busy lives of most men, in which this medley of humor, nonsense, and wisdom may prove a grateful opiate. It has been said with some truth of Mr. Trollope's singularly clever novels, that they may be taken up at almost any time with pleasure and laid down again without serious regret, and perhaps a similar criticism may be passed upon "The Doctor." In its best chapters it is eminently good, but it will keep, and no anxiety is felt to follow continuously the writer's footsteps: Open on any page, and some beautiful thought, or quaint suggestion, or grotesque anecdote will attract attention, but the reader is not allured on by what he reads, and deems it but little consequence on which page he may alight. We said that "The Doctor" may, to certain persons and in certain moods of mind, prove an agreeable sedative, but just as there are people who become excited instead of soothed by opium, so there are readers, we suspect, whom this strange book will irritate almost beyond endurance. The preface to Wordsworth's "Excursion" gave William Blake, the poet-artist, a stomach complaint, which nearly killed him; "The Doctor," with its impertinent digressions and its perpetual movement towards a point it never attains, might produce a nervous attack.

The great charm of Southey's style, and his consummate skill as a biographer, are perhaps best displayed in the "Life of Wesley;" but there, too, his want of logical power is everywhere apparent. The facts which he states with scrupulous fidelity often palpably contradict the inferences he draws from them. Nor is this all; for the opinion of the writer, as given on one page, is sometimes entirely opposed to the opinion he utters on another, and at variance with his known principles. "O dear and honored Southey," writes Coleridge, "this, the favorite of my library among many favorites; this, the book which I can read for the twentieth time with delight, when I can read nothing else at all; this darling book is nevertheless an unsafe book for all of unsettled minds. How many admirable young men do I know, or have seen, whose minds would be a shuttlecock between the battledores which the bipartite author keeps in motion!"

The truth is that Southey has the art of relating facts delightfully, and he relates them with the most scrupulous honesty, but when he leaves this firm ground and tries to fulfil the part of a philosophical historian, the weak side of his intellect becomes apparent. His intuitions are often right, his deliberate judgment, if such it may be called, is frequently wrong. Southey acknowledges that he could not stand severe thought, and indeed he was too busy a man in his profession to be a profound thinker.

Southey's contributions to the literature of English poetry are not many; but they are so able that it is to be deplored he did not carry out his intention of continuing the "History" left so imperfect by Warton. His knowledge of the subject was immense, and he might have produced a narrative full of critical and biographical interest, and written in the purest English, which would have formed a text-book for students. His "Life of Cowper," although in parts a little languid and diffusive, shows how admirably Southey could write about poets and poetry; but in this department of literature, as in others, he appears to have expended much comparatively useless strength. This was partly owing to his singular kindness of heart, which led him again and again to befriend those who needed help and deserved it. Southey, for example, by his friendship for Kirke White while living, and by the publication of his "Remains" after his decease, produced an interest in that young poet, which, to judge from the poems he left behind him, was beyond his deserts. The "Lives of Uneducated Poets" is another work, written with a benevolent object, which, if looked at apart from the kindly purpose of the writer, must be regarded as waste labor; but while we regret that the claims upon Southey prevented him oftentimes from accomplishing the work for which he was most fitted, it is pleasant at the same time to remember how ready he ever

was to sacrifice personal aims to generous and self-denying labors.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

With these actions the life of Southey was crowded and ennobled. He said many a bitter thing in his day, made rash statements, uttered opinions of men and measures which will not bear a moment's examination; but he never knowingly did an unjust act, or shirked an obvious duty. To use a homely saying, his heart was all along in its right place; and if, as a politician and theologian, he sometimes indulged in what may be called feminine passion, the noble life he lived was one of the manliest, and is even more worthy of a place in the memory of Englishmen than his great literary achievements.

PANDURANG HARI.¹

PANDURANG HARI, for that is our hero's name—he is a man, not a cookery book—was, when we first make his acquaintance a Mahratta boy, who had been rescued by Sawunt Rao, a mighty man among the Mahrattas, from being trampled to death by a drove of bullocks. Nothing was known of this waif and stray, except that he had a red mark on his forehead, showing that he was a true Hindoo of good caste, and that he had a silver chain round his waist. So he was clothed and reared by the mighty man, and the name he gave him was Pandurang Hari. He was about five years old when he was found, and from that age till sixteen all that he tells us of himself is that he was much beloved by Sawunt Rao, and, at last, considered himself his son; meantime his education was not neglected, and he was taught to read and write. By the time our hero was sixteen the world had got so far on as the beginning of the nineteenth century. Holkar and Scindiah, the great Mahratta Chiefs, were still independent, and just at that time the first called out his army to make war on his brother potentate.

In this army Sawunt Rao commanded a division, and he made the lad a clerk in his Secretary's office. This Secretary, or "Carcoon," as the Indian term for him is, was a thorough scoundrel, and even at the age of sixteen, our young friend Pandurang Hari confesses that he was not far behind his superior in roguery. Indeed, all throughout the early part of our hero's history we are strangely reminded of Gil Blas, except that the Mahrattas were much more accomplished villains than their Spanish parallels. So when his chief advised him to draw his servants' pay and never to give them any of it, adding, "There is nothing in the world like rupees," Pandurang was not slow to take the hint. And though his character afterwards mended a little, we find him to the very end acting on the great principle laid down by Mr. Robson's father in the farce, "Some people say when you find anything, try to give it to the lawful owner, but my father always said, 'When you find anything keep it.'"

It must be added, however that this propensity on the part of Pandurang Hari got him into endless trouble, and on one occasion on his entry into life very nearly caused it to be cut short by a rope; for having possessed himself by fraud of some silver bangles stolen by a murderer, and being found in possession of them by the son of the murdered man, and accused of the murder, his patron Sawunt Rao was so exasperated that he called out "The bangles, the bangles, off with him," and he would have been hanged there and then had it not been that there were no low caste men loitering about to do the deed. Space for reflection being thus afforded, he had time to accuse his chief, Govindiah, the Carcoon, who had been bribed by the murdered man's son. To make a long story short, the Carcoon was fined 4000 rupees, and Pandurang Hari was sent away from Sawunt Rao's service, and made pay clerk to a corps

¹ Pandurang Hari; or, the Memoirs of a Hindoo, with an Introduction by Sir Bartle Frere. London, 1873.

of 5000 men. After a fatiguing march our hero reached Indore, Holkar's capital, where his army was concentrated in order to guard it against the designs of Scindiah.

Pandurang soon found out that the duties of pay clerk were more onerous than lucrative. He might have embezzled the pay, only there was very little to pay, much less to embezzle; and as to this duty another, that of issuing arms, was added, he had hard work, especially as his ragged regiment went swaggering about with lighted matchlocks among piles of gunpowder. Just as he was having a little rest in his tent a cry arose of "A spy, a spy." "Put him in irons," said Pandurang, who waited on the commander of his company to know what was to be done with him. "A spy," said the great man, "why, hang him instantly." Thus fortified, Pandurang gave the necessary order; the man was hanged there and then in the dark, and when day dawned he discovered that it was Govindah, the Carcoon, his old enemy. "There he hung," says Pandurang Hari, "as cadaverous and ghastly as in his life, if it were possible; and yet I thought death had, on the whole, improved his personal appearance." The explanation of this untoward event to the Carcoon was that he had come to Indore and persuaded his friends to raise the 4000 rupees, and then gave his guards the slip, but falling among the troops whom Pandurang had not paid, they had robbed him of the money, then gagged him so that he could not explain, called him a spy, and so he was hanged. After all this, what was to be done but to say nothing about the matter, and to tell Mahadeo, his inkstand bearer, to bury the body?

This was all the more easy, because next day came the battle, in which Holkar's ragamuffins were well beaten by Scindiah and ran away. In this his first engagement Pandurang escaped unhurt, but not so his old patron Sawunt Rao, one of the few honest men in the book, whose loss we therefore regret the more. He had received three musketballs in the shoulder, a sabre cut in the neck, and a spear through his thigh. Nothing could be done for him, but recognizing Pandurang Hari he ordered a small box to be opened. From this he took a silver "Kurdoorah," or chain for the waist. This had been found on the child when rescued from the bullocks. "You may some day find out by it who are your parents," said Sawunt Rao. The mighty captain then died, and Pandurang confided the chain, on which we beg the reader to fix his attention, to his patron's widow—a very provident step, as his after adventures abundantly show.

After his first disaster Holkar repaired his losses, and early in 1802 again took the field against Scindiah, and advanced on Poona, to obtain justice from the Peishwa, his nominal Sovereign, who had long been in subjection to Scindiah. In this design he was successful; he routed his rival's forces, and marched on Poona, from which the Peishwa fled and made arrangements with the English to protect him, who restored him to his capital. This was enough to reunite Holkar and Scindiah, and in their army Pandurang Hari found himself a captain of horse following Scindiah. It was at Assaye that he first met the English, and was soon unhorsed by their heavy cavalry. There he lay and shammed dead till the British passed on, when he rose and turned the guns they had captured against them.

The end of it all, however, was that the Mahrattas fled, leaving 98 pieces of cannon and seven standards in the hands of the English, while 1200 of their force were killed. The end of the whole business was more battles and the siege of Bhurtpore, where the Mahrattas had the satisfaction of repulsing the British. At last the Mahratta Chiefs made cessations and concessions, and there was peace between them and the English. Pandurang Hari then returned to Indore, and Holkar's army was disbanded, when he, too, was ordered to go about his business, with no friends, and barely a hundred rupees in his pocket.

This was not much for a man who had begun life so promisingly, but nothing is more remarkable or more instructive, if it be true, in these volumes, than the rapidity with which ill-gotten gain takes wings and flies from its

possessors. But what was Pandurang Hari to do? He could economize. Every Mahratta trooper was owner of a sword and dagger. Our hero sold the first and kept the latter. Then he muffled up his head in a white shawl and left Indore. About five miles from the city he reached the hut of a Gossein or religious mendicant, and as we begged our readers not to forget that chain, so we beg them to keep sharp eyes on all the Gosseins they meet with in these volumes, and on this Gossein in particular; for if they are the greatest scoundrels in India, so he was the greatest scoundrel among the Gosseins, a Hindoo Jesuit who had out-Jesuited all the Jesuits.

Our hero was bent on finding his way to Poona, much as a country bumpkin, in the days when such people existed, turned his face to London town, Poona being the city *par excellence* of that part of India. But when he tapped at the door he was alarmed at seeing smoke issuing from it. With an amount of humanity which does him credit, he crept in and dragged out the Gossein, and, having brought him to his senses by cold water, all that Pandurang Hari could get out of him was a question why he was awake out of his sleep, and a demand for alms. Pandurang Hari was too worldly wise to say that he had 100 rupees about him, but gave him a few pice and asked the way to Poona. When the Gossein further asked him to give an account of himself, and he said he had been serving Holkar, and had just been turned out of his service, the holy man answered, "Holkar is mad, Scindiah is a fool, and Badjeron, the Peishwa, is both mad and a fool."

Then he went on to propose that he should turn religious mendicant with him, adding, "If you must go to Poona, I will accompany you; there are fools enough there, and we may reap a pretty harvest." Well! Pandurang was not unwilling. Money was his object, and he had heard these mendicants realized large sums. When he said "Yes," his religious friend stripped him and discovered his rupees. He made no remark, but greased him all over and covered him with dirt and ashes. After that he was equipped with the peacock's tail, the pole, the wallet, and the leopard's skin, the emblems of the order, and they set out on their way.

On their way to Poona Pandurang found out that his new tutor's name was Gabbagé Gousla, and he seemed well known, as every one who met them called out, "Ram, ram, Gabbagé," "Your most obedient, Gabbagé," on which the old hypocrite extracted an alms. Then, as they went on, he complained of the want of faith, and consequently of money, and that they must cut themselves and let the blood flow to arouse the callous. When Pandurang, *à la* Gil Blas, hoped that it might not be necessary to have recourse to this severity, his companion said, "It is as well to be prepared; here is a very sharp knife." When they entered Poona Gabbagé began to call out and beg loudly, but, when no money came in, he bawled, "Cut, Pandu; cut." Now Pandurang did not at all relish this operation on himself, and so, at these words, he answered, "Certainly, Maharaj," and gave the mendicant a slash in the arm. Gabbagé instantly set up a howl and accused his companion of attempting his life, and, more than that, said they had saved a few rupees between them, which Pandurang wanted to rob him of, and to kill him that he might take them all. In an instant they were surrounded, the rupees were found, and Pandurang was carried before a great Brahmin, the head of the Police, who spared his life on account of his sanctity, but handed his rupees over to Gabbagé and turned him out of Poona.

Having washed off his dust and ashes, Pandurang joined company with a bullock driver who was going to Bombay, where he was assured he could find a place, and the wages were good and regular. On their way, Nussor—which was the bullock driver's name—discoursed with Pandurang about "the Company" of whom they had both heard so much, but they could not make up their minds whether it was a man or a woman, for some said she was an old woman, aunt to the English King, and some called the Company "John Company," which was the name of a man.

When they reached Bombay, Pandurang Hari put up at Nussor's house, and got a place as messenger in a merchant's office. One day he had a note to take to an officer who lived on the Esplanade, but no sooner was it delivered than the Sahib rushed at him like a tiger and struck and kicked him. The explanation of this was that the note contained a little bill for money lent, and the end of the affair was that the officer was fined a hundred rupees. Pandurang then changed his place, and at last got one as a constable or peon in the police office. Here he soon found he could play off his old tricks. From the Parsees in particular he exacted constant bribes, and thus saved again a few hundred rupees.

But, besides these peccadilloes, there were so many more serious irregularities in the office that the prudent Pandurang converted his cash into gold bangles, necklaces, and silver rings, in order that he might decamp at any moment with his wealth about his person. The storm did arise at last, not in his office but in the Treasury. Two clerks, named Shakjee and Filchajee, were detected in using the balances for their own profit, and they conspired to have the Treasurer put to death by an enchanter. Pandurang was implicated in this, because he took the letter to a famous Byragjee, or religious mendicant, who lived in a dark cell. But as he read the letter at the window Pandurang discovered that this enchanter was none other than old Gabbagé Gousla. The answer was that the deed should be done, but the rupees must first be sent. Two hundred was to be the price, but when Pandurang took them back he only handed the "old vagabond," as he called him, one hundred and fifty.

The next day Gabbagé was seized, we suspect through the information of Pandurang, and the papers found on him. The conspirators were also arrested, and, to Pandurang's horror, old Gabbagé, who had recognized him all the while, said it was Pandurang Hari who brought the letter. But this was not the only surprise in the case, for on the day of the trial Gabbagé's cell was empty, he having escaped, it was asserted by all the natives, by magic. At the trial the two conspirators were found guilty, and Pandurang acquitted as an ignorant tool, but sentenced to be sent out of Bombay.

As soon as he was put across the water from the island, Pandurang again resolved to go to Poona. He went through various adventures on the way, being made a prisoner and robbed by some Pindarees, then wounded in a skirmish with them by English troops, and taken to a fort, where his wound was dressed, and where the Commandant took him into his household. The Commandant had a daughter, Juliana, whom the Hindoos called "Jane Bebee"—that is, Baby Jane. She was a pretty girl, and Pandurang confesses she was his first but hopeless love. But she had another and more favored admirer—the very officer who had thrashed Pandurang Hari at Bombay. He attempted to run off with the not unwilling young lady. In this attempt he was frustrated by Pandurang, who, out of revenge and love, pretended to help him and then gave the alarm; but this only brought down the guard, who fired on Pandurang and shot him in the leg. What could he do but hobble off to a hiding-place and make his escape from the fort as fast as he could on one leg? He was, however, pursued and dragged back to the fort, but having made a clean breast as to his part in the proposed elopement, he was released, and found his way to Poa again, without a penny in the world.

After walking about with an empty stomach, and admiring the magnificent city with the Palace of the Peishwa in the centre, our hero found himself at nightfall still in the streets; the police seized him and hurried him to the Habe-kee Kotwall,—that is, to the head of the Police, who was an Abyssinian negro. "Pay a fine of 100 rupees for being out after gunfire," said the black; and, as Pandurang had not the wherewithal to pay, he was well flogged and turned out of the city proper into the suburbs. How he supported himself he does not say. Perhaps he had still a few rupees about him which he forbears to mention, with the secretiveness of his race.

But now came the event which was the turning-point of his career, and gave him an object which rendered the rest of his life comparatively honest. One night, while he was prowling about and meditating revenge on the Kotwall, he sat down at the back of a poor house in which there was a light at a window. Soon after there was a bustle in the house, and in a little while exclamations of "Don't, don't!" followed by the fall of a heavy body out of the window. It fell at his feet, and Pandurang caught it up, and finding it still breathed, and that it was a woman, carried her to the river, and by sprinkling water on the face revived her. As he saw torches in the direction of the house, he dashed into the stream with the body and carried it in safety to a straw stack on the other side. There he left it, and then crept down to the bank to see what followed. The lights now came down to the bank, and while he remained in shadow on his side they revealed a band of Gossains, one of whom was the villainous and ubiquitous Gabbagé, who is, if we may coin the word, the *ubiquitous* character in the whole book.

"She must be dead," said the old vagabond; "if strangling did not destroy her, the fall from the window must have done so," said another voice. "But what must we tell Trimbeckje Dangle?" said Gabbagé. "Why, tell him the deed is done!" "But if she appear again?" "Why, then," said Gabbagé, "woe to us." "Vishnu save us from Habekee Kotwall, the police master!" With these words the assassins departed, and our hero returned to his body at the straw stack, where we leave him for a moment engaged in restoring the half-strangled woman, while we beg the reader to keep his eye on another vagabond character, this Trimbeckje Dangle, of whom we shall hear much, as he plays the part of second villain in this story. He was no less a person than the Peishwa's swordbearer, and divided the favor of the imbecile Badjerao with the Abyssinian police master.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Archbishop of Paris is organizing a monster pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

A GERMAN edition of Dr. Bree's "Fallacies of Darwinism" is being prepared by Herr Otto Löting, of Lingen.

FOREIGN papers report the death of the King of Dahomey. He was so unpopular, that only twenty of his women were sacrificed on his grave instead of the usual thousand. Served him right.

INTELLIGENCE has been brought from Africa by a traveller who has just arrived in Paris, that Dr. Livingstone was alive and well at the beginning of the month of July last. He has ceased to be interesting.

AT a recent sale in Paris a box of old papers was purchased for 23 francs, in which have been discovered autographs of Racine, Corneille, Condillac, D'Alembert, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Molière, and many marshals of the first empire.

IN a notice of Mr. Longfellow's new volume of poems, the London Times remarks: "In England, as well as in America, he stands next in popularity to our own Laureate. His verse has one essential and supreme characteristic of true poetry—it is understood of the people, and the best of it can charm alike a philosopher and a sempstress." The critic probably meant to say "understood!"

GORDON, the Scottish painter, tells this story of Lord Palmerston: "I had exhibited for several years, but without any particular success. One year, however—the year before I painted 'The Corsicans'—Lord Palmerston took a sudden fancy to my picture called 'Summer in the Lowlands,' and bought it at a high figure. His lordship at the same time made inquiries after the artist, and invited me to call upon him. I waited upon him accordingly. He complimented me upon the picture; but there was one thing about it he could not understand. 'That there should be such long grass in a field where there are so many sheep,' said his lordship with a merry twinkle of the eye. It was a decided hit, this; and, having bought the

picture and paid for it, he was entitled to his joke. 'How do you account for it?' he went on, smiling, and looking first at the picture and then at me. 'Those sheep, my lord,' I replied, 'were only turned into that field the night before I finished the picture.' His lordship laughed heartily, and said 'Bravo' at my reply, and gave me a commission for two more pictures; and I have cashed since then some very notable checks of his—dear old boy!"

"A new volume by Mr. Longfellow," says the London *Times*, "is sure of a kindly welcome from the English reader, who will be glad to see that the author of 'Evangeline' has not again been playing truant in the translation of an Italian classic, or in a metrical adaptation of the New Testament, but has returned to the true bent of his genius, and has given us another series of 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' and 'Birds of Passage.' In these days, also, when a confusion of tongues such as hindered the Tower of Babel seems to have fallen upon the writers of poetry, each having a jargon resembling that of his neighbor in nothing but that it is unintelligible, it is a relief to be reminded that there are still poets left who do as Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, and Wordsworth did before them, and honestly endeavor to turn plain thought into plain English. We look upon the sustained popularity of Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Tennyson as a standing protest against the labored obscurity of a real poet like Mr. Browning, and still more against the pretensions of certain writers whose pens have for some years past been purling in a round of mutual adulation. With great complacency, and to the great astonishment of the outside world, these bards have enlisted each other into the band called the immortal band. If just recently a silence has fallen over the new school and its affiliated critics, it is, we presume, because they have settled all things to their own satisfaction, and have now nothing more to say. The new school has proved itself right in all things beyond all doubt of its adherents; but the general public goes its way, and receives this little volume of simple verse with pleasure and even eagerness."

M. EDOUARD FOURNIER published, some years ago, a volume called, in one edition, "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire," in another, "Les Mots historiques," from which it appeared that almost every celebrated historical saying had either in course of time and by force of repetition become falsified, or had, from the beginning, been deliberately invented. Francis I. never said or wrote after the battle of Pavia, "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur;" Henri IV. never said before entering Paris, "Paris vaut bien une messe;" Louis XVIII. never said on a similar occasion, "Il n'y a rien de changé, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus," though, hearing the remark perpetually attributed to him, he ended by believing that he had really uttered it. The historical sayings of military commanders have been as much perverted as those of monarchs. We need not repeat for the hundredth time after Mr. Carlyle what really was said (in lieu of the traditional "Tirez les premiers, messieurs les Anglais") at Fontenoy; and it is already sufficiently well known that at Waterloo the Duke of Wellington did not say precisely, "Up, Guards, and at them," and that General Cambronne said nothing resembling, "The Guard dies and does not surrender," in reference to the attitude of the admirable body of men who did not die and did surrender. The main facts of history cannot well be upset; but, closely tested, few historical sayings will stand; the characters, too, of historical personages are apt to change on new light being brought to bear upon them, and it is to be feared that historical anecdotes have often been constructed on the most unsubstantial foundations, and frequently without any foundation at all. The mill of Sans-Souci has just been brought down with a crash by the Historical Society of Potsdam; nor has the miller who refused to sell it to Frederick the Great escaped. With the miller and the mill disappear the lawsuit of which the mill is traditionally believed to have been made the subject, and the judges of such perfect integrity that they refused to decide unjustly in favor of the King. The story which, like so many stories, was invented little by little, had its origin in a book professing to contain "conversations with Frederick the Great," written and published by Dr. Zimmermann, who attended Frederick in his last illness. Zimmermann is now believed to have drawn freely on his imagination; but all he says about the mill of Sans-Souci is that it interfered with the King's view from the orangery, that his Majesty wished to buy it, and that the miller refused to sell it. This anecdote first took good literary form in the hands of the poet Hebel, who, to Zimmermann's supposed fact, added a fiction of his own, introducing the story of the lawsuit. Zimmermann's highly imaginary "conversations" have been annotated by a valet of Frederick's named Neumann, who points out all that is false in them, including, among many other things, the anecdote of the miller and his mill. Neumann's

notes, still in manuscript, were communicated a few years back by one of his relations to the Historical Society of Potsdam, which, after a certain delay, reported on the subject. In addition to the fact that the mill could not, by its position, have interfered with Frederick's view from the orangery, and that the valet Neumann never heard of any difference between Frederick and a miller (which after all is only negative evidence), it appears that the records of the Berlin tribunals contain no mention whatever of the action of ejectment which the King is held to have brought against his obstinate, intractable subject.

SPEAKING of "Aftermath" the *Saturday Review* says, in the corner of a particularly amiable article: "All readers of poetry must feel pleasure when Mr. Longfellow adds a new volume to his former works; the only thing we are inclined to quarrel with is the title, 'Aftermath.' Mr. Longfellow is but a year or two older than our Laureate, and we in England have not yet lost the hope of seeing the author of 'Guinevere' and 'In Memoriam,' perhaps after a certain time given to repose, to the readjustment and final concentration of his great faculties, once more 'spring upwards like a pyramid of fire,' and outshine all his former achievements. Both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Longfellow must be included, we think, in the same class of singers—the men, we mean, of culture and thought; men with a power of self-measurement and self-criticism that enables them, if not, like Dryden, to go on improving, at least, like Milton and others, to retain their vigor and hold their ground firmly throughout a long career. They are, in a word, artist-poets, and not bard-poets. The bard, such as Shelley—we will add, in spite of all his faults, such as Swinburne—belongs to another type and subdivision of the poetic brotherhood. He is not necessarily greater; perhaps, in the number and organization of his faculties he is often less; but he differs. He is, on the other hand, we believe, less likely, when his youthful imagination flags a little, to fall back on meditative feeling and the resources of art, thus acquiring for it new strength and energy. Imaginative writers, if they lose nothing else as time goes on, must lose the glow and fire of youth—the mere animal fire, if you will; but even that, unless replaced by mental powers that ripen and develop themselves through serious thought, and sustained efforts in the pursuit of truth or the study of human life, is a loss to be felt and regretted. Now the bard we think less likely to recover himself after this first exhaustion, and to go on growing, than the artist. We have not space enough at our disposal to discuss the question here, but the grounds of our belief, as it seems to us, are obvious enough. If this be so, Mr. Longfellow, emphatically an artist-poet, and not a bard, has many fruitful years, we trust, before him; many crops of fragrant clover and flourishing lucerne to garner in, of which the seeds are now working secretly underground.

"Taking this volume, however, just as we find it, we like nothing better than the short lyric at the end entitled, like the book itself, 'Aftermath.' It is full of pensive beauty, and seems as if it had been written in a time of falling leaves to the wailings of some autumnal wind. Before quoting it, we would remark that the technical term 'rowen,' a term new to us, appears to be a good old English word preserved, like many other good old English words, in America, though forgotten here; it means the rough grass, etc., whilst still on the ground, which makes up the aftermath when it is cut:—

"When the Summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

"Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER XII. (continued.)

"ZELDA!" she began, "You have never known a mother—I know nothing of where you are, or of what you are, but that you are the child of her who was more than a mother to me. If you are rich and happy, as, though a girl, you may be, it may add to your happiness to know that there is one who has lived and longed for you, for your mother's sake, ever since you were born, and whom you may make happy by a sight of you before she dies. If you are poor, there is wealth for you, that has been hoarded and guarded for you for years. If you are unhappy and alone, there is a life waiting to guard and treasure you more than gold. I have lived in your unknown life, but it is only to-day I have found out how to tell you so. It was from one who says he knows you, and from whom perhaps you may hear of me. But he can only tell you what is false, for he has seen nothing that is true. We are of the same people, my child, though your father was a *Gorgio*—no good ever came of marrying out from the people, nor ever will. But he was a great man, and a gentleman—you are a lady, even if you are but a poor girl. Zelda they call you, and I am told to write to you under yet another name—but to me, and in truth, you are Alice, and Alice only. You were called so by the priest in church, and your father's name was Maynard. You should have been a great heiress; you are one so far as it lay with me. Come to St. Bavons, come and take your own, and reward me by the one sight of you for which I burn. Your mother in love,

"MARGARET GOLDRICK,
for MARIETTA ROMANI."

Poor Aaron, meanwhile, was growing singularly uncomfortable. It is surprising how long time seems when one is sitting on the slimy stone steps of a flooded cellar, without daring to strike a light in order to summon the consoling genius of tobacco, and dreading every sound for fear it may signify the descending hand of a policeman on one's coat-collar. Courage was not his strong point: though he was

a clever conjurer, and accustomed to creep in and out through keyholes, he was by no means the first conjurer who has found sleight-of-hand and limb an extremely useless accomplishment when he is unable to ensure his own conditions. He felt like a rat in one of his wife's traps: and even she would have considered herself at least half avenged could she have been conscious of the tremor that came over him whenever a word was spoken louder than usual during her long talk with Harold Vaughan. At last he could bear it no longer. It was impossible for his limbs to remain still forever, and the force of habit, at his age, was too strong to let even fear prevent him from groping into every hole and corner of wherever he might happen to be. Moreover, Mag's chronic fondness for her coal-cellar had, even so far back as his last visit, suggested the suspicion that the coals she was so chary of burning might be more valuable than the highest market quotation of a ton. He even traded on his own fears. That dark inner door looked a bad hiding-place, seeing how likely it was to attract attention: but it might contain something to be set as profit against the additional risk of danger.

So at last, after much making up his mind, he drew off his boots and stockings, and, though his toes curled and his marrow crept at the sight and touch of the foul water, stepped delicately into the slime, which now came up nearly to his knees. But he could have balanced himself on a tight rope, and passed the slipping and slippery bricks in safety by keeping his arms well balanced and his eyes straight to the goal before him until he reached the other side. The door was locked, but he would as soon have thought of travelling without his pack of cards as without his skeleton key.

As he had dimly suspected, there was no coal—only the chest that had now remained unopened for so long. Here was another opportunity for him to use his key. He inserted it, but the lock was hampered, and would not move. It mattered little, however—he had discovered what he had been wanting to find for years, and if he could not open it now, he was certainly no conjurer if he could not find a way of getting it opened before many hours were gone. So, for the

present, he returned the way he came, re-locking the inner door.

In a few minutes back came Mrs. Goldrick.

"Well," he asked anxiously, "is the fellow gone? Ah—that's all right, then. If he'd come, I'd quite made up my mind to make him food for the slugs down there. And now for some brandy. Don't you see I'm half-dead? And then to business. What did you say to the *Chokengro*?"

She did not answer him, but only walked before him along the passage till they reached the door of their living-room. She did not enter, but laid one hand upon the handle and pointed with the other to the door of the street.

"Why, Mag—what in the name of the horrors do you mean?"

"That," she answered, as if unwilling to waste more syllables upon him than she was obliged. She was acting her old stony manner now, and the imitation outdid the reality.

"Come," he said, "none of that chaff. I want brandy, and I want money, and I'm going to be a good husband to you for three whole days."

"As for brandy, there's a public-house at the corner—anybody in Wharf-Side will tell you where."

"I dare say! And where money is too, I suppose."

"You'll get as much from them as from me."

"Look here, I'm not in a humor for fun. I'm in a humor for my thousand pounds."

"I'm sorry for you—it's not pleasant to be balked in one's humors, I know."

"Well, of all the cheats and swindlers! A bargain's a bargain—that I swear by."

"So do I. You shall have your due—I won't joke again. But first of all you must give me a shilling. I've changed my mind—I know you can't talk dry, and you shall have the brandy without going round the corner. I'll fetch it myself, and be back in five minutes."

"Well, Mag, you're a good girl after all. This looks queer, though," he thought. "I never do like Mag when she's kind: but I'm too old a bird to be caught by any of her witch's gruel—let her keep that for pigs and *Gorgios*. There—there's a shilling: the last, I give you my oath on it. . . . Hang it, though," he said

when she came back, "that's not much liquor for the money."

"Never mind—it's all the better for being dear. Why don't you drink?"

He took up the glass, but took care to let it fall on the floor before it reached his beard.

"Fool!" she said, "do you think I'd waste a farthing to cheat the hangman of a rogue like you?"

"Hulloa, Mag! What's come to you now? I did think so, though, and I think you would, too. I doubt your brandy to-day, Mag—it might be just a trifle too dear."

"You shall see." She took up her pen, and wrote on the palm of her hand, in large capitals, the word ZELDA.

"I wanted money for postage," she said; "that's what made your brandy so dear. And now ask me for a thousand farthings, if you dare. A bargain's a bargain, you know."

Aaron's squint grew marvellous to behold. One eye travelled to the ceiling as it started at Z: the other roamed down the street in glaring at A.

"Hag! Witch! Devil! What has my own mother's name to do with my own thousand pounds?"

"As much as her son has to do with Alice Maynard's thousand pounds. Nothing at all."

"We shall see." He smoothed down his beard, and appeared to make himself comfortable, though his eyes still retained their abnormal distortion. "Do you remember I once threatened you to put on the thumb-screw?"

"And welcome. I don't care for thumb-screws now. Besides, you're afraid. You wouldn't speak to a policeman now."

"Suppose I don't speak to a policeman then—suppose I only find out the man who knows what became of the boy?"

"What will he get by it? By the time you've found the man, Alice Maynard will have got her own."

"You're a cunning rascal, Mag, but I'm a cunninger. I see you've found out my game, so I won't pretend you haven't—I always meant well, all the same, only you were such a fool. Suppose then I tell you this minute to open your box—I know where it is—and let me have the run of it or I'll do by you what I did by Lord Lisburn—only out and out this time!"

"Suppose you're a coward. Have I been afraid of living in death that I should be afraid of you?"

She spoke bravely, for she felt brave: but at the same time her heart gave a throb when she guessed how he had been improving the time while she had forgotten him on the cellar-stairs. His eyes were as sharp as hers—better, indeed, for, in a war of wits, he could read the eyes of others while his own were illegible.

"Look here once again," he said;

"you'd better be as wise as you're said to be, and open your box before I do it in my own way, and help myself to more than your poor trumpery thousand. I'd have done it sooner if I'd been a man, and only been sure where I should find that box of yours—I thought you'd got it safe in the bank, more fool I."

She threw open the window for an answer. "If you don't leave the house this moment," she said, "I shall call a policeman and take my chance of what comes. I'd sooner Alice never gets a sixpence than you should get a farthing. Be off—I mean what I say."

"I know you do. Very well, then, I'm gone; but I mean what I say, too. Is anybody looking?"

"Not a soul."

"Then I won't trouble you to see me to the door." Placing his two hands on the ledge, he vaulted into the street, but, before taking himself off, concentrated all the cunning malice of which his mind was capable into one of the hideous grins which he had practised for professional purposes. She slammed down the window so hard that it needed all his sleight of hand to save his finger-nails.

"Who have I got to say thank you to for this?" he thought, as he slouched off to the fields. "I believe the old woman is really a witch sometimes. Never mind—if it's a race for a thousand pounds between Zelda and Fly-eyed Jack, I know which the cunning ones would back, to win."

He had lied, as usual, in speaking of his last shilling: he had coins enough left to purchase, in a small shop in one of the worst back streets in St. Bavons, some locksmith's tools of a peculiar make from an accommodating tradesman who asked no questions, in spite of the eccentricity of the order. One was a small, bright, neat-looking crow-bar, that looked as if made for a lady's toy: another was a close-toothed file: another was a bunch of wardless keys. He paid for them on the nail, at least double their market value, but made no attempt to bargain.

Mrs. Goldrick felt she had the best of it—her watch was nearly over, and her resting time at hand. So she was all the more careful to keep double watch and ward for the eleventh hour.

"She will get my letter to-morrow—say another day," she reckoned, in impatient anticipation of the hours. "Two days. To see her, two days more." How should she kill the four days of waiting that would seem like twice the years that were already gone? She re-bolted and chained the street door—five minutes gone out of two days. And then, for the rest of her waking time, she returned to the everlasting search for the lost key.

Generally she took her sleep in one of the empty upper rooms. But tonight she never moved from the pas-

sage at the head of the cellar-stairs. She would not leave her post even for an hour, or lose five minutes after waking in renewing her search again.

She was thoroughly worn out with the mental excitement, the exhaustion of passion, and all the overwhelming events of such a day. But yet she could not close her eyes. It seemed as though the remainder of her waiting was to be indeed a vigil. Sleep and hunger had left her, and all that even her body could feel was violent impatience and a fevered fear lest the key should not be found. It was not necessary to find it, she knew; she had only to deliver up the chest; but she was tormented by a double craving that required the entire story of the Cornflower for explanation. One was to behold the joy and wonder of the girl at finding herself the unexpected possessor of so much treasure; merely to hand over an unopened box would be far too tame an ending to all these years. The other was to feast her own eyes upon the wealth she had gathered before she finally gave it up into other hands. She was a miser for another's sake, but she had begun by being a miser for her own, nor could she have speculated and counted with such triumph upon the joy she was keeping for another, unless she had been herself a martyr to the worship of gold. It never came into her head to think that when Zelda came it might be for the sake of the love, and not for the sake of the gold—to her, the two things meant the same. She thoroughly believed that she had been sacrificing herself for another's supremest ecstasy, that the merits of her devotion would be recognized, and that she would be rewarded to the full by seeing the face of Marietta's child light up at the sight of a celestial glory of bank-notes and guineas. As I have said before, the chest was her heaven, and not even the child-form that reigned there would have made a heaven out of a less golden sky.

The next morning Fortune, who now seemed to have chosen the head of the long-suffering Corn-weed whereon to pour out all the rain and sunshine of her cornucopia, gave her another surprise. Not that it need have been a surprise, for it depended as much upon astronomical reasons as the rising and setting of the sun—things that nobody is ever surprised at, though they are more wonderful than all the "strange coincidences" that people have stared at since the beginning of the world.

Like all middle-aged people who live alone, her habits were as regular as if the well-being of the universe depended upon her unnecessary punctuality. She rose, began her search, left it off, and lay down always at the same hour, her minute hand being instinct and her hour hand St. Catherine's chiming. Hence it happened that, during the period of her search,

the sun, in those daily variations that have to be taken into account in regulating the sun-dial, had never had an opportunity of throwing his morning beam in one particular direction through the chink that formed his only entrance into the cellar during some ten minutes of the day. This morning, however, her having passed the night down-stairs without closing her eyes had given her the ten minutes' start required. The sunbeam, like a showman's wand, was pointing at a particular angle through the chink: her eyes followed it to its end, and lighted on the rusty steel ring of the long-lost key projecting, not from the interstices of the bricks, but from the edge of a rat-hole in the wall.

For a moment she could hardly believe her eyes. But the manner of the discovery, coming together with the fulfilment of all her hopes and longings, was too evidently a direct interference and revelation of the unknown and invisible powers, whose most direct prophet is the sun, to allow her to doubt for a moment more, even before she convinced herself that the finding, without any effort on her part, was real and true. She did not wait to put on her pattens or even to hold up her rags with her hands. In she plunged over her knees, for it was high tide, and almost kissed the rust off before a third moment had gone.

She could bear to wait for Zelda now. She had regained the key of heaven, and could wait there.

Her hand trembled as she opened the inner door so much that she had well-nigh let the key fall again. So she clutched it with her teeth: there should be no chance of its slipping this time. The wet iron touched her lips, and tasted sweeter than honey. Still more her hands trembled as they raised the now mildewed cloth and inserted the wards. She pressed the ring with reverence, then with firmness, then with all her strength, then, at last, with violence. Again it would not turn.

"Ah, I forgot—it wanted oiling," she remembered: but she had long consumed her oil, and had no money to buy more.

It was a bitter disappointment—more bitter than so slight an obstacle after such a triumph of hope should logically have been. She ought to have hailed it as a sacrifice to Nemesis—the goddess who punishes those who are happier than mortals have any right to be. Of course she might have opened the chest otherwise, but after the key had been sent to her direct from the skies upon a sunbeam, to have used any other means would have been profanation.

So, instead of breakfasting on the sight of her gold, she had to use her wits in casting about how she could manage to obtain a spoonful of oil.

While thus occupied she received another surprise which was no surprise. The first was owing to her ig-

norance of astronomy—the second, to her ignorance of the progress of inventions. She had reckoned it would take three or four days to hear from London: and in a day and a half, a letter-carrier, for the first time within living memory, found his way into Old Wharf-Side.

She tore open the letter—a letter from Marietta's child—from Marietta's self, rather—from the grave. What words would it contain—was she already on her way?

"Madame," it began. The word was like ice—could it be from a child of Marietta?

"MADAME,—As the agent and secretary of Mademoiselle Pauline Leczinska she instructs me to say, I cannot read or write. I am obliged to get somebody to do both for me who can't say what I mean and can't tell what I feel. He read me your letter—it has sent me wild. Who are you, if not my mother? Who was she? I am a real lady? What can I say?—I don't know how to put down words. I trust you: your words go through me—I must know who you are and what I am. They say a train will bring me to St. Bavons by afternoon, and I shall come.

"Believe me to be, Madame,

"Yours obediently,

"DENIS CAROL."

This evening—not days, but hours—every minute would bring her near the child whom she alone had nursed, and lost, and lived for! So absorbed was she in the thought that she had not a thought to spare for what the no doubt brilliant actress, fresh from London, would say on entering that sordid and naked house, and what she would think of her. She could only feel that there was heart in the answer, and, for the rest, that the girl should be feasted royally with love and joy and gold. There was but one little mist in the lustre of her full delight, and such a day must not be dimmed by the slightest shadow of a cloud. Never mind the oil now—never mind the key. The chest might safely stand lidless for a few hours—hours that would now both linger like hope and fly like joy.

Back she ran to the chest and tried the key once more. The lid was still strong and the lock secure. She pushed it from the wall, and attacked the screws of the hinges with a large, flat nail out of which she had improvised a screw-driver. The screws were strong and rusty, however, so that it only wanted one hour to Zelda's arrival when the last screw gave.

She pulled up the heavy lid, flung it down on the floor, and went down on her knees before the shrine. In an hour for her feast of love—now for her feast of gold.

Gold, indeed—when the chest was filled from bottom to brim with brick-bats and stones!

CHAPTER XIII. FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY.

ZELDA, as an engaged young lady, did not scrupulously fulfil all the requirements of her new position. It is true her position did not provide her with many requirements to fulfil. She had no friends of her own sex to render sympathetic or jealous by her confidences: she had no little graceful opportunities for showing how modestly and becomingly she wore her triumph over one of the best matches in England: she had not even the self-sufficing contentment wherein love is satisfied with being actor, stage, music, author, audience, and all. It was rather hard upon Lord Lisburn, seeing that he was a lover, apart from his accidental trappings, of whom any girl might be proud. But as it takes a vain man to feel wounded vanity, his condition at present was neither unhappy nor pitiable. Her mere society was full of ever new and ever exciting interest, and her manner was too universally impulsive to seem often cold. He wished sometimes that he could bring her to a more lover-like style of behavior, but he was hardly conscious of the wish; and it was naturally impossible for so single-hearted a man to suppose that so frank and open-hearted a girl should, in accepting him as a husband, have deliberately lied to him. He knew, of course, that with some natures, a want of active demonstrativeness is often a sign of the deepest and most lasting love, and so it might be with her.

Even so, however, all was not complete sunshine. One day he was unable to pay her his usual morning visit, and wrote her his first love-letter. He had hoped for an immediate answer in kind, and was disappointed when his messenger returned empty-handed. When he next saw her, she gave him his own letter and asked him to "say it" for her: and it was not pleasant to think that the future Countess of Lisburn could neither write nor read. She could place the letters that made up "Pauline Leczinska" at the right hand corner of her checks, and she had learned the meaning of numerals when used to express pounds, shillings, and pence; but she no more knew A from B than Mrs. Goldrick before she had been taken in hand by Marietta. However, this might be remedied. He proposed to spend part of each visit in teaching Zelda to read and write, and she eagerly consented. But this was the cause of another slight mortification—she, the learner, was startlingly quick and full of endless questions: he, the teacher, was uncomfortably slow, and by no means ready with his answers. He scarcely recognized himself when he went into a shop and bought a child's primer, such as he supposed would be the proper thing to use, and when

he found himself helplessly stuck at trying to explain why A is A. To his own amazement he found out that he no more knew how or why than she: and after the first attempt at a lesson he had no more courage to try again. Marietta had been a far better teacher: but then, as a woman, she was not ashamed to use the reason of "Because it is," when that is the true one.

This, of course, led to no quarrel. But a first quarrel very nearly arose on what was a more serious matter even than the accomplishment of learning the value of black marks, and how to use the feather of a goose. It came about in the first instance from her want of natural interest in fixing her wedding-day, and thence went on to her unaccountable delay in breaking her engagement with the Oberon. She could not see, nor could he express in terms that she could comprehend, why her present position as his *fiancée* and her performance in public were inconsistent things. He tried to explain, but his explanation fell as dead as his attempt to elucidate the alphabet.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VI. AN EPISODE.

To explain this disagreeable intimation of Mr. Mortmain's we must go back for a moment to an episode in the life of the Duke of Courthope's father, the first duke of the name.

In the latter half of the first decade of the present century, then, the moral tone of English society was susceptible of improvement. A "delicate inquiry" into the conduct even of the Princess of Wales was commenced by a committee of the Privy Council: Lords Grenville, Erskine, Spencer, and Ellenborough constituted themselves into an official divorce court, and many objectionable scandals were current. Most of these scandals were indeed disproved, as in the case of her Royal Highness, the wife of the heir to the throne of these realms. Nevertheless, perfect innocence and full acquittal did not altogether silence the loud crow of slander, and many abominable falsehoods, reflecting on the behavior of blameless persons of the highest rank, have come down to us with a lamentable and distressing semblance of truth still lingering about them. Thus, although it was well known that the young and beautiful Countess of Pencarrow, residing in St. James's Square, was a lady of unimpeachable morals, yet her late husband's family, who were always squabbling about her dower, were ill-natured enough to insinuate that the Duke of Courthope's curriele was seen too

often before her ladyship's door of an afternoon. They even went so far as to assert that when his Grace was there, less noble personages, and especially two old maiden ladies from Cornwall, the Honorable Misses Poldragon, had been denied admittance. The statement could not have been true, because in the first place the Duke of Courthope's curriele, which was then the fashionable carriage, had been given by his Grace a week after it was purchased to his favorite brother, Lord Alfred Wyldwyl; and there was this notable difference in their accounts of what had happened, that whereas the Honorable Pamela Poldragon declared it was the duke's shadow she had seen on the drawing-room blind of Lady Pencarrow's house, while looking out of her fly window before the maiden sisters drove away in dudgeon, on the other hand, the Honorable Priscilla averred as positively that it was the shadow of Lord Alfred, and that she had seen him buckle on his sword as he hurried away to mount guard at Carlton House.

However, this much is certain, that if the Honorable Misses Poldragon had been refused admittance to the privacy of their cousin, while the Duke of Courthope or his brother was nevertheless received, that circumstance could only have arisen from the fact that her ladyship was overwhelmed with grief for the death of her venerable husband, and inconsolable during the first years of her widowhood. If the countess consented to see the duke, and footmen were running all day long, when the duchess was out of town, between Whitehall and St. James's Square, nothing could be more natural or creditable to both of them. His Grace was a most kind-hearted nobleman, and had frequently been known to visit bereaved ladies from motives purely philanthropical. Lady Pencarrow was a distant kinswoman of his—a remote ancestress of the noble family of Treborne, from which she descended, having married Sir David Wyldwyl of the Mount, in the reign of Charles II.; and the duke had all the proper pride which becomes the hereditary chief of an illustrious house, in extending his countenance and protection to its most distant connections. Now the Countess of Pencarrow had been left extremely well off by her deceased husband, and she required a great deal of advice as to the management of her estates, and the reinvestment of her funded property. No one could give her wiser counsel on this subject than her illustrious relative, and when the present Lord Treborne, who would have been not unwilling to advise the wealthy widow himself, ventured to express some doubt of his Grace's financial capacity, suggesting that he (Lord Treborne) was the proper person to give counsel touching the pecuniary affairs of his kinswoman's

estate, the duke had him out on some futile pretext one cold morning in Kensington Gardens, and shot off his ear after the custom of the age.

But this was of little use. The Duke of Courthope could not shoot off the ears of all the world, and tales were told by some who took care not to place their ears in jeopardy. So Queen Charlotte looked sourly at the Countess of Pencarrow when next she went to the drawing-room, and even Lady Jersey, the leader of the opposition, warned her ladyship that she dared not visit her.

Just then a curious thing happened. Her Grace the Duchess of Courthope and Revel drove in state to Ascot races, on the great day when the king and royal family were there, and beside her in the same carriage was the Right Honorable the Countess of Pencarrow. Now the duchess was almost a saint upon earth, and could issue certificates of character to whom she pleased. She was a pale, feeble little woman, who passed her life doing good, and was seldom seen beyond her domain of Beaumanoir. She very rarely came to London, except to make her purchases at Christmas time, and once a year just after Easter, when her splendid suite of drawing-rooms at Whitehall were thrown open to all the town who were born with, or had attained, a right to be there. At such times it was remarked by very keen observers that her Grace possessed a remarkable energy of character under her quiet and languid demeanor. Very shortly after her marriage she had arranged her own plan of life, and had adhered to it ever since. She had never had any children, and, except on rare occasions, she and her husband lived entirely apart. They were very good friends. He always took counsel with her in any serious difficulty, and a single word from those thin pale lips of hers was a command to him. She seldom interfered with his business or pleasure, and treated him with an indulgent kindness, much as if he were a wayward child who could not help getting into scrapes, and who must be got out of them as noiselessly as possible when he did so. They loved each other really more than any one else in the world, but neither of them knew it, and nothing could be more indifferent than their behavior till some danger or trouble unmasked their hearts.

Now it so happened that Lord Treborne was extremely annoyed at the loss of his right ear, and cast about for some means of revenge which would not involve the loss of the other ear. As it was well known that the duke's affairs were greatly embarrassed, he had no difficulty in finding a safe and convenient mode of attack. Indeed, an opportunity for commencing hostilities presented itself unsought. His Grace was sole surviving executor of a gentleman who had left a large sum of money in India bonds; and when

this gentleman's son and heir came of age these bonds were not forthcoming. The heir had applied to the duke many times on the subject, and had been treated with courteous delay. He was asked to shoot pheasants at Beaumanoir, and to stalk deer at the duke's place in the Highlands. He was asked to dine at Whitehall and the Beefsteak Club. Once, too, he got an invitation to Carlton House, and there was some talk of giving him a place about the regent's court, when those desirable appointments were first made in the month of February, 1811, just as the delights of the London season were about to begin. But the young heir could hear nothing definite about his India bonds, and as he wanted to marry a ward of Lord Trecorne, his lordship pressed him to insist upon a satisfactory explanation.

Then it chanced that whenever the young man, whose name was Dowdeswell, called at Whitehall, the Duke of Courthope was out of town, and if he wrote to Beaumanoir, an answer came from Scotland, and every answer contained some wonderful excuse.

This correspondence being ultimately placed before Lord Trecorne, ever smarting from the loss of his ear, his lordship looked at it with a grim smile; and then said, without some contempt in his voice, —

"You have lost your money, my poor boy. That scoundrel has cheated you, as he cheated my cousin Lady Pencarrow, as he has cheated everybody who has anything to do with him. You cannot arrest him because he is a peer. You cannot make him pay you because his property is protected by the law of entail, and he has no son; so you cannot obtain any security from him that is worth a rush, because he may die to-morrow, and then his bond would be waste paper. But there is one thing you can do — you can impeach him for a misdemeanor."

Impeachment was rather in fashion just then. Lord Melville had been impeached in 1806, and even his Royal Highness the Duke of York was impeached three years afterwards. The result was of course in both cases an acquittal; but an impeachment was a very serious business; and when the Duke of Courthope got wind of the fact that he was to be treated in that inconvenient manner, with angry, earless Lord Trecorne in the background, he left town in great trepidation the same night for Beaumanoir.

The duchess was gently surprised to see him. She was seated in her favorite room looking out upon her own rose-garden, and which was fitted up with the furniture she had used as a girl. It was so full of knickknacks that you could hardly move in it. There were little China figures worth perhaps a penny each, upon shelves of common wood, covered with odds and ends of velvet, which she had put up and arranged herself. There was

a screen with some childish drawings neatly pasted on it, and one or two miniatures of some value, among them a beautiful portrait of her husband painted on ivory by Tannock. The duchess herself was dressed in a plain cotton gown, rather primly made, with a cap and a cambric stomacher as white as snow. She was not more than forty years of age, but she looked older. Her face was very pallid and rather tired, her lips were almost white, and her large round eyes had an expression of habitual suffering, borne with that good-humored resignation which is merely heroism in slippers. Her voice was low and pleasant, but had decided undertones in it, which showed she was accustomed to be obeyed. She was painting a fan when her husband entered, and a companion-lady, with little ringlets growing round her forehead not unlike those of a poodle dog, was seated on a stool near her, reading Miss Burney's "*Evelina*" aloud. A King Charles spaniel, which the duke had given her five years before, lay fat and lethargic upon the sofa.

"How do you do?" said the duchess, looking sideways at her work and pretending to pout. "Why did you not say you were coming? I would have had a dish of tea for you. See now what you have lost by surprising quiet people who are not used to fine company."

"My dear," answered the duke, as impatiently as ever he answered her, "I have something of importance to say to you."

She looked at him now keenly, anxiously; and then went on with her painting for a few moments. Presently she said in the softest and sweetest of tones to her companion, "Thank you;" upon which that lady rose, and with the practised virtue of a gentle footstep glided from the room.

What happened after she left was never precisely known, but the duchess's confidential maid, coming in suddenly to dress her mistress for dinner, and not aware that the duke was in her Grace's private apartments, found him fallen upon his knees at her feet and sobbing aloud, while her wasted fingers wandered tenderly in his hair, and she soothed him with the wondrous music of a sublime affection. Her faded face was lit up with the light of a great resolution. She knew it now. She had loved that splendid spendthrift all her life; given him her very existence; thought for him, hoarded for him, denied herself all her wishes that he might continue to be magnificent. She had protected him a thousand times: who would, or could, do so if she did not? And now she would sacrifice and offer up her very womanhood to save him.

And that was how it chanced that the Duchess of Courthope went with the Countess of Pencarrow to Ascot races, and the two ladies were inseparable

for six months afterwards; so that her ladyship and her Grace were together in the same room with no one but Dr. Keate, the Locock of the time, when a son and heir was born, amidst general rejoicing, to the magnificent inheritance of the double dukedom and its fortunes.

No more was heard of the impeachment after that. Mr. Dowdeswell's friends were somehow satisfied, or pacified, and in due time the Countess of Pencarrow, as we have seen, bequeathed all her property to the son of her friend the good duchess, that is, to the Duke of Courthope, whom Mr. Mortmain so sorely plagued. It was not until her ladyship's death that it appeared, on examining her papers, that the whole of that cruel story, which had amused the regency, proved nothing but the folly of the world in judging from appearances. The Earl of Pencarrow, a sort of human dog in a manger, had bequeathed all his unentailed estates and accumulations to his widow on the condition that she should not marry again, leaving her to burn with unholy fires — or to wither; and though such a provision in a will was against public polity and morality, it could not be changed. When, therefore, little more than a year after the crabbed old man's death, the beautiful woman he had condemned to sterility and loneliness fell in love with Lord Alfred Wyldwyl, the duke, who was a shrewd nobleman, suggested that they should be privately married by his own domestic chaplain; for the very sufficient reason that Lord Alfred was a younger son who had been brought up with the costliest tastes, accustomed to the most expensive luxuries, enjoyed an almost unlimited command of money during his father's lifetime, and now had not a sixpence but his lieutenant's pay; so that if he had married a portionless wife they must have genteelly starved. By leaving the testamentary arrangements of the dead lord undisturbed, and acting in defiance of them, they passed six happy months together; when, just as Lord Alfred was promised a lighthouse and a sinecure clerkship in the Court of Equity, worth together about £10,000 a year, and which would have set the young couple at their ease, he was killed by a fall from his horse while riding back from Ascot races to Windsor barracks. After his death it was of course more necessary than ever to conceal a marriage which would have left the poor countess completely beggared.

Therefore the duke, happening to want a son for financial purposes, the brotherly arrangements were made by which her ladyship's child passed for that of the duchess, and, so far as the world was concerned, this secret was fairly well kept.

Such was the piece of domestic romance which Mr. Mortmain recounted to the duke between the first and second dinner bells. It reminded the

duke that he simply held his title by one of those family intrigues, which, planned at first for mercenary ends, are ratified afterwards to prevent the disgrace of exposure.

(To be continued.)

MR. TENNYSON AS A BOTANIST.

WORDSWORTH, in the supplementary preface contained in the second volume of his works, asserts in the most emphatic way the deplorable ignorance of "the most obvious and important phenomena" of nature which characterizes the poetical literature of the period intervening between the publication of the "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons." It is to be feared that his opinion is, to a large extent, justified by the facts of the case. A very cursory examination of the productions of the poets who flourished during the seventy years referred to will suffice to show how little they were affected by the manifold beauty and grandeur of the visible universe everywhere around them. In this respect they contrast unfavorably, not only with their successors of the present century, which might have been expected, but with those of the two preceding centuries as well. The latter, whose works embrace a period dating back a hundred years from Milton, display, generally, a much more accurate acquaintance with the appearances and phenomena of the natural world, and spontaneousness in the expression of it, than the school of Dryden and Pope, who may be regarded as the most conspicuous examples of Wordsworth's strictures. Of Pope, particularly, it might almost be said that from his writings it could scarcely be inferred that there was much else in existence than courts, and fashions, and scandal—not much, at all events, that was worth caring for. He excelled in the representation of the modish life of the day—its fine ladies with their patches, its fine gentlemen with their periwigs, and its general artificiality. Of nature in its endless continuity, and variety, and mysteriousness, which has stirred the hearts of men in every age, and kindled many smaller poets into enthusiasm, he knew and cared little, and the trim alleys and botanical distortions of Versailles which he has characteristically described, may be taken as typical of his own inspiration on the matter. It may be worth while mentioning, as a pertinent illustration of these comments, that in his poem of "Windsor Forest," with the exception of a semi-patriotic allusion to the oak, in connection with shipbuilding, there is not a reference to a single forest tree, not even to any of those famous historical oaks which abound in the locality. Nature and simplicity, in truth, had gone out of fashion, and were not much in vogue again till far on in the century.

Darwin, a mere poetaster compared with the genius of Twickenham, is a well-known instance of the opposite defect—of the absence of poetic fire rather than of a taste for the delights of the country. His "Botanic Garden" is a dreary, mechanical affair, several degrees worse and more unreadable than Cowley's "Plants," a century earlier. Both are constructed on an altogether erroneous principle. Science is science, and poetry is poetry, and while, as is well illustrated in "The Princess" and "In Memoriam," the scientific spirit may be distinctly present, yet anything like a formal, didactic attempt at amalgamation is certain to prove a failure.

Although belonging to an earlier date than the sterile period referred to, George Herbert might also be quoted here as a case of poetic talent of a very genuine kind, yet unaccompanied by much perception of natural beauty or picturesqueness. He has sometimes been likened to Keble, a brother churchman and clergyman, but between the two in their feeling and apprehension of the wonders of creation, the difference is singular and complete. Herbert's strong point was spiritual anatomy. His probing and exposure of the deceptions and vanities of the human heart, and his setting forth of the dangers of the world to spirituality

of mind, is at once quaint and incisive. But of any love or special knowledge of the physical world there is scarcely a trace.¹ Keble's poetry, on the other hand, quite as unworldly as that of the author of "The Temple," is redolent everywhere of the sights and sounds of nature. The seasons with their endless changes, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the fragrance of the field, trees, rivers, mountains, and all material things, are assimilated, so to speak, into the very essence of his verse. That very world which to Herbert was only base and utterly indifferent, seemed to Keble, to use his own words, "ennobled and glorified," and awakened in his soul poetical emotions of the highest and purest kind.

It is unnecessary to enter into much detail in order to show how much more truly than himself, Pope's predecessors, and especially those of the Elizabethan era, were entitled to the designation of poets of nature. Shakespeare, Spenser, the two Fletchers, Milton, and many others, might be adduced in confirmation. With reference to botany, it is evident that the greatest of the tribe, in his universality of knowledge, flowing over into every region of human research, was well acquainted with the subject in its twofold aspect—trees and flowers. Many beautiful floral descriptions occur in the plays, and although the arboricultural allusions are less frequent, they are sufficiently numerous to justify the belief that his knowledge was both extensive and accurate. Perhaps the most important passage of the kind is where Cranmer, "dilating on a wind of prophecy," portrays, under the figure of a "mountain cedar," the future glories of the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor.² Milton has many striking and appropriate images borrowed from trees. His artistic use of the pine as a simile for Satan's spear,—

"To equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand;"

and the comparison of the rebel host to blasted pines, are fine examples of the poetical transmutation of botanical knowledge. Still finer is the exquisite description in "Lycidas" of the vernal flowers strewn on the hearse of his lamented friend. And, not to multiply quotations further, the vale of Vallombrosa has been immortalized forever by three lines in "Paradise Lost."³

In later poetry, not of the present century, Shenstone and Cowper were both genuine lovers of nature, and their works abound with passages relating to rural pleasures and scenery. Cowper, indeed, might be styled *par excellence* the poet of the country. No one ever believed more thoroughly than himself in his own epigrammatic line,—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

The revolution in the poetical taste of the time, afterwards consummated by Wordsworth, was mainly initiated by the recluse of Olney. In Shenstone's poems, now, it is to be feared, little read, there are some verses bearing on the subject of this essay which have a curious resemblance to Mr. Tennyson's famous song, "Come into the garden, Maud." We quote eight lines to be found in the piece designated "Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts":—

"From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!

"Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."

¹ One of his biographers has discovered a solitary verse, on the faith of which he complacently assumes that Herbert "was thoroughly alive to the sweet influences of nature."

² Commentators affirm Ben Jonson to be the author of the lines referred to.

³ "Till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa."

The ring and manner of this is very similar to Mr. Tennyson's composition, and although the measure is a little different, these verses might be interpolated in the modern song without in the least impairing its harmony, or affecting its verisimilitude.

The most distinguished names in the list of the natural poets of the present century are undoubtedly Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, and Mr. Tennyson. Of the two former it may be said in passing that they have probably done more than anybody else to foster the modern idea of nature, and the love of wild and picturesque scenery. Our business, however, is more particularly with Mr. Tennyson, and with the evidences of botanical knowledge to be found in his works, that part of botany at least relating to trees. These allusions, we apprehend, are more numerous, and show more insight, and acquaintance with the forms, and processes, and changes characteristic of the inhabitants of the forest than those of any other modern author. His verse in this respect differs from other descriptive poetry chiefly in this, that his notices are not general appellations or similitudes applicable equally to any or all trees, but are specific, exact, and true only in the particular case. Thomson, for example, in the "Seasons," is, in general, curiously vague in his descriptions. He generalizes constantly, and presents his readers with broad effects sketched *en masse*, instead of individual details. Such phrases as "sylvan glades," "vocal groves," "umbrageous shades," and the like, frequently occur, doing duty in place of more minute representations. Mr. Tennyson, on the other hand, and Sir Walter and Wordsworth may also be included, pursues exactly the contrary method. His descriptions are, nearly always, pictures of particular places instead of fancy sketches, and the distinguishing features are given incidentally in the course of the narrative. Where, again, particular trees are referred to, it is almost invariably with a phrase or an epithet clenching the description as precisely as a paragraph from Evelyn or Loudon. And, as poetry, these casual, accidental bits of descriptive writing are infinitely more effective than any amount of versified disquisition, of the Darwin sort, on the processes of vegetation. Slight, too, though in many cases they are, they indicate a deep appreciation of the results and tendencies of modern science. In what remains of this paper it is proposed, a little in detail, to adduce evidence from Mr. Tennyson's poems in support of the views we have expressed. It will not be necessary to go over the whole field, and we shall therefore select a few of the more important trees, and see to what extent his notices of them are corroborative of these preliminary remarks.

The ash will be the first example, and the reference in the lines quoted below is to the proverbial lateness of this tree in developing its foliage. It forms part of the Prince's song in the "Princess":—

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?"

This is a very striking comparison, happily expressed, and besides serving its immediate purpose, corrects an erroneous notion somewhat popular, that sometimes the ash and sometimes the oak is in leaf first. Then, again, in the "Gardener's Daughter," Juliet's eyes and hair are thus described:—

"Love, unperceived,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ash-buds in the front of March;"

a fact which all observers of the phenomena of the spring months will recognize as accurate.

The lime seems a special favorite of Mr. Tennyson, so lovingly and frequently does he use it for illustration. There is much imitative beauty in the well-known lines (also from the "Gardener's Daughter") which form the conclusion of the description of a cathedral city—possibly Peterborough:—

"And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

The giving out of branches close to the ground is a noticeable habit of the lime, as it is also to some extent, of the elm, particularly in Devonshire. The mode of growth and the development of the branches are still further illustrated:—

"Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead."

The epithet "branching" refers to another peculiarity—the number and intricacy of the branches in the centre of the tree. On this point Mr. Leo Grindon, a good authority, says: "So dense is the mass, that to climb a full-grown tree is nearly impossible." The frequent use of the lime for avenues and walks, a practice still more prevalent on the continent, is very pictorially stated:—

"And overhead,
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end."

Its spring-time is photographed in "Maud" in a single sentence, thus:—

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime."

Every student of botany will be able to verify the correctness of this line. The buds are peculiarly red, and the appearance of thousands of them bursting at once is precisely as the poet describes it. Elsewhere, the period immediately preceding the foliation of the trees is sketched with remarkable truthfulness:—

"On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect."

The Spanish chestnut, *Castanea*, is not one of Mr. Tennyson's trees; but there are frequent references to the horse-chestnut, *Æsculus*. The three chestnuts in the "Miller's Daughter" will be in the recollection of most readers of his poetry. The appearance of the buds just before emerging from their green covering, and the time of their development, are registered with minute accuracy:—

"But, Alice, what an hour was that,
When after roving in the woods
('Twas April then), I came and sat
Below the chestnuts, when their buds
Were glistening in the breezy blue."

"Glistening" is the exact epithet here. The early foliation of the chestnut and elm we find in the exquisite fragment "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere." The lines on the chestnut are very characteristic:—

"In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground."

This, and the similar remark on the elm, corresponds to the order of nature, and is nowhere better or more beautifully exemplified than in Kensington Gardens every April.

So far as we have been able to discover, there is only a single line devoted to the birch. It is to be found in "Amphion," that singular reproduction, in sylvan form, of the mythological legend. It is interesting to notice, by the way, that, in the later editions, the verse in which the birch is mentioned is omitted, and another substituted. As a whole the latter is doubtless the more musical of the two, but we are sorry to lose the apt and charming characterization of "the lady of the woods." For the curious in Tennysonianism we print both:—

"The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,
The bramble cast her berry,
The gin within the juniper
Began to make him merry."

"The linden broke her ranks and rent
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
And down the middle, buzz! she went
With all the bees behind her."

Of all the poets who have sung the praises of the birch, Coleridge, Keats, and, preëminently Sir Walter Scott, none of them has surpassed the initial line of the first stanza in condensed and subtle expressiveness. Scott's is somewhat similar, although not quite so good : —

"Where weeps the birch with silver bark,
And long dishevelled hair."

"Dishevelled," implying disorders and entanglement, does not convey a correct idea of the foliage of the birch. "Swang her fragrant hair" is decidedly better.

The fulness and ripeness of the poet's knowledge of trees is amply illustrated in those passages of his poems relating to the poplar. This is a tree with which he has been familiar from early childhood, as we gather from the "Ode to Memory," where he fondly recalls —

"The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door."

The famous poplar in "Mariana," which Mr. Read has reproduced in his fine picture of the "Moated Grange," now at South Kensington, is a prominent object in a very striking poem. The locality, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the fen country : —

"About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marsh mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark;
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray."

As an example of landscape painting in words there is nothing more perfect than this in modern literature. We are not aware if the doubt was ever suggested before, but we think it is at least questionable if Mr. Read is right in assuming the particular tree in the poem to be a Lombardy poplar. "Silver-green," a remarkable epithet, is more applicable to the abele or white poplar than to the fastigiate Lombardy species, and the sound of the trembling of the leaves is less noticeable in the latter than in most of the other poplars. In other poems this rustling noise is described as "lispings," "hissings," and like the sound of "falling showers," phrases all tolerably approximating to exactness. In "In Memoriam" there is a special reference to this white poplar whose silver-green foliage shows much more white than green in a gale of wind : —

"With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane."

The "quivering," "tremulous" aspen is also mentioned, but Mr. Tennyson is too good a botanist to fall into the popular error of supposing that it is the only tree which has fluttering leaves. Except the Ontario species and one or two others, nearly all the poplars have the same peculiarity, caused, it may not be superfluous to say, by the compression of the leaf-stalk. Very curious it is to notice in the upper branches, while a light wind is overhead, each particular leaf shaking on its own account, while the branch of which it is a part, and the tree itself, are perfectly motionless.

Of the beech the notices are scantier and less specific. Its peculiarly twisted roots, rich autumn tints, smooth bark, and unusual leafiness, are all described, however, more or less poetically. The following verse from "In Memoriam" has a certain pensive sweetness of its own : —

"Unwatched, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away."

The rich autumn tints of the foliage of the maple are here alluded to.

Cedars, cypresses, and yews, all members of the great coniferous family, are prominent objects in Mr. Tennyson's

landscapes. In the eighteenth section of "Maud," beginning, —

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend,"

and which contains some passages full of solemn tenderness and beauty, and a splendor of language worthy of Shakespeare himself, occurs the oft-quoted apostrophe addressed to the cedar of Lebanon by Maud's somewhat dis-tempered, though now happy lover : —

"O, thou art sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to the delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar.

"And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.
Here will I lie, while these long branches sway."

The yew, though usually regarded as the emblem of death, —

"Cheerless, unsocial plant, that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and tombs,"

might, in its extreme tenacity and length of days, be a fitter representative of life and endurance. In the second chapter of "In Memoriam" the yew is described in the most masterly manner. These are two of the verses : —

"Old Yew, which graspeth at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

"O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom."

The locality, the hue, the prolonged life, and the general unchangeableness of appearance, are all here summarily noticed. The Laureate seems, however, to share the popular dislike to this tree, a feeling which Gilpin, in his "Forest Scenery," ridicules as weakness. In "Amphion," yews are called "a dismal coterie;" in "Maud" a "black yew gloomed the stagnant air;" and in "Love and Death," we have the portentous image of the angel of death walking all alone "beneath a yew."

Our limits forbid more than a mere enumerative mention of other well-known trees, whose memory Mr. Tennyson has rendered sweeter to all future generations of tree lovers. "Immemorial elms," "perky larches and pines," "laburnums, dropping wells of fire," elders, hollies, "the pillared dusk of sounding sycamores," "dry-tongued laurels," "slender acacias" — all these and many others are to be found within the four corners of his poems. One only remains, the oak — "sole king of forests all," and as Mr. Tennyson has celebrated the praises of the monarch of the woods at length in the "Talking Oak," we shall add a few words on that charming composition by way of conclusion.

As is well known, the poem takes the form of a colloquy between an ancient oak, which formed a meeting-place for two lovers, and the young gentleman in the case. He comes to question the tree about his lady-love, who had visited the hallowed spot in his absence. And Lancelot himself, in his happiest vein, never conceived a more exquisite imaginary conversation. Here, in sportive phrase and bantering talk, is the whole philosophy of forest life set forth with a poetic felicity, saucy humor, and scientific precision of language, each admirable of its kind. The poem is literally a love idyll and botanic treatise combined. And never, surely, were love and science — January and May, might one say, so delightfully harmonized, conveying, too, to those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand, glimpses of a spiritual interpretation of nature, undreamt of by Pope and his school. Thus pleasantly does the old oak of "Summer-Chace" discourse to Walter of Olivia's

charms; and the reader will not fail to notice the skilful way in which the poet's practical acquaintance with trees is turned to account:—

"I swear (and else may insects prick
Each leaf into a gall)
This girl, for whom your heart is sick,
Is three times worth them all;"

and then, with a warmth of praise unusual and almost improper in such a venerable inhabitant of the forest, he continues:—

"Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirred:
"And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discerned,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turned."

Farther on, the not ungrateful lover invokes all atmospheric and other good influences on his partner in the dialogue, who has proved so communicative a companion:—

"O rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!
"Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!"

These, it will be admitted, are very melodious strains. Seldom has the imagery of the woods been used with more appropriateness and effect than in this poem, and its poetic excellence is rivalled by its accuracy. No one but an accomplished practical botanist could have written it. And throughout the poem, light and airy in tone as it is, there is distinctly perceptible the scientific element,—the sense of the forces of nature acting according to law, which, as we have already said, pervades like a subtle essence much of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. But enough has probably been said to justify the title of this article.

A LINE OF FRENCH ACTRESSES.

THE English stage has not been wanting in an illustrious line of right royal queens of tragedy. Mrs. Barry is the noble founder, and perhaps the noblest queen of that brilliant line. Then came Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Spranger Barry (Mrs. Crawford), Mrs. Siddons (who hated Mrs. Crawford for not abdicating), and Miss O'Neil, whom Mrs. Siddons equally disliked for coming after her.

With all these the lovers of dramatic literature are well acquainted. Of the contemporary line of French tragedy queens very little is known in this country; nevertheless, the dynasty is one of great brilliancy, and the details are not without much dramatic interest.

In the year 1644, in the city of Rouen, there lived a family named Desmares, which family was increased in that year by the birth of a little girl who was christened Marie. Corneille, born in the same city, was then eight-and-thirty years of age. Rouen is now proud of both of them—poet and actress. The actress is only known to fame by her married name. The clever Marie Desmares became the wife of the player Champmeslé. Monsieur was to Madame very much what poor Mr. Siddons was to his illustrious consort. Madame, or Mademoiselle, or *La Champmeslé*, as she was called indifferently, associated with Corneille by their common birthplace, was more intimately connected with Racine, who was her senior by five years. *La Champmeslé* was in her twenty-fifth year when she made her debut in Paris as Hermione, in Racine's masterpiece, "Andromaque." For a long time Paris could talk of nothing

but the new tragedy and the new actress. The part from which the piece takes its name was acted by Mlle. Duparc, whom Racine had carried off from Molière's company. The author was very much interested in this lady, the wife of a M. Duparc. Madame was, when a widow, the mother of a very posthumous child indeed. The mother died. She was followed to the grave by a troop of the weeping adorers of her former charms, "and," says Racine, alluding to himself, "the most interested of them was half dead as he wept."

The poet was aroused from his grief by a summons from the king, who, in presence of the sensitive Racine's bitterest enemy, Louvois, accused him of having robbed and poisoned his late mistress. The accusation was founded on information given by the infamous woman, Voisin, who was a poisoner by passion and profession, and was executed for her devilish practices. The information was found to be utterly false, and Racine, absolved, soon found consolation and compensation.

He became the master of *La Champmeslé*, and taught her how to play the heroines of the dramas which he wrote expressly for her. She, in her turn, became the mistress of her tutor. Of his teaching indeed she stood in little need, except to learn from him his ideas and object, as author of the play. She was not only sublime, but *La Champmeslé* was the first sublime actress that had hitherto appeared on the French stage. Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter:—

"*La Champmeslé* is something so extraordinary that you have never seen anything like it in all your life. One goes to hear the actress and not the play. I went to see 'Ariadne' for her sake alone. The piece is inspired: the players execrable. But as soon as *La Champmeslé* comes upon the stage a murmur of gladness runs throughout the house, and the tears of the audience flow at her despair."

The magic of the actress lured Madame de Sévigné's son, the young marquis, from the side of Ninon de l'Enclos. "He is nothing but a pumpkin fricassee in snow," said the perennial beauty. After the young nobleman thought proper to inform his mother of the interest he took in *La Champmeslé*, Madame de Sévigné was so proud that she wrote and spoke of her son's mistress as her daughter-in-law! To her own daughter she wrote as follows of the representation of Racine's "*Bajazet*," in which *La Champmeslé* acted Roxana:—

"The piece appeared to me fine. My daughter-in-law seemed to me the most miraculously good actress I had ever seen; a hundred thousand times better than Des Céillets; and I, who am allowed to be a very fair player, am not worthy of lighting the candles for her to act by. Seen near, she is plain, and I am not astonished that my son was 'choked' at his first interview with her; but when she breaks into verse she is adorable. I wish you could have come with us after dinner; you would not have been bored. You would probably have shed one little tear, since I let fall a score. You would have admired your sister-in-law."

Two months later the mother sent to her daughter a copy of the piece, and wrote: "If I could send you *La Champmeslé* with it you would admire it, but without her it loses half its value."

Racine, as Madame de Sévigné said, wrote pieces for his mistress, and not for posterity. "If ever," she remarked, "he should become less young, or cease to be in love, it will be no longer the same thing." The interpreter of the poet produced her wonderful effects dressed in exaggerated court costume, and delivering her *tirades* in a cadenced, sing-song, rise-and-fall style, marking the rhymes rather than keeping to the punctuation. It was the glory of the well-educated *arlequin* and *columbine*, "dans leur *Hostel de Bourgogne*," to act whole scenes of mock tragedy in the manner of *La Champmeslé* and her companions.

Lovers consumed fortunes to win the smiles they sought from the plain but attractive actress. Dukes, courtiers, simple gentlemen, flung themselves and all they had at her feet. *La Fontaine* wrote verses in worship of her when he was not helping her complaisant husband to write

comedies. Boileau, in the most stinging of epigrams, has made the conjugal immorality immortal, and De Sévigné has made the nobly-endowed actress live forever in her letters.

After Racine shut his eyes, as complaisantly as the husband, to the splendid infidelities of La Champmeslé — when temptation was powerless, and religion took the place of passionate love — he moralized on the sins of his former mistress. "The poor wretch," he wrote contemptuously to his son, "in her last moments, refused to renounce the stage." Without such renunciation the church barred her way to heaven! Racine, however, was misinformed. La Champmeslé died (1698) like so many of her gay fellows, "*dans les plus grandes sentiments de piété.*" Her widowed husband, when the rascal quality died out of him, kept to drink, and he turned now and then to devotion. One morning, in the year 1708, he went to the church of the Cordeliers, and ordered two masses for the repose of the souls of his mother and of his wife; and he put thirty sous into the hand of the *Sacristain* to pay for them. The man offered him ten sous as change. But M. Champmeslé put the money back: "Keep it," he said, "for a third mass for myself. I will come and hear it." Meanwhile he went and sat at the door of a tavern (*L'Alliance*) waiting for church time. He chatted gayly with his comrades, promised to join them at dinner, and as he rose to his feet he put his hand to his head, uttered a faint shriek, and fell dead to the ground.

As Racine formed La Champmeslé, so did the latter form her niece as her successor on the stage — Mlle. Duclos, who reigned supreme; but she was a less potential queen of the drama than her mistress. Her vehemence of movement once caused her to make an ignoble fall as she was playing Camille in "*Les Horaces*." Her equally vehement spirit once carried her out of her part altogether. At the first representation of La Motte's "*Inés de Castro*," the sudden appearance of the children caused the pit to laugh and to utter some feeble jokes. Mlle. Duclos, who was acting *Inés*, was indignant. "Brainless pit!" she exclaimed, "you laugh at the finest incident in the piece!" French audiences are not tolerant of impertinence on the stage; but they took this in good part, and listened with interest to the remainder of the play.

Mlle. Duclos, like her aunt, charmed or recitivated her parts. The French had got accustomed to the sing-song cadences of their rhymed plays, when suddenly a new charm fell upon their delighted ears. The new charmer was Adrienne Lecouvreur — a hat-maker's daughter, an amateur actress, then a strolling player. In 1717 she burst upon Paris, and in one month she enchanted the city by her acting in *Monimia*, *Electra*, and *Bérénice*, and had been named one of the king's company for the first parts in tragedy and comedy. Adrienne's magic lay in her natural simplicity. She spoke as the character she represented might be expected to speak. This natural style had been suggested by Molière, and had been attempted by Baron, but unsuccessfully. It was given to the silver-tongued Adrienne to subdue her audience by this exquisite simplicity of nature. The play-going world was enthusiastic. Whence did the new charmer come? She came from long training in the provinces, and was the glory of many a provincial city before, in 1717, she put her foot on the stage of the capital, and at the age of twenty-seven began her brilliant but brief artistic career of thirteen years. Tracing her early life back, people found her a baby, true child of Paris. In her little girlhood she saw "*Polyeucte*" at a playhouse close by her father's house. She immediately got up the tragedy with other little actors and actresses. Madame la Présidente La Jay, hearing of the ability of the troupe and of the excellence of Adrienne as Pauline at the rehearsals in a grocer's warehouse, lent the courtyard of her hotel in the Rue Garancière, where a stage was erected, and the tragedy acted, in presence of an audience which included members of the noblest families in France. All Paris was talking of the marvellous skill of the young company, but especially of Adrienne, when the association called the "*Comédie Française*,"

which had the exclusive right of acting the legitimate drama, arose in its spite, screamed "*Privilege!*" and got the company suppressed.

The little Adrienne, however, devoted herself to the stage; and when she came to Paris, after long and earnest experience in the provinces, her new subjects hailed their new queen — queen of tragedy, that is to say; for when she took comedy by the hand the muse bore with, rather than smiled upon her; and, wanting sympathy, Adrienne felt none. Outside the stage her heart and soul were surrendered to the great soldier and utterly worthless fellow, Maurice de Saxe. He was the only man to whom she ever gave her heart; and he had given his to so many there was little left for her worth the having. What little there was, was coveted by the Princess de Bouillon. Adrienne died while this aristocratic rival was flinging herself at the feet of the handsome Maréchal; and the wrathful popular voice, lamenting the loss of the dramatic queen, accused the princess of having poisoned the actress.

Adrienne Lecouvreur (whose story has been twice told in French dramas, and once marvellously illustrated by the genius of Rachel), before she made her exit from the world, thought of the poor of her district, and she left them several thousands of francs. The curé of St. Sulpice was told of the death and of the legacy. The good man took the money and refused to allow the body to be buried in consecrated ground. Princes of the church went to her *petits soupers*, but they would neither say "rest her soul," nor sanction decent rest to her body; and yet charity had beautified the one, as talent and dignity had marked the other. The corpse of this great actress (she was only forty when she died) was carried in a *fiacre*, accompanied by a faithful few, to a timber yard in the Faubourg St. Germain; a hired porter dug the shallow grave of the tragedy queen; and I remember, in my youthful days, a stone post at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne and the Rue de Grenelle which was said to stand over the spot where Monimia had been so ingloriously buried. It was then a solitary place, significantly named La Grenouillère.

And when this drama had closed, a valet of Baron, the great tragedian, looked at an old woman who attended in the box lobby of the Comédie Française, and they mutually thought of their daughter as the successor to poor Adrienne Lecouvreur. Their name was Gaussem; but when, a year after Adrienne's death, they succeeded in getting the young girl — eighteen, a flower of youth, beauty, and of simplicity, most exquisite, even if affected — they changed their name to Gaussin. As long as she was young, Voltaire intoxicated her with the incense of his flattery. He admired her Junie, *Andromaque*, *Iphigénie*, *Bérénice*; but he worshipped her for her perfect acting in parts he had written — *Zaire* (in which there is a "bit of business" with a veil, which Voltaire stole from the "handkerchief" in "*Othello*," the author of which he pretended to despise) — *Zaire*, *Alzire*; and in other characters Voltaire swore that she was a miracle of acting. But La Gaussin never equalled Adrienne. She surpassed Duclos in '*Inés de Castro*': she was herself to be surpassed by younger rivals. At about forty Voltaire spoke of his once youthful idol as *that old girl!*

La Gaussin had that excellent thing in woman, a sympathetic voice. Her pathos melted all hearts to the melodious sorrow of her own. In *Bérénice*, her pathetic charm had such an effect on one of the sentinels, who, in those days, were posted at the wings, that he unconsciously let his musket fall from his arm. Her eyes were as eloquent as her voice was persuasive. In other respects, Clairon (an actress) has said of her that La Gaussin had instinct rather than intelligence, with beauty, dignity, gracefulness, and an invariably winning manner which nothing could resist. Her great fault, according to the same authority, was sameness. Clairon added that she played *Zaire* in the same manner as she did *Rodogune*. It is as if an English actress were to make no difference between *Desdemona* and *Lady Macbeth*.

When La Gaussin had reached the age of forty-seven, the

French pit did what the French nation invariably does—smote down the idol which it had once worshipped. The uncrowned queen married an Italian ballet dancer, one Tevolaigo, who rendered her miserable, but died two years before her, in 1767. It is, however, said that Mlle. La Gaussin was led to withdraw from the stage out of sincerely religious scruples. A score of French actresses have done the same thing, and long before they had reached the *quarantaine*.

There is a good illustration of how unwilling the French audiences were to lose a word of La Gaussin's utterances in Cibber's "Apology." "At the tragedy of 'Zaire,'" he says, "while the celebrated Mlle. Gossin (*sic*) was delivering a soliloquy, a gentleman was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, which gave the actress some surprise and interruption, and, his fit increasing, she was forced to stand silent so long that it drew the eyes of the uneasy audience upon him; when a French gentleman, leaning forward to him, asked him if this actress had given him any particular offence, that he took so public an occasion to resent it? The English gentleman, in the utmost surprise, assured him that, so far from it, he was a particular admirer of her performance; that his malady was his real misfortune, and that if he apprehended any return of it he would rather quit his seat than disoblige either the actor or the audience." Colley calls this the "public decency" of the French theatre.

The Mlle. Clairon, named above, took up the inheritance which her predecessor had resigned. Claire Joseph Hippolyte Legris de Latude were her names; but, out of the first, she made the name by which she became illustrious. Her life was a long one—1723-1803. She acted from childhood to middle age; first as sprightly maiden, then in opera, till Rouen discovered in her a grand *tragédienne*, and sent her up to Paris, which city ratified the warrant given by the Rouennais. She made her first appearance as Phèdre, and the Parisians at once worshipped the new and exquisite idol.

The power that Mlle. Clairon held over her admirers, the sympathy that existed between them, is matter of notoriety. She was once acting Ariadne in Thomas Corneille's tragedy, at Marseilles, to an impassioned southern audience. In the last scene of the third act, where she is eager to discover who her rival can be in the heart of Theseus, the audience took almost as eager a part; and when she had uttered the lines in which she mentions the names of various beauties, but does not name, because she does not suspect, her own sister, a young fellow who was near her murmured, with the tears in his eyes, "It is Phædra! it is Phædra!"—the name of the sister in question. Clairon was one of those artists who conceal their art by being terribly in earnest. In her days the pit stood, there were no seats; *parterre* meant exactly what it says, "on the ground." The audience there gathered as near the stage as they could. Clairon, in some of her most tragic parts, put such intensity into her acting that as she descended the stage clothed in terror or insane with rage, as if she saw no pit before her and would sweep through it, the audience there actually recoiled, and only as the great actress drew back did they slowly return to their old positions.

The autobiographical memoirs of Mlle. Clairon give her rank as author as well as actress. Her style was declamatory, rather heavy, and marked by dramatic catchings of the breath which were among the faults that weaker players imitated. It was the conventional style, not to be rashly broken through in Paris; she accordingly first tried to do so at Bordeaux in 1752. "I acted," she tells us, "the part of Agrippina, and from first to last I played according to my own ideas. This simple, natural, unconventional style excited much surprise in the beginning; but, in the very middle of my first scene, I distinctly heard the words from a person in the pit, 'That is really fine!'" It was an attempt to change the sing-song style, just as Mlle. Clairon attempted to change the monotonous absurdity of the costume worn by actresses; but she was preceded by earlier reformers, Adrienne Lecouvreur, for instance. Her inclination for natural acting was doubtless

confirmed on simply hearing Garrick recite passages from English plays in a crowded French drawing-room. She did not understand a word of English, but she understood Garrick's expression, and, in her enthusiasm, Mlle. Clairon kissed Roscius, and then gracefully asked pardon of Roscius's wife for the liberty she had taken.

It is said that Clairon was one of those actresses who kept themselves throughout the day in the humor of the character they were to act at night. It is obvious that this might be embarrassing to her servants and unpleasant to her friends, family, and visitors. A Lady Macbeth vein all day long in a house would be too much of a good thing; but Mlle. Clairon defended the practice, as others did: "How," she would say, "could I be exalted, refined, imperial at night, if through the day I had been subdued to grovelling matters, every-day commonness, and polite servility? There was something in it; and in truth the superb Clairon, in ordinary life, was just as if she had to act every night the most sublimely imperious characters. With authors she was especially arbitrary, and to fling a manuscript part in the face of the writer, or to box his ears with it, was thought nothing of. Even worse than that was "only pretty Fanny's way."

The cause of Mlle. Clairon's retirement from the stage was a singular one. An actor named Dubois had been expelled from membership with the company of the Théâtre Français, on the ground that his conduct had brought dishonor on the profession. An order from the king commanded the restoration of Dubois, till the question could be decided. For the 15th of April, 1765, the "Siege of Calais" was accordingly announced, with Dubois in his original character. On that evening, Lekain, Molé, and Brizard, advertised to play, did not come down to the theatre at all. Mlle. Clairon arrived, but immediately went home. There was an awful tumult in the house, and a general demand that the deserters should be clapped into prison. The theatre was closed; Lekain, Molé, and Brizard suffered twenty-four days' imprisonment, and Mlle. Clairon was shut up in Fort l'Évêque. At the reopening of the theatre Bellecourt offered a very humble apology in the names of all the company; but Mlle. Clairon refused to be included, and she withdrew altogether from the profession.

On a subsequent evening, when she was receiving friends at her own house, the question of the propriety of her withdrawal was rather vivaciously discussed, as it was by the public generally. Some officers were particularly urgent that she should return, and play in the especially popular piece, the "Siege of Calais." "I fancy, gentlemen," she replied, "that if an attempt was made to compel you to serve with a fellow-officer who had disgraced the profession by an act of the utmost baseness, you would rather withdraw than do so?" "No doubt we should," replied one of the officers, "but we should not withdraw on a day of siege." Clairon laughed, but she did not yield. She retired in 1765, at the age of forty-two.

Clairon, being great, had many enemies. They shot lies at her as venomous as poisoned arrows. They identified her as the original of the shameless heroine in the "Histoire de Frétillon." With her, however, love was not sporadic. It was a settled sentiment, and she loved but one at a time; among others, Marmontel (see his memoirs), the Margrave of Anspach, and the comedian Larive. After all, Clairon had a divided sway. The rival queen was Marie Françoise Dumesnil. The latter was much longer before the public. The life of Mademoiselle Dumesnil was also longer, namely, from 1711 to 1803. Her professional career in Paris reached from 1737, when she appeared as Clytemnestra, to 1776, when she retired. For eleven years after Clairon's withdrawal Dumesnil reigned alone. She was of gentle blood but poor; she was plain, but her face had the beauty of intelligence and expression. When Garrick was asked what he thought of the two great *tragédiennes*, Clairon and Dumesnil, he replied, "Mlle. Clairon is the most perfect actress I have seen in France." "And Mlle. Dumesnil?" "Oh!" rejoined Garrick, "When I see Mlle. Dumesnil I see no actress at all. I

behold only Semiramis and Athalie!" — in which characters, however, she for many years wore the *paniers* that were in vogue. She is remembered as the first tragic actress who actually ran on the stage. It was in "*Méropé*," when she rushed to save *Égisthe*, exclaiming, "Hold! he is my son!" She reserved herself for the "points," whether of pathos or passion. The effect she produced was the result of nature; there was no art, no study. She exercised great power over her audiences. One night, having delivered her famous line in *Clytemnestra*,—

"Je maudirais les dieux, s'ils me rendaient le jour,"

an old captain standing near her clapped her on the back, with the rather rough compliment of "Va-t-en chienne, à tous les diables!" Rough as it was, Dumesnil was delighted with it. On another occasion, Joseph Chénier, the dramatist, expressed a desire, at her own house, to hear her recite. It is said that she struck a fearful awe into him, as she replied, "Asséyez-vous, Néron, et prenez votre place!" — for, as she spoke, she seemed to adopt the popular accusation that Joseph had been accessory to the guillotining of his brother, the young poet, André Chénier. Her enemies asserted that Dumesnil was never "up to the mark" unless she had taken wine, and a great deal of it. Marmontel insists that she caused his "*Héraclides*" to fail through her having indulged in excess of wine; but Fleury states that she kept up her strength during a tragedy by taking chicken broth with a little wine poured into it.

Mademoiselle Dumesnil retired, as we have said, in 1776. The stage was next not unworthily occupied by Mlle. Raucourt. But meanwhile there sprung up two young creatures destined to renew the rivalry which had existed between Clairon and Dumesnil. While these were growing up the French Revolution, which crushed all it touched, touched the *Comédie Française*, which fell to pieces. It pulled itself together, after a manner, but it was neither flourishing nor easy under the republic. The French stage paid its tribute to prison and to scaffold.

When the storm of the Revolution had swept by, that stage became once more full of talent and beauty. Talma reappeared, and soon after three actresses set the town mad. There was Mlle. Georges, a dazzling beauty of sixteen, a mere child, who had come up from Normandy, and who knew nothing more of the stage than that richly dressed actors there represented the sorrows, passion, and heroism of ancient times. Of those ancient times she knew no more than what she had learned in Corneille and Racine. But she had no sooner trod the stage, as Agrippina, than she was at once accepted as a great mistress of her art. Her beauty, her voice, her smile, her genius, and her talent, caused her to be hailed queen; but not quite unanimously. There was already a recognized queen of tragedy on the same stage, Mlle. Duchesnois. This older queen (originally a dressmaker, next, like Mrs. Siddons, a lady's-maid) was as noble an actress as Mlle. Georges, but her noble style was not supported by personal beauty. She was, perhaps, the ugliest woman that had ever held an audience in thrall by force of her genius and ability alone. While song-writers celebrated the charms of Mlle. Georges, portrait painters, too cruelly faithful, placed the sublime ugliness of Mlle. Duchesnois in the shop windows. There she was to be seen in character, with one of the lines she had to utter in it, as the epigraph:—

"Le roi parut touché de mes faibles attraits."

Even Talleyrand stooped to point a joke at her expense. A certain lady had no teeth. Mlle. Duchesnois *had*, but they were not pleasant to see. "If," said Talleyrand, alluding to the certain lady, "If Madame — had teeth, she would be as ugly as Mlle. Duchesnois."

Between these two queens of tragedy the company of the *Théâtre Français* were as divided in their allegiance as the public themselves. The Emperor Napoleon and Queen Hortense were admirers of Mlle. Georges; he covered her with diamonds, and he is said to have lent her those of his wife Josephine, who was the friend of Mlle. Duchesnois. Bourbonites and Republicans also adopted

Mlle. Duchesnois, who was adopted by Mlle. Dumesnil. Talma paid allegiance to the same lady, while Lafon swore only by Mlle. Georges, in whose behalf Mlle. Raucourt once nearly strangled Duchesnois. In society, every member of that awful institution was compelled to choose a side and a night. One queen played on a Monday, the other on a Wednesday; Mlle. Georges on Friday, and Duchesnois again on Sunday; and on the intervening nights the brilliant muse of comedy, Mlle. Mars (as the daughter of Monvel, the actor, always called herself), came and made Paris ecstatic with her *Elmire*, her *Célimène*, and other characters. Of these three supreme actresses, Mlle. Mars alone never grew old on the stage, in voice, figure, movement, action, feature, or expression. I recollect her well at sixty, creating the part of Mlle. de Belleisle, a young girl of sixteen; and Mlle. Mars that night was sixteen, and no more. It was only by putting the *binocle* to the eyes that you might fancy you saw something older, but the voice! It was the pure, sweet, gentle, penetrating, delicious voice of her youth — ever youthful. Jules Janin describes the nights on which the brilliant and graceful Mlle. Mars acted, as intervals of inexpressible charm, moments of luxurious rest. Factions were silenced. The two queens of tragedy were forgotten for a night, and all the homage was for the queen of comedy.

The beauty, youth, and talent of Mlle. Georges would probably have secured her seat on an undisputed throne, only for the caprices that accompany those three inestimable possessions. The youthful muse suddenly disappeared. She rose again in Russia, whither she had been tempted by the imperial liberality of Alexander the Czar. She was queening it there in more queenly fashion than ever; her name glittered on the walls of Moscow when the Grand Army of France scattered all such glories and wrecked its own. A quarter of a million of men perished in that bloody drama, but the tragedy queen contrived to get safe and sound over the frontier.

Thenceforth she gleamed like a meteor from nation to nation. Mlle. Duchesnois and Mlle. Mars held the sceptres of tragedy and comedy between them. They reigned with glory, and when their evening of life came on they departed with dignity — Duchesnois in 1835. The more impetuous Mlle. Georges flashed now here, now there, and blinded spectators by her beauty, as she dazzled them by her talent. The joy of acting, the ecstasy of being applauded, soon became all she cared for. One time she was entrancing audiences in the most magnificent theatres, at another, she was playing with strollers on the most primitive of stages; but always with the same care. Now, the Parisians hailed the return of their queen; in a month she was acting *Iphigenia* to the Tartars of the Crimea!

When the other once youthful queens of tragedy and comedy were approaching the sunset glories of their reigns, Mlle. Georges, in her mature and majestic beauty too, seized a new sceptre, mounted a new throne, and reigned supreme in a new kingdom. She became the queen of drama; not melodrama; of that prose tragedy, which is full of action, emotion, passion, and strong contrasts. Racine and Corneille were no longer the fountains at which she quaffed long draughts of inspiration. New writers hailed her as their muse and interpreter. She was the original Christine at Fontainebleau, in Dumas's piece so named, and Victor Hugo wrote for her his terrible "*Mary Tudor*" and his "*Lucrezia Borgia*." It was a delicious terror, a fearful delight, a painful pleasure, to see this wonderful woman transform herself into those other women, and seem the awful reality which she was only — but earnestly, valiantly, artistically — acting. She could be everything by turns: proud and cruel as Lady Macbeth, tender and gentle as Desdemona. Mlle. Georges, however, found a rival queen in drama, as she had done in tragedy — Madame Allan Dorval, who made weeping a luxury worth the paying for. Competitors, perhaps, rather than rivals. There was concurrency, rather than opposition. One of the prettiest incidents in stage annals occurred on the occasion of these artists being twice "called," after a representation of "*Mary Tudor*," in which Mlle. Georges

was the Queen and Madame Dorval Lady Jane Grey. After the two actresses had gracefully acknowledged the ovation of which they were the objects, Madame Dorval, with exquisite refinement and noble feeling, kissed the hand of Mlle. Georges, as if she recognized in her the still supremely reigning queen. It was a pleasure to see this; it is a pleasure to remember it; and it is equally a pleasure to make record of it here.

When all this brilliant talent began to be on the wane, and playgoers began to fear that all the thrones would be vacant, a curious scene used to occur nightly in summer time in the Champs Élysées. Before the seated public, beneath the trees, an oldish woman used to appear, with a slip of carpet on her arm, a fiddle beneath it, and a tin cup hanging on her finger. She was closely followed by a slim, pale, dark, but fiery-eyed girl, whose thoughts seemed to be with some world far away. When the woman had spread the carpet, had placed the cup at one corner, and had scraped a few hideous notes on the fiddle, the pale dark-eyed girl advanced on the carpet and recited passages from Racine and Corneille. With her beautiful head raised, with slight, rare, but most graceful action, with voice and emphasis in exact accord with her words, that pale-faced, inspired girl, enraptured her out-of-door audience. After a time she was seen no more, and it was concluded that her own inward fire had utterly consumed her, and she was forgotten. By-and-by there descended on the deserted temple of tragedy a new queen—nay, a goddess, bearing the name of Rachel. As the subdued and charmed public gazed and listened and sent up their incense of praise and their shout of adulation, memories of the pale-faced girl who used to recite beneath the stars in the Champs Élysées came upon them.

Some, however, could see no resemblance. Others denied the possibility of identity between the abject servant of the muse in the open air, and the glorious, though pale-faced, fiery-eyed queen of tragedy, occupying a throne which none could dispute with her. When half her brief, splendid, extravagant, and not blameless reign was over, Mlle. Rachel gave a "house-warming" on the occasion of opening her new and gorgeously-furnished mansion in the Rue Troncin. During the evening the hostess disappeared and the *maître d'hôtel* requested the crowded company in the great saloon so to arrange themselves as to leave space enough for Mlle. Rachel to appear at the upper end of the room, as she was about to favor the company with the recital of some passages from Racine and Corneille. Thereupon entered an old woman with strip of carpet, fiddle, and tin pot, followed by the queen of tragedy, in the shabbiest of frocks, pale, thoughtful, inspired, and with a sad smile that was not altogether out of tune with her pale meditations; and then, the carpet being spread, the fiddle scraped, and the cup deposited, Rachel trod the carpet as if it were the stage, and recited two or three passages from the masterpieces of the French masters in dramatic poetry, and moved her audience according to her will, in sympathy and delight. When the hurricane of applause had passed, and while a murmuring of enjoyment seemed as its softer echo, Rachel stooped, picked up the old tin cup, and going round with it to collect gratuities from the company, said, "Anciennement, c'était pour maman; à présent, c'est pour les pauvres."

The Rachel career was of unsurpassable splendor. Before it declined in darkness and set in premature painful death, the now old queen of tragedy, Mlle. Georges, met the sole heiress of the great inheritance, Mlle. Rachel, on the field of the glory of both. Rachel was then at the best of her powers, at the highest tide of her triumphs. They appeared in the same piece, Racine's "Iphigénie." Mlle. Georges was Clytemnestre; Rachel played Ériphile. They stood in presence, like the old and the young wrestlers, gazing on each other. Then each struggled for the crown from the spectators, till, whether out of compliment, which is doubtful, or that she was really subdued by the weight, power, and majestic grandeur of Mlle. Georges, Ériphile forgot to act, and seemed to be lost in admiration

at the acting of the then very stout, but still beautiful, mother of the French stage.

The younger rival, however, was the first to leave the arena. She acted in both hemispheres, led what is called a stormy life, was as eccentric as she was full of good impulses, and to the last she knew no more of the personages she acted than what she learned of them from the pieces in which they were represented. Rachel died utterly exhausted. The wear and tear of her professional life was aggravated by the want of repose, the restlessness, and the riot of the tragedy queen at home. She was royally buried. In the foyer of the Théâtre Français, Rachel and Mars, in marble, represent the Melpomene and Thalia of France. They are both dead and forgotten by the French public.

For years after Mlle. Duchesnois had vanished from the scene, Mlle. Georges may be said to have languished out her life. One day of snow and fog, in January, 1867, a funeral procession set out from Passy, traversed the living city of Paris, and entered through the mist the city of the dead, Père la Chaise. Alexandre Dumas was chief mourner. "In that coffin," said Jules Janin, "lay more sorrows, passions, poetry, and hopes than in a thousand proud tombs in the cemetery of Père la Chaise." She who had represented and felt and expressed all these sentiments, emotions, and ideas was the last survivor of the line of dramatic queens in France.

That line had its Lady Jane Grey, its queen for an hour; one who was loved and admired during that time, and whose hard fate was deplored for full as long a period. About the year 1819–20 there appeared at the Odéon a Mlle. Charton. She made her début in a new piece, "Lancastre," in which she acted Queen Elizabeth. Her youth and beauty, combined with extraordinary talent, took the public mind prisoner. Here was a young goddess who would shower delight when the maturer divinities had gone back to Olympus. The lithographed portrait of Mlle. Charton was in all the shops and was eagerly bought. Suddenly she ceased to act. A jealous lover had flung into that beautiful and happy face a cup of vitriol, and destroyed beauty, happiness, and partially the eyesight, forever. The young actress refused to prosecute the ruffian, and sat at home suffering and helpless, till she became "absorbed in the population"—that is to say, starved, or very nearly so. She had one poor female friend who helped just to keep her alive. In this way the once proud young beauty literally went down life into old age and increase of anguish. She dragged through the horrible time of the horrible Commune, and then she died. Her body was carried to the common pauper grave at Montmartre, and one poor actor who had occasionally given her what help he could, a M. Dupuis, followed her to that bourne.

Queens as they were, their advent to such royalty was impeded by every obstacle that could be thrown in their way. The "Society" of French actors has been long noted for its cruel illiberality and its mean jealousy, especially the "Society" that has been established since the Revolution—or, to speak correctly, during the Revolution which began in 1789, and which is now in the eighty-fourth year of its progress. The poor and modest Duchesnois had immense difficulty in being allowed to appear at all. The other actors would not even speak to her. When she was "called" by an enthusiastic audience no actor had the gallantry to offer a hand to lead her forward. A poor player, named Florence, at length did so, but on later occasions he was compelled to leave her to "go on" alone. When Mlle. Rachel, ill-clad and haggard, besought a well-known *sociétaire* to aid her in obtaining permission to make her début on the stage of the Théâtre Français, he told her to get a basket and go and sell flowers. On the night of her triumph, when she *did* appear, and heaps of bouquets were flung at her feet, on her coming forward after the fall of the curtain, she flung them all into a basket, slung it from her shoulders, went to the actor who had advised her to go and vend flowers, and kneeling to him, asked him, half in smiles and half in tears, if he would not buy a nosegay! It is said that Mlle. Mars was jealous of the promise of her sis-

ter, Georgina. Young *débutantes* are apt to think that the aged queens should abandon the parts of young princesses, and when the young *débutantes* have become old they are amazed at the impertinence of new comers who expect them to surrender the juvenile characters. The latest successful *débutante*, Mlle. Roussel, and M. Mounae Sully, are where they now are in spite of their fellows who were there before them.

PANDURANG HARI.¹

THE first care of Pandurang was to convey the woman to a place of safety, and this he found in a small cottage in a village in the suburbs. Then he went early in the morning to the palace — open, as Eastern palaces are, to all comers — where he saw a woman, bathed in tears, crying for justice. Her niece, she said, had been carried off and robbed of her ornaments, and perhaps murdered. Her cries reached the Peishwa's ears, and he ordered the Kotwall to inquire into the matter, and he had hardly done this when Trimluckje arrived.

Proclamations were issued and rewards offered for the discovery of the girl, whose name was Sagoonah, and Pandurang's intelligence soon convinced him that Sagoonah was the woman whom he had rescued, and that if he wished to know more of Trimluckje's share in the crime than he had already heard from Gabbagé he had better return and hear her story from her own lips. On his return he found her restored to consciousness, and on his side became conscious that she was a most beautiful girl; round her throat was a small necklace, to which a copper talisman was suspended.

Sagoonah's story was that she was an orphan, and that she herself, after the Hindoo custom, had been betrothed to a boy who had disappeared, so that to all intents and purposes she was a widow, as until her betrothed turned up or his death was proved, she could not marry any one else. She lived with an aunt near Poona, and had unfortunately been seen at a window by the Peishwa, who, much in the Arabian Nights fashion, became enamored of her, and offered her a place in his harem, which she said she would rather die than accept.

The next day the Peishwa had sent Trimluckje Danglia to press his suit; but he no sooner saw her than he, too, fell in love with her, and offered to carry her off to his property in Kandeish and to tell the Peishwa that she had fled. Sagoonah replied scornfully, but incautiously, "The Peishwa shall know this before sunset. Leave me." Trimluckje went away muttering curses, and towards sunset Sagoonah set out for the palace; on the way she was led astray by a story of her aunt's illness and fell into the hands of four Gosseins, who had been hired to strangle her, rob, and throw her out of the window.

And now our hero was master of the position, though it was one of great danger. He might either throw the crime on the Abyssinian or on Trimluckje, and, like a true Asiatic, he preferred, because it was more to his interest, "to accuse the guiltless man," consoling himself with the reflection that if the Abyssinian did not deserve to die for this crime he had committed a thousand others as bad, besides the particular crime of having had him flogged.

Having made up his mind, he went boldly to Trimluckje and told him he had come to help him to crush his rival the Kotwall. Trimluckje asked him his terms, and he said, as the reward for the discovery of the murderers of Sagoonah was 4000 rupees, he ought to have double if he brought home the charge to a man innocent of it. When Trimluckje asked, "Is he not guilty?" Pandurang said, "I know he is not, and I know who is." This assertion and the whisper, "Gabbagé Gousla Gossein," convinced Trimluckje, and then Pandurang explained that he meant to play the part of a magician, and gain access to the Kotwall, pretending to be able to discover the murderer

by the black art, and then to claim the right to pronounce the result of his incantations before the Peishwa himself. In the mean time, Trimluckje was to get up as many petitions against the Abyssinian as he could, and, above all things, to take care that a confidential person was sent to search the Kotwall's pillow on which he sat in *darbar*, and to bring whatever was found there to the Peishwa himself.

After these deliberations Pandurang attired himself as a magician, in which art, be it observed, every one in Poona, from the Peishwa down, firmly believed, except the magicians themselves, and made his way to the Kotwall's house in a palankeen, escorted by the Abyssinian himself. When they entered the office it was crowded, and Pandurang confesses that he trembled at his imprudence. Still, he had presence of mind enough to slip Sagoonah's necklace into the covering of the pillow. Then, hinting to the Kotwall that Trimluckje was the criminal, he killed a black-legged cock, swallowed two eggs, burnt some ghee, and stuck two needles through two limes. Next, as his incantations were complete, he demanded to be led to the Peishwa's palace.

The Peishwa, after some little delay, summoned the magician to his closet, and ordered him to be seated, but just as they began to converse, Pandurang's balance was very much upset by the sudden opening of a door behind the Peishwa, out of which peered the villainous face of Gabbagé. Then the door slammed to again. This apparition caused Pandurang to reflect if, after all, there might not be some counterplot, and by the time he had resolved to continue to screen Trimluckje the Peishwa got so impatient and angry that he threatened to have him trodden under foot by an elephant if he did not at once denounce the murderer. Nor was his wrath appeased when he did denounce the Kotwall, for he asked why he had not said so long ago, and, more than that, asked for proof. "Seize the Abyssinian and search his office and they will discover a talisman," said Pandurang. "This was the property of the murdered girl, and it can be sworn to by her aunt."

The Kotwall was then seized, and search was ordered to be made, the Peishwa adding significantly, "Beware how you deceive me." To Pandurang's dismay, however, the messengers sent to search came back, and could find nothing. The Peishwa now got furious, and Pandurang was just going to confess the whole story when he again caught the eye of Gabbagé in the crowd, which seemed to read his soul and say, "Do, if you dare." He therefore only told the Peishwa that he must have mistaken the spot, and that it was an unpropitious day. "And so you shall find it," said the Peishwa; "ho, there, let an elephant be in readiness; we will show the magician how to mock us."

The Abyssinian now made an attempt to save himself; but the Peishwa, to whom Trimluckje had whispered, said that, though the necklace had not been found, jewels and valuables had been found in such quantity as to prove that he must have plundered his subjects. The necklace might still be found, and so the magician's fate was postponed for one hour; as for the Kotwall, he must be trampled to death by an elephant. In the mean time, to prevent his insulting his lord and master by any words, his tongue must be cut out on the spot. This part of the sentence was carried out at once, and Pandurang Hari tells us that he trembled so much for his own unruly member that the bystanders could scarce refrain from laughter. It was also arranged that one elephant should tread both of them to death, so the unhappy Abyssinian was respited till the magician's hour was up.

But even in this perplexity, Pandurang had time to reflect how fortunate it was that the Abyssinian had lost his tongue, as if the necklace were still found he could say or suggest nothing. And found it was just before the hour was out. "The necklace! the necklace!" was the cry, and there it was. When the Peishwa asked how it had been found, it turned out that a servant had discovered it when putting a new cover on the pillow, and taken it home as of little value. Sagoonah's aunt was there and swore to it; and now Pandurang's confidence returned, he had

¹ *Pandurang Hari; or, the Memoirs of a Hindoo, with an Introduction by Sir Bartle Frere. London, 1873.*

crushed the innocent Kotwall, and he begged permission to retire, as he had to set off for Cabul that night.

We forgot to say that the talisman had been opened and was found to contain two grains of wheat wrapped in a slip of paper, on which was some writing, and which Pandurang managed to conceal. As soon as he could Pandurang threw off his magician's disguise and returned to Sagoonah, of course with the rupees, having made a secret appointment with her aunt for the same night that he might explain the whole affair. At his interview with the aunt, Pandurang Hari told her how he had saved her niece, and proposed that they should accompany him to Kandeish, where he expected to get a situation from Trimluckje. To do this more readily the two women were to pass as his mother and sister, and as "the eyes of the beautiful Sagoonah showed" how much the proposal pleased her, the aunt was soon persuaded, and the agreement made: Sagoonah still believing that it was the Kotwall, and not Trimluckje, who had attempted her life.

In the mean time the unhappy Kotwall had been trampled to death by the elephant. Next morning our hero saw Trimluckje, and said he was not come for money, but to obtain some situation by which he might gain an honest livelihood. As might be expected, Trimluckje grinned at the word "honest," and probably thought of the Kotwall's fate, but was ready enough to send him to Kandeish, giving him a letter to the collector of his revenues. Before he left Poona Pandurang paid a learned pundit five rupees to read the writing taken from Sagoonah's talisman. It turned out to be pure Sanscrit, and it ran thus:—

"Let her who doth this trinket wear
Guard against the Gossein's snare."

When he told the women this, they said that Sagoonah's father had been ruined by these wretches, who had sworn to persecute his race. He had, in fact, it came out, brought the Gossein to justice for some crime, and hence their enmity.

Next day Pandurang Hari and the woman set out for Kandeish, and it is only another proof how very small the world, even in India, is, that the man whose ponies and bullocks they hired to carry them and their goods was an ass-driver who had joined company with Pandurang when he escaped from the English fort. He was a rude, impertinent fellow, and besides recognizing Pandurang, insulted the women in such a way that Pandurang knocked him off his bullock and made him beg his pardon. He also resolved to dismiss him at the next town, but before he could do so the driver of asses lodged a complaint against him for an assault, adding that he was a deserter from the English who had a cantonment in the place.

While this charge and its consequent detention were going on, Pandurang was separated from the women; and when it was disposed of and he was set at liberty, it was only to find that the driver of asses had disappeared with the aunt and her niece. All he could hear was that the women had been seen early that morning with two men, one of them a Gossein. There was a hue and cry after this, which ended in Sagoonah and her aunt being found tied to stakes in a cave. Thither they had been taken by the Gossein and the driver and robbed; but the two rogues quarrelled about the division of the spoil, and the driver stabbed the Gossein, and went off with the booty, leaving the mendicant for dead. We need hardly say that this Gossein was our ubiquitous old friend Gabbagé, and we dare say the reader will feel glad that he is stretched out on the plain never to trouble us again, but what was as wonderful as his ubiquity was the vitality of this Gossein, who instead of dying, rose up and went to a doctor, promising to be back in a few hours. It was in this interval that they were discovered and rescued by Pandurang Hari.

We wish we could dwell on their journey to Kandeish, and tell how Pandurang bought him a two-edged sword and a brace of pistols only to be robbed of all his money by some Thugs; but at last they reached their destination, and Pandurang was appointed deputy collector, with a salary of 100 rupees a month. Here Pandurang seems to have re-

solved to turn over a new leaf, and not to squeeze the ryots or to rob his master. For a while the three lived very quietly and happily, and the only drawback was that Sagoonah would not hear of his addresses so long as she was not certain of the death of her betrothed. But at the end of six months came a message from Trimluckje begging Pandurang to return to Poona to get him out of a difficulty. It was a mere trifle. The great man, at the instigation of the Peishwa, had murdered a Shastra, or envoy, on his way from the Guicowar, and the English had taken up his cause and insisted on the extradition of Trimluckje, who was to be sent to Thannah, a fort on the island of Salsette, near Bombay.

As in duty bound, Pandurang Hari said he would accompany his patron whithersoever he went, and though dying to get back to Kandeish and Sagoonah, he very shortly set out for Salsette; but, no sooner was Trimluckje incarcerated in the fort, than his friends began to plot his escape. The end was that the Peishwa's minister got out of Salsette much in the same way as Louis Napoleon escaped from Ham. Pandurang Hari and Nanna, another attendant of Trimluckje, were left behind, but released by the English after two months, and set off to rejoin their master, expecting to be rewarded. On the way these two and another friend deliberated whether it would not be better to betray Trimluckje into the hands of the English, and so get a greater reward, but on consideration they resolved unanimously that they had better first get what they could from their patron for assisting him to escape, and then consider about betraying him to the English.

These plans, however, were frustrated by an untoward event. They had got within a few days' march of Kandeish, when they fell into the hands of a band of Pindarees, who forced them to take service among those famous freebooters, and carried them off to a fastness in a jungle. One of the first faces which Pandurang Hari saw in that robbers' hole, again reminding one of "Gil Blas," was that of Mahadeo, his old inkstand bearer, who had got him out of his trouble by burying the Carcoon. It was dull work in the jungle, so they amused themselves at night by telling the stories of their lives, very much like the Calenders in the "Arabian Nights," and the first story was that of the inkstand bearer, Mahadeo, from whom Pandurang heard something which not only surprised him, but, as the advertisements say, was ultimately very much to his advantage.

Though only a vagabond Pindaree Mahadeo asserted that his father was brother to the Rajah of Sattarah—that prince of whose debts a generation ago we heard so much, and of which we really do not know whether, like the Duke of York's debts, they are still unpaid; but though his brother he was not his heir, for he had an elder brother whom he loved to disparage by saying that he was the son of a washerwoman. This elder brother had a son, and it unfortunately happened that besides the rivalry of the fathers the sons were rivals also, for both aspired to be betrothed, when quite children, to the daughter of a high caste Brahmin. Unfortunately for Mahadeo, his cousin was preferred as nearer to the Rajah's throne, on which the uncle swore the most awful vengeance on both father and daughter. Shortly after he went to meet his brother, whose name was Sewajé, and, returning wounded, said that they had both been attacked, and that he had escaped while Sewajé had been murdered, a blow which so shocked him that he determined to become a Gossein and retire from the world. Not content with this, he resolved to take his son with him, and accordingly sought out an aged Gossein, who proceeded to initiate them into the mysteries of the sect, which, as they consisted in filling their mouths repeatedly with blood and then spurring it over the face of an idol of Siva, so disgusted the son, together with other austerities of saintly life, that he soon ran away and had never seen anything of his father, the pretender to Sattarah, since.

After a series of adventures, part of which consisted of his acquaintance with Pandurang Hari and the death and burial of Govindah, he had enlisted among the Pindarees, and there he was. The next night the second Pindaree,

Fuzl Khan, told his story, and the night after, the third began his, but it was cut short by the sound of a horn and the announcement that the English were at hand. The word was now "To horse," and the Pindarees mounted and spurred, only to fall into the hands of the English cavalry, who smote the robbers hip and thigh, though Pandurang Hari and Nanna, his friend, were lucky enough to get off safe. They reached a village where they heard the news that the Peishwa and the English were at war, and that Trimluckje was in that very place. Our hero sought him out, but, instead of any reward, was received with curses.

Thereupon Pandurang made for his village, only to find that the women had departed, leaving the house empty. No one could, or, at least, no one would, tell him anything about them; and when he applied to be reinstated in his place, he was told by a peon that the sooner he made off the better, and as he said this, he drew his hand significantly across his throat. From something that he heard, however, he thought that Sagoonah was in the strong fort at Azeerghur, and thither he set out. On the way he overtook at a Durhm Salleh, or caravanserai, two travellers, one short and one tall, both of most cut-throat appearance, on one of whom he recognized the pistols which had been stolen from him by the Thugs.

At first these fellows would have nothing to say to him, and, though he was starving, refused to give him any rice. At last they became better friends, and not only fed him, but proposed that he should become their accomplice in a perilous undertaking. Death, however, would be his reward if he dared to deceive them. Then they led him into the jungle till they came to a cave with an iron door, which opened by a secret spring, first cousin to Ali Baba's cave and its "Open Sesame." When they entered this worthy pair informed Pandurang that they were employed by Gunput Rao Mahadeo, the lawful heir to the crown of Sattarah, who, though a Gossein, known by the name of Gabbagé, was anxious to find his son, and then to marry him to a girl with an immensely rich uncle, whose money would induce the reigning Rajah to resign in Gunput's favor, and thus the girl would become Queen of Sattarah.

The reader may fancy our hero's emotion when he heard that Sagoonah was the name of the girl, and that she had when last seen a copper talisman round her neck. She and her aunt had fled to escape the persecution of the Gosseins, who had at last attempted her life at Poona, and though supposed to be dead it had been ascertained that they had fled to Kandeish, under the protection of one Pandurang Hari, whom the Gossein wished to be dispatched at once, and the girl brought to him that she might marry his son when found.

It must be owned that Pandurang Hari showed great address on this occasion, for, though he admitted that he knew the women and, therefore, could help the Gossein to find them, he denied altogether that he was Pandurang Hari, and in fact wormed all the secrets out of the two rogues, whom it was agreed he should precede to Azeerghur, and find out the women before the rest arrived, for it was reported that there were two women answering their description in the fort. The only part of their plan which he did not discover was something about a "Goatherd of the Glen," a melodramatic being with whom these ruffians had some business to transact which they declined to confide to their supposed accomplice. With a full wallet and ten rupees paid in advance, Pandurang left the cave for Azeerghur, but as he left it he could not help seeing that the small iron door by which it was entered could be closed from the outside by a strong iron bolt, and yielding to an irresistible temptation, he drew it at once across the door, thus leaving the two ruffians to a lingering and terrible death. He had some scruples in doing this, but at last reconciled it to his conscience as the right thing, though he heard his late companions loudly cursing him from the inside.

Now he set out for Azeerghur, in the hope of finding Sagoonah, whose history he now knew as well as that of Gunput Rao, *alias* Gabbagé Gousla, the villainous Gossein, and his son, Mahadeo, the Pindaree. As he went through

the jungle his good fortune brought him to a spot where two tigers were contending for the body of a hircarrah, or messenger. While the tigers disposed of the body Pandurang Hari possessed himself of his valuables, his staff or emblem of office, and the letters which he bore. Strange to say, the letters were to Trimluckje from the governor of Azeerghur, and said that the two women, one of whom was Sagoonah, had unfortunately fled from the fort and could not be found. As he went on his way through the jungle he came to the glen, and very soon after to the goatherd's hut, but, when he knocked at the door a venerable man came out, who congratulated him on his prudence in going back to Azeerghur with the staff and blood-stained ornaments of the hircarrah, who had only the night before stopped at his hut. "I hope," he added, "I am wrong in supposing that you came by them by robbery and murder." Wonderful to relate, the goatherd believed the tiger story when he heard it.

They soon became such good friends that Pandurang Hari thought it his duty to warn the goatherd of some danger which was impending. "I have now no enemies," was the oblivious answer, but, when the old man heard that the two ruffians were in the pay of the pretender to the throne of Sattarah, he could scarce stand upright. From what followed Pandurang Hari had no doubt that the goatherd was no other than Sewajé, the elder brother of Gunput Rao, *alias* Gossein Gousla, who, though supposed by Mahadeo, the Pindaree, to be murdered, was still alive, and in concealment. Along with Pandurang Hari went the goatherd, who packed up his few things with Hindoo celerity, and when they parted gave him an address at Indore at which he might be heard of if Pandurang Hari heard anything as to the machinations of Gabbagé. He also gave him a silver ring to show at Indore as a token, and then they parted.

After a series of adventures, in the course of which he meets his old friend Nanna and saves his life, they set out from Azeerghur with Fuzl Khan, who also turned up in the way peculiar either to this book or to India, for Guzerat, to find Sagoonah. On the way thither they took revenge on Trimluckje, who had intrigued with Nanna's wife, besides his other crimes, by betraying him to the English, who again drag him off to prison, and so there is one villain less in the story. But before reaching Guzerat they fall into the hands of the Bheels in the jungle, and our hero attempts to do a stroke of business quite equal to any in the book. The Bheels finding he had no money were ready to let him go, but while the chief was absent trying to extort a ransom for one of the party, Pandurang Hari came across his writing box, and found in it an insolent letter to the Guicowar demanding 6000 rupees to be paid down to the bearer in cash on pain of ravaging that sovereign's villages.

It at once occurred to our hero that he might carry off this letter, and present it, and so get the black mail for himself. Away he went to Barodah and presented the letter to the Guicowar in person, feeling as he did so very much as he felt when he was personating the magician before the Peishwa. Truth to say he had chosen an awkward moment, for the Guicowar had just concluded a treaty with the English to put down the Bheels by force, and so was no longer afraid of them. Had not the British Resident been at the palace, off Pandurang's head would have gone; but when he confessed and said he was no Bheel, and that he would guide a force to attack the robbers in their lair, he was forgiven on the intercession of the Resident. As he was departing on this errand, he saw Sagoonah looking out of a window at the troops, but could not catch her eye. To make a long story short, the Bheels were surprised and slain, and their captives released.

Then at last Pandurang returned, and found Sagoonah safe and sound at Broach, and the transports of the faithful lovers may be imagined. But, for all that, their troubles were not over. First of all, Pandurang fell ill of a jungle fever, through which he was nursed by Sagoonah, and when he recovered and took to the profession of a writer or advocate, he was so dogged and persecuted by his enemy Gabbagé, who came into court and put him out of count-

nance by making faces at him when he was pleading, and by trying to carry off Sagoonah and her aunt by force, that they determined to try their fortune in the Northern Concan and so elude pursuit. But it was all no use, for wherever Pandurang and Sagoonah and her aunt and the faithful Nanna went, they were watched and dogged by Gabbagé and his emissaries, one being, not unnaturally, the short ruffian whom Pandurang had shut up in the cave, whose name was Kookoo.

At last they outwitted their spies by sending Sagoonah and her aunt off to Bombay, where they would be in safety, and by hiring two women to personate them, with whom Pandurang and Nanna set off for Poona, the result being that when the spies at last carried off one of the women, imagining her to be the lovely Sagoonah, whom Gabbagé, now avowedly the pretender to Sattarah, meant to marry to Mahadeo, who had turned up in the usual way, they found their fancied prize was only an ugly old hag.

Having placed his mistress in safety under English protection, Pandurang Hari had leisure to think of himself, and finding time hanging heavily on his hands at Poona, he resolved to go to Indore and try the address given him by the goatherd of the glen, *alias* Sewajé, Gabbagé's elder brother, and rightful heir to the throne of Sattarah. Pandurang went to Indore, saw Sewajé's friend, convinced him of the truth of his story, and persuaded him to go with him to Sattarah to see Sewajé, and inform him of Gabbagé's machinations. Just then a sudden thought struck Pandurang, much as in a melodrama it occurs to the hero in disguise to ask some one else if he has not a strawberry mark on his arm. It suddenly struck him that there in Indore lived the widow of his first friend Sawunt Rao, and that she had the chain of his infancy in her keeping. He told this to his new friend, who, when the chain was described, said mysteriously, "It must be," and when he saw the chain itself, exclaimed, "It is as I thought; we must be off to-morrow. He who first bound that chain round your loins pants to behold you." "Who?" exclaimed Pandurang Hari. "He whom you seek—the recluse of the glen—your father."

And so out our hero's secret came. He was the son of Sewajé, the rightful heir to the crown of Sattarah, and now was explained the Gossein Gabbagé's hatred against him, for he it was who had been betrothed as a child to Sagoonah and preferred to Mahadeo. Gabbagé's anxiety to get rid of Pandurang Hari had been much increased of late years by his having arrived at this knowledge. And now our readers suppose that there is nothing more to be told, but that Sewajé and Pandurang Hari should rush into one another's arms, exclaiming reciprocally "My son, my father," and then mount the Musnud of Sattarah in a glow of red fire, in the glare of which our hero will lead the lovely Sagoonah to what represents the hymeneal altar in India. Not at all! the end is not yet, for is not Gabbagé Gousla still alive, and plotting? Just before that friend at Indore—we forgot to say his name was Wancee—was to set out with Pandurang Hari for Sattarah, to embrace his father, he, like a pious Hindoo, stepped out to a temple to say his prayers. From these devotions he never returned, nor was his body found, though spots of blood were seen on the pavement. The old man had been made away with, no doubt, by the ubiquitous Gabbagé, and, to add to our hero's misfortunes, the populace, as he had been the last person with whom Wancee was seen, unanimously accused him of being the murderer, and nearly tore him to pieces. Still he resolved to get to Sattarah and find his long lost father.

By this time the claims of the rival pretenders had nearly come to an outbreak. The streets were filled with bands of armed men, whose question was "Under which king, Bezonian?" Scarcely had Pandurang Hari got into the town than he felt sure he saw Gabbagé pass him, and next he fell upon a company of men who begged him to enlist on their side. When he asked which side, he was glad to hear they were Sewajé's men, so he joined them, and once more had to take up his quarters in a cavern. There he soon showed that he possessed private informa-

tion of importance, and when he told them of Wancee's death, and how the Goatherd of the Glen was an old friend of his, and that he knew Sewajé was hidden in Sattarah, the respect of the captains of the band so much increased that they whispered among themselves that he, no doubt, was the lawful heir to the Musnud of Sattarah.

For a few days longer our hero had to wait for the desired interview with his father. At last an old hag led him away from the cave and into the town and up to the fort, and there in an inner chamber he was met by a venerable old man, who soon recognized him as the youth to whom he had given the ring. We forgot to say that just before this Pandurang Hari had had a brush with his father's foes, and got a wound in the shoulder. The old man in examining the wound drew aside his coat, and then saw the silver chain which our hero now wore round his arm. "My son, my son, my own Jobba; is it thou indeed?" Yes, it was; and then, amid many transports, Sewajé explained that after the boy had been betrothed to Sagoonah, Gunput Rao, *alias* Gabbagé, was so enraged that he, Sewajé, had fled from Indore, with his son.

Why such a great lord did not travel with a retinue we cannot say; but so it was, the father and son set out from Indore alone, and round the child's waist was the chain of which the reader has heard so much. Suddenly they were set on by armed men, headed by Gunput Gabbagé. The child was taken from the father and the father stabbed by his brother and left for dead. Shortly after Wancee passed that way and played the part of the good Samaritan and restored his friend, who then resolved to live the life of a recluse until affairs at Sattarah took a turn in his favor. As for his son, he had always believed him to be slain, but it seemed that Gabbagé had been disturbed by a band of armed men just as he was about to slay him, and could only find time to throw him among a herd of bullocks, from which Sawunt Rao, who led the band, rescued him.

Besides this information on his side, Pandurang was able to give his father the welcome news that Sagoonah had escaped the machinations of the Gossein, and that nothing now intervened but distance between her and her betrothed. Yes! Gabbagé intervened. Though there was little hope for his side, for most of the great landowners sided with Sewajé, and though he consented to an amicable arbitration to settle the succession to the throne of Sattarah, and the British Resident was selected as umpire, he was still a traitor to the end. When the umpire was ready to give his award, the forces of each side were summoned to attend at the fort, there to lay down their arms and listen to it. But before they could reach the city Sewajé's adherents were furiously attacked by Gunput Gabbagé's troops, commanded by him and his son Mahadeo and the villain Kookoo. The engagement soon assumed the character of a hand-to-hand encounter. Nanna, Pandurang's friend, was matched against Mahadeo, while Kookoo singled out Pandurang Hari, and accosted him as he rode up on a tall warhorse, with the words, "I have found thee at last, thou would-be king."

Then ensued between the two a combat only equalled by that between the two Masters Crummies to which Nicholas Nickleby was an eye-witness. They cut and thrust and parried, and then by mutual consent they paused to take breath. Then they went at it again, cut and thrust and slash and dash, until Kookoo slashed Pandurang's left shoulder, while Pandurang inflicted such a severe wound on the string of his turban that it fell off. Then rising in his boots and availing himself of his superior stature our hero dealt his stout but short foeman such a dint on his bare head that his wicked skull was split, though his sword shivered in his hand. So much for Kookoo, and much the same for Mahadeo, whom by this time, after a fierce struggle, Nanna had mortally wounded. Before he expired, the old hag who had guided the son to the father sprang forward in the fray and revealed herself as the mother of Govindah, the Carcoon, whom Mahadeo had assisted in hanging and burying. "My son, thou art avenged," she cried, and flitted from the scene. Many had fallen on

each side, but Gunput Gabbagé, as usual, escaped. Both parties had to surrender to the English, who awarded the succession to Sewajé, and sentenced Gunput to be blown from a gun, from which fate he was only spared at the intercession of his brother and nephew, on condition that he should make a full confession of his crimes and be imprisoned in the Fort of Ahmednuggur for the rest of his life.

With this confession we do not propose to trouble our readers, for the very good reason that we have taken the liberty of using it already to explain the plot as we went on. Suffice it to say, that never was a fuller confession made by a greater scoundrel, even in India. In the mean time Sagoonah and her aunt had arrived from Bombay, and been formally introduced to Sewajé, who was delighted with his rich and lovely daughter-in-law. Next the Brahmins were consulted as to the marriage, which, with great presence of mind, they decided should be celebrated as soon as possible.

When the happy day came the priests bound the hands of the happy pair together with grass, their garments were tied together, the bridegroom made his oblations to fire, and the bride dropped rice into the flame. Then followed some ceremonies which we cannot describe any more than we can give the beautiful bride's dress, or who made it, or the wedding cake. The end was that Pandurang Hari and Sagoonah were man and wife, and if his father is now dead, as no doubt he is, our hero has ascended the Musnud of Sattarah; nay, perhaps, he may have been, as all this happened in 1893, the very Rajah of Sattarah who contracted the debts so often mentioned in Parliament.

Such is a faithful account of this Hindoo novel. Our sketch could not well have been shorter, regard being had to the length of the story and the variety of incidents interwoven in it. It was written fifty years ago by Mr. Hockley, of the Bombay Civil Service, who served in the Deccan and in the Judge's Court at Broach. Sir Bartle Frere, who has now reëdited it, warns us against taking the author's view of the Mahratta character as true in our time; and even in his own time he thinks that the writer was too severe a judge of native morality. In India, he thinks, the description of native life by an European is very much in the style of the man who describes his own combat with the lion, and that there is an inevitable short-sightedness in official life in India which makes us often pass sweeping censures on native morals. We heartily hope it is so, and we believe that the spread of education and the weight of our power have wrought great changes in this respect; but greater still must follow before the mass of the Hindoos will be less unscrupulous in their dealings either with their own people or with Europeans than Pandurang Hari confesses himself to have been. But all this does not the least impeach the interest of "Pandurang Hari." In fact there is a quaintness and simplicity in the roguery of the hero that makes his life as attractive as that of Guzman d'Alfarache or Gil Blas, and so we advise our readers not to be dismayed at the length of "Pandurang Hari," but to read it resolutely through. If they do this they cannot, we think, fail to be both amused and interested.

TREASURE.

"BUT if you admit the supernatural, if you allow its intervention in the circumstances of actual life, what—I take the liberty of asking—what is there left for sane reason to do?"

So saying, Anton Stepanytch magisterially folded his arms. He was a ministerial counsellor in some department; and as he had a deep bass voice and italicized his phrases, he was considered by some as an oracle.

"I agree with you," said Monsieur Finoplentof, the master of the house, in his small fluty voice, as he sat in his corner.

"I must confess I don't, seeing that I have had myself some experience of supernatural events."

This dissent proceeded from a stout and bald gentleman, of middle height and middle age, who had remained hitherto close to the stove without uttering a single word. Everybody stared at him, and there was a moment's silence, broken by Anton Stepanytch. "Really, my dear sir, do you mean to tell us, seriously, that anything supernatural ever happened to you?—that is to say, anything not in conformity with the laws of nature?"

"I give you my word for it," replied the dear sir, whose name was Porfirii Kapitonovitch, ex-officer of hussars.

"Not in conformity with the laws of nature!" thundered Stepanytch, evidently proud of the expression.

"Yes, to be sure. Exactly as you do me the honor to describe it."

"Very extraordinary! What do you say to it, gentlemen?" The departmental ministerial counsellor tried to put on an ironical look, but his features rather indicated the presence of some very offensive smell. "Would you be good enough," he continued, "to oblige us with a few details of so curious an adventure?"

"You wish to hear what occurred? Nothing is easier. You are aware, gentlemen, or perhaps you are not, that I have a small property in the district of Kozelsk. There is a little farm, a kitchen-garden to match, a little fish-pond, little barns and stables, besides a little lodging,—I am a bachelor,—just sufficient to give me decent shelter.

"One evening, some six years ago, I came home rather late. I had been card-playing with a neighbor, but I assure you that I walked quite straight. I undress, get into bed, and blow out the candle. Fancy, gentlemen, that as soon as the candle is out, something begins to stir under the bed. What is it? Mice? No, it can't be mice. It scratches, walks, kicks about, shakes its ears. 'Tis plain; 'tis a dog. But what dog? I don't keep a dog. 'It must be some stray dog,' I say to myself, 'treating himself to a night's lodging here. I call my servant. 'Filka!' He comes with a light. 'What's this?' I ask him. 'You're a poor creature, Filka; you attend to nothing! A dog has hid himself under the bed.' 'A dog?' says he. 'What dog?' 'How should I know?' 'Tis your business to provide your master with pleasant entertainments.' Filka looks under the bed with the candle. 'There's no dog there,' says he. I look too, and in fact there's no dog to be found. I stare at Filka, and he bursts out laughing. 'Stupid ass,' I say to him, 'when you opened the door, the dog shot out. You can attend to nothing. Do you suppose I have been drinking?' He was going to answer, but I told him to take himself off. I rolled myself up into a ball in the bed-clothes, and that night I heard nothing more.

"But the following night, fancy, the sport begins again. The minute I blow out the candle, he shakes his ears. I again call Filka. He looks under the bed. Nothing. I send him away, and blow out the light once more. Whew! the deuce! Here's the dog. 'Tis really a dog; I hear him snort, as he grubs in his hide after fleas. There's not the slightest doubt. 'Filka,' I shout, 'come here without a candle.' He comes. 'Well. Do you hear it?' 'I hear it,' says he. Without seeing him, I know by his voice he is in a fright. 'How do you explain that?' I ask him. 'How should I explain it? 'Tis a temptation—a bewitchment.' 'Hold your tongue, with your nonsensical bewitchments.' But we both of us shook, as if we had the ague. I light my candle; no more dog; no more noise; nothing but me and Filka, as white as sheets."

"'Tis plain you are a man of courage," interrupted Anton Stepanytch, forcing a smile half of pity and half of contempt. "'Tis evident you have served in the hussars."

"I was afraid then," replied Porfirii Kapitonovitch; "but excuse my saying that I shouldn't be afraid of you on any occasion. But listen a moment, gentlemen. This game had gone on for about six weeks, and I began to get used to it. I put out my candle every night, because I cannot sleep with a light in the room. One day my card-playing neighbor drops in to dinner, taking pot-luck, and I do him out of fifteen roubles. He looks up. 'It is get-

ting dark," says he; "I must be moving." But I had my plan. "Sleep here, Vassili Vassiliitch," says I. "To-morrow I will give you your revenge." Vassili Vassiliitch considers, and remains. I order a bed to be made for him in my chamber. We go to bed, we chat, we talk single men's talk—nonsense in short. Vassili Vassiliitch blows out his candle, and turns his back, as much as to say "Schlafen sie wohl." I wait a minute, and then blow out mine. And fancy, before I had time to think of it, the sport begins; the brute stirs, crawls from under the bed, walks about the room—I hear his claws upon the floor—shakes his ears, and then, patatras! upsets the chair that stood by Vassili Vassiliitch's bedside. "Porfirii Kapitonovitch," says he, and, mind, quite in his usual tone of voice, "you have set up a dog. Is it a sporting dog?" "As to dog," says I, "I have none, and have never had." "Not a dog? What is it then?" "What is it, indeed? Light your candle, and you will see." "Not a dog?" "No."

"I hear him try to light a match, fr-r, fr-r. All the while he was doing it the dog went on scratching himself with his hind-leg. The candle is lighted. Nothing! Vanished! Vassili Vassiliitch looks at me, and I look at him. 'What's the meaning of this?' says he. 'The meaning is this, that if you put Socrates and the Grand Frederick together, they can't explain it.' And I tell him the whole history. You should have seen him jump out of bed, like a scalt cat. 'Put my horses to,' says he. 'I won't stop here another minute. You are a lost man, under a spell. Bring out my horses instantly.'

"I managed to quiet him; his bed was shifted into another room, and lights kept burning all the rest of the night. Next morning he was considerably calmer. While drinking our tea he gave me his advice. And I must tell you, gentlemen, that my neighbor is a man—a superior man. He brought his mother-in-law to reason in a most extraordinary way. She became as gentle as a lamb; and it is not everybody, you know, who can get the better of a mother-in-law."

"I see you are a philosopher," again interrupted Anton Stepanytch, with the same compassionate and disdainful smile.

"Philosopher!" repeated Porfirii Kapitonovitch, this time knitting his brows and twisting his mustaches angrily. "I don't pretend to that. But I can give lessons in philosophy, and good ones too, upon occasion."

All eyes were turned on Anton Stepanytch, in expectation of a terrible reply, or at least a withering look; but the ministerial counsellor merely changed his contemptuous smile for a smile of indifference, yawned, crossed his legs, and that was all.

"Well," continued Porfirii Kapitonovitch, "Vassili's advice was, 'Leave home for a few days, and go to the town of Belev. There is a man there who may assist you. If it takes his fancy to help you, well and good; if it doesn't, there's nothing to be done. Ask for Prokhorytch Pervouchine, and tell him you come from me.' I thanked him for the recommendation, and immediately ordering out a tarantass, told Filka to drive me at once to Belev. For I thought to myself, 'Although up to the present time, my nocturnal visitor has done me no injury, it is nevertheless a great annoyance, and, moreover, quite unbefitting a gentleman and an officer.' What's your opinion?"

"And you went to Belev?" murmured Monsieur Finolentof.

"Straight, without stopping. I find out Prokhorytch—an old man in a patched blue vest, a tattered cap, busy planting cabbages, with a goat's beard, not a tooth in his head, but never did I see such piercing eyes. He stares at me fixedly; so; then he says, 'Have the goodness to step into the house.' House! a hovel! not room to turn yourself about in; on the wall an image as black as coal, and heads of saints, black, too, except their eyes. 'You want to consult me?' 'Indeed I do.' 'Very well; state your case.' And my gentleman sits himself down, takes a ragged cotton handkerchief out of his pocket, spreads it on his knees, and, without asking me to take a seat, regards me as if he were a senator or a minister. And, what

is strangest of all, a sudden fright overtakes me. Before I can make an end of my story, my heart sinks down to my heels. When I have done, he says nothing, but knits his brows and bites his lips. A last he majestically and deliberately asks, 'Your name? Your age? Your parents? Married or single?' Then, again knitting his brows and biting his lips, he raises his finger and says, 'Prostrate yourself before the holy images of the pure and gracious bishops, Saints Zozimus and Savvat of Solevets.' I prostrate myself at full length, and, if he had told me to do anything else, faith! I should have done it. I see, gentlemen this sets you a laughing, but I didn't feel the least inclination to laugh.

"Rise, young man," he says, after a time. "We can help you in this matter. It is not sent as a punishment, but as a warning; that is to say, your friends have reason to be anxious about you. Happily there is some one who prays for you. Go to the bazaar, and buy a young dog, which you will never suffer to leave you, night or day. Your ghostly visitations will cease, and, besides that, the dog may render you a service."

"You can fancy what delight this promise gave me. I made Prokhorytch a profound salutation and was going away, when it struck me that it would do no harm to offer him my acknowledgments. I took a three-rouble paper out of my pocket, but he pushed back my hand, saying, 'These services are not sold for money. Give it to a chapel, or to the poor.' I saluted him again, bowing down to his girdle, and immediately set off for the bazaar.

"Would you believe that the first thing I see there is a man in a gray smock-frock carrying a puppy two months old, brown, with white fore-feet and muzzle. 'Holo!' says I to the gray smock-frock. 'The price of your animal?' 'Two roubles.' 'Take three.' He gaped with astonishment, thinking me mad, but I stuffed the note between his teeth, and ran off with the dog to my tarantass. The horses were quickly put in harness, and the same evening I reached home. All the way, I nursed the dog on my knees, and when he whined I called him Treasure! Treasurouchko! I fed him and gave him drink myself. I had straw brought and a bed made for him in my chamber. I blew out the candle. I was in the dark.

"Let us see," says I. "Is it going to begin?" Not a sound to be heard. "Come on. Do you give it up? Show yourself, rascal." I was growing brave. "Give us another specimen, if only for the fun of the thing." I could hear nothing but the puppy's breathing. 'Filka!' I shouted. 'Come in, stupid.' He came in. 'Do you hear the spectre dog?' 'No, sir, I hear nothing;' and he began to laugh. 'Ah! you hear nothing now; nothing? Here's half a rouble, to drink my health.' 'Permit me to kiss your hand,' said the rogue, feeling his way in the dark. I leave you to guess how glad I was."

"And is that the end of your adventure?" asked Anton Stepanytch, but this time without his ironical grin.

"Yes, as far as the noises are concerned. But I have something more to tell you. My dog Treasure grew tall and stout; well set on the legs, strong square jaws, long hanging ears. His attachment to me was wonderful: where I went, he went; he never let me be out of his sight.

"One summer's day—and there was a drought unknown to the oldest inhabitant—the air was laden with hot flickering vapors. Everything was burnt up. The farm-laborers, like the crows, stood gasping in the heat, open-mouthed. The sky was dull, with the sun hanging in it like a red-hot cannon-ball. The very sight of the dust set you sneezing. I was tired of remaining shut up in the house, with the outer blinds closed to keep out the heat; so as soon as the afternoon became a little less sultry, I started to see a lady-neighbor of mine, who resided about a verst from my house. She was very charitable, still tolerably fresh and young, always well-dressed, only just a trifle capricious. I don't know that that's any great crime in women; both parties gain by it.

"I manage to reach the flight of steps in front of her house, although the road had seemed deucedly long; but I was kept up by the thought that Ninfodora Semenovna

would bring me to myself with cranberry-water and other cooling drinks. The handle of the door was in my grasp, when all at once I hear from behind a peasant's cottage the shouts of men and the screams of women and children. I look. Gracious Heavens! there rushes straight at me an enormous red brute, which at first sight I could not suppose to be a dog, open-mouthed, with bloodshot eyes and bristling hair. The monster mounts the steps, and, stupefied with terror, unable to stir, I am conscious of the rapid approach of some big white tusks and a red tongue covered with foam. But the next moment, another solid body flashes past me like a shell from a mortar. 'Tis Treasure, come to my assistance, who seizes the beast by the throat and clings to him like a leech. The other gasps, grinds his teeth, and falls. I open the door and jump into the entrance-hall without hardly knowing where I am. I close the door with all my strength, and shout for help while the battle is furiously raging outside. The whole house is upside down. Ninfodora Semenovna rushes forward, with her head-dress all awry. I peep through the door, opening it just ajar. 'The mad dog,' an old woman screams from a window, 'has run off to the village.' I step out. Where is Treasure? Ah, here he is, poor fellow, lame, torn, and bleeding. People have flocked up, as they would to a fire. 'What's the cause of all this?' I ask. 'One of the count's famous dogs, gone mad. He has been prowling about the neighborhood since yesterday.' We then had for a neighbor a dog-fancying court, who procured all sorts of breeds from all sorts of places.

"I run to a glass, to see if I am bitten. Thank Heaven, not a scratch, only, as you may guess, I was as green as a meadow, and Ninfodora Semenovna, stretched on a divan, sobbed like a clucking hen. You understand that. First, the nerves; then, sensibility. Good! she comes to herself, and asks me in a husky voice, 'Are you alive?' 'I believe so,' says I, 'and 'tis Treasure who saved me.' 'What a noble creature!' says she. 'Has the mad dog killed him?'

"No," says I, 'he is not dead, but badly wounded.' 'In that case,' says she, 'you must shoot him immediately.' 'Nothing of the kind,' says I. 'I shall try and cure him.' At that moment, Treasure comes and scratches at the door. I open it. 'Good Heavens!' says she, 'what are you doing? He'll eat us all up.' 'Pardon me,' says I, 'that doesn't come on immediately.' 'Gracious goodness!' says she, 'is it possible? You are gone mad too.' 'Ninfodora,' says I, 'make your mind easy, calm your fears, be reasonable.' All to no purpose. She begins screaming. 'Get out, quick, you and your horrid dog.' 'That's it?' says I. 'Very well, I will get out.' 'Directly,' says she, 'not another minute! Be off with you! You are a monster. I haven't the slightest doubt the man is as mad as his dog.' 'Well and good,' says I, 'only give me a carriage. I don't mean to run the risk of going home on foot.' 'Give him a calash, a droschky, whatever he will, only let him be off at once. Ah, mon Dieu! What big eyes he has! How he foams at the mouth!' Thereupon, she ran out of the room, gave her femme-de-chambre a box on the ears, and fainted away. You may believe me, gentlemen, or you may not, but from that moment all intimacy between Ninfodora Semenovna and myself was broken off; and, upon calm consideration, I feel that, for this sole service, I owed Treasure a debt of gratitude which could never be repaid.

"I took Treasure into the calash with me, and drove straight home. I examined him, washed his wounds, and determined to take him next morning at daybreak to the midwife of the Efreim district, a wonderful old man, who mutters strange words over a glass of water with which, they say, he mixes vipers' venom. You swallow that and are cured in a twinkling.

"While making these reflections, night came on; that is, it was time to go to bed. So I went to bed, with Treasure close by, as a matter of course. But whether it was the heat, or the fright, or the fleas, or my own reflections, no sleep was to be had. I drank water, opened the window, played the Moujik of Komarino on the guitar, with Italian variations, all to no purpose. 'This chamber is insupportable,' says I. 'With a pillow and a pair of

sheets, I have only to cross the garden, pass the night in the hay-shed, and breathe the fresh breeze from the open fields. All the stars are shining, and the sky is covered with little white clouds which scarcely stir.'

"Nevertheless, I couldn't find sleep on the hay any more than in my bed. My head kept running on presentiments, and what old Prokhorytch had told me. Impossible to comprehend what, in fact, is incomprehensible. But what does Treasure mean by whimpering and whining? His wounds, doubtless, smart. But the real impediment to sleep was the moon, staring me full in the face, flat, round, and yellow. She seemed to do it out of very insolence. The doors of the hay-shed stood wide open. You could see the country for five versts in front of you; that is, you saw everything bright and yet indistinct, as is the case with moonlight.

"I looked till I fancied I saw something moving, a shadow passing to and fro, not very near, then a little nearer. What is it? A hare? No, it is bigger than a hare. It crosses a silvery meadow in this direction. My heart beats, but curiosity masters fear. I get up, stare hard, with wide-open eyes, and feel a cold shudder, as if somebody had clapped a bit of ice on my back. The shadow rushes forward, like a hurricane; it is at the hay-shed door; 'tis the mad dog of yesterday. He howls, and flies at me with flaming eyes. But brave Treasure, who had kept watch, springs up from the hay. They fight and wrestle, mouth to mouth, bounding hither and thither, one snarling, yelling ball.

"All I remember is that I fell over them, and ran across the garden till I reached my chamber. After the first fright, I raised the house. Everybody armed themselves with something: one had a lantern, another a cudgel. I took a sabre and a revolver, bought when the serfs were emancipated, in case of need. Shouting, and hearing nothing, we ventured to enter the hay-shed, where we found my poor Treasure lying dead.

"Then, gentlemen, I began to bellow like a calf. I went down on my knees before the faithful friend who had twice saved my life and kissed his dear head. When my old housekeeper, Prascovie, found me in this position, 'What do you mean, Porfirii Kapitonovitch,' she angrily said, 'by taking on so about a dog? Yes, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you will catch your death of cold.' (It is true I was but scantily clad.) 'And if the dog has lost his life in saving yours, he ought to be very proud of the honor.'

"Without quite agreeing with Prascovie, I returned to the house. The mad dog was shot next day by a soldier of the garrison, because his hour was come; for it was the first time that very soldier had ever fired a gun, although he wore a medal for saving his country in 1812. This, gentlemen, is why I told you that something supernatural had happened to me."

The speaker was silent, and filled his pipe.

"Ah, sir," said Monsieur Finaplentof, "no doubt you led a holy life, and this was the recompense of" — He stopped short, observing that Porfirii Kapitonovitch's eyes grew smaller and his mouth broader, as if irresistibly tempted to laugh.

"But if you once admit the supernatural," insisted Anton Stepanytch, "if you once allow its intervention in the circumstances of actual life, so to speak, what is there left for sane reason to do?"

Nobody could find a suitable reply.

Such is an abbreviated upshot of Tourguéneff's Dog, which occupies but a very small space in the *Nouvelles Muscovites*, done into French partly by Prosper Mérimée, and partly by the Russian author himself.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was nearly three o'clock on a hot summer's day; the long polished counters of our bank, the Royal Domestic Bank, were crowded with customers—money was flowing in and running out in the usual business-like manner.

From a raised desk in my private room, I, the manager of the Royal Domestic Bank, looked out on the busy scene with a certain pride and pleasure. The Royal Domestic is not a long-established institution, and, without vanity, I may say that much of its prosperity and success is attributable to the zeal and experience of its manager. In corroboration of this statement, I might refer to the last printed Report of the directors, laid before the shareholders at their annual meeting, in which they are pleased to say— But after all, perhaps I may be thought guilty of undue egotism and conceit, if I repeat the flattering terms in which they speak of me.

A clerk put his head inside my door. "Mr. Thrapstow, sir, to speak to you."

"Send him in, Roberts," I said.

Charles Thrapstow I had known from boyhood; we had both been reared in the same country town. The fact that his parents were of considerably higher social status than mine, perhaps made our subsequent intimacy all the pleasanter to me, and caused me to set a value upon his good opinion greater than its intrinsic worth. Thrapstow was a stockbroker, a very clever, pushing fellow, who had the reputation of possessing an excellent judgment and great good luck. At my request, he had brought his account to our bank. It was a good account; he always kept a fair balance, and the cashier had never to look twice at his checks.

Charlie, like everybody else in business, occasionally wanted money. I had let him have advances at various times, of course amply covered by securities, advances which were always promptly repaid, and the securities redeemed. At this time, he had five thousand pounds of ours, to secure which we held City of Damascus Water-company's bonds to the nominal value of ten thousand. My directors rather demurred to these bonds, as being somewhat speculative in nature; but as I represented that the Company was highly respectable, and its shares well quoted in the market, and that I had full confidence in our customer, our people sanctioned the advance. I had perhaps a little uneasy feeling myself about those bonds, for they were not everybody's money, and there might have been some little difficulty in finding a customer for them in case of the necessity for a sudden sale.

Thrapstow came in radiant. He was a good-looking fellow, with a fair beard and moustache, bright eyes of bluish gray, a nose tilted upwards giving him a saucy, resolute air; he was always well dressed, the shiniest of boots, the most delicate shade of color in his light trousers and gloves, the glossiest of blue frock-coats, a neat light dust-coat over it, a blue bird's-eye scarf round his throat, in which was thrust a massive pin, containing a fine topaz, full of lustre, and yellow as beaten gold.

"Well, I've got a customer for those Damascus bonds waiting at my office; sold 'em well, too—to Billings Brothers, who want them for an Arab firm. One premium, and I bought at one discount."

"I'm very glad of it, Charlie," I said, and I felt really pleased, not only for Thrapstow's sake, but because I should be glad to get rid of the bonds, and the directors' shrugs whenever they were mentioned.

"Hand 'em over, old fellow," said Charlie, "and I'll bring you Billings's check up in five minutes. You won't have closed by then; or if you have, I'll come in at the private door."

I went to the safe, and put my hand upon the bonds.

Charlie stood there looking so frank and free, holding out his hand for the bonds, that I hadn't the heart to say to him, as I ought to have done, Bring your customer here, and let him settle for the bonds, and then I will hand them over. I should have said this to anybody else, but somehow I couldn't say it to Charlie. There would only be five minutes' risk, and surely it was no risk at all.

The thing was done in a moment; I was carried away by Thrapstow's irresistible manner. I handed over the bonds, and Charlie went off like a shot.

It wanted seven minutes to three, and I sat watching the hands of the clock in a little tremor, despite my full confidence in Thrapstow; but then I had so thorough a knowl-

edge of all the rules of banking, that I couldn't help feeling that I had done wrong. A few minutes, however, would set it right. Charlie's white hat and glittering topaz would soon put in an appearance.

Just at a minute to three the cashier brought me three checks, with a little slip of paper attached. They were Thrapstow's checks, for fifteen hundred—twelve hundred and three hundred odd respectively, and his balance was only five hundred odd.

I turned white and cold. "Of course you must refuse them," I said to the cashier.

When he went out, I sat in my chair quite still for a few moments, bewildered at the sudden misfortune that had happened to me. Charles Thrapstow was clearly a defaulter; but there was this one chance—he might have given the checks in the confidence of selling those bonds, and placing the balance to his account. In due course, these checks, which were crossed, would have been brought to the clearing-house, and have been presented on the morrow. But it seemed that his creditors had some mistrust of him, and had caused the checks to be demanded out of due course.

The clock struck three. Charles had not come back. The bank doors closed with a clang. I could endure the suspense no longer. Telling the bank porter that if Mr. Thrapstow came, he was to be admitted at the private door, and was to be detained in my room till I returned, I went out, and made my way to his office, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He wasn't there. The clerk, a youth of fifteen, knew nothing about him. He was in Capel Court, perhaps—anywhere, he didn't know. Had he been in within the last half-hour? Well, no; the clerk did not think he had. His story, then, of the customer waiting at his office was a lie.

With a heavy heart, I went back to the bank. No; Mr. Thrapstow hadn't been in, the porter said. I took a cab and went off to the office of Mr. Gedgemount, the solicitor to the bank. I told him in confidence what had happened, and asked his advice. "Could I get a warrant against this Thrapstow for stealing the bonds?"

"Upon my word," said Gedgemount, "I don't think you can make a criminal matter of it. It isn't larceny, because you abandoned the possession of the bonds voluntarily. No; I don't see how you can touch him. You must make a bankrupt of him, and then you can pursue him, as having fraudulently carried off his assets."

But that advice was no good to me. I think I was wrong in taking it. I think I ought to have gone straight off to the police office, and put the affair in the hands of the detectives. Dignified men of law, like Gedgemount, always find a dozen reasons for inaction, except in matters that bring grist to their own mill.

I went home completely disheartened and dejected. How could I face my directors with such a story as that I had to tell? The only excuse that I could urge of private friendship and confidence in the man who had robbed us, would make the matter only the worse. Clearly, at the same time that I told the circumstances to the directors, I should be bound to place my resignation in their hands, to be put into force if they thought fit. And there would be little doubt but that they would accept it. How damaging, too, the story would be to me, when I tried to obtain another appointment.

I had promised to take my wife and children for an excursion down the river, as soon as the bank closed, and the youngsters eagerly reminded me of my promise. I replied so savagely and sternly, that the children made off in tears; my wife, coming to see what was the matter, fared little better. I must have had a sunstroke or something, she told me, and brought bandages and eau de Cologne. I flung away in a rage, and went out of the house. I must be doing something, I felt, and I hailed a cab and drove to Thrapstow's lodgings.

Mr. Thrapstow wasn't coming home that night, his landlady told me; she thought he was away for a little jaunt; but she didn't know. He occupied the ground-floor of a small house in Ecclesford Street, Pimlico—two rooms

opening into each other. I told the woman that I would sit down and write a letter. She knew me well enough, as I had frequently visited Thrapstow, and she left me to myself. Then I began to overhaul everything, to try to find out some clue to his whereabouts. A few letters were on the chimney-piece: they were only circulars from tradesmen. In the fireplace was a considerable quantity of charred tinder. He had evidently been burning papers recently, and a quantity of them. I turned the tinder carefully over, spreading it out upon a newspaper. I found nothing legible except one little scrap of paper, which the fire had not altogether reduced to powder, on which I saw the name Isabel shining with metallic lustre. Then I went to the bedroom, and searched that. Here, too, were evident preparations for flight: coats and other garments thrown hastily into cupboards, boxes turned out, an odd glove or two lying upon the dressing-table. I carefully searched all the pockets for letters or other documents, but I found nothing. The keys were left in all the receptacles; an instance of Charlie's thoughtfulness for others, in the midst of his rascality.

Lying upon the wash-stand was a card, which was blank upon one side, but on the other had the name of a photographer printed upon it. The card was wet, as if it had been soaked in water; and near the upper end of it was a round irregular cut, which did not quite penetrate the card. It had evidently once had a photograph fastened on it; accordingly, the card had been wetted, to facilitate the removal of the photograph, whilst the face of the portrait had evidently been cut out, in order to place it in a locket or something similar.

It struck me at once that the photograph about which a man on the eve of flight would take so much trouble, must be of a person very dear to him; probably his sweetheart. Although I had been intimate with Thrapstow, he had always been very reserved as to his own friends and associates, and I had no clue to guide me to any of them, except the photographer's card.

Reëntering my cab, I drove off to the photographer's. There was no number or distinguishing mark upon the card, and the chances seemed faint that he would be able to tell me anything about it. Indeed, at first, when the man found that I wasn't a customer, he seemed little inclined to trouble himself about the matter. The promise of a fee, however, made him more reasonable, and he offered to let me see his books, that I might search for the name I wanted to find. But then I didn't know the name I wanted to find. It was unlikely that the photograph had been done for Thrapstow; if it had, there would probably appear in the books only the useless record of his address, already known to me. Then the man shook his head. If I didn't know the name, it was no use looking: the card was nothing, he said; he sent hundreds out every month. What information could he possibly give me? Then I tried to describe the personal appearance of Thrapstow. But again he shook his head. If he hadn't taken his likeness, he wouldn't be likely to remember him; hardly even then, so many people passed through his hands.

All this time he had been carelessly holding the card in his fingers, glancing at it now and then, and suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. "Stop a bit," he said, and went into his dark chamber, and presently emerged, smelling strongly of chemicals. "Look here," he said triumphantly. I looked, and saw a very faint ghostly impression of a photograph. "It's printed itself through," said the man — "they will sometimes — and I've brought it to light. Yes, I know the original of that." Again he dived into a closet, and brought out a negative with a number and label to it. Then he turned to his book, and wrote down an address for me — Mrs. Maidmont, Larkspur Road, Notting Hill.

Away I went to Larkspur Road. Mrs. Maidmont's house was a small, comfortable residence, with bright windows, verandahs, gorgeous window-boxes, and striped sunblinds. Mrs. Maidmont was at home, said a very neat, pretty-looking maid; and I sent in my card, with a message: "On most important business." The maid came

back to say that her mistress did not recognize the name, but would I walk in? I was shown into a pretty drawing-room on the first floor. An elderly lady rose to greet me with old-fashioned courtesy, at the same time with a good deal of uneasy curiosity visible in her face. This was not the original of the photograph, who was a young and charming girl.

"Madame," I said rapidly, "I believe that my friend, Charles Thrapstow, is well known to you; now, it is of the utmost importance that I should ascertain where he is at this moment."

"Stay!" said the old lady. "You are laboring under a complete mistake; I know nothing whatever of the gentleman whose name you mention; a name I never heard before."

Was she deceiving me? I did not think so.

"Perhaps Miss Maidmont may know," I said eagerly.

"Miss Maidmont is not likely to have formed any acquaintance without her mother's knowledge," said Mrs. Maidmont with dignity. There seemed to be no alternative but for me to retreat with apologies.

"I am very busy, you see," went on the old lady, with a wave of the hand; and indeed the room, now I looked about me, I saw to be strewed with preparations for some festive event, a ball perhaps, or, from a wreath of orange blossoms that I saw peeping out of a milliner's box, more likely a wedding. I was about to take my departure reluctantly, when a young girl, a charming young girl, bounded into the room: she was the original of the photograph.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "here's a letter from poor Charlie to say he can't possibly come here to-night! Isn't it provoking? And I want to consult him about so many things."

"Well, my dear Isabel," said the old lady placidly, "you'll have enough of his company after to-morrow." From which I judged that my surmise as to the wedding was correct, and that Charlie was the bridegroom-elect.

"By the way," she went on, "here's a gentleman, Isabel, who insists that we know a Mr. Charles — I forget the name now."

"Thrapstow," I interjected.

"A Mr. Charles Thrapstow. You know of no such person, Bella?"

"I know of no Mr. Charles but Charles Tempest," said Isabel.

"It is singular, too, that the initials of our friends should be the same. May I ask if you have given your portrait, taken by Blubore of Kensington?"

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Maidmont rising, and sounding the bell, "this is rather too much from a total stranger. We don't know your friend, and we don't know you. Susan, show this gentleman out."

"But a gentleman," I cried, "with blue eyes, and yellow beard and moustache, and turned-up nose."

"No more!" cried Mrs. Maidmont. "Am I to repeat once more, we know nothing about him?"

What could I do under these circumstances but take my leave? In Susan, however, I found an unexpected ally. She had heard my parting words of description, and she turned to me as we were descending the stairs, and said, "Miss Isabel's young man is exactly like that." Half a crown and a few blandishments, which, under the circumstances, I think even my worthy spouse would have condescended, put me into possession of the facts.

Miss Maidmont was really going to be married to-morrow morning at St. Spikenard's Church to a Mr. Charles Tempest, a very good-looking young man, whom they had not known long, but who seemed to be very well off. My description of my friend tallied exactly with Susan's of the bridegroom; but the coincidence might be merely accidental.

"Had Miss Maidmont a photograph of her lover?" I asked.

She had, in her own room, it seemed. Susan couldn't get at it now without suspicion; but she promised to secure it, and bring it with her if I would meet her at nine o'clock at the corner of the street.

I was punctual to my tryst; and at nine, Susan made her appearance with a morocco-case containing an excellent likeness of my friend, Charles Thrapstow, massive pin with topaz in it, and all.

Now what was to be done? Should I go to Mrs. Maidmont, and tell her how she was deceived in her daughter's lover? That would have been the way best adapted to spare the feelings of the Maidmonts; but would it bring back the five thousand pounds? I thought not.

"Miss Maidmont," I soliloquized, "will find some way to warn her lover. Even robbing a bank may not embitter a girl against her sweetheart, and no doubt she's over head and ears in love with Charlie." No; I determined on a different plan.

I rose early next morning, dressed myself with care, put on a pair of pale primrose gloves, donned my newest beaver, and took cab to St. Spikenard's, Notting Hill.

The bells were jangling merrily as I alighted at the church-door; a small crowd had already gathered on the pavement, drawn together by that keen foresight of coming excitement characteristic of the human species. "Friend of the bridegroom," I whispered to the verger, and I was forthwith shown into the vestry. The clergyman was there already, and shook hands with me in a vague kind of way.

"Not the bridegroom?" he said in a mild interrogative manner. I told him that I was only one of his friends, and we stood looking at each other in a comatose kind of way, till a little confusion at the vestry-door broke the spell. "Here he comes!" whispered some one; and next moment there appeared in the vestry, looking pale and agitated, but very handsome, Mr. Charles Thrapstow.

I had caught him by the arm and led him into a corner, before he recognized who I was. When he saw me, I thought he would have fainted. "Don't betray me," he whispered.

I held out my hand with significant gesture.

"Five thousand," I whispered in his ear.

"You shall have it in five minutes."

"Your minutes are long ones, Master Charles," I said.

With trembling fingers, he took out a pocket-book, and handed me a roll of notes.

"I meant it for you, Tom," he said. Perhaps he did, but we know the fate of good intentions.

It didn't take me long to count over those notes: there were exactly five thousand pounds.

"Now," said I, "Master Charlie, take yourself off!"

"You promised," he urged, "not to betray me."

"No more I will, if you go."

"She's got ten thousand of her own," he whispered.

"Be off; or else!"

"No; I won't," said Charlie, making up his mind with a desperate effort; "I'll not. I'll make a clean breast of it."

At that moment there was a bit of a stir, and a general call for the bridegroom. The bride had just arrived, people said. He pushed his way out to the carriage, and whispered a few words to Isabel, who fell back in a faint. There was a great fuss and bustle, and then some one came and said that there was an informality in the license, and that the wedding couldn't come off that day.

I didn't wait to see anything further, but posted off to the bank, and got there just as the board were assembling. I suppose some of the directors had got wind of Thrapstow's failure, for the first thing I heard when I got into the board-room was old Venables grumbling out: "How about those Damascus bonds, Mr. Manager?" I rode roughshod over old Venables, and tyrannized considerably over the board in general that day, but I couldn't help thinking how close a thing it was, and how very near shipwreck I had been.

As for Thrapstow, I presently heard that, after all, he had arranged with his creditors, and made it up with Miss Maidmont. He had a tongue that would wind round anything, if you only gave him time, and I wasn't much surprised at hearing that his wedding-day was fixed. He hasn't sent me an invitation, and I don't suppose he will, and I certainly shall not thrust myself forward a second time as an uninvited guest.

CURIOSITIES OF BEES.

THERE are few hobbies which a man rides more eagerly, when he has once mounted it, than bee-keeping. It is not merely the pleasant occupation and continual change of interest which these industrious creatures provide for their master, that so engross his thoughts; but, luckily for human nature, always glad to engage in a fray, there are many vexed questions connected with the life and economy of the hive-bee, which evoke the love of controversy as well, in all properly enthusiastic apiarists. From the days of Aristotle and Pliny to those of Swammerdam, Huber, and Kirby, naturalists have wrangled over the bee. In the very last book published on bees, the discussions of rival bee-keepers on disputed points in their life-history are still brought forward as prominently as ever. The object of this paper is to advocate no theory, nor to dilate on the wondrous instincts of the bee, but simply to recount some of the more curious lore connected with the little insect in ancient and modern times.

According to Virgil, Jupiter gave the bee its marvellous habits, because bees fed him with honey when, as an infant, he lay concealed in the Cretan cave from his father's search. The Curetes, a Cretan tribe, used to dance round the babe and drown his cries by rattling brazen cymbals, whence comes the origin of swarms of bees at the present day being pursued by housewives with much clanging of keys against frying-pans, the belief being universal that this noise is agreeable to them. Indeed Pliny, with questionable logic, argues, because this clatter is always made when bees swarm, therefore they must be gifted with the sense of hearing. Kirby, who wrote a most valuable monograph on bees, estimated that there are about 250 species of them in England. It is generally supposed that those bees which are peculiar to the New World are destitute of all offensive weapons. Humboldt, however, explains that they have stings, though comparatively feeble ones, and they use them very seldom—only, in short, when irritated and forced to defend themselves. While seated on the peak over Caracacas, in South America, he tells us, "determining the dip of the needle, I found my hands covered with a species of hairy bee, a little smaller than the honey-bees of the north of Europe. These insects make their nests in the ground; they seldom fly, and from the slowness of their movements I should have supposed they were benumbed by the cold of the mountain. The people call them *angelitos* (little angels), because they very seldom sting." (Cosmos, i. 435.) Among the numerous tribes of leaf-cutting and mason bees common in England, most possessors of a garden must have noticed the ravages of the *megachile centuncularis*, one of the former class. It is much smaller than the hive-bee, and cuts little segments, as clear as if punched out by a machine, from the leaves of roses and peas. The operation is very speedily performed when the bee has once made her choice; the strong mandibles go to work, and soon the bee flies off with her green load. If followed, it will be found that her nest is situated in some palisade or gate-post. The creature runs her tunnels into the wood by means of these same powerful jaws, and then lines them with the pieces of leaf. They are not fastened together, but the cells are honey-tight, and as fast as they are lined with leaves, an egg is dropped into each. Perhaps Virgil, Pliny, and the other ancient writers who speak of bees carrying ballast to steady themselves in windy weather, had witnessed the doings of leaf-cutting bees, and confounded them with hive-bees.

What we know as the queen bee was always with the ancients, in treating of hive-bees, called the king, and was regarded as the absolute master of the community. They describe him, truly enough, as being twice as large as the common bee, more glittering in aspect, and (says Pliny, with a touch of imagination) "on his brow glitters a whitish spot, like a diadem." Dryden shall translate from Virgil how he is obeyed:—

The king presides, his subjects' toil surveys;
The servile route their careful Cæsar praise;

Him they extol, they worship him alone,
 They crowd his levees and support his throne.
 They raise him on their shoulders with a shout,
 And when their sovereign's quarrel calls them out,
 His foes to mortal combat they defy,
 And think it honor at his feet to die.

The king is stingless; "armed only with his majestic port." Modern science regards this so-called king as mother and monarch of the hive. It is found that she lives four years, and is hatched from the egg in fourteen days, while the workers require twenty-one days, and the drones twenty-four. These strange figures are part of the mystery attaching to bees; but a still more curious fact connected with this point is, that bees have the power at will of developing common eggs into queen bees. This is done by removing an egg into a royal cell, and feeding the little grub with a substance of a milky gelatinous appearance, known as "royal jelly." These facts have been ascertained without a doubt by Mr. Pettigrew, one of the most successful bee-keepers of the day; though what the exact analysis of this "royal jelly" may be is utterly unknown. The chief function of the queen in the hive is to lay eggs, from which the future population will spring. A healthy queen, during her life, is estimated to lay the enormous number of 800,000 eggs; often in the heat of summer, for months together, she will lay 2000 a day. Whether these eggs are all alike, or whether some are distinctly worker-eggs, and others as distinctly drone-eggs, is one of the numerous questions on which all bee-keepers are at issue.

The working bees form the life and prosperity of the hive. To them belong industry, labor, patience, ingenuity—in short, all the virtues of the race; and while each knows his own duty, and does it, the efforts of all are directed towards the weal of the community.

Some o'er the public magazines preside,
 And some are sent new forage to provide;
 These drudge in fields abroad, and those at home
 Lay deep foundations for the labored comb;
 To pitch the waxen flooring some contrive,
 Some nurse the future nation of the hive.
 Studious of honey each in his degree,
 The youthful swain, the grave experienced bee.

The working bee never lives longer than nine months; they labor so incessantly, that it is supposed they never sleep. The daily consumption and waste of a large hive of bees in summer may be taken at two pounds of honey; it will show the industry of the working bees to bear in mind that, beyond this, such a hive in favorable weather will often accumulate honey to the amount of four and six pounds daily. Indeed, it is upon record that a hive once gained twenty pounds' weight of it in two days! It is curious that even a wild hive of bees can soon be taught to recognize and refrain from attacking people who approach them. No wonder that the ancients esteemed them divine; that their poet laureate, according to the Platonic philosophy, assigns them "a participation in the Supreme Mind and in heavenly influences;" and that another speaks of their powers of presaging wind and fine weather. Modern science points out that the fructifying of many flowers is due to the labors of bees in mingling the pollen; and most gardeners must have noticed the difficulty of preserving a pure strain of any plant when these active workmen have access to other varieties of it.

Within the nectaries of many flowers the bee finds the thin sweet juice which we know as honey; but when this is carried home and deposited in wax cells, it requires to be swallowed again by the bees, when it undergoes a thickening process, and becomes honey proper. Honey gathered almost exclusively from one kind of plant or flower acquires its special flavor. Thus clover-honey is clear and pleasant both to the eye and the palate, but that made from sycamore and gooseberry flowers far exceeds it. Heather-honey is much darker than other kinds. The blossoms of many of our trees furnish excellent honey, which Virgil has not forgotten. When celebrating the Corycian bee-master, who was first of his neighbors to

Squeeze the combs with golden liquor crowned,

he is careful to add,

His limes were first in flower.

Few blooms are more grateful than this to bees.

At certain times in spring the leaves of sycamores and kindred trees are covered with a species of clammy substance which bees collect greedily. Unfortunately, its dark color and disagreeable flavor do much damage to the honey, and it would be a blessing to bee-keepers if their charges never heeded its attractions. Wonderful views were held regarding it before science took it in hand. Pliny supposed it to be "the perspiration of the sky, the saliva of the stars, or the moisture deposited by the atmosphere while purging itself, corrupted by its admixture with the mists of earth." Countryfolk deem it a deposit of the east winds, and talk of it as "John Honeydew." It is nothing more or less, however, than the product of apides, which in spring are frequently largely generated on trees of the sycamore family.

Drones were anciently esteemed imperfect bees—the slaves of the true bees. They work but little, says the great naturalist of old days, but that little and the heat they cause is useful in a hive. It is now known that drones are really the males of the community, the gay young bachelors that woo the queen when swarming-time arrives. They have ever served morality as an awful example to hold up to the young; for they never think of working, and it is questioned whether, in the midst of plenty, they even take the trouble to feed themselves. Certain it is, that working bees have frequently been seen feeding them, much as a bird supplies her gaping young ones. Virgil characteristically calls them *ignavum fucos pecus*; and again, *immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus*. A suitable Nemesis always pursues them: they are, after a time, thrust out of the hive to perish of starvation, or else actually murdered. Stingless and lazy, every one must have seen them just before winter sitting torpidly on a bough, or feebly catching the last rays of the sun. Death is then already laying his hand upon them.

It has always been matter of doubt whether the community in a hive should be deemed a republic or a kingdom, and many writers have decided according to their own political views. Pliny judged it to be a republic, with chiefs, affairs of state, and (most wonderful of all) national character; and Virgil almost verbally agrees with him. Shakespeare, who never forgets to touch upon the surroundings of home, adopts, naturally enough, the view that bees live under a monarchy. His ideas are so beautifully expressed that the reader will be glad to have them recalled to his mind:—

So work the honey-bees;

Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts;
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor;
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. (Henry V. i. 2.)

Wonderful stories concerning the production of bees were current in ancient times. Some thought that bees gathered their young off the leaves of trees, or from the flowers of the honey-wort, the reed, or the olive. Pliny speaks of them as sitting on their eggs like hens. It was a very general opinion that bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle. Virgil gives a recipe for the purpose with the greatest gravity. All will remember the story of Samson and the honey that he took from the slain lion in the

vineyards of Timnath. Naturally Shakespeare remembered this fact : —

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. (Henry IV.)

The truth of such stories is that occasionally the bee lays its eggs in such carcasses, trusting that the warmth engendered by decomposition will hatch them. There were enthusiastic bee-keepers in old times, as at present. Aristomachus did nothing else but attend to bees for fifty-eight years; another amateur was surnamed "the Wild," from dwelling in the desert in order to superintend his favorites. The habits of bees are indeed wonderful, even if we refuse to credit the ancient legends of their taking up stones to ballast themselves in their flight during high winds, or lying on their backs when belated, to protect their wings from the dew. We have ourselves seen a pair of bees employed at the entrance to the hive in creating a vigorous draught, by perpetually moving their wings, in order to ventilate the hive. Few people are aware how heated the atmosphere of a hive becomes in hot weather.

Besides honey, wax is a regular constituent of a bee-hive. This is a secretion from the bodies of the bees: though it is hard to explode the ancient and modern fables concerning it by one stroke of the pen. A substance termed "propolis" is also found in hives. It is a kind of resin used by the little artisans to fasten up any chinks in their combs or hives. Bee-bread (the pollen of flowers) is also carried in, to serve as food for the maggots when the eggs are hatched. Comb, according to an old tradition, has been seen in Germany eight feet long. Other articles of popular belief respecting bees in ancient days were, that morning and evening, like a camp in time of war, sentinels were fixed over the commonwealth, who hummed in a peculiar manner at change of guard, like a trumpet sound, as Pliny observes. The same veracious authority states that only clean persons physically and morally could take the honey from a hive; a thief is specially hated by bees. A swarm of bees, it was said, had settled upon the mouth of the infant Plato, as an omen of the entrancing sweetness of his language and philosophic speculations; much in the same way, we suppose, as Byron said that a nightingale must have sung on the head of the bed when Moore was born. Bees were by the ancients supposed to detest strong scents; the smell of a crab, if it were cooked near a hive, would half kill the inmates. If winter killed your bees, ancient Latin folk-lore directed you to expose them in spring to the sunshine, and to put hot ashes of the fig-tree near them, when they would come to life again. If a bee stung a person, it was thought that it lost its sting in the wound, and either perished at once or become a drone. Multitudinous were their enemies supposed to be. Swallows, bee-eaters, wasps, hornets, gnats, either seized bees on the wing or stole into the hives and made free with the honey; frogs and toads laid wait for them at the water's-edge as they came to drink; even sheep were thought baleful, as the bees entangled themselves hopelessly in their wool. The popular voice at the present day adds to this black list of their foes, sparrows, tomtits, and hens. It is certain that mice are amongst their worst enemies: happy is the bee-keeper who has not fancied his hives unusually still some winter, and on opening one, discovered that a colony of mice has taken up its abode amongst the combs, laying waste to the honey. Snails, too, frequently enter and plunder the honey: as the bees have a great repugnance to touching such cold slimy creatures, they are allowed to come and go at will. The death's-head moth is also said to enter, deceiving the bees by imitating the buzzing of their queen, and so getting at the stores unmolested. Many are the stories told of the bees immuring such robbers in cells of wax, and so destroying them. The truth, however, seems to be that, when the door is once forced, bees yield the rest of their fortress up to the invader in sheer despair.

Great as is the difference between the facts which modern science and more exact observation have established with reference to bees, and the vague popular ideas on their economy which, as we have striven to show, were en-

tained respecting them by antiquity, not the least curious circumstance is that ancient and modern bee-keepers alike meet on the common ground of bee superstitions and folklore. Some of the old beliefs respecting bees have already been given. Their hatred to an echo, which was an ancient article of the bee-master's faith, seems not to be confirmed on investigation. Much modern folk-lore on bees may be picked up by any one who converses with the peasantry in almost any part of England. From some reason or other, bees are looked upon as peculiarly "uncanny" creatures. Thus we were told in Lincolnshire that bees would desert a hive on the occasion of a death in the family, unless some one knocked at their hive and told them of it. The same superstition we find to prevail in Essex, and even Cornwall. Similarly the belief that after a death hives ought to be wrapped in crape or mourning of some kind is current in Lincolnshire and East Anglia generally. It is even found in Lithuania, and is probably connected with an ancient idea that honey was a symbol of death. In Yorkshire there is a custom of inviting bees to the funeral. If a wild or humble bee enter a Northamptonshire cottage, it is deemed a certain sign of death; if a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or the dead branch of a living one, there will be a death in the family within the year. It is curious why the bee should in Europe be so connected with death, whereas in Hindoo mythology the bow-string of Kāma (the Hindoo Cupid) is formed of bees, perhaps as a symbol of love strong as death. It is worth while mentioning one or two more bee superstitions. They will never thrive, it is said, in a quarrelsome family, nor when they have been stolen. There can be no greater piece of ill-luck than to purchase a swarm; it must always be given, and then the custom is to return something for it in kind — a small pig, say, or some other equivalent. Money should be avoided in the transaction as much as possible. In Hampshire it is a common saying that bees are idle or unfortunate in their work whenever there are wars. At the risk of being esteemed credulous, we may remark that the martial year (1870) was an unlucky honey year. East winds and drought seemed in that year to have repressed the secretion of honey in the nectaries of many flowers.

We will conclude with some statistics of the profits that may be made from bee-farming, extracted from a published letter of Mr. Pettigrew, perhaps the most successful bee-keeper of the day. In 1868 his income from bees was £32, expenses £5, profit £27. In 1869, income £43, expenses £13, profit £30: 42 hives kept. In 1870, income £70, expenses £20, profit £50. Mr. Pettigrew values his stock, we may add, at £1 8s., per hive. He uses nothing but straw bee-hives, and strongly recommends bee-keeping to cottagers, and all who wish to increase their income, as an unfailing source of profit with the expenditure of a little care. It is but just to add that we have seldom read a more interesting and instructive work on the whole subject than his "Handy Book of Bees." For details of management, etc., it is simply indispensable to all who would study or keep bees.

RODERICH BENEDIX.

THE death, after a long illness, of Roderich Benedix, announced in a recent telegram from Leipsic, will cause but little emotion in England, where the popular German dramatist was scarcely known even by his works. Of numbers of French playwrights it may be said that our public is acquainted with their principal productions if not with their names; but Benedix was not merely ignored, he was really unknown. Probably until the production of Mr. Robertson's "School," which, without being a translation or even a close imitation, is held to have been suggested by one of Benedix's pieces, the name of the German author had never been printed in this country. Some gentleman who had seen "School" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre had previously seen "Aschenbrödel" somewhere in Germany, and in a letter on the subject to the *Times* declared the two pieces to be identical, which,

as a matter of fact, they are not. To this discovery, however, Herr Benedix is indebted for such fame as he may happen at this moment to possess in England. His works are counted by hundreds. Dramas, comedies, farces, with and without songs, legendary pieces of a more or less romantic type, and sometimes fitted with supernatural machinery; every form of stage-play except tragedies, operas, and ballets are to be found in the complete edition of this author's dramatic writings. But with the exception of "Aschenbrödel," nothing by Benedix has either in whole or in part taken any permanent hold of the English stage. In France the Palais Royal company have often played Benedix, but without knowing it, as M. Jourdain talked prose. If books have "their fates," dramatic pieces have most remarkable destinies; and it seems to have been ordained that the stage productions of Benedix should never, out of Germany, be performed in his name. When, a good many years ago, Léon Gozlan produced at the Palais Royal a very original little piece called "Dieu merci, le couvert est mis," he announced it as "tiré du théâtre Russe," and explained in the newspapers that it was based on the sketch of some Russian piece given to him by a friend who had seen the work in question at St. Petersburg. The original was said to be thoroughly, characteristically Russian; and anecdotes were told of the peculiar favor in which it was held by the Emperor Nicholas, who always (as the story ran) in commanding a state performance ordered that the national farce, of which the title in French would be "Dieu merci, le couvert est mis," should be performed. Nevertheless, the amusing but insignificant little sketch to which Léon Gozlan in perfect good faith assigned a Russian origin was simply a paraphrase of a one-act comedy or comedietta ("prolog" he would have called it) by Benedix. It had been translated into Russian by an author who quite forgot that Benedix had anything to do with it, and naturally, therefore, did not mention his name. Besides, he had turned the German characters into Russians, as Léon Gozlan afterwards turned the Russian characters into Frenchmen.

An old general and his wife are celebrating their silver wedding, their daughter is at the same time getting married; and while the two couples are away at church a footman and a maid-servant, to whom the footman is engaged, are at the house preparing a sumptuous breakfast. When the elaborate preparations are finished the footman exclaims, "Thank God, the cloth is laid!" and invites the maid-servant to say the same. She, on her side, is very glad the cloth is laid, but declines to utter the particular form of words dictated to her by her intended husband. He is a little hurt by what he considers her caprice, and, being capricious himself, begs her not to be so perverse about a mere nothing, but to say at once, just because he has asked her to do so, "Thank God, the cloth is laid." The maid positively refuses to make a fool of herself simply to please her betrothed. He insists, she persists, and the matter is referred to the newly married couple, just returned from church, who take opposite sides, and, growing more and more angry, refer it in their turn to the ancient couple, who also get into a violent passion about the scarcely appreciable point of difference submitted to them. Thus out of the most absurd trifle arises a dispute which becomes a quarrel, then several quarrels, until at last a general disturbance is going on about nothing at all. Unsubstantial as the subject seems presented in bare narrative, it is amusing enough in its dramatic form; the confidence with which the question under discussion is referred from couple to couple, and the unanimity with which the husbands all take one side and the wives the other, producing the drollest effect. Except this trifle, which, as we have shown, reached France through Russia, nothing, we believe, by Benedix has found its way to the French stage. In England, besides "Aschenbrödel," we have some vague idea of the subject, at least, of "Die zärtlichen Verwandten" having been turned to account; perhaps in a little piece by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, produced at the Gallery of Illustration, under the title of "Near Relations." The Germans, too, have published English

translations, or German editions with English notes, of a few of the best of Benedix's plays for the benefit of Englishmen studying German.

Benedix cannot be said to hold any high literary position in Germany. But his homely and always genial themes are developed with much art, though at considerable length; while his not too idealized heroes and his moderately interesting heroines (of whom one is invariably lively, the other invariably sentimental) express themselves in what passes for excellent conversational German. Indeed, Benedix is the author of a treatise (of which we forget at this moment the precise title) on the art of writing German with elegance and propriety; and from the mere fact of his producing such a work one must infer that he was at least a careful writer. Moreover, it is not every dramatist's plays that will bear the light of publication in a book form; whereas, Benedix's dramatic works, in some twenty or thirty volumes, are very readable, and are largely read. Independently of his complete works and the detached plays for the use of students above mentioned, a collection has been made of Benedix's minor pieces, with a special view to amateur performances. His dramas seem to us rather feeble; his comedies entertaining, full of agreeable details, unimpeachable as to sentiment, but wanting in character. His one-act productions, however, for four, three, two, or only a single personage, are in all respects satisfactory. In most of Benedix's pieces a strong family resemblance may be detected, which, as up to the year 1870 he had produced a good many more than a hundred (counting those only which are to be found in his collected works), is not very astonishing. His matter, too, is all his own. He never, like Gutzkow, Laube, and so many other of the modern German dramatists, has recourse to history or biography for a foundation; but takes his half-character subjects and his middle-class personages from the society he sees around him. If he had contented himself with writing fifty, twenty, or a mere dozen of plays, he would probably have been considered more original. But he was a dramatist by profession, was constantly called upon for new pieces and could not help repeating himself. The simple fact that he wrote upwards of a hundred plays, and was not ashamed to print them, and that they come out as well in type as on the stage, says a great deal in his favor. That he possessed what is called "knowledge of the stage," need scarcely perhaps be added. His directions are wonderfully minute; and it is astonishing how much "business" his characters have to get through in the way of ringing bells, pouring out cups of coffee, cooking omelettes, and so forth. Benedix is naturally taunted with want of grasp when he is found amusing his audience with trivialities of this kind. But he had a right to do his work in his own manner; and he depended on these details as part of a system. No highly poetical speeches, no great passages of description, are to be found in any of his pieces. Nor is his dialogue remarkable for genuine wit. But it is lively, eminently natural, and, in the sentimental parts, reaches a becomingly elevated and certainly never in the slightest degree exaggerated tone. As a national sign it is worth remarking that in the dramatic works of all kinds by this very popular author, not a situation, a suggestion, a word, or an idea occurs that the most scrupulous critic could object to on the score of morality or even of propriety.

Besides his very numerous plays and his treatise on grammatical construction and style, Benedix wrote a novel of theatrical life, which, if knowledge of the subject avails anything in such matters, ought to be good. His last work for the stage is, as far as we know, a comedy, called "Man muss reden," produced about two years ago, and based on the fundamental idea of the "Sleeping Beauty," as "Aschenbrödel" was based on that of "Cinderella." In one scene of "Man muss reden" a symbolical game of "blind man's buff" is played—a detail which, like so many other of Benedix's details, need only be presented without the sentiment and spirit absolutely required by the situation to appear altogether childish. It is to be feared that this author of so many agreeable and estimable pieces, played at so many theatres—and no country in Europe possesses so

many theatres as Germany — died in straitened circumstances. It is certain that some three or four years ago a public subscription was got up for his benefit. Since then he has written but little; and the brief announcement of his death speaks of its having been preceded by a "protracted illness."

AN ODD FISH.

WALES has always been a country of wonders. Its inhabitants possess a vividness of imagination, and an aptitude for the reception of the marvellous, unaccountable to the colder and more critical natures of us English. In our own days, the "fasting girl" came nearer to the miraculous than any other phenomenon outside of the world of theology. But she was not at all an original. An earlier fasting woman — Mary Thomas, of Celynin Merioneth — flourished in the eighteenth century, and is described by Pennant in his "Tour in Wales." From the days of Merlin indeed, Wales has been prolific in conjurers, astrologers, magicians. Shakespeare, whose Welshmen are admirably drawn, has well contrasted the imaginative Celt with the matter-of-fact Englishman in the characters of Owen Glendwr and Hotspur: see "King Henry IV." First Part. "At my nativity," says Glendwr, "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets, and at my birth the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward." Replies Hotspur: "Why, so it would have done at the same season if your mother's cat had but kitted, though yourself had never been born."

Prophets and bards have flourished in wild Wales in uninterrupted succession from the earliest days. We read of Henry Tudor, who was more than half a Welshman, and imbued with many of their prejudices and superstitions, turning aside, on his victorious march through Wales towards his crowning victory at Bosworth, to visit an old friend and reputed prophet, to whom he put the question plain and plump — should he succeed in his enterprise? Our prophet, like many of his species, more confident in his distant shots than at close quarters, found his inspiration had deserted him, and wisely took counsel with his wife. "Can you hesitate?" she said. "Foretell success. You will gratify him now, and should he fail, he will never come back to reproach you with your falsity; if he succeed, he will give you much honor." Whilst on the subject of Henry Tudor, we may notice the curious superstitious observance of an oath by one of his warmest supporters in Wales — Rice ap Thomas, who had sworn to Richard III. that Henry should never land in Wales except over his body. How he redeemed his vow is told in a miniature representation, thus described by Dallaway in "Anecdotes of Painters:" "A portrait of Henry VII., attributed from its excellence to Mabuse, has a distinguishing peculiarity: on the button of the hat is represented, and of course very minutely, a memorable circumstance of Welsh history — the chief Rice ap Thomas prostrating himself on the ground, and the Earl of Richmond, on his landing, as passing over his body, in consequence of a vow."

Of other remarkable Welsh magicians, we might mention Dr. John Dee, of cabalistic fame, who was born at Nantygroes, Radnor; Evans Arise, another conjurer, who was the master of William Lilley, our English astrologer, with many others. But our purpose now is to give you an account of a curious instance of whim and superstition in a well-descended Welsh gentleman who flourished in the last century. This was Sir John Pryce, of Newton Hall, a man of most uxorious tendencies, who is reported to have been so devotedly attached to his third wife, that on her death he refused to commit her body to the earth, and caused it to be embalmed and retain its place in the nuptial chamber. This infatuation, by the way, Sir John shared with many other distinguished persons — Charlemagne, for instance — and it is a weakness which commands a certain amount of sympathy. But Sir John was not content with the possession of the cold effigy of his former partner; at

one time he formed a lively hope of seeing her restored to him and to her earthly life.

At that time one Bridget Bostock, of Cheshire, became notorious for the apparently miraculous cures she effected, healing all diseases "by prayer, faith, and an embrocation of fasting spittle. Multitudes resorted to her from all parts, and kept her salival glands in full employ." The accounts of this supernatural healing power reaching Sir John, he seems to have conceived that, to this wonderful woman, nothing could be impossible; and he wrote to her the following letter, which we give on the authority of Pennant:—

"MADAME, — Having received information by repeated advices, both public and private, that you have of late performed many wonderful cures, even when the best physicians have failed, and that the means used appear to be very inadequate to the effects produced, I cannot but look upon you as an extraordinary and highly favored person. And why may not the same most merciful God, who enables you to restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and strength to the lame, also enable you to raise the dead to life? Now, having latterly lost a wife whom I most tenderly loved, my children an excellent stepmother, and our acquaintances a very dear and valuable friend, you will lay us all under the highest obligations; and I earnestly entreat you, for God Almighty's sake, that you will put up your petitions to the throne of grace on our behalf, that the deceased may be restored to us, and the late Dame Eleanor Pryce be raised from the dead. If your personal attendance appears to you to be necessary, I will send my coach and six, with proper servants to wait on you hither, whenever you please to appoint. Recompense of any kind that you could propose would be made with the utmost gratitude; but I wish the bare mention of it is not offensive both to God and you. I am, Madame, your most obedient and very much afflicted humble servant,

"JOHN PRYCE."

As history is silent on the matter, it is to be supposed that Bridget Bostock declined to exercise her miraculous powers. Indeed she might well have rejoined, "Where is the thing to stop? If I restore to you wife Number Three, a strict sense of justice would enjoin me to extend the same privilege to wives Numbers One and Two; and there would be an embarrassing situation for all parties."

After all, you may say that it is too bad to laugh at such a specimen of faithful devotion — that fidelity, outlasting death and stronger than the grave, is a thing to be treated with tenderness and respect. But alas for the constancy and devotion of man! We came across the sequel to Sir John's love-story the other day in a county history, Fenton's "Pembrokeshire," where we read that our hero —

"After surviving his three wives, and to wean himself, perhaps, from the memory of the last, whom he violently loved, by withdrawing from scenes that served only to refresh it, at an advanced time of life came to reside at Haverfordwest, and there ended his days. His repeated courtships, though they must have consumed much, had not extinguished the tender passion in him; for he was amorous and gallant to the last, and a few years before his death fell deeply in love with a young lady, the reigning toast of that day, then in the bloom of youth and beauty. . . . With such enthusiasm did he nourish this fond delusion, that he seldom went to rest till he had taken a view of the mansion of his beloved, to see if it was safe from fire or any such dangers as are incident to the night; at the same time frequently introducing through the keyhole or under the door some love-song, for to a fine taste for music he united no contemptible talent for poetry."

Poor Sir John, however, found this later passion unrequited; but so great was his infatuation, that at his death it appeared that he had left a will bequeathing all his fortune, away from his son, to the disdainful fair — a bequest she very nobly relinquished to his heir. This disposition of his property was coupled with a most ardent request that she would attend to such instructions as

would be found in a certain box specified in the will. The historian of Pembrokeshire was himself present when the box was opened. It contained a quiver of arrows made of light wood painted green, with bloody barbs, and elegantly bound together, accompanied by several sheets of paper filled with impassioned rhapsody, ending in a hope that she would not refuse to precede his corpse, carrying the devoted quiver. As the young lady had renounced the bequest, she declined also the post of chief mourner, and his obsequies were celebrated without this novel and telling addition.

FOREIGN NOTES.

It is reported that Mr. Disraeli is engaged on a new novel, dealing with the questions of Socialism and Communism.

A FRENCH writer describes a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve, and begins again at twenty.

THE author of "Ginx's Baby" is almost ready with his two volume story of West Indian Life, "Luchmee and Dilloo."

THE first of the four illustrated volumes of "The Parisians," just out, contains, for the first time upon any title page, the formal avowal that the author of the "The Coming Race," was Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.

CAROLINE VON BEETHOVEN, a granddaughter of the immortal composer, having been discovered recently in great destitution at Vienna, the oddest kind of provision has been made for her future maintenance by order of the Emperor of Germany, namely, by the setting apart for her of five per cent. at the Opera in Berlin, on the performance of "Fidelio."

A PILGRIMAGE to Allinges is taking place, where there is a "holy relic"—namely, a mitre of St. François de Sales. It seems that the villagers have turned their houses into wineshops, and that they display a placard: "Vivent les pèlerins; la consommation se paie d'avance." "Long live the pilgrims; wine must be paid for in advance." These simple Savoyards would seem to have found out "how to make the best of both worlds."

THE *Court Journal* says: "A little story is going the rounds concerning one of our London Broad Church clergymen, who, being recently on an excursion in Scotland, was vehemently rebuked by his landlady for taking a walk on Sunday afternoon. The clergyman said he could not see the harm, and replied, 'You know that our Lord Himself walked with his disciples in the fields on the Sabbath day.' 'Aye,' said the old lady, 'aye, I ken it, an' I ne'er thocht ony the better o' Him for it, neither.'"

A GERMAN correspondent writes: The *Daily Telegraph*, alluding to the death of the composer of the "Wacht am Rhein," says, 'If Alfred de Musset's gallant verses led Herr Wilhelm to write that national hymn, never did French poet cost his country dearer.' And again, 'When the Germans celebrate their victories this autumn at Berlin, if they leave Carl Wilhelm out of the list of their leaders, they must be thought a less intellectual people than the world has believed them.' This is grandiloquent, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but the writer of the German national hymn was, after all, not Carl Wilhelm, but Herr Schneckenburger.

AMONG distinguished English artists who have practised scene-painting should be added the name of Sir Edwin Landseer, just deceased. In the time of the late John, Duke of Bedford, private theatricals were much in vogue at Woburn, and Sir E. Landseer was then a frequent and honored visitor; and on one of these occasions he painted a scene, which represents the interior of a room opening in the centre on to a terrace or balcony. In the doorway stands a lady's dog, marvellously touched, in a listening attitude, with one of the forepaws uplifted, exhibiting in a striking degree all the artist's wondrous power, even in the coarse and hasty manner incidental to the scene-painter's art.

A CURIOUS incident (says *Galignani*) occurred at the Vienna Exhibition during the deliberation of the jury on Group IV. One of the largest companies for producing condensed milk was about to receive a medal, not only for its products but for the invention, when an American gentleman, Mr. Horsford, of Massachusetts, interposed, and asserted that he was the real discoverer, as he had succeeded in producing the article twenty years ago. Mr. Ott, of Berne, one of the jurymen, who had

been a student under Mr. Horsford, confirmed the statement, and proposed that the medal should be awarded to his former master. The American, however, declined, asserting that he and his countrymen had decided on returning without any recompense. A decision was, however, taken that his name should be mentioned in the report.

ON the 4th of this month M. Guizot completed his eighty-sixth year. This long life, begun amidst the storms of the first Revolution—for his earliest recollection is being taken one winter morning by his mother to bid adieu to his father, who was guillotined that day—this long eventful life is closing in the serene old age. "Saint-Père Guizot," as an opponent contemptuously terms him, is in truth a "holy father," to and among his family. At Val Richer he rises at 6 A. M., works at his "Histoire pour mes petits Enfants" until déjeuner; then for an hour or two, the old man, in his broad hat and gray coat, is seen walking about his garden and grounds alone, or with his children or grandchildren. Afterwards, he works again, ending the day by a cheerful, social evening, to which, with faculties unimpaired, he contributes at least one half of the enjoyment.

"AN American," says the *London Spectator*, "has done a very generous thing, for which Englishmen should not fail not only to be grateful, but to let it be visible that they are grateful. The Dean of Westminster, having issued a circular proposing to place a memorial window in that chapel of Westminster Abbey where Wordsworth's monument stands, to George Herbert and William Cowper, who were both of them educated in Westminster School, Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, the proprietor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, has asked to be permitted to bear the whole cost of the memorial, and his offer has been accepted. This generous proposal shows that kind of love for English literature and genius which does infinitely more than mere commercial relations to bind the two countries together; and we may at least admit that, in this case, American has quite eclipsed English generosity, which seldom goes so far afield in search of the opportunity of appreciating kindred merit."

THE *Times* has achieved the champion printer's error. In a report of the Archbishop of York's sermon on Sunday, before the British Association, the *Times* said: "The 'Post Office telegraph,' which best interprets this age, tells you the best you can come to in that line of thought:—

"And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,
Stretch the lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

The words "Post Office telegraph" should have been "the Poet Laureate."

A PARIS money-lender, well known to the *jeunesse dorée*, has played one of his "clients" a trick. The latter came to him wishing to borrow a thousand francs. "Come again to-morrow," was the reply. The next day, when his customer arrived, "There's your money," said the old money-lender, pointing to a huge pile of bottles of champagne. "What do you mean—my money?" "Well, the wine there is worth a thousand francs." "Now," said the young man, who well knew the tricks of the old one, "how much will you give me for it, and take it off my hands?" "Seven hundred and fifty francs." "Well," replied the young man, "I have no choice—I must put up with your terms; but, at any rate, I'll have a bottle of this champagne, as it has cost me such a pretty penny!" and seizing a bottle, he broke the neck. It was water. "You old vagabond!" he cried. "What difference does it make to you," was the phlegmatic reply, "seeing that I have taken them off your hands?"

ASTHMA!—*Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy!*—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

THE GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER performs marvellous cures in Kidney and other kindred diseases. Read the advertisement in another column.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 19.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER XIII. (continued.)

SHE could not understand the idea of a passive, objectless life such as, it seemed to her, he proposed. She could sympathize with the Esmeralda scheme, mixed up as it was with the man for whose sake she was to become Countess of Lisburn. But since his engagement the adventurous ambition of her future husband had cooled in a manner for which—woman as she was, and, therefore, incredible as it may appear—she could discover no reason. It was strange, but true, that she was unable to guess why he should waste days—that is to say, opportunities for energy—for the sake of lounging about in the company of a girl for whom he, she supposed, could only care, in common with the rest of the world, for the sake of her Sylvia. If she gave up her Sylvia, what would she become? A countess in time, no doubt, but meanwhile only Zelda. Indeed, as I have already said, she *was* Sylvia, off as well as on the stage. She could not sit still and stare at the window all day long. She needed daily outlet for all her dreams and thoughts and fancies, and, in short, the stage formed to her the real, tangible side of life—real life was to her the unintelligible and inexplicable dream, of which the very first letters of the alphabet had not obtained their How or Why.

Lord Lisburn's engagement was not old enough for him to claim airs of authority, even if he had not felt and thought that airs of authority are more effectual than the air of poverty in sending love flying through the window. He could, therefore, only feel vexed at her unwillingness to make what seemed so easy and welcome a sacrifice for his sake, hold his tongue, and wait till love might teach her her duties to herself and to him. Nor did he begin to suspect her of an incapacity for self-sacrifice from great things only. Since her engagement her exigence and her capriciousness seemed to grow. Most women, when they get hold of a heart for a plaything, become, at least for a time, careless about their other toys, but

with Zelda, the appetite for trivial playthings only became more greedy and difficult to supply. This, of course, might signify very opposite things. It might either mean that she was dissatisfied even with her coming coronet, or it might mean that her active interest in life and all its concerns was refreshed and renewed. Her lover, of course, gave himself the benefit of the doubt, and told himself that he was the happiest of men a thousand times a day. He did not know that the happiest of men is one who has no need to tell himself so.

The portrait had not been continued on the second day. Instead of Claudia came a note which Zelda, not being able to read it herself, and having nobody at hand to read it for her, laid by and never thought of again. But in spite of their open declaration of war, and without reference to her portrait, she had a burning desire to look upon her rival once more. The desire was not generous, but it was natural, and, therefore, to be neither admired nor blamed.

She had not told Lord Lisburn of her first experience as a sitter: there were many reasons why her tongue should feel tied in that matter, and a life of moral solitude and self-restraint had made it, in all matters, her first instinct not to tell. One day, when she felt more than usually restless—it was the second day after receiving the message from Claudia, when she had seen a great deal of Lord Lisburn, and had not heard anything of Harold Vaughan—she could not resist the impulse of seeing her rival at home. Her excuse was clear, for, after all, nothing had happened that from her point of view should prevent Miss Brandt from keeping her engagement. The address was close by, but she never walked—she fancied it unbecoming her *rôle* of lady; so she had the horse put to her brougham in order to carry her over about two hundred yards of ground.

Just as she was about to start, however, Lord Lisburn, who had been absent for the enormous period of an hour, came to the door again.

"You are going out?" he asked. "Never mind, my time's my own, and that's the same as yours; so you can give me a lift in your brougham to anywhere you please. I won't ask you where; I'll indulge myself

with thinking you're giving me a ride through Fairyland."

Not having finished her directions to her coachman, she invented a new errand, and patiently allowed her lover to seat himself by her side.

"I suppose you are wondering why I am back so soon?" he said. "But I have been thinking about you and everything you ever said to me, and I am still under a vow. I want to know if you still think it need be fulfilled."

"What vow?"

"Why, the one I thought such nonsense till I found out that it came from your caring a little bit for me. To find out that old woman who lives nowhere. 'Queen Margaret'—don't you remember? And there's another idea that has come into my head—I'm going to change the Esmeralda into the Pauline. I must divorce myself from my old wife, you know; there must be no more Esmeralda; all she ever does will come of Pauline, and Pauline must have the credit of it all. And there's another thing I want to talk to you about, so you see I have lots of reasons for turning up again. I wish, my darling, I could make you and Vaughan friends."

"Please don't talk to me of Dr. Vaughan. Am I never to hear of anybody but Dr. Vaughan?"

Out of the fulness of the heart the tongue was silent with her. But he took her at her word, and said gravely,—

"Dearest, I owe him everything; I owe him you."

"Me? He got you to want to marry me?"

"Yes; if he hadn't saved my life once, I should never have seen you: if he hadn't saved it twice, I should never have loved you."

"Oh, is that all?"

"Don't you think it's a big enough all?"

"Is he really such a great man—greater than you?"

"Greater than me? He's much cleverer than me, and will be a great man one of these days: he's done ever so much already; do you know that he has risen to be a doctor from being a workhouse boy? I know if I had been born in a workhouse I might have risen to have been a boatswain, if I'd had luck, so perhaps it was all right that I was chosen to be born with a silver spoon."

But Pauline," he asked, leaping back to his own affairs, "why do you never call me by my name? You have never called me Frank once, and we have been engaged two whole days."

"He has made himself a gentleman, then?"

"My dear girl—though you won't call me Frank—a gentleman is born, not made. But Vaughan's a strange fellow: one in a thousand. He seems to have had the most wretched luck, and yet always to come on his legs again."

"I can't understand things at all. You say he's so wise and so clever that he can do anything, and yet Carol tells me"—

"I can't bear to hear you talk of that fellow as Carol. It's worse than not calling me Frank. But what does he tell you?"

"That if it hadn't been for him, Dr. Vaughan would have starved—that he found him in the streets spending his last sixpence on dry bread and coffee. Can it be true?"

"Selfish brute that I am! I'm afraid it's only too true. Here have I been getting myself laid up and keeping the Esme—the Pauline in port, and forgetting that he'd never drawn a penny. No wonder he was out of temper the other day. I'm so glad you told me, darling—we'll have all that right in no time. I know what that sort of thing is myself, when we once ran short of biscuit."

"Then he is not a rich man, like you?"

"How can he be—a doctor without means, who hasn't struggled into practice, and has all sorts of expenses—who has given up trying for patients because he trusted to me—Pauline, please tell your man to drive at once to Dr. Vaughan's."

She laid her hand on his arm—he hoped caressingly.

"Please not now," she said; "I'd rather you'd call yourself: he mightn't care for me to call with you, if he's really so poor."

"Of course—I'm getting stupid, too, as well as selfish. You're right, as you are always. I'll go to-morrow morning, though—I won't lose more than a day. Ah, I'll manage to make you two good friends after all."

But Zelda did not lose even so much as a day. She had lighted upon a chance of doing something for Harold Vaughan that Claudia could not do. She hurried home, got rid of Lord Lisburn, and set off to her bank as fast as she could get her coachman to drive. It wanted only a few minutes of closing, but she had time to draw out her whole balance, to add it to the roll of bank-notes that she kept in one of her worn-out satin slippers, and to get the maid-of-all-work at her lodgings to direct an envelope for her to Dr. Vaughan. She revelled in the idea of thus constitut-

ing herself a true *Dea ex Machina*, and in throwing away all that she had to throw. Nor had she the least desire that even in future times he should know from whom the gift came—the sacrifice, if such it could be called, would then be robbed of all its pride. "How Lord Lisburn will stare to find him rich and great, after all," she thought: and the thought was her reward.

CHAPTER XIV. NUNC DIMITTIS.

ONCE again Zelda had to put off her projected visit to Miss Brandt. The letter she had got Carol to read for her put everything out of her head—Claudia, Lord Lisburn, everybody but Harold Vaughan. She drank in every word of her mysterious message, without taking heed of its incoherence, and felt it to be a direct communication from one heart to another, as indeed it was meant to be. Dark as it all was, it was the first struggling beam of light that had fallen upon her: it conveyed to her the same sense of coming sunrise as the chance ray that fell upon the lost key, had conveyed to Mrs. Goldrick. Her life meant something, then, after all; she had a human place in it, and not only that of an accident which happened to be tacked on to a song. It was something even to know that she had been born into the world like other people; and had not, as she was obliged to fancy, merely been gathered by Aaron from a hedge in a country lane. Her passion to be common and conventional like everybody else had at least a chance of being satisfied. Meanwhile Carol sat turning Mrs. Goldrick's letter up and down, helplessly at a loss to find out how this sudden and unexpected piece of eccentricity on the part of fortune was due to him. He might take credit for having made her a countess, but to make capital out of her having been the daughter of people of whom he had never heard was beyond even his ingenuity. But he scented some sort of pickings in the distance, and might at all events constitute himself her adviser-general.

"I suppose you are puzzled?" he said. "But it's all as clear as daylight to me. You don't know the names—any of them?"

"I never heard of them."

"Of course not. That wouldn't have done, you see. There's something behind in all this; I can see that with half an eye. But people don't offer to give you money without meaning it very much indeed. Mark my words—somebody has been keeping back a will. Now half the people I know would say, Consult a solicitor. I say, Do no such thing. What you want is somebody of tact to make inquiries quietly—to see that it's all straight and above-board. Are you going to tell his lordship? I should say no: he's a first rate fellow, of

course, but he's no man of business. Look here, Mademoiselle—I'm your man: I'll run down to St. Bavons, and be back again in the twinkling of an eye."

"You? Is it your mother who is calling to you—is it you whom somebody is dying to see?"

"Well, Mademoiselle, if you put it so, not exactly me. But as the classics say, *qui facit per* something or other, *facit per se*—which means it's all one whether you go or I."

"Then the classics is an ass, whoever he is."

"You don't mean you mean to go too?"

"This moment."

"And Lord Lisburn?"

"Who made Lord Lisburn my master? Do you think a countess is a slave? Lord Lisburn lets me do as I please, and if he didn't I do it all the same. How does one get to St. Bavons? How long will it take to order a train?"

"By Jove, Mademoiselle, that beats me: and I once made them stop an express to get a glass of beer. No—you can't go to-day: there's the Oberon: and if you don't let Lord Lisburn know you're going somewhere, he'll be raising the hue-and-cry."

"How can I wait? Why, when I want to do anything, does somebody always come in the way? I suppose you're right, though—if Lord Lisburn heard of this I don't know what I should do; he would know nothing of what I feel—he would be talking of what he calls common-sense, and all sort of things, and I must go alone,—no, certainly not with you. Oh, I can take care of myself; it's only among all these bricks and streets that I'm lost sometimes. If I could only send the smallest bit of myself on before—and I don't know how to send even a word, and yet if I don't I shall go crazy. Sit down—you know how to write—say I shall be there to-morrow, if the trains go fast enough. There's no pen—no ink. Take your pencil, then, anything, and write down every word I say."

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII. VINGT-ET-UN.

THE duke made no answer to Mr. Mortmain, but it was remarked by all such of his retainers as came into contact with him during the next few days that he was in a thoughtful and dejected mood. Mr. Mortmain's communication was of course no news to the duke, for he had been himself a party to the family compact, and had put his signature to certain secret documents which made it binding. But whether it was heedlessness, or

the sense of security which possession begets, or a convenient belief in the magnanimity of his uncle Lord George, anyhow, the duke had gradually come to look upon the family treaty as a thing which could be evaded without much difficulty. Lord George was a simple, kindhearted soldier, to whom a dukedom could be of no use; and he had too chivalrous a regard for the honor of the house of Courthope, to engage in any lawsuit which would brand one of its members with infamy. It might easily be represented to such a one that it were better Lord Kinsgear should marry Miss Penny and her five millions, and the house of Courthope continue illustrious — than that he should espouse Miss Amabel Wyldwyl and the lustre of the said house grow dim for lack of gold. Lord George might frown at first; but the wealth and fame of great families can only be sustained by repeated acts of self-denial on the part of individual kinsmen, and surely the five millions of a Miss Penny were a prize which all the Wyldwyls, even to the remotest degree of cousinship, ought to combine in securing for the titular head of the house. These five millions would, indeed, revive the Courthope influence in all its pre-Reform Bill splendor. Lord Cursitor was one of the kings of Lombard Street; and there was no object in life which an alliance with a plutocrat of such power would not enable the Courthopes to compass. All debts might be cleared off and a peerage — say an earldom — with descent in the female line, might easily be provided for Lord George, who, instead of enjoying the barren satisfaction of seeing his daughter wedded to a duke in rather embarrassed circumstances, would bequeath her a peerage in her own right; besides which a couple of hundred thousand pounds or so might be handed over to Lord George out of the five millions, to help him gild his new coronet. Thus argued the duke, and, in truth, he formed many other attractive schemes out of Lord Cursitor's check-book; wherefore Mr. Mortmain's remarks damped him. The family solicitor has taken the place of the confessor in Protestant households; and it was not pleasant to hear respectable Mr. Mortmain talk as if the marriage-compact were a thing almost sacred in its nature — a thing which it would be signally dishonorable even to hint at infringing. Such men as the Duke of Courthope are moulded out of curious inconsistencies. Ready to be mean when it suits them, they wish to seem forever on the stilts of honor; and though they may deliberately plan some piece of pitifully underhand work, with the easy conviction that the end justifies the means, yet a word of stern censure is often enough to check them — although it will leave on their minds, not a sense of shame at their own baseness, but one of irritation that

their censor should be unable to comprehend and admire their views. Mr. Mortmain's remonstrances led the Duke of Courthope dispiritedly to suspect that Lord George Wyldwyl might after all by no means enter into his schemes. Religious or soldierly scruples might impede him. Perhaps he would urge that private honesty should go before public prestige — that being by right Duke of Courthope he had no business to waive his daughter's claims for the sake of advancement in another direction — that he had consented to an imposture simply to shield the family escutcheon, but would not perpetuate it for the chance of profit; and that on the whole this barter of Lord Kinsgear's name against Miss Penny's millions was a sorry traffic, unworthy a knight and a nobleman. In fact, there was no knowing to what lengths Quixotism might push an old soldier, who, though yielding as a woman on some points, was inflexible as iron on others; and the Duke of Courthope chafed by himself, repining at the folly of men who might be so happy if they would only stretch their conscience a little when needful. This is why during a few days he walked about dejectedly; and this is why he began to pay some attention to his son, cogitating by what other means this young man might be made useful to him. Trained from his birth to consider the greatness of his house as the paramount aim of his existence here below, the Duke of Courthope was naturally prone to plotting; and little bits of chicanery that might conduce to his behoof seemed as necessary and proper to him as the tricks of statecraft do to kings.

The Marquis of Kinsgear — as the duke had stated to Mr. Mortmain — had lately obtained a commission in the Life Guards, just like many other idle young men of rank about town. But here all resemblance between himself and these young men ceased.

He had been brought up till he was more than twelve years old by his mother, and his character had been permanently formed by her teaching. She had lived, after her tacitly arranged separation from the Duke of Courthope, at first with her father, and after his death with her mother alone. Subsequently she had lived by herself in a house in Park Lane which she had inherited from them, but which was set down in peerages and court guides as one of the town residences of the stately peer whose name she bore. To the last their Graces kept up the comedy; which had been played for the first time by special license in Whitehall. But wherever the widowed wife resided, her house was the constant resort of the higher Roman Catholic clergy, and the principal French emigrants of noble families who had from time to time taken refuge in England against political persecutions. Thither flocked with modest steps, and often humbly

glad, the gentleman and ladies of the great houses of Harcourt and Noailles, Crusalles and Rohan; one had been a music master during the Revolution, one an usher in a suburban school, and all had to earn their living as they best could. Their discourse and example shook her Grace's faith in the security of hereditary property very considerably, and she early determined that her son should learn a mechanical trade. In accordance with this view she decided, after some consideration and consultation with her confessor, who was also director of her conscience, that the young marquis should become a locksmith; because, argued the confessor very sensibly, men would always desire to place their goods in security while the world lasted, and the best method yet known of doing so was to lock them up. The lad was taught to rise early, fare simply, work hard, and sleep on a bed much too narrow and not half soft enough for a servant who respected himself. From the time he was ten years old nobody was allowed to do anything for him. He was taught to suffice for himself with his own hands; and his lordship threatened to grow up with as much use for a couple of dukedoms and a hundred and fifty thousand a year as a heath grouse has for a coach-and-six. On his mother's death he might have been turned into the streets without a sixpence, and found the next day gaining an honest living by the contented labor of his own hands.

The duke his father was extremely shocked at this state of things, when his son and heir appeared again at Beaumanoir for the first time since babyhood. His Grace wrote immediately to Dr. Porteous to recommend him the best Eton tutor, and sent the marquis forthwith, on this divine's suggestion, to a crack boarding-house known as the "House of Lords," where young noblemen learned to be fagged, to fag, drink champagne and shandygaff, toast sausages, and write bad Latin verses. The marquis did not take naturally to his new position however. Whether it was that he had inherited some of the mental qualities of the Irish cheesemonger, one of his mother's ancestors, or whether his mind was imbued with that keen logical spirit which she had derived from her French progenitors, he never could be brought to take much interest in Latin verses or Greek roots. He lounged about in the shops whenever he could slip away from his noble schoolfellows, formed strange acquaintances, and picked up out-of-the-way trade secrets. He learned how to cure a smoky chimney, how to make or mend a chair, and even how to build a boat, but he took no pleasure in cricket or football. He was a quiet, silent, self-contained boy, always doing something odd. His tutors liked him because he gave them no trouble and got into no scrapes. His school-

fellows liked him because he was neither sulky nor bumptious, and paid his subscriptions regularly. He seemed to have no use for money. Lady Pencarrow gave him a hundred-pound note every time he went up to school, and his father gave him as much more. Lady Overlaw, too, his father's intimate friend and near connection, gave him something, and he left the money in an open drawer of his table, sending anybody there who wanted it. Sometimes it was gone before the holidays came round again, sometimes it was not. He did not know and did not care: he spent none of it, and wanted none of it. If he found a roll of bank-notes or a heap of sovereigns in his way when looking for a chisel or a screw he had mislaid, he pushed them impatiently aside into a corner with the head of a hammer or whatever he happened to have in his hand.

The duke could not make him out at all. His Grace would find his son and heir studying the mechanism of a new gun, and making alterations in it with a file, his hands begrimed, and oily, instead of following the dogs through the stubble and turnips. He invented a new adhesive horseshoe, and an elastic horseshoe. When a hunting box was taken for him in the shires from Mr. Sharpe, who had one at his disposal, he did not hunt: it bored him.

"Lucy," said his Grace one day to Lady Overlaw, who was an amusing woman of the world and passed much of her time at Beaumanoir, ruling his Grace, certain naughty people said, even more than he ruled her, "I wish you would put some polish on that boy. He is the most extraordinary person I ever saw. He was mending a rake for one of my gardeners just now."

"Send him out as an *attaché* to Vienna for a year," replied her ladyship. "Diplomacy is a stupid profession, but he will learn the value of his rank in it."

"No," answered the duke dryly, "that won't do."

"You mean that you want him at home?"

"Precisely," said the duke.

"But you can send for him before he comes of age."

"Ah!" answered his Grace quickly, "but I do not know who might get hold of him in the mean time."

"I declare, there seems a fate upon us all," said Lady Overlaw, with a pretty shrug. "None of the family ever has a penny, and whenever any of us comes of age we are beggared for life. You will want him to cut off the entail and resettle the estates, just as you did yourself."

"You would like to see your settlement put right, I suppose?" observed the duke, who had a way of giving his arguments a form which generally interested those with whom he conversed.

"To be sure I should," replied her ladyship, graciously.

"Well, then, he must do it."

"Mr. Sharpe, your Grace," said a servant, entering with a card upon a golden salver.

"Show him into the library," returned the duke.

"Take care," exclaimed Lady Overlaw, shaking one of her beringed fingers with mimic warning at the duke, "take care, duke. It will be three years before your son can play at *vingt-et-un*."

"Don't croak, Lucy," laughed the duke, and he walked with head erect and in excellent spirits to receive his visitor.

CHAPTER VIII. REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

MR. SKIPWORTH SHARPE was standing on the terrace of the Beaumanoir gardens, and contemplating a large blue and red parrot, between whose trade and his own he seemed to discover some affinity; and so doing, he waited thoughtfully for the Duke of Courthope. "All the dukes I ever knew," mused the Yorkshire lawyer, "are to be managed by fear. You can get nothing out of them in any other way, for they are strong enough to defy a public row, and are not to be gammoned at any price."

"How are you, Sharpe?" said the duke, emerging from the drawing-room window just as the Yorkshire attorney's cogitations had led him up to this conclusion. His Grace was still a very handsome man, upright, grand, splendid. He wore a good deal of jewelry, as perhaps becomes a duke, but it did not look vulgar and obtrusive like Mr. Sharpe's jewelry, and the first thing which struck an observer was his gallant figure and frank face, with its sweet and genial smile. There was something courtly and *debonnaire* even in the way in which he said, "How are you, Sharpe?"

"Tol-lol, yer Grace," replied Mr. Sharpe, whose expressions smacked occasionally of the stable, and who mistook familiarity for ease of manner. Then he added, after a pause, "In 'elth."

"Come, that's good news," said the duke, cheerfully. "It is something, at all events, to be well in health. I see you are admiring my parrot. A fine bird; somebody christened him Cobden because of his fondness for self-assertion. But is anything wrong in other respects?"

"Well, your Grace," returned Mr. Sharpe, doubtfully, "that's rayther among the may-be's. Your Grace is just a leetle deepish on the wrong side of my book;" saying which he nodded to the parrot, who gravely cocked his head, and appeared to survey him with interest.

"So much the better for your book, Sharpe," answered the duke haughtily, with a touch of his hoity-toity

manner, and he turned to begin a walk down the pink marble pavement of the terrace. His Grace was very prompt at resenting the smallest impertinence when he thought he could do so safely; if not, he stored it up in his memory, and kept a praise-worthy check on his temper.

"I'm afraid I must take your Grace down just a peg or two," rejoined Mr. Sharpe, striking out his short legs the better to keep step with the lengthy strides of the duke, "though it goes against the grain with me to do it; but five figures made up of a seven, a six, and three oughts, is a big lump of money." The parrot, who now seemed to have formed an estimate of Mr. Sharpe, stood up with disgust on his perch and loudly shrieked after him, "Money!"

"You've got security," said the duke, uneasily.

"I've got your Grace's bonds," replied Mr. Sharpe; "only the worst of it is, they ain't worth anything."

"You will be so good," remarked his Grace, "as to moderate your expressions while under my roof."

"But suppose it ain't under your roof?" observed Mr. Sharpe, awkwardly.

Then the duke waited for him; too wary a diplomatist to say another word. He had been cradled and brought up in statecraft, a dull-witted man perhaps, and yet the traditions of his family, the unwritten laws of his order, the unconscious education of a lifetime, made him a match for the shrewdest where his own interests were concerned. His forehead was narrow and receded. He had neither wit nor imagination, but his perceptive faculties were enormous. He had been accustomed to deal with men and facts all his life; he had no fancies, no conscience perhaps, no crowd of thoughts to throng his mind and embarrass it in danger. He knew that the peril of which Mr. Mortmain had spoken was upon him, and he was fully prepared for it, whatever shape it might take.

"Ah!" sniggered Mr. Sharpe, finding his Grace remained silent, "that's the rub. If you ain't a dook at all, and land and ouses, with the rest of it, belongs to a country wench at a Tom-and-Jerry shop down at Wakefield, what becomes of my five figures?"

"Ah!" answered the duke, waiting for him—aye, waiting for him with every faculty on stretch and edge, "if goes a long way."

"Well, it does," admitted Mr. Sharpe, candidly; "but look'e here. Perhaps you remember something of the 'Chequers' inn down at Wakefield-in-the-Marsh, where you stayed one night when your 'oss shut up with the Cloudsdale hounds?"

"Haven't the smallest recollection," interrupted the duke, pompously, watching that the Yorkshireman should not gain an inch of vantage ground.

"Very likely not," continued Mr. Sharpe; "there's no knowing. You nob's recollect what you want to recollect; but it don't signify in this case, because I recollect it. Now there was a barmaid down there, and I spotted her at once, because she was as much like your Grace as two peas in a pod."

"Such likenesses frequently happen," remarked the duke, playing with a toothpick, and watching, aye, watching.

"Yes, they do," resumed Mr. Sharpe, "but there's mostly some reason for them if we could find it out."

"Reason in roasting eggs!" observed the duke, thinking it just possible to start a false scent.

"This reason, however, turned out to be that she is the late Duke of Courthope's daughter; though by some accounts it is not so clear that you are his Grace's son," said Mr. Sharpe, plainly.

"Wonders will never cease," drawled the duke, still playing with his toothpick. "What proof have you got of this monstrous twaddle?" Whereat the parrot, catching the last word and adopting it with visible contentment, bawled "Twaddle!"

"I've got," replied Mr. Sharpe, "a copy of the marriage certificate, duly signed and attested, wuss luck; and a very curuss way I got it too. Does your Grace remember I bought up Sir Richard Porteous' I O U's, which he gave you the year Plenipo lost the Ledger. It was them I O U's which brought me first in contact with Sir Richard, they did, and made me take his affairs in hand. Well, stop a bit, I ain't done yet, ye see. That 'Chequers' inn was held by a chap named John Giles, under a copyhold lease from the lord of the manor of Wakefield, and when John Giles died I claimed his best chattel for heriot custom. I looked over his sticks and traps, but could find nothing worth taking away, till I set eyes on an oak box, and noticed your crown and cipher on it, and says I to myself, 'I'll have that.' The girl who is so like you kicked up a bobbery about it at first. She said she kep' her things in it, and I told her to turn 'em out. She did turn 'em out. They were only a pair of old boot-tops, I think, and some scraps of rubbish, and I took away the box, thinking I might hear more about it some day; but, as ill luck would have it, I lost the key. Do what I could I couldn't open it; though I rayther wanted to do so, for I never miss an opportunity, and I had noticed that it sounded hollow when rapped, and thought it might perhaps contain some queer thing or another. But I did not like to break it open, and could not find a key to fit it, till last week your Grace's son, the young markis, called on me with your message to be sure and let you have some money this week.

"My lord," said I, just as he was

going away, 'I know you understand a good deal about locks. What do you say to this one.'

"This," answered the markis, poking into it a long crooked nail which he took out of his waistcoat pocket, 'is a Venetian lock of the fourteenth century, and bears the initials of the great Antonio Vernieri. It was probably used to keep some dark secrets.'

"Can your lordship open it?" I asked very civilly, for I'm sweet on the markis.

"It can only be opened one way, Mr. Sharpe," said he, after trying his nail on it and thinking a bit.

"How's that, my lord?" says I.

"Have you got a strong quill?" says his lordship.

"Yes, I dare say I have somewhere," I answered, without seeming to care too much about it; and when I told one of the clerks to bring in a quill, he had the lock open with it in a jiffy. Then he looked at it as pleased as punch, and began poking with his nail again.

"Ah," says his lordship presently, 'I thought so, Mr. Sharpe. There's a false bottom, as there always is to these Italian caskets. See,' and he pressed a hidden spring deep down in the lock where the staple went in, and up flew an inner lid. 'There are some papers in here, Mr. Sharpe,' said his lordship, and he turned on his heel and bid me good-by, without looking at them. 'I'll be danged if that boy won't make an honest man,' thinks I; and so he will too."

"I fail to understand how all this interests me," said the Duke of Courthope; and again the parrot, with every appearance of satisfaction, cried, "Interests me!"

"I'm coming to that," replied Mr. Sharpe. "Among those papers is the marriage certificate of Mr. Odo Wyldwyl and Margaret Brown. Mr. Odo Wyldwyl was the late Duke of Courthope and Revel. Margaret Brown was the mother of the barmaid at the 'Chequers,' and now Mrs. Brown, for she married another Brown—no connection of the other's. She was rather nuts, I thought, on your Grace that morning when I came for you, and the very cleverest thing you could have done would have been to have married her if you could have got that oak box and papers with her; for she is neither more nor less than a countess in her own right, and every foot of land you have, every stick and stone in all your houses, is hers. Now then, duke, what are we to say about my five figures? That's what I want to know."

"If you have got the certificate, she hasn't," remarked the duke, with perfect calmness and good breeding.

"Confound these nob's," thought Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, "there is no upsetting their confounded coolness;" but he said, "That's true enough, your Grace."

"I suppose you have no advantage,

Sharpe, in turning a barmaid into a countess, have you?" asked his Grace, sitting down quietly on one of the cane chairs of the terrace and speaking in the pleasantest tone possible.

"There's an if and an on to that side of the question," said Mr. Sharpe, taking another cane chair. "I'm not much afraid about my money as long as you live, but I should like to make the markis fast, I should."

"That's easily done," replied his Grace. "I will undertake to say my son will sign any papers you think necessary to secure your own interests."

"You see the markis is only eighteen, and one never can say what may come about in three years. If you could get the signature of your uncle Lord George, I think I could see my way clearer, your Grace."

"Lord George Wyldwyl is in India," remarked the Duke of Courthope, whose mind was not very quick to seize a hint.

"Lork, is he now?" said Mr. Skipworth Sharpe. "Who'd have thought it? I shouldn't if your Grace hadn't told me."

"Do you mean to say you should see your way to further advances on Lord George's signature?" asked the duke, who understood Mr. Sharpe now perfectly well.

"With all the pleasure in life!" said Mr. Sharpe. "Lord George is the next heir. He has just made a tremendous haul of prize-money, and he was rich before."

"And his daughter is engaged to be married to my son if I please, and nothing better turns up," said the duke, with his accustomed hauteur coming back again.

"I know all about Lord George, your Grace, and shall be quite satisfied with his signature, and you can draw up a letter for the markis to write, pledging his honor as a gentleman that he will not plead infancy. I will take your life insurances on myself."

"Then I may write to Mortmain to close with the Gripwell trustees?" inquired his Grace, with extreme good humor, "and the rubbish you found in your box had better be treated as waste paper and put into the fire—eh, Sharpe?"

"With all my heart, your Grace; only mind I don't say there ain't copies somewhere. However, I only look to myself, dook. You've got authority from Lord George to receive his prize-money, which we both know you can get paid within the year; as soon as I see his lordship's handwriting, I shall not look too close at it."

"When shall you be ready with the money, Sharpe?" inquired the duke, grandly.

"Any day after Monday," replied the Yorkshireman. "If your Grace will send up the markis with the papers properly signed, I will hand his lordship the needful in the usual way."

"Dinner, Sharpe?" smiled the duke, as the first bell rung indoors.

"Thank your Grace, I do feel rather peckish, that is to say, hungry," replied the lawyer.

"The country air gives you an appetite," observed the duke, with good humor. "My valet — Giovanni, you remember Giovanni — will get you anything you want."

"I have a white choker and shiny boots in my bag, your Grace, all ready," answered Mr. Sharpe, who never put himself under an unnecessary obligation. And with these words he followed the duke into the house. The parrot, more and more firmly rooted in his opinion of Mr. Sharpe, began a triumphant dance from one foot on to the other, and screamed after the retreating lawyer, "Twaddle!"

(To be continued.)

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

THE late Sir Edwin Landseer was a man of original genius, and his death has occurred at a period of his career which is not unfavorable to an estimate of his place in the ranks of great artists. No painter has ever achieved in his lifetime a more widespread popularity, or had his works, so far, at least, as they could be interpreted by the engraver, more extensively known and admired. He survived the time of his maturity long enough for his best works to lose their novelty, and if his latest productions betrayed the weakness of a failing hand or eye, their shortcomings, such as they were, merely gave rise to regret, as evidence of the wane of power of an universal favorite. As time wore on, however, and his chief pictures came to be looked upon as the works of a past generation, it was found out that as a painter of animals there were contemporaries with whom he could not compete in their own sections of that branch of art, while at the same time, there were other sections in which he remained unique, and to all appearance inimitable.

In cattle painting he was surpassed by many other masters besides Paul Potter. He could not portray a race-horse like Stubbs, or the picturesque stock of the farmyard like Morland. In depicting the varieties of the animal creation, he was not the artist most in favor with zoölogists, and even for a portrait of a sporting dog, it is probable that other painters might in many cases have been preferred. When the spirited picture of the "Horse Fair," by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, was first exhibited in London, it was felt to contain something which Landseer had never even attempted. We cannot call to mind half a dozen of his pictures which represent rapid movement or energetic muscular exertion. He was not a painter of action, like Rubens and Snyders. But within the narrow limits of his art, and under the special conditions in which he chose to depict certain animals, he must, we think, be admitted to be without a rival.

Though he painted other animals with success, his fame is likely to rest mainly upon his dogs, his deer, and his lions. Yet even in the first and chief category he made his own selection of subjects. There are whole fields of dog life and character which Landseer left untouched, not only on the more brutal side of the animal's nature, which had little in it to excite the painter's sympathies, but even in its aspects of greatest intelligence. Of the sheep-dog's cheerful glance of ready obedience, the various expressions of delight of most dogs in the enjoyment of air and exercise, the expectant frisk and leap of welcome, and the many gestures of affection for a living as well as a dead master, we see little or nothing. The actual relations between dog and dog are scarcely depicted at all. Their own frolicsome gambols one with another are kept out of sight.

With these many limitations, we can scarcely think that he has treated the subject of canine nature with all the variety and completeness implied in the title which has been bestowed upon him, of the "Shakespeare of the World of Dogs." Indeed, the poet himself has given us a graphic

picture of canine manners which have no place in the social system portrayed by the painter. There is a vast divergence of sentiment between the dog of Launce and the dog of Landseer. "I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear." Landseer's dogs, on the contrary, and even his stags, overflow with sentiment and fine feeling. The "Highland Music" of the bagpipe inspires one of them with ecstatic delight, the hound of "High Life" has an air of true aristocratic *hauteur*, and the "Hunted Stag" yields to his fate with an upturned glance of pious resignation.

There is, moreover, a comic point of view from which a Shakespeare could not fail to have represented canine habits. While watching the action of a dog, one's sense of the ludicrous is constantly tickled by some sudden reminder of the fact that what seems to be an intellectual expression is really nothing of the sort, as when a course of apparently abstruse meditation is interrupted by such trivial acts as snapping at flies and scratchings of the ear. We cannot help thinking that there was some want of a sense of humor in that intensity of love and sympathy with the animal which led the painter to keep in the background much of the vulgar realities of dog life, and to confine himself to subjects where some sentimental analogy to man's emotions could be depicted, or where some situation of more than usual interest arose out of the relations between dog and man.

It is, however, in these subjects that he stands at his highest point, and his art assumes its noblest form. To this class belong the study of a bloodhound watching for his master, the St. Bernard dogs in the snow, and greatest of all, in its true and simple pathos, the "Shepherd's Chief Mourner." Except for the want of this special kind of interest, there are many of his simple portraits of dogs which exhibit mastery of painting and truth of character equal to these, as, for example, the well-known Newfoundland of the Humane Society, the King Charles spaniels, and the sleeping bloodhound.

It may be doubted, however, whether Landseer's popularity is not due in a greater degree to a class of pictures in which animals are treated in an ideal fashion, and instead of being painted as they really exist, are invested with human expression, and represented as endowed with ideas and emotions proper to man. To the majority of people fables are more attractive reading than natural history, and to understand and admire pictures of this kind requires no sort of artistic education, and but little knowledge of animal life. The combination which gives them their interest is not by any means a high kind of idealism; it is but commonplace humor, and as old as the hills. But it seems to have possessed a certain fascination in all ages of the world, and to have been generally associated with a sense of the ludicrous. The earliest caricatures and grotesques nearly always take this form, and one can scarcely help feeling that there is something facetious, if not farcical, in the representation of bird, beast, or fish playing the part of man. Hence there has always been a difficulty in illustrating fables. If the illustration is made too grotesque, the spirit and tone of the original are lost. Yet an appeal to the eye exhibits so palpably the incongruity of the idea, that it is no easy matter to avoid the ridiculous. If, on the other hand, the human expression is not sufficiently insisted on, the effect is uninteresting, as well as unnatural.

It was in striking a happy mean between these two extremes that Sir Edwin displayed his peculiar talent in the pictures referred to. His success in them seems to have been due partly to a thorough mastery of the animal element, coupled with great technical skill in certain kinds of imitation, but more to a consummate tact and knowledge of the audience before whom his drama was to be played. He infused into his dogs the exact measure of humanity which would be tolerated, and succeeded in elevating into the region of comedy what, in less skilful hands,

and under the guidance of a less fastidious taste, would have degenerated into farce. It may be doubted whether any other animal than the dog could have been treated with the like success. The comical effect of giving the horse a human expression may be seen in James Ward's picture of the "Council of Horses," and in all probability even the talent of Landseer would have been unequal to a transfer to canvas of the *houyhnhnm* of Swift. Yet, after all, we cannot help feeling that in such pictures as "Laying down the Law" and "Alexander and Diogenes," and even in the "Jack in Office," the conceit is strained as far as it will go, and that there is some truth in the witty sneer of a French critic: "*Les animaux fabulistes de la Fontaine resteraient cois devant ceux de Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A., tant ceux-ci ont des regards fins et des gestes significatifs.*"

In one picture, however, Sir Edwin has represented a yet more fanciful blending of man and beast. The "Defeat of Comus" stands alone among his paintings as an imaginative work of a high order. But here the transition is effected in the opposite direction. It is not the beast developing into a man, but what unhappily seems more natural, the conferring upon man the attributes of the beast. The charming scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is, we think, his only other imaginative picture of a kindred class.

The name of Landseer is almost as nearly and as deservedly associated with the red deer as it is with the dog, but it bids fair to become even more universally suggestive of the lion. It has often been observed with truth that the four grand guardians of the Nelson column are handled with more of the feeling of a painter than of a sculptor; but for all that, they are noble, massive creatures, and every inch kings of beasts, and they seem ready at any moment to rise and shake themselves, and roar, so that it would do any man's heart good to hear them.

It is to the delineation of single animals, and the character he gave them, that we must look for the artistic quality of Landseer's work. There is sometimes, it is true, as in the decorative *Comus* picture, which reminds us of *Maclise*, and in the "Spearing the Otter," where the nature of the subject gave a necessary unity to the group, an agreeable flow of line in his composition, as there always is in the drawing of the separate parts; but where many objects have to be introduced, the grouping and treatment are apt to be cramped and artificial, wanting in resource, and not suggestive of anything beyond what is actually painted.

In the "Time of Peace," for instance, the sheep and goats seem dropped in bunches along the edge of the cliff. In the "Drover's Departure," the canvas is crowded in confusion without giving the idea of multitude, the objects being clotted together, and conveying the sensation of discomfort of a house turned inside out, when the furniture-van stands at the door. In the "Maid and the Magpie" the heads are forced into a small circle, and in the "Dialogue at Waterloo" the party of guides at dinner fights with the principal group.

There is not much indication of atmosphere in these works, but Landseer had little pretension to skill in landscape, or in figure-painting either. In early pictures the accessories are sometimes carefully painted, but in his later works they were very slight, with little distinction of texture.

His coloring, though accused of clayiness or chalkiness, and often untrue to nature, was seldom inharmonious; and the dexterity with which he wielded the brush in the expression of certain textures was little short of the marvellous. He would employ all the resources of tone and handling in a telling contrast between translucent brilliancy of eye and soft downy texture of fur, which in such pictures as the "King Charles Spaniels" is not to be surpassed. But that he could on occasion express a coarser texture and more solid substance with equal facility is proved in one of his finest works,—the masterly study of a sleeping bloodhound in the Bell collection, which was painted in a few hours from the dead animal.

EDGAR WAYNE'S ESCAPE.

I.

A GREAT many people in Lorton shook their heads when they heard that Edgar Wayne was to be the new pastor of Meadow Street Chapel. The most censorious, however, could not bring forward many serious objections. He was very young, said some, for so responsible a charge, but time could be trusted to remedy that defect. Others doubtfully hoped that he had been seriously called to the ministry, and that worldly motives had had nothing to do with his choice of the church as a profession. A third party sincerely wished he might be sound; but young Mr. Wayne had been educated at Cambridge, where, as everybody knows, Rationalism is only too much in vogue: while his predecessor, Mr. Bonnyman, who was as orthodox as the most exacting congregation could require, had never been inside a college all his lifetime.

But Edgar Wayne's greatest fault was that he was a native of Lorton. A prophet has rarely honor in his own country; and the people among whom he had been born and brought up, and who looked upon him as one of themselves, could hardly think of Edgar Wayne with the respect and feeling of reverence which were due to the minister of Meadow Street Chapel. Meadow Street Chapel was the most aristocratic and orthodox of Dissenting congregations. Everybody of any social standing in Lorton went there; and there would be quite a crush of carriages at the east door on a rainy afternoon. The two Misses Fernside, old Squire Fernside's co-heiresses, were devoted adherents to the Meadow Street Chapel, although they had been Churchwomen in their father's lifetime; and gossip had not failed to spitefully remark how closely Miss Cecilia's "awakening" had coincided with Dr. Wordly the Rector's marriage. The Waynes had always been Dissenters; and it was by their exertions and liberality that a congregation had been first formed in Lorton.

There were old folks in town who could remember when Bartholomew Wayne came to Lorton as a poor pedler about the outbreak of the first French Revolution. Religious liberality was not so well understood then as nowadays, but the villagers could not help being favorably disposed to the pushing young man who was so regular in his conduct and so honest in his dealings, and they overlooked his studied absence from the parish church. By and by the pack grew into a shop, the shop into a warehouse, and the warehouse into a bank, until the Waynes came to be looked upon as one of the wealthiest and most respectable families not only in Lorton but in the whole county; and there was very little doubt that, if Lorton were to return a Member, in conjunction with Hornham and Combeport—as many good politicians averred that it ought to do—Mr. Silas Wayne's name would be at the head of the poll.

It was the Wayne family that had built the original little brick meeting-house in Meadow Street; that had borne the greater part of the cost of the present elegant chapel forty years later; that had endowed both chapel and schools with a handsome annual income. There were other rich merchants in Lorton who would not be outdone by the Waynes in munificence; and the Dissenting pastor drew a better stipend than Dr. Wordly of the Established Church did, with all his glebes and tithes to help him; and still a large surplus was left for charitable and congregational purposes.

It was not strange, then, that when Mr. Bonnyman was struck down by paralysis, the heads of the congregation should have made up their minds as to Edgar Wayne's being the next minister, before the old man's breath was out. The Waynes themselves, of course, could not move in the matter, but there were plenty of people in Lorton anxious to oblige the banker's family. So the Hoskines, and the Lanes, and the Cheshams, and the other heads of the congregation, took counsel together, and unanimously agreed that young Mr. Wayne was just the man to suit

them, and that, in fact, no other person need apply for the vacancy.

There was naturally a good deal of grumbling among the other members when, along with the tidings of Mr. Bonnyman's death, they received the news that a successor had been already selected. Goodsir, the grocer, pointed out to everybody who came into his shop that this was but another instance of the arbitrary manner in which the affairs of the congregation were being conducted; and that goodness only knew where it was all to end, unless members stood up more firmly for their rights. Phillips, the chemist, who had aspired in vain to be an office-bearer for the last ten years, said that this was a fresh proof of how badly the deacon's court wanted new blood in it, and members had themselves to thank for such a slight when they allowed all the power to be usurped by an exclusive clique. And Swift, the manufacturer, who had made a fortune before he had made for himself a position in the little society of Lorton, cried out loudly against the arrogance of the aristocracy, and their unchristian disregard for the feelings of their fellow-members. If he were to have any voice in the matter, every man in the church should have his free vote, and the election should be determined by the voices of the majority; if their freedom as a congregation was to be sacrificed in this manner, they might as well belong to the Established Church or to the Roman Catholics at once.

But when old Mr. Chesham stood up at the church-meeting and announced that, after due consideration, and with a deep sense of their responsibility, a committee of the congregation had determined to invite their young townsman, Mr. Edgar Wayne, to become the successor of their late lamented pastor, and were now willing to have the opinion of the brethren on the subject—where then were Messrs. Goodsir, Phillips, and Swift, and the other mouthpieces of popular discontent? Goodsir perhaps bethought himself how great a convenience it would be if a certain bill of his, due at Wayne's bank in about a fortnight, could be renewed for another term; and Phillips had shaken hands with Mr. Silas Wayne a few days before at the railway station, when the banker had said how much pleasure it would give him if they could have the advantage of Mr. Phillips's activity and experience in the deacon's court, and had promised to lend the chemist his hearty support at the next election.

As for Swift, an invitation to second Mr. Chesham's proposal had converted that gentleman into one of Mr. Wayne's staunchest supporters; and when he rose to speak, he went much farther length than even Mr. Chesham had done in eulogizing the good qualities of their proposed pastor. At first, as Mr. Swift frankly confessed, he had been inclined to prejudice the selection of the committee, and to fear that their choice had been regulated more by social considerations than by a regard for the welfare of the church; but it was the duty of independent men to try every case upon its own merits and apart from prejudice.

Careful inquiry had convinced him, not only that Mr. Edgar Wayne was the best candidate whom they could pitch upon, regard being had to his Christian character, education, and ministerial gifts, but that the Meadow Street Church might account itself truly fortunate if its members could induce so pious, so excellent, but for his youth he would say so eminent, a divine as Mr. Edgar Wayne to become its pastor. They all knew him (Mr. Swift) that he was not a man to allow his judgment to be biased by wealth or worldly position; and if he could think that there was another man who would do better service to the congregation and the cause of the gospel than Mr. Edgar Wayne, he might command his (Mr. Swift's) warmest support, were he the son of the poorest man in Lorton; but men of Mr. Wayne's stamp were rare—mournfully rare—in these evil times.

A little buzz—the nearest approach to applause admissible in such a place—followed Mr. Swift's peroration; and after that, all thoughts of opposition were at an end, although many doubts and misgivings continued to be bandied about regarding Edgar Wayne's capacity for ministerial work.

It has been said already that the Meadow Street Chapel was rigidly orthodox. Its doctrines held hard and fast by the lines of the Puritan fathers, and a dash of Calvinism had imparted to it a more than ordinary rigidity. Mr. Bonnyman had been a shrewd, self-educated Scot, whose theology was strongly flavored by the tenets of his Presbyterian countrymen, but whose national prudence had taught him to modify his opinions to the views of his English hearers. Thus though Predestination and Election, the Infallibility of the Elect and a Limited Atonement, were standing canons on the Meadow Street statute-book—and to doubt them would have been regarded as the rankest heresy—one might have listened to Mr. Bonnyman from year's end to year's end without catching the slightest allusion to any of these dogmas.

The Meadow Street Chapel was animated by a keen missionary spirit. Not a congregation in the county raised a larger sum per member for evangelical purposes, and nowhere was an appeal for funds in aid of any denominational enterprise more cordially responded to than in Lorton. But Meadow Street could afford to be thus munificent without being taunted with the trite adage that "charity begins at home." There were no poor in Mr. Bonnyman's congregation, for all the members were well-to-do householders, and prosperous shopkeepers at the least. Of course there were both poverty and vice in Lorton as in every other town of the same size; and at one period in his career Mr. Bonnyman had been brought face to face with the alternative of facing these evils or shirking his duty. But though a hard, unimpressionable man, Mr. Bonnyman was too sensible of his responsibilities as a minister to turn his back to the needy and to wash his hands of his erring brethren.

It was at this juncture that old Mr. Bartholomew Wayne and Mr. Hoskins, the two richest men in the congregation, had come forward and volunteered to erect a new mission chapel in Factory Lane for the destitute part of the population, provided the other members would aid them in endowing the building. The reason assigned by these worthy men was, that Mr. Bonnyman, in justice to his present congregation, could not enter upon a wider field of labor; but the censorious did not hesitate to allege that neither Mr. Wayne nor Mr. Hoskins cared to see fustian jackets interspersed with the broadcloth coats in the pews of Meadow Street. It may have been the one or the other of these feelings, or a mixture of both, that raised the Factory Lane Chapel, but it did a great deal of good among the lower classes; and the congregation in Meadow Street became still more select than it had been before.

Between chapels standing in the relation of Meadow Street and Factory Lane, entire cordiality could hardly have been expected; and every now and then little bickerings and jealousies would crop up which required all the office-bearers' tact to keep from breaking out into public scandals. If Meadow Street took pride in its easy, well-to-do, Christian respectability, Factory Lane was just as ready to parade its poverty, and to pity the disproportionate endowment of worldly goods and heavenly grace that had fallen to the lot of the other. In Meadow Street, sermons savoring of morality were in great repute; while Factory Lane would listen to nothing but the plain letter of the gospel and justification by faith: so that when the two ministers chanced to exchange pulpits, the Factory Lane folk refused point-blank to listen to such an old, dry, moral stick as they said Mr. Bonnyman was; and the Meadow Street members were equally positive that it was much more profitable to read a sermon at home for themselves, than go to church to be disgusted by a ranter like Mr. Booth. Factory Lane stigmatized Meadow Street with its Christian deadness, and coldness, and formality; and Meadow Street retorted by pointing significantly to the large £, followed also by four goodly figures, which closed its annual subscription list—and by a hint that even coldness and formality might sometimes be preferable to misdirected zeal and extravagant enthusiasm.

When young Mr. Wayne was called to the Meadow Street pastorate, the Factory Lane members did not seek to

dissemble their disgust, but thanked Heaven that *they*, at least, were free from aristocratic influences, and that *their* chapel was not a living in the gift of the Wayne family. At first there were hopes of some of the Meadow Street malcontents joining the Factory Lane congregation; but though they frequently dropped in for evening worship about the time of Mr. Wayne's settlement, they speedily fell back upon the old pews in the more commodious and fashionable sanctuary. Worse than that, some of the wealthiest members of Factory Lane, whom a distaste for Mr. Bonnyman had driven thither, now betrayed indications of returning to Meadow Street.

Poor Mr. Booth had thought his lines hard enough when his claims upon the Meadow Street pulpit had been allowed to lie unmooted, but that was a light matter compared to his flock being allured away from him. In vain did he demand from the pulpit what they went out into the wilderness for to see, and warn them against the danger of turning aside either to the right hand or the left in the Christian race to search for novelties. But by the week of Mr. Wayne's ordination, five of the best pews in the Factory Lane Chapel were standing empty at the disposal of the committee; and Mr. Booth clearly foresaw that not only would Mr. Wayne attempt to draw his people away from him, but that he would be for acting as his suffragan in the Factory Lane Chapel; and the good man had made up his mind to undergo martyrdom rather than suffer the principles of the church to be thus trampled upon in his instance. So when Mr. Chesham invited Mr. Booth to introduce the new minister to his flock, it unfortunately happened that Mr. Booth had already arranged an exchange of pulpits with Brother Morgan of Combeport; and the engagement could not possibly be altered. Mr. Booth considered this refusal a daring defiance of the whole aristocracy of Lorton; but the Meadow Street committee, who had only asked the Factory Lane pastor because they could not civilly avoid doing so, were delighted, and hastened to secure the services of Dr. Courtenay, who was minister of St. Augustine's Chapel at Hornham, and private chaplain to Lady Pottersfield. About this time it was remarked that Mr. Booth took very gloomy views of the future of the church.

What could be expected of the people, he asked, when the ministry was treated as a secular profession, like the interpretation of the law and the practice of physic — a cure not of souls, but of silver? They talked of simony and the imposition of unsuitable pastors upon unwilling flocks in the case of other churches: were their own eyes so free from beams that they could clearly see motes in the eyes of other sects? They heard much nowadays of university honors and worldly accomplishments; but did these avail as qualifications for the ministry, if grace and godly fear were lacking? Were the twelve Apostles university men? Was a knowledge of profane languages and heathen philosophy required of them that sought ordination in the primitive church? Far be it from him to depreciate knowledge, for without knowledge there could be no faith, and without faith there could be no salvation; but there was a knowledge that puffed men up, and was it not written that "the wisdom of the world was foolishness with God"? The man who had but the least spark of that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, albeit he knew not even a letter, was a more truly learned man than he at whose feet kings and princes sought for wisdom. Might He who was the fount of all true knowledge save them from the sin of boasting themselves of learning, and impart to each and all there present, etc., etc.

But very soon it was noticed that Mr. Booth's language underwent a remarkable change. A day or two after Mr. Wayne's induction, the young minister called to pay his respects to his elder colleague. Mr. Booth was engaged upon a sermon on the duties of the pastorate, in which he drew a contrast between St. Paul's charge to Timothy and that delivered by Dr. Courtenay at Meadow Street — infinitely to the advantage of the former — when Mr. Wayne's name was brought up to him.

The starchy manner and stiff dry tones which he of

Factory Lane thought fit to assume, speedily melted away before Wayne's genial frankness; and when the young minister acknowledged how much he stood in need of counsel from his senior's long and varied experience, and begged that he might be allowed to work under him among the poor of the locality, Mr. Booth's reserve fairly broke down, and he gave the new-comer a hearty brotherly greeting. But it was not long before Wayne had adroitly contrived to heap several shovelfuls of very hot coals upon the bald scalp of Mr. Booth. When the young minister began to talk in a laughing way about his being a miserable bachelor, and to say that he would be infinitely obliged if the other would occupy Meadow Villa at a nominal rent — say half as much as he gave for his present house — Mr. Booth's face turned quite scarlet at the startling proposal, and he felt sorely tempted to cry there and then before his visitor. Was this the man whom he and all his congregation had been vilifying for weeks past? the man whom he had suspected of wishing to lead away his congregation, and of bishoping it over himself? As Mr. Booth's eye fell upon the sermon on his writing-table, he felt as if he would like to fling back the offer in the young Pharisee's teeth — either that or to acknowledge like a man how little he merited kindness at Mr. Wayne's hands.

But the latter course required more courage than Mr. Booth could muster, and there were more considerations than one that kept him from rashly refusing Mr. Wayne's generous proffer. There was no house for the minister attached to the Factory Lane Chapel, and Mr. Booth's present habitation was a dingy, confined, brick building, in a locality that enjoyed the preëminence of being the most unsanitary in Lorton. A change from Factory Lane to Meadow Villa would have saved poor Susan when she died of the relapse from typhus a year ago, thought Mr. Booth sadly. The pale-faced children would soon gather rosy cheeks, running about among the green shrubberies and upon the trim grass-plots of Meadow Villa. Why, his wife would get quite a girl again if she could be removed from the smoke and smells of Factory Lane; and what sermons, for strength and pathos, would not he himself compose when walking bareheaded in the open air up and down the long secluded alley at the back of the Villa!

When he thought of all this, what could poor Booth do but thank Mr. Wayne for his kindness the best way he possibly could? But Wayne would not hear of thanks — the obligation was his; for how could he be responsible for the house and grounds unless he put them into trustworthy hands? He could not go to Meadow Street every morning and see that some burglar had not walked away with the Villa overnight. But he cautioned Mr. Booth that he would be remorselessly evicted if any likely young damsel were so far left to herself as to fancy him for a husband — an event so improbable that it need hardly be taken into calculation. And then Mr. Booth laughed, and said he was sorry Mr. Wayne had mentioned it, for it would be somewhat hard upon human nature to wish heartily for his friend's happiness, since it would entail on them the loss of such a paradise.

After this they became quite confidential, and exchanged opinions regarding the office-bearers of both congregations, which, for the peace of those worthy brethren, we shall not repeat. And finally, Mrs. Booth was quite startled by the appearance of the unpopular minister in her husband's company in the little parlor where she was cutting thick bread and butter for tea: and still more by Mr. Wayne's ready assurance that he would not be a stranger in future at that family meal.

The half-finished sermon was committed to the grate; and when Mr. Booth preached next Sunday, it was from the text, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and his discourse was against giving place to censorious and uncharitable thoughts and words. We are not sure that the Factory Lane congregation relished this sermon as well as the preceding ones; but of this we are convinced, that every word came from Mr. Booth's heart, and that the sermon was addressed more to his own failings than to the errors of his flock.

II.

It was not without a remonstrance on the part of his relations that Edgar Wayne was allowed to give up the minister's house to Mr. Booth. Mr. Silas cautioned him against Quixotry and over-generosity at the outset, and also about taking up too much with Mr. Booth. Mr. Booth, to be sure, was a worthy man, a most worthy man, but — What this “but” meant could be gathered only from the shrug of Mr. Silas's shoulders; and besides, ministers were commanded to be given to hospitality, and how could he be hospitable unless he had a house of his own? Edgar laughingly replied in his college slang that “he'd stand his friends at the restaurant,” and Mr. Silas went away with a grave shake of the head. Miss Patty Wayne, the younger of the two sisters — her full name was Patience, but she was only to be addressed as such at the risk of a quarrel — chose to be offended because Edgar had upset her pretty air castle of housekeeping at Meadow Villa, until the minister expressed his conviction that her disappointment was altogether mercenary for the loss of the “perquisites” she was proposing to levy upon his household stores.

And so Edgar Wayne settled down in the old house, and was just treated as he had been during his college vacations, a large parlor only being added to his apartments for the purpose of receiving professional visitors. Miss Wayne had been careful to inform the servants that Mr. Edgar was now the minister of the Meadow Street Chapel, and that they must be careful to banish the remembrance of all former familiarities from their minds. But after a short interval of doubtful suspense, during which the inmates of the kitchen were settling whether ordination had wrought any notable change in their young master, they gave up the pastor in despair, and “Master Edgar” became Master Edgar once more in the Wayne household.

As faithful recorders of gossip we cannot omit to notice how the society of the Misses Wayne was courted after their younger brother had been installed in the Meadow Street Chapel. Formerly, Mr. Edgar Wayne had not been in much better repute than younger sons generally are with families that have marriageable daughters; but as minister of Meadow Street, with the prospect of what he would have at Mr. Silas's death, he was allowed to be a match for the most ambitious Miss in Lorton — aye, even for rich Miss Hoskins herself, if she had not been eight years his senior and so plain. And this was the reason that Miss Lane ceased to call Mary Wayne “an upsetting, aggravating, old-maidish chit;” that Miss Ellen Chesham now managed to put up with “Patience's impatience” and fitful temper; and that Miss Amelia Fairley came weeping to the sisters and sobbed forth her regret that those odious Miss Fentons, with their tattle and gossip, should ever have brought about an estrangement between them, but that was all over now, and they would ever, *ever*, be as dear, darling, loving friends as they had been before in the old, happy days — wouldn't they, dears?

Of course Mary laughed in her sleeves, and Patty declared she had “no patience” with such sycophants; but they were courteous enough to their would-be sisters-in-law, and rallied Edgar merrily upon the snares which were being set for him. All the young ladies in Lorton knew — as of what piece of scandal were they ignorant? — the old story about Edgar Wayne and Millicent Wentworth. Millicent was a granddaughter of old Squire Fernside who had lost both her parents in India, and had been brought up at Little Lorton by her aunts, Miss Jemima and Miss Cecilia. She had attended Madame de Mure's famous seminary for young ladies along with Mary and Patty Wayne, and the three girls had been inseparable friends, and so exclusive in their attachments, as to occasion much jealousy and heart-burning among their class-mates. Dr. Caning's Academy is just across the street from Madame de Mure's, a proximity much deplored by the precise parents of Lorton. It was only natural, then, that when Edgar was promoted to a tailed coat and Dr. Caning's sixth form, he should show off his gallantry by making love to

his sisters' friend, and supplying her with an escort along the shady road to Little Lorton.

By and by it began to be pretty generally known that Edgar Wayne and Milly Wentworth were sweethearting; and many people said they should not wonder though a match might come of it some day. But the young folks themselves thought little of match-making in those days. Each was quite contented in the assurance of the other's love, and marriage was to them like a fairy dream of the far future. But years rolled on, and while Edgar was still but a young man, and an undergraduate of Cambridge, with no definite prospect of settling down in life, Milly's education was finished, and she had now been waiting three years for the most important event of a young woman's life. Possibly Edgar was unconscious that Millicent was no longer the girl whose heart he had won in their school-days, or perhaps he looked upon their engagement as so much a matter of course that he did not think it necessary to trouble Milly with much love-making nowadays. Then followed the inevitable “tiff” Millicent endeavoring in the first instance to stimulate Edgar's passion by a most unfounded charge of flirtation with Letty Lane; and secondly, to excite his jealousy by encouraging the addresses of little Cornet Fernside, a kinsman of the squire's, who had come on a visit to his relation at Little Lorton. But Edgar was too good-natured and careless to get into heroics; and he laughingly confessed that Letty Lane was a charming girl, and he was “big spoons” upon her — the young man had contracted a disgusting habit of talking slang during his first two terms at the university — and pretended to stand in great awe of that fire-eating trooper, the Cornet of the Lightest Dragoons, who was less than him by a good head and shoulders.

These stratagems having failed, a quarrel followed, which was at first made up by Mary Wayne's mediation. But the reconciliation was short-lived; because Edgar's letters from college seemed cold and indifferent, Millicent broke off the correspondence altogether, and Edgar, in spite of his sister's warnings, treated the matter as a good joke, and assured himself that all would come right some time. But one day Edgar was roused from his torpor by a hurried letter from his elder sister. Millicent, the writer said, had been with her, vowing that she had never loved any one but Edgar, and that she would wait a thousand thousand years for him if he would only be frank and loving in the mean time, and assure her that he was really in earnest, but she could not remain longer in suspense, and might be driven to do something desperate before long. Miss Wayne conjured Edgar to write Millicent without delay, for she dreaded daily to hear that the poor girl had taken some rash step which would entail a lifelong repentance. “That wretched little Mr. Fernside is *here* just now,” added she in a postscript. “I saw him driving through Bank Square this morning with Jem Tylson the horse-breaker, and I am sure *both* of them were *tipsy*.” Edgar wrote a most affectionate letter, explaining his seeming indifference, and begging Milly to believe his unaltered constancy; but before the letter could have reached Lorton, he received a marked copy of the *Times* containing an announcement of the marriage at London — gossips said it was little better than an elopement — of Lieutenant Fernside of the Lightest Dragoons with Millicent Fernside, only child of the late Captain Wentworth, second in command of the Malwa Irregular Horse.

It was not till then that Edgar realized the full strength of his love for Millicent Wentworth. He could not bring himself to believe it: that Milly should marry anybody but himself seemed an absolute impossibility; and he tried hard to assure himself that it must be all a mistake, a dark unpleasant dream. He had been walking up and down his room that evening when Mary's letter was brought him, and the dawn of the gray October morning found him still pacing the floor, epistle in hand; but of what he had been thinking during the long weary night Edgar Wayne never could tell. Gradually the truth impressed itself upon him, and he saw how much he had lost, and how culpable had been his self-security and care-

lessness in not keeping possession of the warm heart that had once been his. Against Millicent he had not a word to say, and he refused to listen to his sisters' denunciations of her levity and fickleness. He knew that he might have saved Millicent, and he could lay the blame of all that had occurred upon his own thoughtlessness alone. His love for her had never for an instant wavered; and even now that he had hopelessly lost her, and love became a sin, he could not banish the remembrance of her from his mind. He thought that if he could see her once more, and actually assure himself that Millicent Wentworth was now Millicent Fernside, his passion might be dispelled and his feelings relieved. So he went to Canterbury, where the Lightest Dragoons were then quartered, and from the window he saw Millicent and her husband canter past for their afternoon ride. Poor Edgar! if he was ill before, he was worse now. He saw her only for a few seconds, but that brief glance seemed to reveal charms which he had never been conscious of having noticed before. Only one thought sustained him; he saw how lovingly Millicent had smiled upon her young husband, and the contemplation of her happiness made him more than half forget his own misery. If he had married Millicent Wentworth, would it not have been the highest aim of his life to render her happy? and now that she had found her happiness in marrying another, should he not rather rejoice in her felicity, and lay aside all selfish feelings upon the subject? This at least was what he tried to do, and he went back to Cambridge a sadder and wiser man, with his heart refined by the working of a hidden sorrow. He had wrecked his happiness upon his own selfishness, and he resolved that for the future he would live less for himself and more for his fellow-creatures. It was but natural that when he came to select a profession, such thoughts should impel him towards the ministry; and his choice chimed in well with his father's inclinations; for, as Mr. Bartholomew was to succeed his father in the Lorton Bank, it was the proper time for a family so eminent among Christians as that of Wayne, to give one of its members to the church.

At first, after his disappointment, Edgar had been as reserved and gloomy as the most serious member of his flock could have desired; but the natural vivacity and kindness of his disposition soon got the better of his moodiness, and the concern with which his friends had watched his sorrow had now given way to a fear that his "lightness" might betray him into the commission of something unclerical in word or deed. But the old love for Millicent still lay close to his heart. By a tacit understanding her name was never mentioned in the Wayne household; but his sisters took good care that he should not remain long in ignorance of anything relating to his lost love. Envelopes addressed in the old familiar handwriting would be temptingly displayed upon Miss Patty's work-box, and full opportunity would be afforded the young minister of making himself acquainted with the contents. There was little satisfaction to be derived from the perusal of these letters. Each told with less reserve than its predecessor of Lieutenant Fernside's increasing neglect, of his passion for wine and billiards, and of his brutal conduct when he came home intoxicated from mess night after night. Then came a long pause; and when the correspondence was next resumed, the red "queen's head" upon Millicent's envelopes had been replaced by the vermilion eight-anna stamp of her Majesty's Indian Government. The Lightest Dragoons had been glad to dispense with one of the ornaments of that distinguished corps. Lieutenant Fernside's losses on the turf and at billiards had been so great that nothing could save him from bankruptcy but an exchange to an Indian regiment, and most of his brother officers had said, "Go, and a good riddance." Before sailing, he and Millicent came to say farewell to their friends at Little Lorton; but the lieutenant's reputation had preceded him, and the Misses Fernside made little pretence of welcoming their profligate kinsman. His poor wife, shamefaced and sick at heart, avoided all her old acquaintances; and the two quitted Lorton "without beat of drum," as the lieutenant said —

for, brief as his visit had been, he had found an opportunity of contracting sundry liabilities to the Lorton tradesmen. The letter which came from Gampore to Patty Wayne showed that things had been going from bad to worse with Captain Fernside, whose old habits had broken out with tenfold vigor since their arrival in India; and Millicent's health was so wretched that she feared — no, she actually hoped — that her misery would not be of long duration. And in the postscript was a last sad message to Edgar, which the writer begged might be faithfully delivered to him. But neither Mary nor Patty had the courage to comply with her request; and this letter was not, according to custom, displayed upon the work-basket.

"Do you know who is coming to Lorton, Edgar?" asked Mary Wayne, as her brother came into the parlor one forenoon, hot and tired, from a long excursion with Mr. Booth among the sick and poor of the Factory Lane quarter.

"Of course I do," returned the minister, stretching out his legs upon the sofa, and fanning himself vigorously with an uncut copy of the *Narrow Magazine*; "I had a letter myself this morning."

"A letter! Had you a letter?" said Mary, opening her eyes wide with astonishment, and speaking very slowly. "Poor Edgar! I hope you may have strength given you to get well through it."

"Thank'ee, ma'am; I shall want it badly, I know, if she is half as pretty as she used to be."

"Edgar" — in a reproachful tone — "you really shouldn't speak of such things in such a way. What could people think if they were to hear you?"

"Why, they would think, I suppose, that I had been too rash in giving up Meadow Villa. But you would not mind having us in the house, would you, until something better turns up for poor old Booth? She is so very quiet and gentle, that even Patty could not manage to fall out with her."

"What! live together in this house!" cried Miss Wayne, starting to her feet in horror. "Edgar Wayne, this is too dreadful; it is absolutely sinful in a minister to speak this way, even in jest. You ought to have more respect for your sister, sir, than to mention such a thing in her presence," and Mary indignantly gathered up her work and was going to leave the room.

"My dear Polly, stay half a minute," cried Edgar, with a look of amused curiosity, "and do explain yourself. What would be so dreadful and sinful in Miss Shillingford and I staying together here, always supposing we *did* get married? I don't see what there is disrespectful in that. You are not afraid she would cherish designs upon your housekeeping keys, are you; and that I would be aiding and abetting in her designs? Was that what you were alarmed about?"

"Miss Shillingford, Edgar!" cried Miss Wayne, turning round in the door and coming back into the room. "What Miss Shillingford? whom do you mean?"

"Why, Edith Shillingford — old Shillingford of the 'Methusaleh's' daughter. Wasn't it of her you were talking? I had a letter, as I said, from brother Bart this morning, and he says that he and his *cara sposa* are going to run down here for the Easter holidays; and that they are bringing the daughter of Bart's senior director with them for the express purpose that I may fall in love with her: kind, isn't it? Bart, in his business way, gives so many details regarding the young lady's prospects, that the latter part of his letter reads like the money article of a morning newspaper."

"Oh, I'm so glad that Bart is coming," cried Miss Wayne, "and I have heard so much of Edith Shillingford, that I am dying to know her. How odd it would be if you should fall in love with and marry a great heiress! Why, half the girls in the Meadow Street Chapel would turn Episcopalians for spite. I must let papa and Patty have the good news."

"Wait a little, my dear," cried Edgar, catching hold of her dress as she was hurrying from the room: "it is clear that some one else is coming to Lorton besides Bart and

Miss Shillingford. Now tell me frankly of whom you were thinking when you tried to have that pretty tiff with your affectionate brother."

"Oh, Edgar," said Miss Wayne, in an altered tone, and coming back into the middle of the room with a grave look upon her face, "I cannot—that is, I should not speak about it; and yet I do not see how I can help it. It is better that you should hear it now than at some time when you are not so well prepared for it. I have just had a letter from India, then, and somebody is coming home very soon."

"Millicent Wentworth?" asked Edgar, with just a slight swelling at his throat.

"No; Millicent Fernside," said Mary, laying a stout emphasis on the surname—"one who can be nothing to you, and whom it would be well that you should meet as seldom as possible. I suppose we shall be obliged to visit her at Little Lorton; but we need not ask her here, and there will be no necessity for your seeing her."

"Poor Millicent," was Edgar's only rejoinder, uttered musingly and in a low voice.

"Yes, poor thing, no one can be more sorry for her than I am," replied his sister; "but she was terribly imprudent, and is now paying the penalty of her folly. I'm sure I don't know why some girls should be so mad for marriage. I'd rather choose to die an old maid any day than marry such a man as Mr. Fernside. Do you know, Edgar, that he has actually beaten her? Yes; Miss Cecilia told me that he came home one night from mess abominably tipsy, and slapped her on the cheek, and shook her by the shoulder, because she refused to ask her aunts for money to pay his turf losses."

The pastor of Meadow Street Chapel checked an exclamation which rose to his lips. It was inaudible to his sister, and it was perhaps as well.

"She could not have come home, although the doctors told her that she would not survive another hot season in India, if her aunts had not assisted her," continued Miss Wayne; "and even then Captain Fernside cursed and swore because he should be put to the expense of giving up his furnished house, and insisted that the Misses Fernside should make good the loss to him before he would allow her passage to be taken. It is horrid to think that any one could be so brutal. Why, he might as well have killed her at once. I am sorry that she is coming to Lorton, for I should have liked to befriend her: but it is impossible that we should encourage her to come here, and you in the house."

"Yes, Polly," said Edgar, bitterly, "that is just the way of the world. Summer friendships are soon dispelled by the chill blasts of winter. It is very easy to swear eternal affection for one whom everybody is worshipping; but as soon as the tide has turned, when adversity has supervened, and the world begins to look coldly upon your former friend, the true value of such vows is speedily discernible. But I did think, my dear Mary, that your heart would have preserved you from such insincerity. Think how much a woman in poor Millicent Fernside's position must want a friend whom she can trust, and to whom she could open the sorrows of her poor bruised heart."

"How can you be so unjust?" deprecated Miss Wayne. "You know quite well how I loved Millicent Wentworth, and how gladly I would give her all the support one dear friend can give another. But we must think of you. What would the world say—what would your congregation think—if Milly were to come here as freely as she did in the old times. You really must be careful for your own sake, and avoid her as much as possible."

"Thank you, Mary, for the compliment to us both," replied Edgar, gravely, as he rose to go. "If Millicent Fernside has aught of the modesty and self-respect of Millicent Wentworth, it will not be necessary for me to avoid her; and as for myself, I trust to refer my conduct to a higher criterion than the opinion of my congregation. If I thought my counsel or friendship would lighten Milly's burden by as much as a straw's weight, I would call upon her before she was four-and-twenty hours in Lorton. You

needn't shake your head, for it would only be my duty, and God would give me strength to command my feelings while I was engaged upon his work."

III.

About Eastertide it was whispered in the town that Mrs. Fernside had arrived at Little Lorton, and that she was living in great retirement with her relations. Her health had been restored by the sea-voyage; and Dr. Copeby said that if her mind were right there would soon be little the matter with her body. There had been no intercourse between the Waynes and the Fernsides since Millicent's arrival, for the family in Bank Square were completely taken up with their visitors from London. Mr. Bartholomew, the heir-apparent to the Lorton Bank, had not at the outset of his life walked in the ways of his fathers, and his excesses had compelled Mr. Silas to send him away where the name of Wayne would not be disgraced by his ongoing. So to Liverpool went young Bartholomew with a credit of fifty pounds per annum upon the Lorton Bank, and his stipend as sixth clerk in the house of Dall & Gram, the East Indian grain-merchants. Finding this wholly insufficient to supply his wants, Mr. Bartholomew naturally thought of marriage; and a pretty, penniless day-governess, who was lodging in the same house, afforded him an excellent excuse for "tempting Providence." On hearing of his son's wedding, Mr. Silas prepared himself for the consequences of this folly, whether they should take the shape of burglary or suicide—only he took the precaution of altering his will in favor of Edgar, so that the reputable house of "B. Wayne & Son," might never lie at the mercy of a reprobate. But with marriage a saving change came over the prodigal. He was now compelled to be careful and economical; and as he had all the aptitude for business that belonged to his family, his rise had been rapid in the mercantile world and he was now secretary to the great "Methusaleh Life and Fire Insurance Company," and a director on the boards of some of the most flourishing concerns in the city. Mr. Silas had, of course, altered his will back again to its original form long ago; and it was said that he had with difficulty extracted a promise from his son to give up his prospects in London and take the management of the Lorton Bank when he himself became unfit for business. Mr. Bartholomew was now the great man of the Wayne family, and all the more was made of his success that no one had ever imagined he would come to anything good.

Since the elder son had become a family man, and the secretary of a great company in the City, he had come to Lorton only at rare intervals and upon flying visits, running down upon a Saturday and returning to town early on Monday morning, in time to wait upon his directors at the weekly meeting of the Methusaleh Board. His prolonged stay upon this occasion was all the more welcome. Mr. Silas—for all Lorton continued to call him Mr. Silas still, although his father, Mr. Wayne, had been dead these twenty years—monopolized his son's company; and the two passed their days in the bank parlor discussing the money-market and commercial gossip until long after business hours. Mr. Silas placed great faith in his son's judgment, and he consulted him on almost every venture of importance, quite as much to tempt Bartholomew to interest himself in the bank as that he really needed counsel; for Mr. Bartholomew was so much engrossed in the affairs of the great Methusaleh that he hardly condescended to trouble himself about humbler undertakings. Brother Bart was not much above five-and-thirty, but it was his hobby to fancy himself a staid, respectable middle-aged person; and of all the fogies at the Methusaleh Board, none wore his clothes of a more antiquated or formal cut than the secretary, and none of them was graver or more circumspect in his walk and conversation. Mr. Silas, who was generally considered a young man by his contemporaries, could hardly believe himself to be the father of a man who talked of being elderly, and boasted of a little bald patch upon his crown of the size of a florin, as a

proof of advancing years. When they sat down together in the bank parlor, Mr. Silas could not help feeling as if his father had come to life again in Mr. Bartholomew, and as if he himself was once more the junior partner of the firm.

On his part, Edgar did as much as could reasonably have been expected to make the rich Miss Shillingford's visit agreeable to her. What time he could spare from his professional duties he devoted to her society. He drove her and his sister Patty all over the country about Lorton; he got up a little picnic for the ladies at the ruined castle of Pottersfield, near Hornham, and a boating-party in Combeport Bay; and he devoted his evenings to their society in the drawing-room. Edith Shillingford was a quiet, silent girl, with a pure red and white complexion, and eyes that seemed to melt as you looked into them. Both the Misses Wayne saw at once that she would make a charming sister-in-law; and many and deep were the plots which the two hatched with Mrs. Bartholomew to bring about a marriage between Edgar and the heiress. But neither Miss Shillingford's winsomeness nor her fortune made the least impression upon the minister's heart, although he could not conceal from himself that Miss Shillingford would not be angry although he were to carry his attentions farther than mere courtesy. Although a Churchwoman, Miss Shillingford had waited regularly upon Edgar's ministrations in Meadow Street, and had confided to Patty how much she enjoyed the services, and how eloquent the sermons were. Patty had taken her to see Meadow Villa under pretence of paying a visit to Mrs. Booth; and the heiress had said, with a half-sigh, that the mistress of so sweet a place must be a happy woman. In short, as all the Wayne family could see at a glance, there was only one thing wanted to secure the match, and that was a direct overture on Edgar's part. But all his sisters' hints, all Mr. Silas's suggestions, and all Brother Bart's haggings, were in vain; and Edgar bluntly told them that he would never say a word of love to Edith Shillingford.

The thought of meeting with Millicent lay heavily upon Edgar's mind. He knew that it would be better for his peace if he were never to meet her again; but he could not bear the idea of turning his back upon her, now that she was deserted and heart-broken. He had sought counsel where the best counsel is to be found, and he had prayed that his steps might be ordered aright to do what best became him as a minister, and would be most conducive to Milly's happiness. He was quite aware of his own weakness where his old sweetheart was concerned; and it was not in his own strength that he trusted when he made up his mind to bravely face the danger. His love for Milly was as intense as ever, and he knew that such love was a heinous sin—doubly heinous in a minister of the gospel. But what could he do? Religion does not petrify the heart, and there are devils not even to be cast out by prayer and fasting. But there was no spot of impurity in Edgar's affection. All that he sought was Millicent's welfare and happiness; and that he might even in the smallest degree contribute to this, he was prepared to place himself in a false position with society—to run the risk of having his motives misconstrued, and to bear both odium and scorn, on her behalf.

On the Sunday after he had made up his mind to call at Little Lorton without further delay, he had to undergo a severe trial. As he raised his eyes from the hymn-book, they fell upon a face, which might have been the only face in the congregation, for he could distinguish no other. A sad, pale face it was; the bright red cheeks that had once belonged to it were blanched by the fierce heat of a tropical sun, the clear blue eyes were dimmed and sunken, and care and sorrow had stamped many premature wrinkles upon the brow that used to be smoother and more white than Parian marble. It was a trying Sunday for the minister of Meadow Street, and it required all his resolution to concentrate his mind upon his duties. Never had he breathed a more heartfelt prayer for the divine assistance than before beginning his sermon; and never had he felt so great a sense of relief as when he had brought the ser-

vice properly to a close. It was no feigned headache that confined him to his room for the rest of the day, and made him ask Mr. Booth to take his place at Meadow Street in the evening; for his head was in a whirl, and his heart was torn by the pangs of a resuscitated sorrow.

At length they met. It was in presence of Millicent's aunts, and the greetings which they interchanged were of the most formal character, such as might have passed between persons whose acquaintance had never ripened into friendship. A forced conversation was with difficulty maintained, in spite of Millicent's stiffness and Edgar's shyness. They talked of the weather, of Meadow Street Chapel, of India, of everything but that which each knew the other to be thinking of; and when they parted, each retired with a heavy weight at heart, and bitter feeling of the impassable gulf which had sprung up between them since last they met. As the Misses Fernside were members of the Meadow Street congregation, Edgar had always been a regular visitor at Little Lorton; and after Millicent's arrival he continued to call as frequently as formerly. The old ladies were justly incensed at their kinsman; and knowing the deep interest which the minister took in Millicent, they made him the confidant of all their complaints against Captain Fernside, and of their doubts regarding their niece's future. Edgar was glad to think that he could be of service to his old love, and that he could do something to make her position at Little Lorton more pleasant—for Miss Cecilia, whose temper had not been improved by a little disappointment in the matter of Dr. Wordly, was somewhat fond of pointing out how imprudence works its own punishment, and of grumbling at the trouble which Millicent had brought upon the family; but Edgar interfered with ministerial authority, and recalled Miss Cecilia to a more Christian spirit. At such times the old maid would almost kill her niece with kindness to obliterate the recollection of her petulance. "I wish she had married you, Mr. Wayne," Jemima would say; "but you are much too good for a silly girl like her. I wish she had married an honest and sober crossing-sweeper rather than that wicked Dick Fernside. If I only thought he might be accepted, I would be glad to hear that he was dead to-morrow. Why, then you might—but it is very wrong to think of such a thing," added Miss Jemima, checking herself. Edgar knew quite well what was passing in Miss Jemima's mind, but he said nothing, and changed the subject, although it cannot be denied that his mind frequently turned to the contingency of Captain Fernside's decease putting an end to all their troubles. As a Christian man and a minister, he was fully sensible of the impropriety of this feeling, and strove hard to conquer it, but human nature was too strong for him. The world knows well how powerful a restraint religious principle imposes upon *doing* evil, but each one can only say for himself how far it prevails against *thinking* evil.

The Waynes soon began to look with much anxiety upon Edgar's frequent visits to Little Lorton, and to drop broad hints about the scandal likely to arise. Mr. Silas said he felt a delicacy in noticing the matter; for though Edgar was his son, he was also his ecclesiastical superior, and it is hardly the part of a deacon to criticise his minister's conduct. Brother Bart, who, having been a scape-grace in his youth, was naturally very rigid in his notion of propriety, entered a special protest against what he called Edgar's folly.

"I shan't say anything about your neglect of Miss Shillingford, although, let me tell you, my dear fellow, that such offers seldom fall in the way of men in your line of life. You don't often find a Dissenting parson marrying twenty thousand pounds, unless the lady be *dévote*; although, mind, I don't mean to say that a little of that may not be a good thing."—Brother Bart, be it remarked, had developed Broad Church notions since he became secretary of the Methusaleh, and would probably have abjured the sect of his family but for the Dissenting connection upon which the business of Waynes's Bank chiefly rested,—“but I really must blow you up about this Little Lorton business. Of course there is no real harm in your going

there, but you know as well as I do how confoundedly people gossip in a little place like this; and there are a lot of fellows about your congregation who would keep you in no end of hot water if they only got a handle against you. Take my advice, and don't go near the house until Mrs. Fernside is away; and if she were a prudent person she would not stay long. I can't say that I approve of women leaving their husbands in this fashion."

"But Fernside had behaved villainously to her — had actually beaten her," broke in Edgar, who could never bear to hear Millicent's reputation called in question.

"Umph! Depend upon it, my dear Edgar, there are always faults on both sides in such affairs; but what can be expected of reckless, ill-sorted unions? But if Fernside and his wife have quarrelled, there is only so much reason why you of all men should not intervene between them. If the captain is only half as malicious as Fetlock of his old regiment calls him, he is quite capable of making you co-respondent in a divorce case, upon no other grounds than your visits to Little Lorton; and you know the bare rumor of such a thing would utterly ruin your clerical prospects."

"Let Fernside do his worst; so long as his wife is connected with my congregation, and stands in need of my counsel as a Christian minister, I shall not be deterred from doing my duty by such considerations."

"Oh, of course if you look at it in that way there is no use in arguing," said Brother Bart, with some difficulty suppressing his inclination to get angry; "but there is another thing that you will do well to consider. All men are mortal, even ministers; and every one knows how much easier it is to get into an intrigue, than to get out of one."

"My dear brother, I cannot allow even you to speak in such a manner," said Edgar, firmly. "You are quite welcome to say what you please about me, but intrigue and Mrs. Fernside's name must not be mentioned in the same breath. The poor girl is as guileless as a newborn child."

"Now look here, Edgar, and don't get angry," persisted Bart. "I'm your elder, and have seen twice as much of the world as you are ever likely to see, and I caution you that you run the risk of getting into a serious scrape. You were very fond of this girl once, and may be so still. What assurance have you that you will always be able to control your feelings with regard to her, if you expose yourself to the temptations of her society? Just think what a little matter may make mischief; isn't it your favorite Dante who says, *Goleotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse*? If you don't keep away from her, mark my words, you will repent it. It would be a rare windfall for the morning papers if a man in your position were to come up before Lord Penzance."

"I shall never avoid any temptations that come to me in the path of duty," replied the minister. "This poor girl stands in more need of my consolation and advice than any other member of my congregation; and shall she be denied these because I once loved her? And what I lack in strength will be made up to me, so long as my sole object is to heal the broken-hearted."

"Oh, very well then; there is no use in saying anything more about it," said Bartholomew, going off in a pet. "Take your own way, and take the consequences. I shan't be so ill-natured afterwards as to remind you that you had better have taken my advice;" and the secretary of the Methusaleh strode down-stairs to the bank parlor to relieve his spleen by advising Mr. Silas from the renewing of every mature bill that came before them that morning.

At first the members of Meadow Street were so much occupied in discussing Miss Shillingford's visit, that they failed to notice how frequently their pastor's forenoons were spent at Little Lorton. All agreed with wonderful unanimity, after hearing the amount of Miss Shillingford's fortune, that their minister was likely soon to become a benedict. Mr. Swift, the manufacturer, who had a marriageable daughter, thought that nothing tended so much to diminish a minister's "usefulness" as the marry-

ing a stranger, who could not be expected to take any interest in his congregation or his work. The same gentleman did not seek to dissemble his disgust at Mr. Wayne's marrying for money, and openly hinted that if the grace of God had been the quality their pastor was most anxious to find in his future wife, he need not have gone outside his own congregation. Phillips, the chemist, had grave doubts as to what would come of their minister marrying with a Churchwoman. The future Mrs. Edgar Wayne must, of course, conform to her husband's denomination; but who could say what effect her Erastian tendencies might not ultimately produce upon their pastor? Matters might soon be as bad at Meadow Street as in St. Augustine's Chapel at Hornham, where Dr. Courtenay, the minister, had inserted the thin end of the liturgical wedge by reciting the Lord's Prayer at almost every diet of worship. And Goodsir, the grocer, averred that the minister would not be a Wayne if he didn't know the right side of a shilling; and that, for his part, he did not wonder at the work being obstructed when the Babylonish garment and the shekel of silver were concealed even in the pulpit itself. Even Mr. Booth, though not much given to gossip, had heard the rumor, and significantly told his colleague that his family's health had been well recruited by their pleasant change from Factory Lane, and that he was quite ready to give up Meadow Villa to its rightful owner at the shortest notice. But Wayne laughingly told him that there was no necessity for his shifting, and promised him a good six months' warning before he was disturbed. And Mr. Booth, as he paced the lilac-shaded walks of the Villa, and thought of the smoke and the smells of Factory Lane, reproached himself for his selfishness in feeling glad that there was no immediate probability of Wayne taking a wife.

Not a word had ever passed between Edgar and Millicent regarding their old love, but a communion of sorrow drew them closely together, and gave them a sad happiness in each other's society. At first one or other of the aunts had made a point of being present in the drawing-room with Mrs. Fernside when Edgar called, but by degrees this dread sense of propriety vanished, and they ceased to put themselves about for the minister's visits. The two were but ill at ease to be thus left alone, and there was a feeling of awkwardness and restraint between them, which at once disappeared when Miss Fernside or Miss Cecilia added herself to their society. The ice was not yet broken, and each shrank from putting forth a hand to break it; but they well knew that sooner or later one or the other must speak out.

Half-way between Lorton and Hornham are the Pottersfield brickworks, where Mr. Booth had a weekly meeting. Wayne took a great interest in the brickmakers, and liked to escape from the formal and respectable Christianity of his Meadow Street adherents to the rough heathenism and dogged independence of the Pottersfield workmen. Poor Mr. Booth had labored long and zealously among them, opening their eyes to a sense of their guilt and their danger, and telling them with very little reserve how small a chance they had of avoiding everlasting perdition; but his labors did not do much good. Two or three of the more serious workmen and their wives were the only attendants at Mr. Booth's meeting, but still the good man persevered that he might win even one soul. Wayne had better luck. He went among the brickmakers in a frank, unaffected way, carefully eschewing anything like preaching, preferring rather to make the men talk than to talk himself, gaining their confidence and good-will, and every now and then leading their thoughts to better things. Mr. Booth had no faith in anything but "preaching and the ordinances," and was inclined to look upon Edgar's intercourse with the men as a mere waste of time in idle gossip; but he could not help remarking that when the "gentleman parson chap" was expected at the brickworks, the meeting-room began to offer a successful rivalry to the "Chequers" down the way.

Coming back from Pottersfield one evening, when Mr. Booth was anxious to get home to visit a sick parishioner, Wayne, presuming upon his intimacy with the Misses

Fernside, proposed that they should take a by-path through the grounds of Little Lorton, which would save them at least a mile. It was pleasant to change the dusty turnpike road for the crisp grassy footpath under the old beeches, and to catch glimpses of the setting sun through the breaks in the trees. But just as they were opposite the old manor-house, Edgar, who was walking first, gave a start and an exclamation, for straight before them was Millicent, meeting them with an open letter in her hand. She too started and looked about her, but there was no means of evading the intruders. She hurriedly put the letter in her pocket, but she could not conceal the red eyes and swollen cheeks, which too plainly indicated her distress.

"Excuse me half a minute, Booth," said the minister of Meadow Street: "I must apologize to Mrs. Fernside for our intrusion. I'll be after you in an instant;" and lifting his hat to the lady, Mr. Booth passed on and waited for his companion beneath an old oak-tree some hundred yards ahead.

"I am sorry to see you in affliction, Mrs. Fernside," said Edgar, as he took her hand; "I hope that nothing has occurred to seriously disturb you."

"I am very unhappy," replied she, almost choking upon the words, as the tears again began to fall.

"Poor Milly! Heaven knows how much I feel for you. I have no claim to share your sorrow, but gladly would I bear the whole weight of it myself. Is there nothing that I can do for you?"

"Oh," sobbed Millicent, "I am so miserable; and how can I seek sympathy from you of all men in the world, after having treated you so badly? My punishment is only too just."

"No, Milly, you were not to blame—it was only my infatuation that has brought all this trouble upon us," said Edgar, as he pressed her hand; "but that is past, and we will not recall it. Let us rather think how we can comfort and strengthen each other in our different positions. You must let me be a brother to you, Milly, since Providence has denied me a dearer relationship. Believe me, there is nothing in man's power which I would not do to secure your happiness. I loved you always, and I love you still; and though it may be a sin for me to say it, I cannot help telling you so."

"You are only too good, and I am utterly undeserving of your kindness. But oh, Mr. Wayne, whom else is there that I can confide in?"

"Call me Edgar, as in the old days, Milly; remember that I am your brother."

By degrees Millicent unburdened herself of her troubles. She told how speedy had been her repentance when she found that she could not give the heart where she had given the hand; how keenly she felt the imprudence of marrying for a pique; and how wretched her husband's dissolute conduct and brutality had made her. "He cares nothing for me," she said, "if it were not that I am to have Little Lorton when my aunts are gone; and I think he would have been well pleased if I had died at Bombay when I was so ill, if he had not known how glad I would be to get rid of my wretched life. He actually took money from Aunt Jemima to be kinder to me, and when he had got it he made a point of treating me worse than he had done before. And this very evening I have had a letter from him telling me that if I do not come out to India in the beginning of next cold weather he will take leave to come home and fetch me. I suppose I shall be obliged to go, for I cannot bear the thought of my dear aunt being molested by his presence. My only consolation is that if I go back to the East I shall not have long to suffer."

"No, Millicent, you must not think of such a thing; your health is too delicate to stand the rigor of a tropical climate. So long as you are with your aunts you are safe from Captain Fernside's brutality, and by his conduct he has forfeited all claim to your obedience. Whatever comes of it, you must not go back to be beaten and abused. Perhaps the time will come when your husband may yet reform, and your married life will be all the happier for the clouds at the beginning."

But Millicent shook her head. "You do not know how bad he is, and how obstinately he sets himself to gain his ends. If I did not go to him, he would think nothing of coming to Little Lorton and carrying me off by force."

"Whatever happens, Milly, you will count upon me as one who would do anything to serve you," said Edgar, raising her hand to his lips. "But the dusk is falling, and you must let me take you home; but, bless me! what has become of Booth?"

He might well ask that, for Mr. Booth had waited until his patience was fairly exhausted. He had coughed as loudly as good manners would allow him, had rattled with his stick among the branches, and had walked away for a few yards, and then stood up again, but without managing to attract Mr. Wayne's attention. And when he could in conscience stay no longer, the good man had gone away, shaking his head gravely, and sorely troubled in spirit, for he liked not this familiarity of his colleague with the officer's wife.

IV.

It would be impossible to describe the consternation that seized upon the members of the Meadow Street Chapel when the news began to be bruited about that their minister's visits to Little Lorton were much too frequent to be altogether proper, considering the former relationship between him and Mrs. Fernside. It is always difficult to trace a scandal to its source, but we much fear that good Mr. Booth had expressed a hope to the wife of his bosom that Wayne might not get entangled with Mrs. Fernside again; and that the worthy lady in the depths of her gratitude to Edgar, had given her gossips a bit of her mind about that "odious officer's wife," who was doing her best to inveigle the young minister. The matter soon became the talk of the whole town. Propriety, it was calculated, had not received such a shock since silly young Miss Springthorpe had eloped with the youngest clerk in her father's office; and as the parties were Church people it did not matter so much. But for the minister of Meadow Street, and a Wayne to boot, to be involved in an intrigue with another man's wife, was enough to bring a signal judgment upon the town. Factory Lane was not slow to seize upon so good a ground for attacking Meadow Street; and thanks were fervently returned that whatever might be the demerits of Mr. Booth's sermons, his moral character was at least irreproachable—no one having ever so much as charged him with coveting his neighbor's wife.

Meadow Street, when assailed, pleaded the groundlessness of the accusation, as well it might; but among themselves the members did not scruple to discuss their minister's guilt. Mr. Swift was particularly severe upon the vices of the aristocracy, and the base *morale* that prevailed in the exclusive circles of Lorton society. He had never had any confidence in Mr. Wayne after he had found him out to be a tuft-hunter and a hanger-on upon the local plutocracy; and when reminded of Edgar's labors among the Pottersfield brickmakers, he said that there was no doubt the unhappy young man was only gratifying a natural taste for low society. What interest had Mr. Wayne shown in the middle-class members of his congregation? He had only taken tea once in his, Mr. Swift's, house; and as he was the father of a daughter, Mr. Swift was thankful that their intercourse had not gone further.

The novel-reading Misses strolled out to Little Lorton to look at a walk where the guilty couple were said to hold assignations. Match-making mammas, knowing that marriage was impossible between the parties, did not care to pass a hasty censure, but significantly said that Mr. Wayne would do well to settle down and take a wife of his own before worse came of it. The better men of the congregation who were intimate with the minister, and knew him to be incapable of such misconduct as was laid to his charge, warmly took Mr. Wayne's part, and did their best to stifle the clamor! but even they could not help owning that the minister was laying himself open to misconstruction.

The Wayne family were the only persons in Lorton who

knew nothing of the storm that was brewing. They could not help feeling that Edgar's visits to Little Lorton were attracting notice, but they had no conception of the malignant flights of imagination of which Lorton gossips were capable. Mr. Bartholomew and his party had returned to town, and Mr. Silas felt a diffidence in interfering in such a delicate matter. Mary Wayne was the only person besides Bartholomew who had ventured to speak to the minister upon the subject; and, trusting fully to her brother's integrity, she could not advise him to turn his back upon the poor defenceless women at Little Lorton, who had no other male friend to whom they could confide their troubles, or from whom they could seek counsel against the bullying blustering captain of dragoons. Miss Wayne was nearly as often at Little Lorton as her brother; and calumny declared her to be fully worse than he was, for aiding and abetting him in his lawless passion.

But how fared it with Edgar himself? Where, alas! was that strength upon which he had relied for bringing him safely through the fiery ordeal? His love for Millicent had now got so much the mastery over him, that he seemed to have lost all self-control where she was concerned, and to have become dead to every consideration that interfered with his passion. Thoughts which made him shudder were constantly assailing him, and the strictest religious exercise failed to dispel them altogether. And yet his mind was pure — purer far than the hearts of those worldlings who were charging him with all sorts of baseness. Provided Millicent's happiness could be secured, he cared little or nothing what became of himself; but he trembled when he thought how much he would sacrifice both of honor and reputation, if by such a sacrifice her happiness could be promoted. He would have liked some trustworthy adviser to consult with, but he felt that whatever advice he got, he must still hold by his own course, and fight Millicent's battle through both scorn and infamy. His devotion had made the old ladies at Little Lorton ready to worship him. Everything relating to Millicent and her husband was regulated by his advice; and Indian mail day hardly ever passed without a messenger calling at Bank Square "with Miss Fernside's compliments, and could Mr. Wayne be so kind as to favor her with calling at his earliest convenience?"

The captain's letters were getting more and more stormy. He saw that his chance of the reversion of Little Lorton was not now worth much, and he determined to revenge himself upon the old ladies through his wife. If Millicent did not come out at once, he wrote, he must take leave and come for her. He was not going to remain a grass-widower, that she might enjoy the consolations of a Methodist parson. He had heard of pretty goings-on at Little Lorton, but he had friends who would keep an eye upon them; and woe to the person, whether man or woman, who threw any stain upon the honor of Richard Fernside. It was then cholera time at Garmore, and sad work the deadly scourge was making in Captain Fernside's regiment. Walker, the commandant, a brave man and a good Christian, died after twelve hours' illness, although he was to have left for England by the next mail; and his poor young wife at Torquay, who was impatiently waiting to be surprised by the colonel bouncing in upon her, only received the news of his decease. Temple and Stokesby, both excellent officers, soon followed; but Dick Fernside, whose debauched habits might have been supposed to make him a likely subject for the disease, still gambled every night at the mess-house, and cheated young greenhorns with bargains in horse-flesh. Did a feeling of disappointment cross Edgar's breast as he read the obituary in the overland papers? Surely it was a mysterious dispensation that cut off good and useful men like Walker and Stokesby — plunging their families in affliction — and spared a worthless reprobate, whose nearest relations would have been thankful that he had come to no worse ending. But although he groped in the dark, Edgar did not distrust Providence, and looked confidently forward to his way being lightened up for him.

But the great crisis impending was Captain Fernside's

arrival. Edgar had fully made up his mind to protect Milly against her husband, irrespective of the consequences to himself. He could not conceal that a scandal might ensue, which would place him in a difficult position with his congregation, or even compel him to give up his charge altogether. But much as he was attached to Meadow Street, he would gladly sacrifice the living rather than that Millicent should be without a champion in the hour of need. What he was to do he knew not, but he felt that his place was by her side, to ward off from her whatever danger might arise. And as all the confidence of the inmates of Little Lorton rested upon his friendship, he was resolved that their trust should not be misplaced.

Meanwhile the scandal was still gaining ground in the congregation. Mr. Swift had raked up all the available evidence against the minister, but finding nothing supported by proof beyond the bare fact of Mr. Wayne's constant visits to Little Lorton, had been obliged to throw up the case. But so indefatigable was that gentleman and his colleagues, Messrs. Phillips and Goodsir, that the heads of the congregation were soon obliged to yield to the popular clamor, and a "caucus" meeting was held in Mr. Swift's counting-house, to consider the conduct of Mr. Wayne, and the scandal occasioned thereby to the church and to religion. The Hoskinses, the Lanes, and the Cheshams attended, rather that they might see fair play than that they wished to countenance the popular clamor. When, in spite of their exertions, a motion was carried that a deputation should wait upon the minister and represent to him the congregation's anxiety regarding his connection with Mrs. Fernside, and their wish that he should discontinue calling at her house, they took care that Mr. Swift himself should be selected for the unpopular mission. A second meeting was held at Mr. Chesham's the same evening, and a telegram was dispatched to Mr. Silas, who was then in London, begging him to come home upon business of the utmost importance. By the exercise of his authority, they hoped that the ground of offence might be quietly removed, and Mr. Swift's efforts to make mischief be happily frustrated.

Mr. Swift, however, was not the man to postpone the discharge of a duty to his fellow-members, especially when that duty was to sit in judgment upon the faults of a neighbor. Next afternoon he waited upon the minister, and with many expressions of his own regard, and of the reluctance with which he had undertaken a disagreeable task, he stated his errand. Edgar heard him with a feeling of relief. He knew Mr. Swift's real character, and he was thankful that his opponent was one with whom he could deal in a firm manner. Had his old friends Mr. Chesham or Mr. Lane been the ambassador, he would have been put to a severer trial.

"If any man were to walk into your office and accuse you of breach of trust, Mr. Swift, how would you act?" he demanded, after his visitor had pompously unburdened himself of the message. "I am afraid you would be inclined to kick him down-stairs."

Mr. Swift was obliged to confess that he might be tempted to such a carnal act.

"But if I, a minister of the gospel, were to commit such violence, the whole world would cry shame upon me, I suppose," said Mr. Wayne.

Mr. Swift, looking uneasily at the parson's athletic proportions, hastily answered that such a proceeding on the part of a minister would be highly improper and unclerical.

"And knowing that my hands were thus tied up, you come and insult me, charging me with breach of trust to my Master, and insinuating that I have been guilty of one of the basest acts that a man can commit. Mr. Swift, I am sorry for you. I knew that you were one of those who held the form but not the spirit of Christianity, but I did not think that you were capable of such meanness as to insult a man who could not resent your rudeness. Had I been a layman, sir, you had not dared to say such a thing."

Mr. Swift began to stammer out incoherent excuses about duty to his fellow-members — welfare of the church — zeal for the cause of religion — no offence to Mr. Wayne

— and scandal likely to arise; but the minister sternly stopped him. "Had I the slightest respect for your character, Mr. Swift, or if I thought that you had the least spark of Christian kindness in your heart, I should have at once explained my motives; but to you I shall only say, Tell those who sent you that I shall resign my charge if they wish it, but not as a guilty person; and that I decline to be dictated to in my private affairs. By another messenger I might have sent another answer. You will excuse me if I refuse to discuss this matter further;" and holding open the door, he coldly bowed the mortified Mr. Swift out of his study.

In a few hours all Lorton was on fire at the indignity offered to Mr. Swift. He had been actually turned out of the room; the minister had set the congregation at defiance — had even spoke of kicking Mr. Swift down-stairs — had said that he would rather give up his church than his mistress — and a hundred other equally wild exaggerations. Even those who had been inclined to take Mr. Wayne's part agreed that such conduct could be no longer tolerated, and that whatever the scandal might be, Mr. Wayne must on no account be allowed to preach next Sabbath unless he made some explanation and apology.

As it happened, Mr. Wayne did not preach next Sunday. Mr. Silas, driving home from the station that evening, deeply distressed at the trouble which had come upon his family, saw Edgar walking rapidly in the direction of the Little Lorton road. He stopped the conveyance and got down.

"My dear boy," he said, "you must forgive me if I speak to you about this sad matter. It has given me a deal of trouble for a long time, although I scrupled to mention it. Don't think that I doubt your honor in the least; but really you are giving serious occasion for scandal to the congregation, and I do hope you will be prevailed upon to cease your visits to that house."

"My dear father, you must forgive me if I decline. If comforting the helpless and the afflicted can scandalize any one, I am extremely sorry for him. You cannot think how much I love her, nor what I would sacrifice to make her happy."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Silas, with an involuntary sigh; "I fear you will get into an awful scrape with the world."

"God can put me right," said Edgar, bowing his head reverently as he resumed his walk; and Mr. Silas returned to Bank Square with a heavy heart.

Edgar strolled on, his head in a whirl, hardly knowing where he was going, but mechanically following the road to Little Lorton. The night seemed to be closing around him, and no ray of light showed where the dawn was to break. As he walked up the avenue towards the house, Robert, the gardener, came hastily running towards him.

"Hi, Mr. Wayne, Mr. Wayne! Miss Jemima says as how you mustn't come near the house if you haven't had the small-pox. Poor Miss Milly — Mrs. Fernside, I mean — be mortal bad, and Dr. Copeby have been with her all the afternoon."

"Good heavens, Robert! how did this happen?" asked Edgar. "She was well enough when I was here last. But I am not afraid of infection, and will see Mrs. Fernside."

And up he went to the house in spite of Miss Jemima, who waved him off from the drawing-room window. The old ladies were in great consternation. Millicent, it appeared, had been visiting the sick child of the coachman, and it was soon discovered that the little girl's illness was small-pox of the virulent type. The little one was dead, and Dr. Copeby considered Millicent in a critical condition, but still he had hopes.

In spite of Miss Jemima's remonstrances, Edgar insisted upon seeing the patient, and he was at last admitted to the sick-room. "I should not have allowed you to expose yourself in this fashion, Wayne," said Dr. Copeby, who was an old college friend, "if I did not think you might be of use. It would be well to have a minister beside her, for though I hope for the best, I much fear she will not get over it."

Edgar said nothing, but something within told that he was in the presence of death. We pass over the last dread scene. Edgar returned to Bank Square weary in body, but much relieved in mind, next morning, and went to bed at once. It was three weeks before he rose out of it, for he had in turn been seized by the disease. And thus it came to pass that Mr. Booth had to supply the pulpit in Meadow Street on the following Sunday.

Mr. Booth's discourse will long be remembered in the annals of the Meadow Street Chapel. "Judgment sermons" were his specialty, but on this occasion he exceeded all his previous efforts. The backbiting, slandering, uncharity, and ingratitude towards the best of ministers, who was at that moment lying at the point of death — nay, might even then be accusing them before the throne — was heartily brought home to the members of Meadow Street, each of whom felt angry with himself and more angry with his neighbor. Mr. Chesham hurried to the foot of the pulpit to congratulate the preacher when the service was over, and Mr. Booth found himself for the time the idol of the aristocratic chapel. As for Mr. Swift, he found occupation in counting the "offering" until the congregation had well dispersed, and next day he went away with his wife for a month's change of air, to Combeport. And the reaction did not stop until Mr. Wayne became the most popular minister that had ever preached in Lorton; and Bank Square, during the remainder of his illness, was crowded like a market-place with those who came to inquire about his health.

My story is now finished. In a sketch like the present, the proper thing, I am told, would be to point out how Providence interposed in the affairs of Edgar Wayne, and moralize thereupon to the length of at least half a column. The public, I am also sneeringly informed, "believe in Providence." But in truth I cannot tell whether Providence interfered at all in the matter. About "interpositions" I know little, and can say nothing; but this I know, that the whole systems of nature and human society are overruled for good to God's creatures, and that trust in Him is its own reward, whatever may be the issue of earthly affairs.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

SECOND PAPER.

REIGNS OF LOUIS XIV. AND LOUIS XV.

I.

In treating of the French Press¹ during the first period of its existence, which ended with the death of Cardinal Mazarin, we showed that Parisian newspapers enjoyed full liberty during the Fronde, but abused that liberty and fell passively under police-rule again as soon as the civil war was over. These alternatives of license and subjugation have marked the history of the French Press ever since; and we can follow no gradual development into freedom and dignity, no growing sense of the responsibilities of journalism, and no permanent decrease in the hostility of Government towards newspapers, as is the case in the Press chronicles of some other countries.

The history of French journalism is indeed summed up in the adventures of divers individual journalists, some of whom have been writers of conspicuous talent and honesty, and some others, men whose brilliant, often heroic, crusades against abuses resembled the achievements of knight-errantry. But the efforts of these few have always been nullified by the ignorance and scurrilous effrontery of the many. French journalism has never been a disciplined force, but always a guerilla horde; and for every steady marksman that stood out, there have been, from the first, a hundred senseless freebooters, who fired their shots any-

¹See EVERY SATURDAY Nos. 79, 80.

how, and were a hindrance as well as a disgrace to the causes they pretended to serve.

This is so now, precisely as it was two hundred years ago; and the average French journalist of to-day is neither better taught, nor more reasonable, nor less conceited than his brother of Louis XIV.'s reign. He has even degenerated, considering the increased opportunities he has for instruction: and the early conductors of the *Gazette de France*, *Mercure*, *Journal des Savants*, and *Journal de Paris* were better acquainted with the politics and literature of foreign countries, besides being incomparably finer classics and writers of their own language, than nine tenths of the Parisian journalists of our own time. This fact should be borne in mind, and also this other: that the material conditions of French journalism as a medium for imparting news, have altered very little in the course of two centuries, notwithstanding telegraphs and railways. Take a copy of the *Evening Post* of Charles II.'s reign, and a comparison of it with *The Times* of the present day will prove what a giant stride has been made by the Press in England; but a comparison between a modern French paper and an old one suggests just the contrary impression, and one is surprised to see what little progress has been effected in the amount and variety of the news supplied, and, above all, in the veracity of this news. The primitive French gazettes made the most of the resources at their disposal, and were really very fairly informed. They published summaries of foreign intelligence gathered from dispatch bags, scraps of home news cooked up so as to be amusing, and personalities against rival gazetteers. No doubt a good deal of their news was false, but they had, at least, this excuse, that trustworthy items were difficult to procure, and not always safe to print when found.

As much cannot be said for the French papers of our day, which, having plentiful, and even exhaustless, supplies of news always at hand, decline to make use of them. Your ordinary Parisian editor prints a few foreign telegrams, without a word of comment, and, as it is costly to keep a staff of reporters employed in collecting genuine intelligence on home subjects, he finds it simpler to fill his columns with inventions or vague rumors, garnished with spurious embellishments. Nobody puts any faith in the parliamentary anecdotes, startling scientific discoveries, murders, diplomatic intrigues, and horrible catastrophes, which abound in Parisian newspapers. For the most part, such news appear without any specification of date, place, or authority: and the names of the persons concerned in them are replaced by the convenient formula "Monsieur X." or at most by initials. Occasionally names of places are given — when, say, an imaginary fire has been described — but immediately some other papers print letters from inhabitants in the locality denying the statement with indignation; whereupon the journal taxed with falsehood retorts magnificently that to be caught in a lie now and then is an evidence of enterprise, seeing that it is only timid news-sheets which confine themselves to well-authenticated facts. As to foreign nations, French journalists — disdaining to learn any tongue but their own, or to admit that the whole universe is not centred in Paris — are as benighted as ever they were, and England and Germany might be at the antipodes for all they know or care of their doings. In speaking of the *Journal des Débats*, it is fair to cite at least one journal which during seventy years has maintained a character for truth, accurate knowledge, and able writing; but repressive laws, by rendering journalistic property insecure, have prevented this exception among French papers from ever growing in power as an organ of world-wide information. It is a candid vehicle of political and literary criticism, but not a newspaper, and it cannot compete in point of enterprise with the most insignificant of London — to say nothing of American — journals.

However, if the national press, such as it is, weighs so heavily on the official mind in France, one may judge how it operated on Louis XIV. This king was gracious to the rhymester, Loret, because Loret was a prudent man, who never let his pen say all he thought; but there were other

newsmen less cautious, and though no pains were spared to hunt these out of their clandestine printing-shops, the edicts as to unlicensed publications were repeatedly infringed, until, in 1665, three years after Mazarin's death, the King took sharp measures, which showed he was not to be trifled with.

That year an unlucky man with one eye, and who professed himself unable to read, was caught at the very door of the *Gazette de France* office selling pirated copies of that paper. The piracy was eminently ingenious. The front page offered the exact reprint of the current number of the *Gazette*, but in the other columns were interspersed violent lampoons against some ladies of the Court, amongst others, the Duchess of Bouillon, whose husband in furious wrath sent four of his footmen with sticks to drag Isaac Renaudot, the editor, into the street and give him a thrashing. Isaac protested, his clerks took part for him, and there ensued a pitched battle, in the midst of which the Exempts (policemen) of the Châtelet arrived, and laid hands on the man with one eye — by name Collet — who had profited by the disturbance to sell his counterfeits at a premium. Isaac Renaudot easily proved that he was not responsible for the lampoons, so Collet was removed to prison, and the next day, by the King's special orders, subjected to torture to make him reveal his accomplices. Under pressure of hot irons applied to his arms and the calves of his legs, Collet roared that he had been employed by one Joseph Lebrun in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and by and by this Lebrun, being also questioned with hot irons, swore that the author of the lampoons was a nobleman, who had been supplying him with defamatory squibs in prose and verse, and also with capital to print the same, for the past two years. The name of this nobleman was never made public, for the King decided to hush up the matter; but Collet and Lebrun were flogged at the cart's tail and sent to the galleys, after which a census of all the printing-presses in Paris was taken, and it was reported that there were 123 of them; that is, 103 more than were licensed. All these superfluous presses were at once confiscated, and the owners of them fined and imprisoned; a raid was further made on the manuscript newsmen, who continued to haunt the Tuileries, and one of these persecuted beings, Louis de Roderay, has left a burlesque poem, describing how he slipped out of the hands of the Exempts, and was cheived as far as the Rue des Juifs, the public charitably tripping up the Exempts as they ran, in order to give Roderay every chance.

However, the matter had ceased to be a joke. Louis XIV. contemplated nothing less than constituting the traffic in news-letters, manuscript or otherwise, into a Government monopoly, to be managed by the Lieutenant-General of Police. He was stimulated to this course by the Jesuits, who were beginning to be all-powerful at that time, and who of course would have taken care that the letters were edited conformably with their views. But the scheme — which was only the prototype of the wholesale official journalism which Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. since tried to establish — fell through for want of a definite plan and a master-hand to experiment it, and the news-letters soon revived as before, until finally superseded by printed papers. As to the presses, it is not likely that the census included all those which really existed in Paris, for the wooden hand-presses of that time were easy to hide; besides which, many noblemen had private presses, and the police had no right to pry into noble mansions. But Louis XIV.'s severity inspired a wholesome terror to the entire tribe of newsmen, and if unlicensed gazettes cropped up now and again, vendors of them were extremely wary in plying their trade, and contrived to linger about the precincts of the Temple and the Abbaye, which, being sanctuaries, afforded them a harbor of refuge in case of pursuit. It is to be noted, too, that the clandestine papers of Louis XIV.'s time, though often flagrantly subversive, were almost always issued under the patronage of some courtier-nobleman, who wished to wreak his spite on a brother courtier; but these gentlemen shielded themselves very craftily behind subordinates, so that their offences

could never be clearly brought home to them, and they chivalrously allowed their hirelings to bear the full responsibility of the anonymous lampoons—the said responsibility consisting chiefly of stripes.

Louis XIV., however, had no wish to hinder journalism as a purely literary institution. He objected to the flying sheets which poked fun at Court appointments, dealt maliciously with the private lives of his favorite great ladies, and of his racy young bishops, and he detested the news-letters, because their reports of Versailles' doings were more graphic than complimentary, and served to inoculate the provincial nobility with a poor opinion of royal morals. But he loved jokes at small people just as he loved pastry; and epigrams against his enemies, good verses, and smart criticisms on dull books, were as agreeable to him as the champagne which was his usual drink. Therefore, when leave was asked him to found a journal which should deal with literary events as the *Gazette de France* did with political, and afterwards another journal which should be the organ of social topics, lively but loyal and discreet, he readily consented, and thus were established the *Journal des Savants* and the *Mercure*, which remained household words in Frenchmen's mouths until the Revolution.

II.

The *Journal des Savants* was founded by Denis Sallo, Councillor of the Parliament, and it flourishes to this day. M. Sallo was a man of deep learning, great industry, and exquisite manners; and, in addition to this, he possessed the critical faculty, to a rare extent, being able to judge a book in a few terse lines as impartial as they were shrewd. Colbert took him under his protection as Richelieu had done with Théophraste Renaudot; and he seems to have been anxious that the *Journal des Savants* should be a more valuable work altogether than the *Gazette de France*, for the French Ambassadors abroad received orders to send M. Sallo complete lists of the books that appeared in foreign countries, and also copies of the books themselves when it was worth the while. *Journal des Savants*, though, was an unlucky title, for it was associated in people's minds with abstruse Latin treatises, and it needed nothing less than M. Sallo's exceptional literary merit both as writer and editor to surmount the prejudice which this suspicion of pedantry suggested.

The first number appeared on January 5th, 1665, and was published every Monday without interruption till March 30th, when M. Sallo was dismissed from his editorship by a Jesuit intrigue. The paper was of quarto size, having twelve pages of two columns each, and cost one sou. It attracted little attention at first, and it is on record that a crier venturing into one of the markets with fifty copies under his arm was apostrophized by a fruit-woman, who told him he had much better sell her the whole lot there and then as waste paper, for that he would infallibly have to get rid of them in that way by and by. But when the authors of Paris discovered that they were going to be handled once a week by a man of strong mind, who was determined to speak fearlessly, it was another matter, and the *Journal des Savants* was gratified at once with a large circulation, and an inveterate pack of enemies.

Criticism was almost a novelty then. There was a fine collection of writers—especially dramatic writers—who had never been told that their works were bad, and had no wish to be told it. Some of these were in the pay of noblemen, and as strictures on the books or comedies which they dedicated to their patrons, reflected in a manner on these patrons themselves for countenancing such effusions, Sallo began to receive hints from dukes and marquises that he had better leave this and that author alone. The better class of writers, too, were not slow in taking offence, for it is an unfortunate fact that from the day when a man first put his thoughts to paper, down to our present intellectual age, authors have resented any questioning of their talent with a curious bitterness. Sallo's criticisms were courteous and temperate, but this made no difference. He was charged with animus, envy, imbecility, and bad taste.

When he praised one author all the others shouted that he was venal; and if he left any one unnoticed, the thing was attributed to an ignoble desire that the scribbler in question should remain ignored.

Modern critics, who are initiated by long usage to the sort of treatment which was a new experience to Sallo, may sympathize with the bewilderment in which he sought to explain that his intentions were pure. He was laughed to scorn, and one afternoon as he was coming out of his office with one of his sub-editors, the Abbé Gallois, that ecclesiastic had his head punched and was anointed with a bottle of ink. Three unappreciated authors had selected this mode of vindicating their genius, only they mistook l'Abbé Gallois for M. Sallo. From that day M. Sallo remarked philosophically, that it was no use arguing with men who answered you with ink-bottles, and he continued his criticisms without condescending to justify their sincerity. Nevertheless, his enemies were too powerful for him. In the first place, he stung the author Ménage, and as a specimen of seventeenth-century criticism we may as well quote the review which secured him the implacable resentment of that eminent author. M. Ménage had just published his "Amœnitates Juris Civilis," and Denis Sallo thus wrote of it:—

This book is divided into forty chapters; but it is enough to read the first and the last, for as much will be learned of the scope of the work by these means as by perusing the whole. In the first chapter there is an investigation as to whether the word *dialectician* used in Law 88, *ad legem Falcidiam*, refers to the Stoics or the Megarians; in the second we find an inquiry as to whether *responsaire de jure* is the same thing as *respondere de jure*. One of the three last chapters treats us to an exhaustive dispute as to the meaning of the word *graculus*, which has been rendered diversely as jay and crow; but the author, after examining all the proofs, concludes for crow; and it may be hoped that learned men will henceforth cease to debate on a point which, to be sure, had not largely engrossed public attention. In the last chapter but one are collected all the etymologies scattered about in the works of juriconsults; and the final chapter of all investigates the unsettled question as to whether the sort of men who guard the seraglios of Eastern princes are in a condition to carry arms. The contents of the other chapters are as interesting and erudite as the above; whence one may infer that the book is of too scholarly an order to be studied by any save men of rare attainments.

M. Ménage could not digest this notice, and he speedily found an ally in Charles Patin, brother to Dr. Guy Patin who had made Dr. Renaudot's life so burdensome. Guy Patin may be taken as the embodiment of conventional respectability in seventeenth-century France. He differed little from the same type of man in our own day, for he disliked innovation and truth; would admit of no common-sense in any head but his own; and was for putting down clever people as adventurers. It was quite in the nature of things that such a man should have a respectable brother, who wrote a book called "Introduction à l'histoire par les médailles," and Sallo would have done better to leave the respectable book and brother alone, as facts too weighty to be interfered with. But he criticised the brother, and the brother retorted by a pamphlet. Guy Patin and other respectable people raised the hue-and-cry against this interloper who had come and set himself up as a sovereign judge of better men's works, and Colbert, irritated at such insults against a writer whom he knew to be the soul of honesty, threatened Charles Patin with the Bastille. Thereupon Guy Patin, writing to a friend, broke out after his wont in Latin:—

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas,

and he bestirred himself so actively in organizing a league of social ostracism against Sallo, that the unfortunate man had already two thirds of Paris arrayed against him, when, at the beginning of March—that is, when his paper was just two months old—he ventured to meddle in ecclesiastical business, and put himself in his enemies' power. The Papal Index had condemned the famous work by Marca, "De Concordantiâ Sacerdotii et Imperii," and also a trea-

tise by Launay, which assailed the abusive privileges of religious orders. Sallo, who was a staunch Gallican as well as an expert jurist, took the defence of these incriminated works, both on theological and legal grounds; and he thus ended his article: "The censorship of the Inquisitors cannot detract anything from the esteem which will be awarded to the books of MM. Marca and Launay by all good Frenchmen, for these works contain only sound maxims, such as are the basis of civil liberty in all free states."

This was quite enough for the Jesuits, who had been watching with alarm the independent spirit of the *Journal des Savants*, and had actively seconded Guy Patin's cabal, hoping, doubtless, that they might get the management of the paper into their own hands. They set the Papal Nuncio to work, and this dignitary requested that the journal might be suppressed. Louis XIV. refused five times, but the sixth he reluctantly gave his consent, for the influences brought to bear on him were too many and importunate for further resistance. So Denis Sallo lost his place, and it was a heavy blow to him, for he had begun to take pride in his paper. It does the King credit that he should have endeavored to protect the journalist, and it is a pity that Colbert should not have possessed in this instance the same ascendancy over him as Richelieu did over Louis XIII., for if the *Journal des Savants* could have lasted ten years instead of three months only, under Sallo's direction it might have propagated ideas which were not disseminated till sixty years afterwards, when the Encyclopædists revived them, but in a dangerous form.

This, however, has always been the way in France. A reformer arises, intent upon doing a good work by peaceable means, but, being an innovator, is at once silenced. In course of time, when his ideas have been sullenly fermenting in the public mind, without being able to find a vent, some noisy fanatics start up, let loose all the vent-pests at once, and sweep resistance off its legs by a flood, in which there is as much rubbish as sense—a flood which ravages instead of fertilizing. It is the old story of the stream whose course is checked by a bar, behind which refuse of all sorts accumulates along with the water. One day the bar bursts, and in the place of a pure rivulet, irrigating slowly but surely as it flows, you have a troubled torrent, racing madly over the country and reducing it to a swamp. The stream is progress by enlightenment; the bar, official stupidity; and the torrent is revolution—of which the French must have seen enough by this time to understand the simile. When Sallo was removed, all the usefulness of his paper went with him. His successor was l'Abbé Gallois, the same who had the ink-bottle poured over him: but the *Journal des Savants* now applied itself to conciliating literary cliques, and apportioning praise or blame according as authors were powerful and fractious or the reverse. It became, in fact, the organ of literary respectability, and its altered character soon appeared in this, that it grew popular with men of letters, an infallible sign that its opinions were no longer worth having.

It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that the *Journal des Savants* recovered a part of its early prestige, but by that time its place as an outspoken organ of criticism had been usurped by the *Mercur*. This amusing paper, the forerunner of the modern *Figaro*, was started in 1672 by Donneau de Visé, who was a literary Bohemian, neither honest nor learned, but very bold and clever. He was born in 1640, and had been trained for the church, but, feeling no taste for that profession, had fled from home and set up as a publisher's hack, writing anything that would bring him money. By dint of perseverance and also by frightening a manager¹ almost out of his senses, he got a comedy accepted at one of the theatres, and this first venture being successful, he wrote other comedies, became

easy in his circumstances, and acquired the sort of tinsel reputation which soon or late rewards all pushing people. Louis XIV. had been rather annoyed at the breaking down of Sallo's scheme for the *Journal des Savants*, and he was piqued at hearing that the English papers were so much more numerous and lively than those of his own kingdom. He said one day that he saw no reason why France should yield to England on such a point as gazette-writing, and was seriously displeased when some too frank courtier remarked that successful journalism was impossible without a certain degree of freedom, and that of this commodity Frenchmen possessed none.

About this time Donneau de Visé, who had no influence at Court, addressed a petition to the King, sketching an attractive prospectus for a paper half political, half literary. The Jesuits approved the plan and advised Louis to borrow it without letting its author reap the benefit: that is, they undertook to found the paper themselves if a full privilege were conceded to a creature of theirs, one Marvaux, a pamphleteer. The King made no objection to Marvaux's having a trial, but he refused to appropriate Visé's idea altogether, and Marvaux and Visé launched their papers simultaneously, with this difference in the result, that Marvaux's *Journal des Nouvelles* ran six weeks, whilst Visé's *Mercur* lasted 137 years, and forms a collection of 1812 volumes. The paper met from the first with a wild sort of success, greater than that which had hailed the first number of Renaudot's *Gazette des France*, for it was much more suited to Parisian tastes. Visé was an unscrupulous editor, who picked the choicest morsels from the best poems, comedies, novels, and pamphlets current, and inserted them without quoting the authors' names. By these means he made up a medley that was most readable, besides being quite new; and every Parisian who could spell pounced upon the precious sheet as monkeys will on nuts.

On the morning of the day when the second number appeared, a great crowd of noblemen's servants clustered outside the publishing office, waiting to get early copies, but presently arrived a number of water-carriers, beggars, and costermongers, who contended that the public had a right to be served first, seeing that the noblemen would have the copies delivered at their own houses in plenty of time for their needs, few of them getting up before twelve, and the footmen's eagerness being nothing but a stratagem to secure copies which they themselves might read before their masters were out of bed. Arguments of a personal nature never lasted long in those days, so in less than ten minutes the rival parties had proceeded to a scrimmage, in the midst of which the office-door was imprudently opened, the combatants rushed in, and the whole edition of 2000 copies was cleared off in the twinkling of an eye, the office being gutted of its furniture into the bargain. When the mischief had been done, the watch and the police, of course, hastened to the scene, and with customary acumen arrested Visé himself, whom they caught firing a horse pistol full of swan-shot after his plunderers. When the King heard of the matter, the same afternoon, he sent the despoiled editor 100 louis, and the Prince of Condé did as much; only, for the next few months Visé presided in person over the opening of his office on publishing days, and sat behind the table with his horse pistol in one hand and a drawn sword lying close to the other. This led to the bad pun which a wag chalked on his door: "Visé vise aux mal avisés visant à lire les *Mercur*es ravis. Eh! Vice eh! Avisé sois!" (Visé aims at the ill-advised who seek to read the stolen *Mercur*ies. Eh! vice, eh! take warning!) Another tribulation soon beset him in the shape of criers who came and brought up his first editions and sold them to the public at a fancy price, whence complaints without end, which Visé checked at last by appealing to the Lieu-

¹ He and two other threadbare playwrights disguised themselves as police agents, and arrested the manager in his bed at midnight. They blindfolded him, took him to their lodgings, and once there told him that he had incurred the punishment of a price of the blood by rejecting a comedy which H. R. H. had submitted to him anonymously, and that their orders were to cut off his ears after reading him the piece which he had so ignorantly despised. The manager confessed piteously that he seldom read the pieces sent him, because he had no time; but he went into ecstasies over the beau-

ties of the work as declaimed by his captors, and tried to prolong the reading of it by every means, in order that the cropping ceremony might be postponed as much as possible. When he had been fairly scared out of his wits and had agreed to perform the play without delay, provided only his ears were spared, the three jokers made him sign a statement to the effect that he accepted the piece of his own free choice and out of enthusiastic admiration for its brilliancy. Then they avowed the hoax, and the manager was wag enough himself to forgive them in consideration of their originality.

tenant of Police to arrest and whip all such as should be found retailing his paper for more than twelve sous the single copy or three livres the bound volume of four numbers, which was published at the end of each month.

To understand the success of the *Mercurie Galant* it must be remembered that books were then costly, few, and dry, and that on the other hand the number of people who could read was very large. The Jesuits had done a great deal for education in Paris (though little in the provinces), and public amusements being few, tradespeople whose instruction had been neglected in early life studied of an evening when their shops were closed. It was a great boon to get hold of a newspaper, but especially of one which, being published by royal privilege, could entail no troublesome consequences on those who bought it, and a journal which extracted all the tit-bits from the literature of the day and set itself to record passing events in a chatty, comical style, was naturally a most welcome improvement on such a grave organ as the *Gazette de France*. The publishers of Paris, whose profits were seriously diminished by the cool larcenies which Visé made from their works, raised a great outcry, but could obtain no redress. The paper was too interesting to be in any way snubbed. Ladies who could not read Latin treatises were delighted to get the pith of them served up in French, with humorous comments; and courtiers who had not time to ferret out the smart passages from long-winded poems, asked for nothing better than to find these passages reprinted for them in the *Mercurie*. Add to this that Visé was a biting critic of the sort whose very disingenuousness makes them popular. He attacked Molière, and pretended that l'Abbé Cotin (covered with undying ridicule by Boileau) was a much greater man. He declared that Perrault far excelled Virgil, Homer, and Horace; and that Racine, who gave a shout of dismay at this heresy, was a simpleton. Boileau himself was not spared, nor Regnard, Balzac, J. B. Rousseau, or La Bruyère. Every man of undoubted merit was assailed by M. Visé, and such is the prestige of impudence that writers who had rebelled furiously against the mild and gentleman-like criticisms of Sallo in the *Journal des Savants*, cowed tamely under the lash of the barefaced, unprincipled lampooner. Here are a few specimens of the journalistic amenities which Visé inaugurated:—

A poet who has ruined one publisher, and is fast hurrying a second towards the workhouse (l'hôpital), came yesterday and wrote "Pig" on our door. We thank him for his courtesy in thus dropping his card on us.

Monsieur J. B. R.—(J. B. Rousseau?) complains that we are blind to his merits. We reply that nature has not endowed us with the faculty of seeing clear through muddy water. But we will resume this discussion when Monsieur R— has paid his tailor for that maroon coat which he has been sporting so proudly all this month, notwithstanding the two creases in the back, which form its most attractive features.

Monsieur A—! Monsieur A—! you have written a Latin treatise on the soul, and a schoolboy copied a paragraph and showed it to his master as his own. He has been whipped for writing nonsense and bad grammar.

We hear that M. M— (Molière?) is not happy at our remarks on his last comedy. We pronounced it tasteless; we were wrong. Being plagued with mice, we set a copy of this valuable work near a hole in our flooring; twelve mice came and ate of it, and died in cruel agonies.

It is reported that Count d'A— and the Marquis de L. O— have had a duel about their honor. It is singular how some people will fight about nothing.

Some of these pleasantries might possibly have led M. Visé into scrapes had he not made it a rule to pay a compliment to the King in every one of his numbers; he also let the clergy alone, and spoke cautiously both of Court ladies and Jesuits. This ensured him a safe career, and he edited the *Mercurie* till his death, which did not occur till 1710, thirty-eight years after the paper was founded. During the first few years of this time he had Thomas Corneille, brother of the great Corneille, for his sub-editor, and he always showed a talent for gathering a good staff of writers round him, though singularly enough, he would

never entrust his contributors with the task of conducting the journal whilst he was ill. Thus two attacks of ague he had in 1673 and 1675 caused him to suspend publication altogether for three months, and in 1776, falling ill again and being ordered a change of air, he suspended the *Mercurie* for two whole years. But from 1678 the paper appeared regularly, though as a monthly, not a weekly periodical, Visé having arrived at the conclusion that the weekly numbers were more interesting when bound up all four together than issued separately. In this form the paper became virtually a magazine, and swelled to 400 pages, but its attractiveness seems to have been rather enhanced than diminished by the change; Mme. de Montespan remarking flatteringly of it, that the only drawback to the old *Mercurie* was that there was not enough of it, and that she, for her part, preferred drinking a bumperful of champagne once a month to sipping a thimbleful every week. M. Visé grew into a very consequential person towards the close of his life, and sported a velvet coat with gold lace. A nobleman having called upon him to beg an insertion in praise of a lady he was courting, Visé kept him waiting three-quarters of an hour, and when the nobleman mentioned the lady's name (she was a widow addicted to rouge) the editor said dryly, "Sit down and write the compliment yourself, my lord, for I am no judge of painting."

Visé was succeeded by one of his contributors, Rivière Dufresny, who was in all respects an oddity, but a journalist to his fingers' ends. He had been valet to Louis XIV. when young, and married his washerwoman when he was forty, to quash a debt of thirty pistoles which he owed her and was unable to pay. Somebody having observed in his hearing that poverty was no sin, he answered, "No, it's much worse;" and he was poor to his dying day—gambling away his money as fast as he earned it, and giving beggars crown pieces, instead of pence. After conducting the *Mercurie* brilliantly for three years, he retired on a pension paid out of the proceeds of the paper, and remained one of the registered proprietors till his death, which Voltaire chronicled in the lines,—

Et Dufresny, plus sage et moins dissipateur,
Ne fut pas mort de faim, digne mort d'un auteur.

The two editors who came afterwards, Le Fèvre de Fontenay (1714–1716) and l'Abbé Buchet (1716–1721) were both distinguished scholars and critics, and Buchet, desirous of rendering the paper less frivolous, changed its name from *Mercurie Galant* to *Nouveau Mercurie*. He forgot, however, to be less sarcastic than his predecessors, and so was poisoned in 1724 at the age of forty-two, by some small but spiteful wits, whose vanity he had offended. The next editor seems to have been painfully impressed by this catastrophe, for he kept his name a secret, and it was not till 1724, when the *Mercurie* was transformed anew into *Mercurie de France*, that a gentleman named La Roque was found bold enough to risk arsenic by declaring himself responsible for the contents of the journal.

The *Mercurie* had now become a fine property, and the editor drew as much as 20,000 livres from it. The Government learning this, and being imbued with peculiar notions as to literary proprietorship, issued a minute confiscating the revenues of the journal, and decreeing that the editor's salary should be fixed at 10,000 livres, the surplus to be devoted to pensions payable to former contributors. The editor assented to the arrangement, for he earned large perquisites by inserting puffs in favor of enriched farmers-general, who wished to be compared to Lucullus and Mæcenæ, and actresses of more beauty than talent. This was beginning to be recognized as a legitimate branch of profits in a well-conducted newspaper, and a story is told of an actress who visited La Roque, laid ten louis on the table, and said: "Now, sir, I hope you'll treat me to something fine for this money." "Unquestionably," said La Roque, and he wrote there and then: "Mlle Serlet deserves to have her salary increased by at least ten louis." "What, is that all you're going to put?" asked the actress in astonishment. "You seem to think ten louis a large sum," answered the editor, quietly. Mlle Serlet took the

hint, gave 100 louis, and was conscientiously puffed from that day forth. On another occasion an actress called with a diamond-backed watch, which La Roque much admired, and which she promised to send him when she returned home. She did so, and La Roque wrote in the next *Mercur*: "Mlle. Normeilles is an actress full of promise; it is a pity that her memory should be so defective." Of course the lady returned to ask the meaning of this strange sentence, and to protest against it as a breach of contract. "Pardon me," replied La Roque, "you sent me the watch, but you forgot the chain."

It must not be inferred from this that the *Mercur* jobbed its columns throughout, but it has long been a maxim with French journalists, and indeed with others besides Frenchmen, that praise may be sold without harm, for it occasionally converts a poor performer, artist, actor, or writer, into a good one by force of encouragement. The *Mercur* did not require money to praise people who deserved it, neither, as a rule, did it sell its censure to gratify private malice. It simply did what Loret first began to do in his *Rhyming Gazette*, that is, extolled persons with more money than brains, and left the public to ratify or dissent from the eulogies at its pleasure.

There were some editors, however, who were entirely incorruptible. Laplace, Marmontel, and La Harpe, three men of honor, became successively conductors of the *Mercur*, and the paper attained in their hands to the highest character for impartiality. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, to be a contributor to the *Mercur* was reputed as great a distinction as to write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* nowadays; and all the writers of eminence in France figured on its staff, turn by turn, most of them writing anonymously. No one can peruse the *Mercur* of a century ago without feeling that its superiority to all the other periodicals since published in France is indisputable. Not even the *Revue des Deux Mondes* can compare with it in sustained interest and purity of style, and one may instance the review published shortly after the appearance of Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" to show that criticism had reached its climax of perfection under Louis XV.'s reign, and has done nothing but degenerate ever since. The review in question, however, humorous, sparkling, and in every way admirable as it is, forms but one of hundreds of other essays, novelettes, and epigrams, which Parisian journalists of the present generation would do so well to study as models. The wit of the contributors appears to have been inexhaustible, and it is not the smallest proof of their preëminence over their descendants that they should have written so many good things without putting their signatures to them. Thus there are scores of Voltaire's articles scattered anonymously about the columns of the *Mercur*. Where is the modern French periodical that would be content to possess a contributor but half as illustrious, without trumpeting the fact to the whole world from every advertisement hoarding in the capital?

III.

The publication of the *Mercur* was not interrupted till the Revolution, but long before that date its exclusive privilege as a social and political organ had been set at naught, and hundreds of newspapers and magazines appeared in imitation of it. However, it must be remembered that until Louis XVI. was dethroned, Paris was officially supposed to possess but three periodicals: the *Gazette de France* for politics, *Le Journal des Savants* for literature and science, and the *Mercur de France* for politics, literature, and social matters mingled.

For a time these monopolies were respected, but only for a very short time. Louis XIV. promised Donneau de Visé that any infringement of his rights should be punished with the galleys, but it was difficult to punish with the galleys Frenchmen who went to London, Holland, Flanders, or Geneva, and founded papers there, nor was it easy to seize the numerous copies of these prints which were smuggled into Paris. Moreover, it was not quite fair that Paris should be deprived of its news-sheet because M.

Visé happened to have the ague, so the King was obliged to compound. The *Mercur* retained its nominal privilege, but semi-political journals were allowed to appear by paying it a tax which varied from 1000 livres to 5000 livres a year, and also an equivalent tax to the *Gazette de France*. To keep up the fiction of the monopoly, the tributary papers bore the name of some provincial town and purported to be both printed and published there; for it was apparently better, according to official notions, that a journal should tell a periodical falsehood than that the immortal principles of routine should be disturbed. In course of time some laxity occurred in these arrangements; the tributaries grew remiss in their payments, and then ceased to pay at all.

During the Regency of the Duke of Orleans (1715-23) the *Gazette de France*, *Mercur*, and *Journal des Savants* combined to bring an action for infringement against all the papers then existing, but they were non-suited on a technical objection; and this was their last attempt at asserting their prerogatives. They remained content with the prestige which their connection with Government secured them, and with a fee of 1000 livres, which new papers paid them at starting, in return for a bond of indemnity guaranteeing the new papers against suits at law. The *Journal des Savants* was the worst off of the three by this *concordat*, for it could only claim a fee from purely literary journals, and the prosecutions of these was so troublesome and useless a matter that towards the beginning of the eighteenth century Government abandoned the task, and tacitly allowed any Frenchman who pleased to start a paper provided there was no mention in it of politics or religion. This liberty, though, was of a very fitful kind and subject altogether to the whims of the Lieutenant-General of Police and the clerks acting under him. Papers would swarm one day and be confiscated wholesale the next without a shadow of reason. It was a continual cycle of sunshine and storm.

As may be supposed, a king so autocratic as Louis XIV. did not relent in his severity towards the Press from any growing love of journalism; he yielded because the Press was simply too strong for him. The papers which were published abroad and found their way into France were most dangerous nuisances. They undermined the royal authority by lauding the institutions of free states like England and Holland, and they turned the King personally into ridicule, by painting him exactly as he was in mind, body, and speech. Louis XIV. has come down to us like many another sovereign, with the halo of grandeur which Court panegyrists and historians have set like a second crown on his head. But kings are not, as a rule, famous for great intellect, or even for common-sense or taste; and Louis XIV. was, as Thackeray has so well dubbed him, a Royal Snob. Eaten up by his own conceit, talking an inflated jargon of bumpousness, pompous in little things, peevish, dissolute, ugly, and hypocritical, he was just the king to afford humorists an endless subject for jokes; and his successor, Louis XV., was like him, with the additional royal virtue of being stingy. The *Gazette d'Amsterdam* and the *Gazette de Leyde*, two papers which are better known under the generic title of the *Gazette de Hollande*,¹ took minute note of all the foibles and stupid utterances of this kingly pair. They had correspondents at Court who could never be detected (the Duke de Saint Simon was always suspected of being one of them; hence Louis XIV.'s strong dislike to him; the Duc de Lauzun was suspected too), and they led a mocking chorus, which was kept up by a multitude of other gazettes, some of which were virulent beyond conception. Here is a complete list of the foreign papers printed in French, which made sport of the Majesties of Louis XIV. and XV., and soured their royal minds:—

Nouvelles Ordinaires de Londres, 1650-54; *Gazette de Bruxelles*, 1654-1711; *Gazette d'Amsterdam*, 1663-1791; *Mercur Hollandais*, 1672-84; *Gazette de Leyde*, 1680-1798;

¹ There was never a paper called the *Gazette de Hollande*. The name was applied collectively to all the French Gazettes printed on Dutch territory for circulation in France.

Mercure Historique de La Haye, 1686-1772; *Lettres d'Amsterdam*, 1680-90; *Lettres de La Haye*, 1692-1728; *Journal de l'Europe* (Strasbourg), 1696; *Esprit des Cours de l'Europe* (Portsmouth and Brussels), 1699-1710; *Nouvelles des Cours d'Europe* (London), 1710-15; *La Quintessence des Nouvelles* (Amsterdam), 1712-27; *Mémoires Critiques*, 1722; *Le Nouvelliste sans fard* (Cologne and Cleves), 1723-25; *Courrier d'Avignon*, 1733-88; *Gazette d'Utrecht*, 1734-87; *Nouveau Mercure de La Haye*, 1740-54; *Magasin des Evénements* (Amsterdam), 1741; *Épilogueur Politique* (Amsterdam), 1741-42; *Demosthènes Moderne* (Amsterdam), 1746-47; *Le Moissonneur* (Utrecht), 1741-42; *Journal Universel de La Haye*, 1743-47; *Nouvelliste Suisse* (Neuchâtel), 1754-63; *L'Observateur Hollandais* (La Haye), 1755; *L'Année Politique*, 1758; *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*, 1682 (this paper, published at Strasburg, exists still); *Gazette des Pays Bas*, 1760-65; *Gazette des Gazettes* (Bouillon), 1760-89; *L'Observateur Français à Londres*, 1769-72; *Gazette des Deux Ponts* (Zweibrücken), 1770; *Lettres Historiques de Cologne*, 1788-98.

That these papers were not foes to be despised may be seen from the long time which many of them lasted; and several volumes might be written about the stratagems employed for introducing them into France, and the diverse methods adopted by the Crown to combat them. They entered France in herring-tubs, in bottles presumed to contain Rhine wine, in bales of cloth, oyster-barrels, boots, coat-linings, and even in the muzzles of cannon returning from war. Coming back to France to winter after a campaign in Flanders, Marshal Vauban ordered a battery to halt and fire a salute to the French flag within sight of the frontier. Of the six pieces that were drawn up for this purpose five were found rammed to the mouth with copies of the *Gazette d'Amsterdam*, which a captain of artillery had put there "to prevent the damp from getting into the guns," as he laughingly said. Vauban appears to have laughed too, though he ordered the gazettes to be torn up and distributed as wadding. The papers were, in fact, irrepressible. In vain was it that the King's ambassadors complained of them; in vain was it that Louis XIV. conquered Holland, actuated in his hatred for that country principally by the gazettes it produced: in vain was it that the importation of all foreign journals was declared high treason. The papers filtered across the frontier, no one could tell how.

One day Louis XIV. marched into the Galère des Glaces at Versailles, livid with rage, and holding a newspaper clenched in his hand. The whole Court were assembled and quaked at the signs of fury which were unusual with the King, for he seldom went beyond waspishness. "Monsieur de la Reynie," he cried shrilly to the Lieutenant of Police, "this must be put a stop to. Any man, no matter what may be his rank, who is found with one of these papers in his possession, shall answer for it with his head." Half an hour later, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, he pulled out a Dutch Gazette which some nimble-fingered courtier had dropped there, probably to show the absurdity of punishing people for what might be a mere accident. As to Louis XV. and his mistresses, Mme. de Pompadour and Mme. du Barry, they were continually discovering newspaper extracts thrust by unknown hands in places where they would be sure to find them. The Duc de Richelieu talking one day of the scurrilousness of foreign journalists, Mme. du Barry answered spitefully, "I should like to see into your heart and find how many of those scurrilous papers you had brought with you to Versailles to put into my Japan vases." "Into my heart, Madame," answered the witty Duke; "you surely don't imagine your sex has left me heart enough to keep a record there of all the good things I do." On another occasion Louis XV. remarked: "I wish my best friends would save themselves the trouble of putting newspapers under my napkin to prove their love for me. I take their affection for granted without that."

Louis XIV. hit upon the idea of publishing papers in Paris which should bear the titles of *Gazette de Leyde*, *Gazette d'Amsterdam*, etc., hoping thereby to confuse the

public, who would buy the loyal papers expecting to find treason there, and be deceived for their pains. But the experiment was not of long duration—for the only people confused were the police agents, who could not be at the trouble of examining the newspaper in every reader's hand to see if it was a genuine sheet or a counterfeit. The result was, that everybody bought the disloyal gazettes and pretended, if caught, that the purchase had been made under the impression that it was the loyal print, as the words *cum privilegio* certified. As a last resource, the licensing of Parisian gazettes under provincial names or dating places, as above mentioned, was attempted, and this was fairly successful. The *République des Lettres*, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, *Journal de Médecine* (half political), and *Lettres Historiques*, are the most celebrated of the papers launched from 1682 to 1692; and in 1702-4 and 1705 appeared successively the *Journal de Trévoux*, *Journal de Verdun*, and *Journal Littéraire de Blois*, all three well written and highly popular.

The *Journal de Trévoux* was edited by Jesuits and lasted many years; the *Journal de Verdun* was conducted by a man named Claude Jordan, who passed for a most devoted subject; but who, whilst editing a loyal paper for the King, was secret editor of that very *Gazette de Leyde*, which he had been commissioned to counteract, as was found out after his death, to the stupefaction of all well-thinking minds. The *Journal Littéraire de Blois* was in the hands of a doctor who had adopted the ingenious and most satisfactory theory that people who disregarded the Biblical precept about honoring the King invariably perished by a violent death, which Nature provided for them if the hangman did not. He published horrible instances of this in the form of tales, relating how various factious persons had, within his own knowledge, fallen from housetops, died of small-pox, or been bitten by mad dogs. It must have been entertaining literature for family reading when the curtains were drawn after dark; and the paper sold well.

It is unnecessary to speak of the rush of financial papers which occurred under the Regency, whilst Law's bubble Mississippi Company was turning Frenchmen's heads. Most of these, though they professed to appear regularly every day, were simple placards with sensational headings, such as—"Important list of Beggars who have been enriched by M. Law's shares;" "Account of the sudden fortune of Marie Bontran, who was cook to Mme. Begon, and has now a coach of her own, thanks to M. Law!" They must have been, in many cases, advertisements launched by Law himself, for this enterprising Scotchman was considerably in advance of his age in matters of charlatanism. There is no doubt, however, that he planned to found a daily paper of as vast proportions as any we have now. The *Daily Courant* had been started in London in 1702, and Law, being grandiose in all his views, wished to set up a journal "five times as large" as the *Courant*, and on the joint-stock system, like his Company. Had he not been ruined, it is probable this scheme would have been carried into effect, and have met with success, for the Regent was Law's resolute backer, admired him, and would have followed him into any venture. As it was, a gazetteer, called Saint Gelais, tried to establish a daily paper in 1717, but two numbers of it only were published,¹ and the French were destined to wait until 1777 before the *Journal de Paris* came and supplied a want which had long ceased to exist in most other European states. Previously to 1777 French newspapers appeared once or at most twice

¹ In 1676 François Colletet started a *Journal de la Ville Paris*, and hoped to bring it out every day. He published one copy, and was thrown into prison by the *Mercure's* editor for infringement. This one copy bears date 4th July, and relates how 1000 persons were drowned in less than a week by bathing in the Seine during excessive heat. Some practical joker cut the rope which had been hung across the Seine for the convenience of people who could not swim. All who were holding on were carried away by the stream and drowned. This took place on the 29th June, and 300 corpses were picked out on the morrow. St. Gelais's venture in 1717 was also crushed by the *Mercure* and *Gazette de France* acting in concert. We learn from one of his two numbers that the first public masked ball at the Opera took place on the 21 January, 1716, and these balls had become all the rage in 1717. The Théâtre Français took to giving one every week throughout the carnival, and the theatre was lit by sixty-four chandeliers, with eighteen branches: total, 1152 wax candles. The admission was one crown per man, but nothing for ladies, and the ball began at 10 P. M. and ended at 6 the next morning.

a week. The *Gazette de France* was the only paper that continued to publish supplements, amounting occasionally to six or seven, within a fortnight; but these were in general like the supplements of the *London Gazette*, records of promotions and official acts, rather than reports of news. The impediment to daily papers in France was, that journalists could never be sure of their property for two days together; and it would have been folly to embark capital in a speculation which any court lady, favorite, or understrapping clerk could have snuffed out with a breath to gratify a minute's resentment.

IV.

We come now to that period of the eighteenth century when politics were at a standstill, and when the battles of the Philosophers with the Church absorbed all men's energies. It was the era of Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, Rousseau, Grimm, the Encyclopædia, and the expulsion of the Jesuits. Fury is a mild word to describe the animus exhibited by both parties in this desperate struggle. Writers were thrown into the Bastille every day, came out again and set to work afresh with more violence than ever. The King, his mistresses, his policy, and the perilous state of the national finances were all lost sight of. The great question was, "Ought Christianity to be maintained or not?" To which a quarter of Paris said "Yes," while the other three quarters cried "No," and the point was fought over with pen and ink.

There were then two sorts of writers besides the Philosophers, namely, the Gazetteers and the Journalists. The former wrote for the papers licensed to talk of politics, the latter were attached to the literary prints, whose name was legion, and of course the two sets hated and despised each other cordially. The Gazetteer maintained that any scarecrow was fit for a Journalist, and the Journalist retorted that a man must have a grovelling soul to be a Gazetteer. The truth was, that the Gazetteers were the better men, being the richer, and the Journalists would mostly have been glad to become Gazetteers could they have obtained employment on the political papers. A similar feud raged during the first and second Empires between the Grands Journalistes and the Petits Journalistes, and the quarrel may be summed up as Fine Coat *v.* Shabby Coat, and *vice versa*. There were a few exceptional journalists, however, who steadily declined preferment to the higher prints, and gloried in expending a talent that was essentially French on flimsy little sheets, whose wit and popularity were far in excess of their volume and commercial value. In the battle of Philosophy the Gazetteers took part on one side or the other, with grave arguments and scholarly essays; the Journalists waged war with puns, songs, and ridicule. A few took no part whatever, but splashed the combatants on either side with their pens most impartially.

The journalists of the Encyclopædic era were queer souls, who lived in garrets and dined chiefly off fried potatoes, served in a paper by the stove-woman round the corner. Almost every big street had its journalist, and an own particular print, which this lean but indefatigable being published on candle paper once a week. The man was known down the thoroughfare. He chronicled the marriages, births, or connubial woes of his neighbors; he was welcome to a dinner now and then, and it was always remembered that he ate much. If he showed himself eloquent in praising the comeliness or good wares of the fruiteress down-stairs, maybe he had a smile and a bag of apples given him for nothing; if he went on the opposite tack, he risked having a saucepanful of kitchen water emptied over him next time he passed. In either case—apples or kitchen water diminished in no respect the amicable relations he kept up with the neighborhood; and the grocers of the district called him an honest rogue good-humoredly. It was no great matter to him, if he were paid for the copies of his journal, which he personally hawked about, in cash or kind, and a pound of sausages for three copies, two rush-dips for a single number, or a pair of breeches for a whole half year's subscription, were remun-

erations he could not afford to despise. People confided to him their grievances, and besought him to libel their neighbors, which he did obligingly enough, if he had no special reason for refusing; and, as a natural consequence, he had always a few grudges stalking after him, though these desisted in time, for the journalist had a soothing tongue.

Some morning the whole street would be thrown into a state of commotion, and the inhabitants would troop out of their doors to see their domestic chronicler marched away solemnly between two tipstiffs, and in a somewhat hang-dog mood, to the Bastille. Perhaps it was a debt; perhaps a too bold shot at some one in place—clerk, beadle, recruiting-sergeant, or what not. Then there would be much cackling in the street and cries of compassion, and the rancor for past libel, if any survived, would melt away; and the apple-woman, the stove-woman, the tailor's wife, and the cobbler's niece would take turns at going to the prison and passing the poor journalist a few delicacies through the iron bars.

But he was not an important bird enough to be caged for any length of time—he was a tom-tit, not an eagle—and it was never very long before the sun shone again upon him, as he was released from durance and cautioned not to come there again. Then he would find a bouquet on his garret sill when he returned home; and the neighbors would treat him to roast veal, and broach a cheap bottle of vin d'Argenteuil in his honor. Sadness had reigned whilst he was away, mirth and joy had attended the resumption of his duties as a censor of state polity and a purchaser of fried potatoes. The journalist was never rich, for money melted in his fingers, and he seldom married, because marriage is incompatible with the pursuit of literature and gallantry, which should go hand in hand. The customary end of the journalist was the hospital and a deal coffin, and his usual epitaph was: "C'était un bon diable!"

The Encyclopædists, Voltaire at the head of them, disliked the journalist, and called him *gueux*, *coquin*, and other energetic things, because the journalist set light store by fame to whatever eminence it attained, and would write of an Encyclopædist as of any other man. But it must not be forgotten that Voltaire hated and persecuted others besides the representatives of French Grub Street. He was not a liberal for all his philosophy, and people who picture him as turning at bay upon a whole pack of curs who snarled at his heels, have got hold of the wrong end of the story. So long as the church was in the ascendant, the Encyclopædists no doubt had a hard time of it. Their works were burned by the hangman, they themselves peopled the Bastille in squads, and if they escaped the halter, it was owing to no fault of their enemies. But after the expulsion of the Jesuits the tables were reversed, and there is nothing more curious than the alacrity of the lately persecuted philosophers to pay off old scores, and so prove that a man may be a great liberal in theory, and yet dearly love a little quiet oppression for his own private behoof.

There were three writers of distinction and honor, l'Abbé Desfontaines, l'Abbé Grosier, and M. Fréron, who are classed in most men's minds, on the strength of Voltaire's description of them, as imbeciles of the choicest sort. They were virtually the three defenders of Christianity during the eighteenth century, the only men who endeavored without anger or bad language to withstand the flood of impiety which had been let loose over the land in the name of free thought. Fréron in particular was a most polite and just controversialist, but this did not prevent him from being treated as the blackest of scoundrels by the Encyclopædists, whose infallibility he had contested, and Voltaire did his honest best to ruin him. This, then, was the condition of the Press at the close of Louis XV.'s reign: The philosophers had triumphed, but the Press, taken as a body, and as regards freedom, moderation, and respectability generally, had not made a step forward since the time of Renaudot and Loret. There were brilliant writers, and honest writers, but the Encyclopædists, who might have done much for the liberty of Journalism by showing themselves generous after their victory, established the precedent that the

uppermost party in France should always keep the lowermost under heel, and, above all, gag it. D'Alembert, one of the first apostles of the Rights of Man, actually petitioned Frederick the Great to suppress the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*, which had criticised one of his, D'Alembert's, books too candidly; and the despotic King was compelled to remind this exponent of liberty that the first of Man's Rights is to have a free tongue. With the accession of Louis XVI., the French Press entered upon the third period of its history. Speculative philosophy was shelved, and gazetteers and journalists applied themselves to the work of preparing that great Revolution which sent most of them to the scaffold.

ERRATUM. — A confusion of persons was inadvertently made in the previous article on the French Press. It was with Anne de Bourbon, Duchess of Longueville, and not with Marie de Longueville, Duchess of Nemours, that the Duke de la Rochefoucauld fell in love. Mlle. de Longueville was step-daughter to Mme. de Longueville. Also, for the words, "Retz's henchman Gondi," read "Retz's henchman and relative Ambroise de Gondi."

THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

THERE are some little cut-and-dried taunts which lie ready to the hands of controversialists, as cannon-balls are piled upon the ramparts of a fort, to be used irrespectively of their propriety in any given case. Such, for example, is the doctrine that all bullies are cowards. There is no reason for supposing this to be true; some very brave men have bragged intolerably of their prowess, and been tyrannical on the strength of their boasts. But then it is very pleasant when bullying does turn out to be associated with cowardice; and perhaps mankind have a right to suppress so offensive a custom by assuming, without too rigid an inquiry into the facts, that the association is invariable. A similar doctrine is the plausible commonplace about the credulity of sceptics. It is of course true that disbelief of some of our favorite tenets will very frequently accompany the acceptance of some which we decline to accept; and if everybody is sceptical who hesitates to swallow our dogmas whole, and everybody credulous whose dogmas we cannot swallow, credulity and scepticism will constantly go together. But we fear that it cannot be denied that there are a good many people into whose minds any belief on any subject can only be forced by downright violence; and whose rounded and complete scepticism affords no leverage for this comfortable taunt.

Another theory of the same class is the supposed modesty of genius. The convenience of this doctrine, if it were well founded, would be undeniable. There is nothing so pleasant to some people as dashing the vanity of their neighbors. It is comfortable to assume that the very fact that a man thinks himself a genius amounts to a demonstrative proof that he is not; for if that doctrine were once well established, our drawing-rooms and platforms would be swept clear of one of the most annoying varieties of civilized human being. It would indeed be satisfactory to have a conclusive reply to the demand for social blackmail incessantly put forward by persons hungering and thirsting after adulation. Moreover, we have a more amiable motive for wishing the doctrine to be true. There can be no doubt that modesty, if not a condition of genius, at least adds to it an inimitable grace. A man who is really a first-rate authority gains our hearts most rapidly by genuine unwillingness to stand upon his dignity. Few men are free enough from snobbishness to resist the flattery of a king who condescends to meet them on equal terms; and it is an even more delicate piece of flattery when a thinker, honored throughout Europe, condescends to take your opinion as worthy of comparison with his own. The charm, indeed, is so great that we naturally try to attribute it to the great men of old. We contrive to give ourselves a kind of hypothetical flattery by fancying Shakespeare indulging in the give-and-take of ordinary conversation with men in no degree better than ourselves, and perfectly un-

conscious of his own rightful supremacy. It raises us in our own opinion to think that, if we had lived two or three hundred years ago, we might have been freely admitted to so high a privilege. Now, as the biographers and critics of men of first-rate genius have been generally given to excessive admiration, this grace which ought to have been characteristic, has therefore been represented as actually characteristic, of all the greatest men in the world. The portraits having really been colored by this belief, they are, according to our ordinary logic, adduced as a conclusive proof that the belief must be a sound one; and moralists have ventured to lay down as a general principle the doctrine that true genius is free from self-consciousness.

If we endeavor to test the doctrine by facts, however, we are very soon brought into a difficulty. We may say that modesty, so far as it refers to an intellectual condition, means that a man's estimate of his own talents is not excessive. In this respect the man of genius certainly differs widely from his inferiors. There are, we should say at a random guess, at least a dozen systems of universal philosophy propounded every year with the utmost gravity by men who have really learnt nothing but the art of using long words. The authors are just as pretentious as Hegel or Comte, and fancy that they have found the one key to the everlasting enigma. In nearly all these cases we should be inclined to say that a man's vanity was preposterous, except in so far as his utter ignorance might conceal from him the true nature of his pretensions. In one case, however, in a century, the philosopher, though he has not solved everything, has revolutionized the whole system of thought. If so, we do not call him vain; we simply admire his justifiable self-confidence. The ninety-nine humbugs grossly over-estimated their powers, whereas he was really as great a man, or nearly as great a man, as he supposed. The fact is undeniable; but the argument is not really conclusive.

Conceit does not really depend on the relation between a man's true value and his estimate of his value. If so, it would be scarcely possible for some great men to be conceited at all. If Shakespeare, for example, had guessed only one half of the truth about himself, if he had known that the minutest details of his life and writings were to be discussed in all civilized languages, that his influence would revolutionize foreign literatures, centuries after his death, and that Ben Jonson and Fletcher would appear to his posterity as mere pigmies by his side, he would have been thrown off his balance by sheer astonishment. Such incense would have been too strong for any mortal brain. And in this sense it is almost impossible for any man of genius to be conceited. Nobody, however brilliant his promise, can be confident that he will draw one of the stupendous prizes in the vast lottery of life. A young man who should say, I will be a Shakespeare, or a Dante, or a Homer, would either be, or be in the way of becoming, a fool. Genius must so far be unconscious that it can scarcely dare to recognize its own superlative merit, and yet a man may conceivably be overpowered even by a revelation of only a part of his own glory.

In another sense genius must be necessarily more or less unconscious. Newton is supposed to have said that his mathematical excellence was due to nothing but to his having labored more perseveringly than others. And the theory has been packed into a formula that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking trouble. In spite of the great names which may be adduced in behalf of this doctrine, we venture to think that the source of the fallacy is transparent. We will not dwell upon the fact, which is sufficiently obvious, that a capacity for endurance is just as rare and valuable an endowment as a capacity for immediate insight; and that a man, for example, who can keep his mind fixed upon a mathematical problem for many hours together, as Newton is said to have done, has one of the rarest of powers. But the argument is more vitally defective. Newton saw that, by allowing his mind to dwell upon certain problems, they gradually became clear to him, and that the longer he could attend to them the clearer his mind became. In other words, since his success in mathematical operations varied as the amount of labor bestowed

upon them, he assumed that the labor was the one essential element of success. But obviously it does not follow that the same amount of labor from a feeble brain would produce equal effects. The length of time during which a problem was exposed to the action of his intellectual digestion was one condition of his success; but so was the vigor of the digestion for a given time. In short, Newton could compare his own mental operations, and pronounce those to have been most fruitful which were most laborious; but he could not look into the mind of another man, and see by comparison how slow and blundering was his reasoning machinery in comparison with his own.

We are all liable to make mistakes of this kind, in one way or the other. We fancy that a man of genius has accomplished success by a lucky hit, because we cannot at all realize the facility with which he can at a given moment command all the resources of his mind. And, in revenge, the man of genius attributes to obstinacy or idleness what is the result of good, plain, honest stupidity. Each of us can only have direct experience of the working of one mind; and we naturally assume, till the contrary has been forced upon us, that all other minds are cast in the same mould. Perhaps it would be as well if, for a brief period of his life, everybody was condemned to be a schoolmaster or a crammer, in order that he might more or less fathom the stupendous abysses of human stupidity. Meanwhile it is easy to understand how a Newton or a Pascal, to whom propositions ordinarily reached by long processes of calculation appear to be self-evident truths, may be unconscious of the difference between himself and his fellows. It does not occur to them that men can be so blind as not to see in broad daylight, and it is easy to imagine that they are wilfully closing their eyes.

Misconceptions, however, of this kind, though perhaps favorable to humility, are certainly compatible even with extravagant vanity. The estimate which we form of our own talents has but an indirect relation to what is really a question of character. A man may be intolerably conceited on the strength of a quality which, even on his own showing, is a trifle. We have known a clergyman, otherwise of apostolic humility, who could not conceal his appreciation of a leg admirably adapted for episcopal costume. Of course he would not have seriously maintained the proposition that good legs give a man a claim to unusual respect, or even to ecclesiastical preferment; but yet his consciousness of their fair proportions enabled him to enter society and even to express opinions on facts, say of dogmatic theology, to which legs have no distinct relation. Perhaps his legs were even more beautiful than he supposed; but that did not justify the extreme complacency which their contemplation imparted to his reflections even upon different topics. If a man's head may be turned by such a trifle, it is not surprising that even a moderate estimate of his intellectual excellence may have a similar effect. A man's poetry may be better than he thinks it; and yet his opinion of it may make him more presumptuous than a knowledge of the truth would justify. A millionaire who only knows of half his own fortune may still be presumptuous.

That men of genius are in fact frequently self-conscious does not require proof so much as it would require to be proved that some such men can still escape self-consciousness; and the excuse that they do not exaggerate their own merit is really irrelevant. It would be more judicious to point out in such cases that vanity within certain limits is really an almost essential quality. A disposition at least which for all practical purposes is undistinguishable from vanity is a necessary stimulus to a youth who would do anything great. No young man, for example, however remarkable his talent, could ever have been justified in cold blood "in taking all knowledge to be his province." The chances of a complete failure were so much greater than the chances of even modified success, that a very exuberant confidence in his own powers was implied in the undertaking. A man must be vain enough, according to the old metaphor, to aim at the moon in order that he may get to the top of the tree. In the more active walks of life, it is true, most people have their vanity pretty well knocked

out of them. They learn in a few years, and at the price of a good many failures, what it is that they can really do: and then, unless they are fools, they plan their undertakings upon a reasonable estimate of their own abilities. But there are other spheres of activity in which the comforting influence of a good cheerful vanity is required almost to the end of life. A poet, for example, of original talent may fail to obtain recognition from the older generation brought up under different traditions. The test of his success must be an inward consciousness of merit; and in order to keep up his spirits, it is highly desirable that the consciousness should be somewhat in excess. The process of piping to people who obstinately refuse to dance is so discouraging, that vanity is as necessary a provision to keep up the internal warmth as a supply of oil in the Arctic regions to keep up warmth of a different kind. The oil is not a very nice thing in itself, nor is an unctuous self-satisfaction; but it would be ungrateful to deny that it has its uses.

The dogma, indeed, which we have been considering, may be interpreted into a very sound meaning. Every man's eyes should be fixed rather upon his work than upon the reflex results to himself. To take a good aim you should look at the target, instead of being absorbed in the contemplation of your rifle; and a poet or philosopher should rather think of moving his audience than of the verbal apparatus by which he brings himself into communication with them. Yet even so there are intervening moments at which all but the very strongest of men will inevitably think of their own merits, and of the external testimonies to their success. In such moments they will bless the inventor of vanity, as Sancho blessed the inventor of sleep. Whatever be the true moral, the fact can hardly be doubted. Without producing instances, anybody may satisfy himself that a very large number of eminent men have been vain in spite of all aphorisms to the contrary; and if we exempt the greatest names, it is not so much that they are free from the charge as that our hyperboles surpass anything which the most brazen-faced of mankind could utter about himself, whatever might have been his private opinion of his own merits.

A TRIP TO AN ERUPTION.

I HAVE never been able to decide, with any degree of certainty, whether or not I should feel grateful that the Fates ordained for me a rather longer sojourn in the city of Naples than they generally do for young Englishmen, who are not constrained by business to reside there. I think the remark has been made before about there being no joy without its share of alloy; and, as certainly the pleasures of life in the sunny South—such as the lovely climate in spring and autumn, the luscious fruits, the glorious scenery—are great, so the drawbacks of detestable climate in summer and winter, of fleas, flies, mosquitoes, and worse, of dust, dirt, and their accompanying fevers, are as great, if not greater; and when you throw into the balance that worst of all Neapolitan evils, the sirocco, I think there are few, except those who have passed half a lifetime in India, who would not agree with me in the conviction that, like Ireland, Naples is a very good place to live out of.

As a matter of course, a large percentage of the visitors to the south of Italy make a point of going up Vesuvius; but yet I was astonished to find the number of sight-seers, and enthusiastic ones too, who were perfectly satisfied with the aspect of the mountain from the different points of view at its base; still more were content with ascending only as far as the Hermitage and Observatory, which lie about half a mile from the base of the cone, and which can be reached in a three-horsed carriage nearly as easily as Hampstead from the City.

At this point you have really done as much as is necessary to enable you to say with truth, you have been up Vesuvius; as the view from here is very fine, and you

have passed, by means of a capital road, the expanse of old lava, which is the most curious part of the whole mountain, and the most difficult to realize mentally, as photographs and paintings can give but a very feeble notion of the grand desolation of this outcome of one of Nature's greatest convulsions.

The idea conveyed to my mind was that, on a slope of ground about a mile in length, and a third of a mile in breadth, a battle of elephants had just taken place; that some hundreds of thousands of these animals had been slain, and torn limb from limb, but had so fallen as to completely cover the plain four or five deep, showing only their black skin with its peculiar shiny surface, with here and there a recently deceased carcass throwing off a jet of such vapor as would arise from perspiring horses on a damp day. This will give a pretty correct notion of the old lava beds, as the blocks have by time and weather been worn almost smooth, and through their fissures there issues a sulphurous steam, showing that, although more than fifteen years have elapsed since its expulsion from the bowels of the mountain, there must be pools of lava underneath the surface still molten and unextinguished; and if the visitor should push a stick to the depth of a couple of feet into one of these crevices, the end would be charred in a few moments. We can in some measure understand, from this power of retaining its heat in the lava, the immense amount of time our planet must have taken to cool down to its present state of solidity.

From the Observatory, too, you can distinctly see the construction of that gigantic heap of sand and ashes, the cone; and no amount of ascending will give one a better idea of it. If the top of the cone is gained, the greater elevation gives a slightly farther range of view, but not sufficient to compensate for the fatigue and annoyance of the climb.

Men who have scaled the highest European peaks, have informed me that the cone of Vesuvius, though hardly an hour's ascent, is the most fatiguing—from the roughness and insecurity of the foothold in the ashes, as they imagined; but the difference in the heat and relaxing effect of the climate must have a great deal to do with the difficulty experienced.

I can easily imagine the ascent of the mountain being made most unpleasant to casual visitors by the dishonesty, laziness, and obstinacy of some of the guides. Even with a knowledge of their extraordinary dialect, and choosing my own weather, and having everything in my favor, I always declared, on returning home from each ascent, that that particular one should be my last; and after my third I really believe I should have carried out my resolution, had it not been for the magnificent eruption which burst out shortly after, thus enabling me to witness an effect I had long desired to see.

Although no one could tell when the eruption would commence, yet the people, wise in the signs of the mountain's laborings, had prophesied that something uncommon was about to happen, as for some time past the usual streak of smoke that issues from the great crater at the apex of the cone had become intensified in volume, and at night flashes of light could be distinctly seen reflected on the lower surface of the smoke-cloud, indicating that not far from the mouth of the crater there was a reservoir of boiling, seething fluid, which, every time a bubble burst, shot forth a flame sufficient with its reflection alone to light up the adjacent parts of the mountain and sky. This continued for a space of three months or so, the brilliancy and frequency of the flash increasing with the growth of the moon, and dying away as she diminished—when all at once, without any further warning than what I have endeavored to describe, there appeared a thin, ribbon-like streak of fire, extending from nearly the top of the cone (through the side of which it had forced its way) to the bottom. Of course all was excitement and commotion amongst the visitors; and, after allowing the first rush of tourists to pass, a party of us organized a trip for the purpose of reaching the point where the lava had burst from the mountain, and exploring the whole affair, with as

much ease to ourselves as possible. So, after a good luncheon, off we started in two carriages, each drawn by three good (for Neapolitan) horses; for the ascent is made by a sort of zigzag road, parts of which are very steep, and without any wall or protection to speak of; so, unless the horses are staunch, one stands a very good chance of being jibbed over on to the rough lava, and seriously hurt.

Leaving Naples at two o'clock, we arrived safely and in comparative comfort at the Observatory at half-past four, and after a short rest, started along the ridge of ground that leads from there to the foot of the cone; and during our progress we were amply rewarded for any trouble we had been put to, by the most gorgeous sunset I have ever seen.

By the time we reached the "Attrio del Cavallo," or waiting-place for horses (for by riding it is easier to get a mile farther on the journey than in a carriage), it had become quite dark; and the stream of lava, which by day appears a stream of smoke, was blazing away in its sublime brilliancy about a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

Then came the tug of war; to reach the fiery current it was necessary to cross this quarter of a mile of old lava—a difficult task by daylight, but much more so by night, when the only light was from the glowing stream of lava above, which sent a lurid glare over surrounding objects, rendering still more dark and deceptive the numerous pits and holes, to which its reflection did not penetrate. The elder ones of the party determined to remain where they were, and wisely too; but five of us had made up our minds to reach the brink of the lava stream, and have a good look at it. Two of the less vigorous, however, soon gave in, and we had to leave them to find their way back to the others as well as they could. We had, in fact, determined to climb the cone to the fountain-head, as it were; but we very soon called a council of war, and gave up that project, with the excuse that there was too much danger of the stones thrown up by the big crater falling on our heads, though I really believe that the almost herculean labor of ascending such a rugged precipice was the true deterrent; so we determined to make for the point at the foot of the cone where the stream joined the plain.

The space to be crossed was certainly not more than a quarter of a mile as the crow flies, but it seemed never-ending, and took us at least an hour and a half to get over it. The only description that will convey an idea of this bad quarter of a mile is that of a good cross-sea, with waves from ten to fifteen feet high, suddenly petrified; the sides of each wave composed of those large cinders known in foundries as clinkers, each clinker being nice and loose, so that when you stepped on one you might confidently expect to slip a foot or two, till it chanced to fix itself firmly in its neighbors, which if it did not happen to do, you slid on till the bottom of the descent was reached, lucky if you kept your perpendicular, but peculiarly unlucky if you did not, as in your slide, all the neighboring clinkers having been set in motion, if you reached the bottom first, they took the greatest pleasure in life in falling on the exposed portions of your defenceless body. I found the best plan was to outwit them by pretending to go back again directly I felt I was in for a good slide; for although by struggling back I never reached the point I started from, yet I reversed the order of things, and letting the clinkers precede me, had the satisfaction of falling on them.

When the bottom of one wave had been reached, the side of the next had to be climbed—a still more tedious, though not so dangerous, operation, giving one an idea of the mode of progression experienced on a treadmill; as just as one had raised one's head above the crest, the foothold would give way, and down to the bottom one would go again, with a rather aggravated repetition of the sexton-like episode of the clinkers. There is a sameness in any quantity of this mode of proceeding that soon becomes irksome, which, joined to the rather severe toil, made me heartily rejoice when our goal was reached.

What a sight was there! On the right a cascade of living fire from eight hundred to a thousand feet high—

when I say cascade I use the word as the best I can think of, but it was not a cascade in the least, all the noise, splash, and dash of which was absent; the lava descending noiselessly, majestically, with a peculiar serpent-like, gliding motion, which gave one an idea of resistless, inflexible power when used cruelly and revengefully, or, if an absurd simile may be used, of a large quantity of treacle poured down-stairs; on the left, the said stream winding away like a calm river, till it rounded a corner and was lost to sight. Just where we struck the stream, it began to slacken speed after pouring down the almost perpendicular side of the cone, and was gliding along about as fast as one could walk—that is, the centre was, for the sides had already begun to cool, and consequently moved less swiftly. The heat was tremendous, and we could only look on the molten current for a few seconds at close quarters, when we were forced to retire behind the banks to cool. This was easily done, as the lava had sunk for itself a regular channel in the ashes, the banks of which rose about six feet above the surface of the stream, which was about twenty feet wide; its depth we could not tell, but I should guess it at about six feet. Like a river the farther from its source the wider it became, and, as it cooled, moved more and more slowly, until at last it seemed to have solidified and stopped entirely, forming itself in cooling into a rampart of immense masses of some tons' weight, through the chinks of which occasional red-hot places could be seen. Suddenly a crash would be heard, and the front of the rampart would roll over, pushed by the weight from behind, and a fresh front would be formed, to be pushed over in its turn, and so on, till the lava power behind had ceased to exert itself, through the cessation of the eruption. In this way the large rocks of lava are ground down to the peculiar size and sharpness of the clinkers, that gave us so much trouble and annoyance.

After a good examination of this astonishing sight, and a long rest, we renewed our struggle over the lava beds, in the direction of the Observatory, and after a lovely walk from the *Attrio del Cavallo* to our carriages—for the bay was now wrapped in the soft Southern moonlight—we descended the mountain in safety, and reached our palace considerably after midnight, with boots and clothes destroyed, and hands and faces much in need of plaster; but with the satisfaction of having thoroughly done one of the grandest, if not the grandest, of Nature's wondrous phenomena.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A PARIS journal publishes the following curious paragraph: "The oldest journal in the world is published at Pekin. It is printed on a large sheet of yellow silk, and appears in the same form, with the same characters, and on the same kind of stuff as took place a thousand years ago. The only thing changed is the writers."

WE learn, says the *London Court Journal*, that a Hindoo widow has been married in Madras. The gay widow was but thirteen, and those who are fond of names may be pleased to learn that hers was Poongavana Ummall, and that she was daughter of C. Angoo Moodeliar, of Chintaudrepettah, and married Viohoor Soobramania Moodeliar.

A WRITER in *Hardwicke's Science Gossip* tells the following tough parrot story: "A friend of mine has a very sensible parrot. Some time ago the lighted end of a cigar fell by accident just under the door of Polly's cage. The fumes soon attracted her attention, and she instantly set about removing the danger. Taking up a small cup containing cold tea (for which she has a great partiality), she poured the contents on the burning end, with the greatest coolness imaginable, and extinguished it."

PERHAPS the richest and most lucky man in France is the Duc d'Aumale, yet he is not at all popular; his ambition is to be "second" in Gaul. His wealth will go to the Comte de Paris in the natural course of things, who is not a millionaire. It has therefore been a fortunate occasion for the count to be reinstated in the family castle of Amboise, famous in history for the triumph of the Guises over the "dumb captain," the Prince of Conde, and where decapitations and hangings continued

for a month before the castle, and where the young king, his brothers, their attendants, and the ladies of the court were daily spectators. A short time ago the Comte and Comtesse de Paris visited this property after being restored to them in a very quiet manner and alone. Not being known, the house porter, like all such cerberuses in France, was rude; the count threw open the window of the dining-room to admire the landscape, and was ordered not to do so by the porter; the two visitors inspected other portions of the building, and on departing passed through the dining-room, when the porter brutally called upon the count to close the window. The latter replied coldly, "I shall do so when I come to inhabit the castle in a few weeks." The porter was dismissed for his insolent bearing, and such is the history of the noise made about the "poor *concierge* having been sent adrift," etc.

IMPORTANT experiments are, it seems, being made as to the cure of leprosy, and the *Friend of India* reports that while Dr. Kenneth Stuart in Calcutta and Dr. Balfour in Madras in applying cashew-nut oil to both the forms of leprosy are meeting with only partial success, the Madras surgeon in medical charge of the penal settlement at Port Blair believes that he has made a more valuable discovery in the same direction. He is of opinion that leprosy can be cured by the oil of the gurjun tree. Every leper in the settlement is, it is stated, being cured fast of this loathsome disease. In no case has there been the slightest failure, and the disease has been arrested at every stage. "No doubt," says a correspondent, "the matter will be fully reported when the experiments have been completed. In the mean time, the doctor has very wisely resolved not to make any stir about the matter until his experiments are so completed as to leave no doubt respecting the nature of the cure as well as its permanence. This oil seems to be beneficial to all descriptions of sores and ulcers, and it has other properties which will be fully disclosed hereafter." The oil of the gurjun balsam or wood oil has long been used all over India by the natives for skin diseases and sores. In the event of its turning out that leprosy is curable, the discovery will not only be valuable as regards those afflicted with that disease, but it will stimulate the medical profession to further exertions to discover the antidote to other diseases of a like nature, hitherto considered incurable.

LAST year, near Kertch, in the Crimea, three catacombs were discovered. One of them is situated on the northern slope of the Mithridates mount, and its interior is decorated with stucco-work and pictures in fresco, in which various animal and hunting scenes are represented. At the entrance there are visible on the side walls, where the stucco has fallen off, symbols, monograms, and figures of animals, cut with sharp tools. Mr. Lucenko, the director of the Kertch Museum, has since opened two catacombs, which, however, have proved less interesting. In the opinion of antiquaries the paintings found in the catacombs belong to an Oriental people. As evidence of this are pointed out the high head-dresses and helmets of the warriors, and the short manes of the horses, which are represented as they are on the Assyrian monuments. As the bright colors of the pictures were becoming dimmed through contact with the damp atmosphere, the entrance to the catacombs has for a time been closed, in order to protect the pictures from entire destruction. In the representation of battles, fighting men of two different nationalities are clearly distinguishable. One class have round beardless faces, and wear armor which covers the whole body and extends down to the ankles. Their arms consist of two lances and a round shield. The other class, their opponents, have beards and thick long hair. They are armed with bows, lances, and square shields. The bearded men appear to be the besieged, whence it may be concluded that these frescoes are the production of their beardless assailants. On other pictures are represented bears, wild-boars, stags, birds of various kinds, and plants with large broad leaves. Especially remarkable is a picture which represents an animal resembling a lion, and behind in the air a winged Cupid in a sort of Roman drapery. Besides these frescoes there have been found two small statuettes of clay, one of which represents the sitting figure of a woman, who holds in her right hand a flat cup-shaped vessel, and wears a high three-cornered head-dress. This figure has a remarkable resemblance to the stone figures of women found in the grave mounds of the steppes. The other statuette, also that of a woman, likewise wears a remarkable three-parted head-dress.

NOT only are Yankee books popular in England just now, but Yankee printing-presses. The "Novelty Printing Press," for amateurs and others, has lately been introduced into England by the American manufacturer, Mr. B. O. Woods, of Boston, and is regarded as a very excellent "Yankee Notion."

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER XIV. (continued.)

THE letter was sent, a lie was invented for Lord Lisburn, the evening performance was dispatched, and a sleepless night—the first she had ever known—was tossed and lingered through. She had settled with Carol that she would go by a certain train the next day, but she hurried to the station before sunrise, and took the first that came, though it only hastened her start without making any difference to her arrival. Once in her life she had been in a railway train before—in a third-class carriage, in which she had sung for passengers returning from a race-course. Now she was travelling like a lady, and could indulge in the new enjoyment of throwing herself back in her seat and feeling that, at last, she was as free as air. As she left London behind her, and was carried, almost as fast as her half-awakened thoughts, into the country that formed her only idea of home, she seemed to feel her false self drop off her, and her wings begin to grow. After all, there was nothing like liberty—so she speculated for the first half hour: she had become great, rich, and famous, without an effort; she had emancipated herself from Aaron's slavery, and yet every step she had taken had led her into a slavery worse than the old. The delight—for that half hour—of turning her back upon everything—the theatre, Carol, Abner, Lucas, Lord Lisburn, Claudia! Why should she ever return? Why should she not, without a single shackle to bind her, take up her staff and make a pilgrimage on her own account through the world? All her Bohemian blood was set on fire by the song of a lark that was soaring up to a heaven whereof he knew nothing, but to which he ceased not to soar all the same. She would shake off all her ambitions and all her miseries, and forget them in a bath of dewy fields. All her heart expanded in an atmosphere free from the narrow associations of her daily life, where everybody about her seemed cursed with some demon that kept simple life and simple nature out of their narrow souls.

That first half-hour was her heart's holiday; and then she welcomed the hope that a new birth into a new life might really be in store for her. Mrs. Goddick's hurried letter had been vague enough to serve as foundation for a whole Rhine of castles in the air. Could it be possible that the happiness was hers of not even being Zelda—for she naturally confused the self that was hateful to her with the name it bore?

But as every nerve quivered more and more with excitement, so all the more ready were they to express the discords of a hundred opposing keys. She thirsted for so much that in less than an hour her draught of freedom had palled. The journey grew longer and longer as she felt how; whatever might happen, she could not enjoy the glory of liberty without the curse of solitude. She might throw herself off for half an hour, but the Zelda who was left in London caught up the escaped prisoner long before half the distance to St. Bavons was over.

"What will he think of it?" was still at the bottom of it all; and poor Claudia's phantom sat opposite to her all the time that the train whirled on. *Post equitem sedet atra cura*—the pale face of her rival taunted her with, "You may not be Zelda, you may be Baroness of Waldeck, or Countess of Lisburn: it is I who may be the beggar; but what matters your greatness or my nothingness, if he hates you and if he loves me?" She was out of love with her future countess-ship already. She always expected everything to happen in a moment, and it had brought her nothing but Lord Lisburn. And then the thought of an unknown mother welled up in her and gave her the hope of a nook in her inner life wherein she might find peace and repose when she was outworn with desiring unattainable and unintelligible things.

She passed station after station without regarding their names. A town—indeed, any product of history or civilization—was to her what the primrose was to Peter Bell. This was, in a way, the secret of all her confusions of mind and heart. She, who felt and thought things and feelings without having names for them, had been thrown into a world where thoughts and feelings are regulated by words and names.

One who was less a savage would long ago have found out that she loved, and would have behaved herself according to the traditions that centuries have bound up with and rendered inseparable from the name of love: she only felt miserable when she thought of the apparent impossibility of bringing herself into the same sphere with one man out of all men, and knew no more of the nature of the feeling than the earth is conscious of the nature of the double law that keeps her from and draws her towards her lord the sun. So with her artistic temperament, such as it was—she confused that with her feelings towards Harold Vaughan, and mistook for mere restlessness of soul what any other artist would have recognized and gloried in as a passion for fame and song. So also of the attraction that drew her to St. Bavons, with no suspicion that she was obeying some summons from a madhouse; she was only conscious of a craving for some new element in her barren life, that might chance to transmute at last its confused and incomprehensible materials into the unknown gold of peace and love for which she longed: the very vagueness and mystery of the call rendered it to her that of an oracle, which might not be disobeyed. Might it not, perhaps, by giving her an assured and regular place in the world, teach her what life and the world meant, make her like other people, and enable her to throw down Claudia's lover from his pinnacle, so that his relation towards her might trouble her no more? Next to its bringing them together, she felt, this would be the best thing that could happen, even if, as she half hoped, it did not prove to be the best result of all.

At last came St. Bavons, like the climax of a long dream. She left the train and walked straight out into the streets, as if instinct would guide her to the Old Wharf-Side. She was not surprised—any more than people are surprised in dreams—to find that the buildings and the streets were not unfamiliar to her. It did not even strike her as a strange coincidence—she was not conventional enough to think coincidences unnatural—that she was in the very city to which she had so vaguely directed Lord Lisburn.

Through her veil, which she kept

down, she saw the great church standing in the square surrounded by trees, and then it occurred to her that she must ask her way. Old habit made her shy of accosting a policeman, and timidity from speaking to people in good clothes. She was so self-conscious of being in a familiar place under such strangely new conditions, that she felt as if everybody was staring at her as she walked; as though everybody could recognize the vagrant through her disguise. At last, however, she called up courage enough to address a white-haired, dark-skinned old fellow who was smoking a pipe on a horse-block at the end of a mews. His tawny, wrinkled face and dull black eyes spoke to her of her compatriots of the by-lanes.

"The Old Wharf-Side?" he asked. "I can tell you sure. But if your ladyship's a stranger, I'd warn you there's a better way to the river than by there. I'll show you myself for a trifle," he added, with a beggar's whine: "it'll be a kindness to a poor old man and a blessing's cheap at a halfpenny, that sure your ladyship won't miss—a sweet-faced lady like you."

Zelda's lip curled impatiently. "I don't want to get to the river. I want to get to the Old Wharf-Side. There—there's half a crown for you."

"Sure you're a countess, my lady. 'I'll give you all the blessings I know. Ah, your ladyship wants Queen Margaret, I take it!"

As he spoke, Zelda knew as well as he that his fingers were creeping into the pocket from which she had taken her purse to give him the half crown.

"Your ladyship wants your fortune told? They say she's got so great and so rich she never speaks without a hundred pounds."

"Then I'll thank you to leave me something to give her, you clumsy *Tshor*, that can't put *leskri valasti adre a Rakli's putsi* without her catching you," she added, blushing up to the eyes.

"Swoons! You *rokkeres Romani*? And going to see Rani Margaret? I didn't know that. 'Twas but a joke; but I'm not a clumsy *Tshor*—no one never caught my fingers before. Your ladyship knows the *hokadi* as well as the *lava*: wonderful! I never knew such a thing but once ever since I was born, and that was Queen Margaret herself, if it wasn't the devil—I never set eyes on her since. Are you to be *Bori Rani*, the great queen like her? Did you come over the sea? They say there can't be more than one like her."

"Then if I am to be *Bori Rani*, the great queen, obey me, and don't be a fool. Queen Margaret—has she any other name?"

"You must ask Fly-eyed Jack for that; I've heard her called heaps of things."

"What, Fly-eyed Jack? Aaron?"

"Your ladyship knows everything! Wonderful! Yes, him we call Aaron Sonkayengro—he that used to go about with Bob the Scraper and a girl: like an angel she used to sing, too; many's the time I've heard her round about here. But Fly-eyed Jack were a gentleman—a lot too fine for the likes of me, that am but a travelling tinker, and there's an end. So you're a *Romani Rani*, like Margaret—wonderful!"

"What is your name?" asked Zelda, eagerly.

"I'm of the *Barengri*, that mostly keeps New Forest way. But I come here about once a year: my old woman was out of these parts, and now she's dead and gone, I don't like to give up the old ways, neither where I come nor what I do. I'm *Rom* to the bones, I am."

"Then obey me. You have said it—I am going to Queen Margaret, and may be I too shall be a queen. Take me to the Old Wharf-Side."

He rose, and hobbled on before, through streets in which no one was likely to stare at a lady in company with an old gypsy. An errand of charity would easily account for it.

"There's the house," he said at last.

"Now leave me. But first tell me where you are to be found. I may want you again, and you may find it good for you."

"Your ladyship has but to speak the word—to think I should see the old and the new queen! I'm mostly about the same place now—Wärfield, down Hampshire way: if I'm not here, I'm between that and Marshmead: I'm getting too old now to go far."

"Then there's a whole pound for you. If you want to get another, mind and leave *Pateran*, so that I may know it's yours. Can you make A?" asked Lord Lisburn's pupil, to show her superiority in point of education as well as in costume. "There, make that mark with the twigs at every branch road," she said, making an A with three fingers, "with the point the right way. 'Tis my sign—and betray it to no man—not even to one of the *Rom*. Now go." Commanded with such authority by a girl who dressed like a lady, but talked his own tongue as well as he, and was up to his tricks besides—who was in the confidence of the awful Queen Margaret, and claimed to belong to the same mysterious high and royal caste, could not fail to influence such an Old-World gypsy as the tinker, who being, no doubt, fully awake to the jugglery of the professed witches of his nation, was all the more likely to be impressed by the claims of a witch in satin. A woman who gave herself such airs to one of her own people, and who gave away gold coins, must be a witch indeed. He took off his cap like a courtier, and walked off obediently and without a word.

The lane was, as usual, deserted by all life save that of gnats and flies, when Zelda, with a beating heart, tapped softly at the door. She could not ring or knock, for there was no bell, and the knocker had been removed. She tapped again, this time with the handle of her parasol: but no one came, even though she waited a good quarter of an hour. This was an end to her journey she had not bargained for, and her patience failed. She noticed that the ground-floor window looked into the street, so she left the door and timidly looked in. All she saw was emptiness—a sight that, under such circumstances, is a fountain of fear. There was nothing but a bare floor, four bare walls, a corner cupboard, and a grate choked up with white wood-ashes. Not knowing what to do, and drawn on by her very fear, she as usual followed impulse: she tried the window, and it gave, so that it gave her a direct invitation to enter by the window, since the door was closed. Indeed she could remain where she was no longer: she caught sight of a man's figure at the end of the lane, and she did not wish to be seen. So, being as active as Aaron himself in getting in and out of windows, she threw up the sash, and clambered lightly over the sill.

But this was only half an entry, and she passed on into the gloomy entrance, where she had to choose whether she would follow the passage or go up the stairs. She listened, and thought she heard a sound not up stairs but down—so she went towards the back of the house on tip-toe. Half a minute brought her to the head of the stone steps that led down to the cellar: and here she was more than ever sure that she heard a human sound, as of footsteps plashing through water. Down she crept, noiselessly: something told her that she was entering the very shrine of the oracle where all things were to be revealed.

It was light enough to see—at least for eyes that were gifted with something of the cat's faculty. What she saw was, first of all, the stagnant pool. Carrying her eyes forward, she saw an open door, and just beyond this a woman kneeling by a large chest, with her head buried in her hands. This however did not account for the sound she had heard, and that had guided her into this underground den.

She looked yet more closely, and then she saw a second figure, creeping through the pond along its edge close to the wall. Its back was towards her, but she could see that it was a man, whose crawling strides were snake-like in their significance. If she had been in a dream before, she was now suffering from nightmare: she felt an overwhelming impulse to cry out, but her tongue was tied.

At last the man came between her

and the kneeling woman; and then she saw that it was Aaron. As well as if her professed gift of second sight were real, she knew that something terrible was at hand—and then she did cry out—or rather thought she cried out, for, though her throat contracted and her lips moved, not a sound came. How was it possible, before such a sight? Aaron—for it was surely he—raised a bar: she heard a blow and cry, and then the sight of murder brought her whole heart into her throat, and she shrieked aloud.

But it was not the shriek that comes before a swoon—it was not even the cry of fear. She was horror-struck, but without a moment's thought she splashed into the water, waded through, and reached the form that lay head downward along the stone steps on the other side. She raised the bleeding head, and her touch opened the dying eyes. The Cornflower's story at last was over—she had died at her post, guarding a chest of brick-bats for a child who came at last only to hear her last sigh of "Marietta."

If I dared, I would say that her life was vain and barren—miserable at the beginning, hideous throughout, and cruel torment at the end. But I think if it is lawful to translate such dying visions as men and women have seen, but have never told, that the one last conscious moment made amends for all—that the lesson of her life was learned, and that the coiling serpent of her noontide visions threw off his scales and stood revealed as justice—that is to say, as mercy in disguise. The girl who had fancied that the stars were made of gold, the woman who worshipped pure and repentant love in the form of a golden idol in a golden shrine, the sinner who thought that expiation might be bought with gold, needed the lesson that even self-devotion may sometimes be thrown away; that her merits lay not in any result of her self-indicted sufferings, but in her sufferings themselves: that, to be of full avail, they alone were her true expiation, and they alone their own whole end and reward. But might she not have learned all this and lived? Impossible—for hers was the blindness of life, which needs death to tear away the veil. If she had lived, how could she have consoled herself for her waste of years? Dying, there was no need to be consoled; the final moment could contain nothing more than Marietta and Marietta's child. After such a blow to the life of her life, it was more than enough to die in the arms of her she had lived for: it was forgiveness, and peace, and sleep.

It may be that she saw none of these things; dying, as well as death, has its mystery. But I cannot hold that even so much as a Cornweed can be planted for the sole purpose of

being nothing. In her last utterance of "Marietta" she seemed, at least, to clutch at the true key wherewith to open a better shrine. A certain Rabbi taught that *Mors redimit à peccatis*: Death redeems from life's errors, and opens the eyes of blind souls. For the rest, let those who will hold that blindness needs any other redemption. The Cornflower was true to her light from the beginning to the end, though juries would have called her a thief and the curate of St. Catherine's called her a heathen.

Zelda knew no definition of moral or legal murder; the sacredness of human life was not within the scope of her education. She had never seen death before, nor could she realize the distinction between death by nature and death by violence. She was no less bewildered than horrified; she looked from the dead face that, instead of being distorted by the heavy blow, had been rendered tranquil with an everlasting calm, into the hideous face that glared above her with brutal terror. He thought he looked on the spirit that comes to avenge murders and to carry off dead souls; he had not nerve enough to strike another blow, and his bar fell with a clang to the ground.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX. EVERY INCH A DUKE.

NOTHING could be more delightful than the Duke of Courthope's manners when his Grace was well pleased. He had set his heart on the purchase of the Gripwell estate, which lay on the borders of a part of his property which he never visited; and now his desire was about to be fulfilled, his satisfaction knew no bounds. It is not every man who could cloak his impression, under the perilous weight of secrets that hung over his Grace. Bearing a title that was not his, he knew that he was in two ways an usurper of all he saw around him. First, he was not the son of the late duke and duchess; and, secondly, the late duchess was no duchess at all, seeing that her husband had been clandestinely married to a woman whose child might at any moment arise and turn the present occupant with disgrace out of name and homestead. In addition to all this, his Grace had himself, in imitation of the paternal example, married privately and begotten children, who, if not legitimate according to English law, might yet come forward, on the strength of their mother's Catholic marriage certificate, and make young Lord Kingsgear's life a burden and a reproach to him. Such thoughts

might well have scared a humbler mortal out of all manhood, and made him tread the avenues of Beaumanoir as if there were man-traps there. But not so with the duke; who never appeared so happy as when employing his sagacity to avoid the pitfalls which everywhere beset him. His affectionate kindness to his son, from whom he was about to extort a mean advantage, was almost touching, and his courtly, rather old-fashioned politeness to his friend Lady Overlaw might have served for a model of refinement and high breeding, so delicately was the tender regard of relationship, and more intimate connection, mingled with the chivalrous respect due to a lady high descended from nobles and knights. There are few such gentlemen now left in England as the Duke of Courthope; he was a nobleman of the best type, the very porcelain of human clay. He dressed, spoke, looked like a duke, and could have hardly filled any other place in the scale of creation than that of a duke. He really and truly could not say three words or bow to an acquaintance in the street, or write a letter, or do the smallest thing like a common person. The accent of his voice was ducal; he spoke in a loud, clear, commanding manner, generally in a high-pitched, breezy tone, as if far above opposition or remonstrance. If he had not been a duke such a mode of speech would have been astounding and ridiculous. In his case it was merely characteristic, and not unbecoming. It was hardly possible he could have addressed an unknown cabman or a shopman in that manner, for they infallibly would, and must have laughed in his face; but he had little to do with such people. He very rarely entered a shop where he was not known, or came at all in contact with the outside vulgar. He had his place distinctly marked and defined in the modern life of England. It was quite true that his letters were different to the letters of other people; but then a peculiar kind of paper of a yellow color, with gilt edges, and as thick and smooth as parchment, was made expressly for him, and stamped with the words "Courthope House," or "Beaumanoir," or with the name of any other of his palaces, to which a supply was sent when wanted. Of course, nobody else had such paper, or could use it. If his clothes were different to the clothes of common people, it was that his tailor, a sublime magnate, who lived in Hanover Square, had special patterns made for him, and furnished them to no one else till he had ceased to wear them. A very august sort of tailor this, who had not more than three scores of customers, and would have nothing to do with the mere ruck of petty princes and small peers. If the Duke of Courthope's personal ornaments were not jingling and offensive like those of Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, it was that they harmonized

perfectly with his dress, and that their glitter was sobered by age and interest. Everything he wore had some historical association connected with his family, and was an heirloom which could not be bought. Among them was an opal which gave back a thousand gorgeous colors to the light as softly as an ancient cathedral window, and was known in catalogues of famous gems as "the talisman," because tradition averred it had saved the life of Richard Plantagenet (him of the lion heart) from poison, by paling and growing dim when it touched a poisoned chalice. There was a brilliant of the purest water, which Queen Elizabeth had presented to Philip Wyldwyl, Earl Revel, after the defeat of the Armada, and the courtier had gallantly caused it to be engraven with a rose, as an emblem of the Maiden Majesty of England. There was an antique chain of gold of Florence workmanship, which Charles I. had unsung from his own neck when Sir Harry Wyldwyl, first Lord Courthope, had held the King's stirrup after the victory of Cropredy Bridge, on the famous 29th of June, 1644. There was a turquoise marked with cabalistic characters, and of the deepest blue of the old rocks, which General Wyldwyl had wrenched with his own hand from the swarthy neck of Tippoo Sahib at the storming of Seringapatam. In the evening he put on the star and ribbon of the Garter, with the star of the Hanoverian Guelphic order. These were the adornments which the splendid noble wore as other Dukes of Courthope had worn them before him. They were things which could not be purchased or imitated.

All the remainder of the week of his interview with Mr. Sharpe the duke charmed every one around him. He entered with serene good nature into his son's pursuits, and asked, with a certain deference towards the young man, as though he were anxious to learn something new, what was the use of a turning lathe, and a vice. He examined the mechanical and scientific appliances of his son's workshop, indeed, much as he would have examined a tomahawk or a boomerang, and was utterly unable even to commit their names to memory. He had never before inspected with attention or heard of anything useful, and now the sight and sound of objects which his son averred could be turned to some purpose, seemed to come upon him with all the effect of a pleasant surprise.

"Ah," said his Grace, with a creditable attempt to master a subject so dear to his son's mind. "Bessemer's Co. prepares iron in a different way from the puddling process. Most interesting. Explain it again to Lady Overlaw, Kinsgear. It is most important to the trade and commercial interests of this country; and," added the duke grandly, "I give your

ladyship my word that I had not the smallest idea cast-iron was made of arsenic—or arsenic of cast-iron? which is it, Kinsgear? Ah! of course; cast-iron is one of the ingredients of arsenic, and I can no longer wonder that persons in the lower classes destroy themselves by eating it."

And the young man, mystified, but pleased, told all he knew, and more, of locks and the metals of which they are made; his father and Lady Overlaw listening to him with so much attention, that he rose greatly in his own esteem. It was, indeed, the first time his father had ever admitted him to an equality, and now all at once it seemed as if he were the greater man of the two, and his advice was asked about everything. Lady Overlaw actually solicited, with exquisite tact, his opinion about a new dinner dress, and begged him to help her design a costume for a masked ball she meant to give some day, as a novelty in London entertainments. The most edifying event of the week, however, was the solemn procession of the whole party staying at the Castle to Beaumanoir Church, where the Duke of Courthope behaved in a most exemplary manner, and pronounced the responses in his grandest voice, that every one might be convinced of the perfect propriety and orthodoxy of his religious convictions. His Grace was so good also as to explain to his son, that it was generally thought a prudent and respectable thing to go to church in the country, and that noblemen of their rank could not decently avoid doing so. Then, as they walked homewards through the park, the duke entered upon other confidential discourse with his heir; praised himself for the improvements he had made in the property, extolled the value of land as an investment, because it was constantly rising in value, and the increased income derived from it kept pace with the growing cost of maintaining a nobleman's establishment. His Grace went into the minutest details of his affairs, explained that his expenses at Beaumanoir were just a thousand pounds a month, and that he always paid ready money for everything; which was quite true; but he did not explain how he got the ready money till Lord Kinsgear's attention was almost bewildered with the number of new notions introduced to it. It was on Tuesday morning only that his Grace touched on this subject, and then very briefly. Taking his son's arm affectionately, he leant upon it, as though he were beginning to require some support, and thus gently led or guided the young man into the library.

Lady Overlaw watched the pair as they retreated, and, being a woman of warm heart and impulsive nature, stood for a moment with her pretty face reflected with a flush on it in the looking-glass. She liked young Kinsgear as most people did, and felt a

generous woman's pity for the honest, confiding boy who was being made the dupe of unworthy intrigues. For a moment her lips quivered and she brushed her handkerchief with just a slight tremor over her blue eyes, but it was only an instant's emotion: "After all, it's no business of mine," she exclaimed, excitedly. "I suppose every one does the best he can for himself in these times." And she betook herself, with the philosophy of sensitive ladies, to her piano.

The duke, meantime, leading his son into his study, walked towards the letters, which lay spread out in dozens upon a massive library table; for every nobleman nowadays is pelted day and night by missives hurled through the post. He glanced at them and took in the nature of their contents in an instant. There was nothing of consequence. A dozen hopes deferred waiting till a dozen hearts sickened. Half a dozen applications for government appointments through his Grace's influence or patronage. Petitions from clergymen for vacant livings. Here a poor relation's hungry appeal; there a woman's prayer—neither worth answering; with the usual rabble round of invitations, thanks, excuses, circulars, and letters on business, which would do itself if left alone far better than it could be done by doing it.

"By the way," said his Grace, carelessly taking up a note full of ingenious flatteries from an ardent Whig, who was fishing for an invitation to Beaumanoir, that he might advertise himself as a man of fashion in the *Morning Post*,—"by the way, Kinsgear, you can do me a great kindness this morning, if you are not otherwise engaged. I have to see the agent of our Irish estates, and he would hardly amuse you."

"I am ready for anything," replied the young man, "as long as my leave lasts. I have still three days more."

"The Horse Guards will grant an extension, I suppose?" asked his father, who knew very well that the military authorities would do anything which they were ordered to do by his own intimate friend the commander-in-chief.

"I do not like to ask for more leave," answered the conscientious officer. "The other fellows don't like it, and they cry out about favoritism."

"You don't care about that," remarked his Grace, in his most magnificent way. "You cannot remain to all eternity in barracks. I shall ask Lord George to appoint you on his staff when he comes home for the command in Ireland next year. However, as you are not engaged, please take these papers for me to Mr. Skipworth Sharpe. You will find him at his office in London, and he will hand you the purchase money of the Gripwell lands, which I am glad to say I have secured, after a good deal of

anxiety, and they will be to-morrow a part of the estates which will one day be yours."

"I will go at once," said Lord Kinsgear. "I can order the dog-cart now, and catch the first train."

"Won't you have out the drag?" inquired the duke, loftily. "The bay team wants exercise, and it's four longish miles through the park."

"The dog-cart will go quickest, if you want me to set off at once," said the more practical young man.

"As you like," replied his magnificent father. "Just put your name at the bottom of these papers, merely as a matter of form. You will see I have signed them myself, and so has Lord George Wyldwyl, who is of course interested in so important a purchase."

"I did not know the Indian mail was in," said Lord Kinsgear. "Is there any letter from Amabel?"

"These papers came by the last mail," said the duke.

The steward and the butler were called in to witness Lord Kinsgear's signature: the young man affixed it to the papers without reading them, in a stiff, scrawly, youthful hand, and went upon his errand.

(To be continued.)

A FRENCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

It would be impossible in a few lines to give any adequate notion of a great system of education in any country. But before describing a visit to a Parisian school, a very slight mention of the whole subject may be useful. Education in France, for the higher classes of society, is carried out somewhat in the following manner. The head of all education is the Minister of Public Instruction, who is aided in his duties by a Council of Public Instruction; then follow certain subordinate councils, known respectively as the Academic Councils and Departmental Councils. The educating of the people thus forms one great state department, entirely taken out of the hands of private persons; each individual concerned with it, from the lowest usher to the most learned professor, is a government official, responsible, through various subordinate stages, to the chief minister. The institutions by which the work of teaching is carried out are *Lycées* and Communal Colleges: the two differ but little, except that the teaching in the colleges does not reach so high a grade as that of the *Lycées*. There are also a few private institutions, usually in the hands of some religious body, such as the Jesuits' school at Vaugirard; but even here, the course of instruction follows much the same track as in the actual state schools; many of the same professors are employed; and being subject to state inspection, and certain other official requirements, they are really semi-governmental institutions. In the city of Paris there are six great ancient and celebrated *Lycées*: Louis le Grand, Napoléon, S. Louis, Charlemagne, Bonaparte, and Bourbon; and two colleges, Stanislas and Rollin. At these, with the exception of Charlemagne and Bonaparte, the pupils are either *externes* or *internes*, who are subdivided into *pensionnaires* and *demi-pensionnaires*; the latter being boarders who do not sleep in the *Lycée*, but, in all other respects, are like *pensionnaires* and *externes*, who come simply for the lectures, and live and receive tuition more comfortably and under more parental supervision at some of the numerous boarding-houses which are to be found in the neighborhood of the *Lycées*. The staff of a *Lycée* is twofold, administrative and tutorial. The first comprises the *proviseur* — who is the chief manager — the *censeur*, and the *économ*e, or steward. Their duties are entirely confined to the general management and supervision of the school in all except educational matters. The tutorial part contains, firstly, the professors or lecturers, and *professeurs titulaires*, who are assistant-lecturers and tutors. Neither of these have any other duties than to teach; and in order to attain one of these posts, they must have passed an examination in the subjects and manner of teaching, and have attained the age of twenty-five. Among them are many distinguished literary and scientific men,

whom the outer world knows not as lecturers at a Paris *Lycée*, but as authors and savants of European fame. Under them are the *maîtres d'étude*, or ushers, who act as ever-watchful guardians of the boys, old and young, by night and day, in school-hours, and in play-time, but who take no part whatever in the duty of teaching. There are also two chaplains, who perform the services, and lecture twice a week; but those boys who do not belong to the Roman Catholic religion are allowed to receive instruction from ministers of their own denomination; difficulties on religious points do not seem to be one of the educational stumbling-blocks of France.

Suppose we take now the *Lycée* Louis le Grand; it will show very clearly the general working of secondary public instruction in France; and a short description of the building and arrangements, as I saw them on a somewhat gloomy February morning, will make the account more vivid. The *Lycée* Louis le Grand stands in the centre of the scholastic part of Paris: on every side is something to remind the stranger that he has quitted the gay for the grave; the streets are known as the Rue de l'École de Médecine, Rue Laplace, and by other names, each savoring of learning. The *Lycée* itself faces the narrow, ill-paved Rue S. Jacques, and externally differs much from the fresh-looking *Lycée* S. Louis, half-way up the Boulevard S. Michel. It still remains, however, the largest of all the Parisian schools, containing about one thousand scholars, and continues as famous and well conducted as when it was the Jesuit school of Clermont, and Louis le Grand visiting it, and exclaiming, "C'est mon collège," the next morning saw, with Jesuitical tact, the words engraved on the stone front, "Louis le Grand."

Let us suppose, then, that any boy — we will call him Louis Delorme — has reached the age of seven, and that his parents have determined that he shall go through the whole course of the *Lycée*. He enters, and is forthwith placed in the lowest class of the division "Élémentaire," the *classe préparatoire*; from thence, he proceeds into the eighth and seventh, and is then transferred into the sixth class, the lowest of the next division, that of "Grammaire," but not until he has passed a satisfactory examination in what he has been taught since he entered the school. He now quickly passes through the sixth, seventh, and eighth classes; and we hope to find him, at the age of fourteen, fit, if he likes, to go upwards into the "Division Supérieure," and continue his studies, or to be turned out into the world sufficiently learned to pursue a mercantile career. In France, as in England, this is supposed to require less culture and more years of practice than any other profession, though it sounds almost a truism to say that those whose daily avocations do not lead them towards literature or science, and the tastes which they induce, are those who most need their refining effects in leisure hours or later life.

Young Louis has then thoroughly learnt, or is supposed to have done so, the subjects given in the prospectus, which now lies before me, and from which the following extract is taken: "In the first two divisions, the subjects of study are — Reading, Writing, and the recitation of select extracts; the elements of French, Latin, and Greek Grammar explained by authors from each language; Sacred and Ancient History, and that of France; Geography, the elements of Arithmetic, and a little Geometry; Drawing from nature, and Lineal Drawing; together with Vocal Music and a course of Gymnastics. The study of modern languages begins in the first classes, and goes on regularly to the sixth, by means of a practical teaching, so that at the end of his course of study a pupil will know perfectly whatever language he may have chosen. It is even possible for quick and hard-working boys to carry away with them an accurate acquaintance both of German and English."

Again another examination, and our young friend is safely in this highest division, and passes with credit through the third and second classes, through those of rhetoric and philosophy, where he has had opportunities of learning, in addition to the subjects already mentioned, but in a more advanced form, philosophy, mathematical

sciences, chemistry, and natural history. Being a hard-working and clever boy, he has at the earliest period possible, when he left the class of philosophy, taken both the degrees of Baccalauréat ès Lettres and ès Sciences, degrees quite equal to those of a "passman" at an English university. He is now twenty years old, and has any liberal career open to him.

But the whole of this regular course was not obligatory, for, had he so wished, he might, after a certain period, have taken up one special subject, with a view to some particular profession. This would have fitted him to enter the Military School of S. Cyr, the École Forestière, or any one of the special colleges which are attached to most of the professions in any way under the control of the state. The cost of this education is both directly and indirectly cheaper than in England—directly, because the charges are very small; indirectly, because the teaching is far superior as a whole to the best which we can obtain here; and indirectly also from the fact, that the boys have no opportunities of spending money in expensive amusements or luxuries, which, though perhaps hardly expenses—yet add considerably to the cost of a school education, such as boating or cricket clothes, fittings of studies, and the thousand and one odds and ends which any parent can easily call to mind.

A pensionnaire in the elementary division pays—and this is inclusive of board, lodging, tuition, class-books, stationery, and gymnastic lessons—the sum of one thousand francs (forty pounds) per annum; in the next division, twelve hundred francs (forty-eight pounds); in the next, fourteen hundred francs (fifty-six pounds); and if he studies special mathematics, fifteen hundred francs (sixty pounds)—all these charges being, I need hardly say, regulated by the state. The charge for the externes is extremely small; for instance, by a recent decree (August 10, 1872), to take the highest and lowest divisions only, the sum payable is only four hundred and fifty francs (eighteen pounds) and two hundred and seventy francs in round numbers (eleven pounds); and again I repeat, this education is not only cheap, but good; and though, as I shall presently show, we may congratulate ourselves upon the superiority of our school arrangements as regards the social condition of the boys, yet, from an educational point of view, our system of teaching can scarcely be considered equal to that of France.

There are yet, however, some extras. On entering the Lycée, a scholar pays a lump sum of ten francs to the library, which he can then use during the whole of his stay; then there are music, fencing, dancing, riding, which includes both *leçons au manège* and promenade; divisions and lessons at which an English school-boy would be apt to laugh exceedingly, associating as he does riding and learning to ride with rough ponies and "meets" with the hounds. Lastly, comes swimming, and, as a matter of fact, every boy becomes an adept in this art before he leaves school. Etonians and Radleians alone, of all the mass of English schoolboys, learn it regularly. It would be well were it introduced into every school in England; but, as long as we continue, with a strange neglect of natural opportunities, not to utilize the rivers which flow past our doors in a decent manner—as is done by means of open baths on the Continent—we shall never get swimming taught in schools where it would be necessary first to construct baths at a considerable cost. These are all the extras of any moment.

I will now go on to describe my visit, which will afford me an opportunity of adding any particulars which I learnt of the social state of the boys. But, firstly, this fact ought to be mentioned, for it is both important and difficult for us to understand, who are accustomed to see a boy's position in the school regulated by his powers and application to work. For all what may be termed social purposes, such as preparing lessons, playing, eating, sleeping, there are entirely separate divisions, according to the ages of the boys. Such a system as this must tend to produce a deadening effect on the work of the Lycée, by giving to prominence in studies no other reward than the frequently

inefficient one, to young minds, of accumulating a stock of learning, and the benefit derived from an exercise of the mind. These divisions are four in number: the first comprises boys from sixteen to twenty years of age; the second, from fourteen to sixteen; the third, from twelve to fourteen; and the fourth, or Petit Collège, from seven to fourteen.

Passing from the dirty, ill-paved Rue S. Jacques, through a small side-door, to the concierge, I was first of all shown the *parloirs*, dull salons with a great number of chairs, and a single stove, which seemed, on this cold February day, to impart a still more comfortless air to the room. Here the pupils receive the visits of their parents when they care to visit them, or when they are desirous of finding out the progress their sons are making, by examining the weekly notes of the professors. Should, however, the boys be country lads, and far from home, it is here that they can see the "accredited correspondents" who stand to them, and also to the Lycée, for the time being, in the place of their parents. For there is a rule that every boy whose home is far from Paris must have some one in the town to represent the father, to whose house he can go when a *sortie* is given, and he is permitted to visit the outside world as a reward for good conduct, or upon the written application of a relation.

One of the few pleasures of a schoolboy in Paris is to wander with an old companion, now in the army, or at the École Normale, up and down the Champs-Élysées; or cultivate his theatrical taste by a comedy at the Français, or an operetta with lively music and low morality at the Variétés or Gaité. Go to any theatre during the *Jours des Gras*, for instance, and you cannot fail to notice these boys, old and young, eagerly appreciating every point: dressed in their military-looking uniforms, blue tunics, and gilt buttons, and the regular army cap, giving to little boys of ten and fifteen an appearance of premature age, which their sharp features and general demeanor tend to increase.

But to continue with the building. It consists of five or six blocks, separated by square court-yards or playgrounds; on one side of these is a species of verandah for exercise on rainy days; but from the centre of each yard nothing is to be seen but walls, windows, and sky. The buildings, again, are neither cheerful nor remarkably clean. Indeed, were I to compare a French Lycée and a large and first-rate English prison, I should most certainly, as regards cleanliness and cheerfulness at any rate, give the palm to Kirkdale or Salford Jail, rather than to the Lycée Impérial Louis le Grand. In the court-yards, boys were playing without any appearance of great spirit or delight; they have three hours each day for amusement, but only one hour at a time. Their games are generally some kind of ball, but I think they do not possess racket, tennis, or fives' courts, in which to cultivate any difficult or scientific game of this sort. A maître d'étude was standing watching the boys with a gloominess which would not have been unfitting to the Eugene Aram of Hood's poem; and I could not fail to notice generally that those whom I happened to see did not give me the impression of being blessed with a great spirit of cheerfulness. In one or two instances, they did not seem to be treated with much respect; one, indeed, was being unmistakably "chaffed;" nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that neither intellectual nor moral guarantees of fitness are required.

Though—to return again to the subject of physical exercise—these three hours may seem but small, it must not be forgotten that swimming, fencing, and gymnastics form part of the school-course; but still, from the very fact of their forming part of the regular studies, much of their benefit is lost. The reaction of freedom consists quite as much in the spirit in which such exercises are carried out, as in the actual exercises, as in the mere developing of a boy's biceps with a dumb-bell, or of his eye by the quickness with which he uses his foil. In France, as in England smoking among schoolboys is strictly forbidden. Yet here, as there, the strange fascination of a pipe or cigar is all-powerful, and boys do smoke to a considerable extent.

Next in order come the *salles de lecture*, or class-rooms,

long low rooms, very like a national school in England, with forms for pupils, and a raised desk on one side for the master. Then, through some cold passages and up some still colder stone stairs, I reached a mess-room, with tables laid out for dinner; at one end was a sort of pantry. The whole was barely furnished. Indeed, Mr. Froude, with all his love of academic simplicity, could not have wished for anything in greater contrast to the luxury of the age and of the city of which this was the greatest school, than the whole of the arrangements of the Lycée. By the side of each plate, however, stood a silver goblet, which is supplied by the parents when the boys enter. There are three meals—breakfast, dinner, and supper. Breakfast consists of bread and soup, one day in the week of bread and coffee; dinner, of soup, meat, and dessert—the last, of course, being an unusually large term in France, and consisting of something more than almonds and raisins; and supper is like breakfast. No Etonian luxuries are allowed.

Thence my guide led me to the second floor. Facing each other were two rooms: one on the left for preparing lessons and for general school purposes; the opposite one is a dormitory. Small curtainless iron bedsteads run down each side, perhaps thirty in number; at one end is a larger and more pretentious-looking couch; in this the *maitre d'étude* sleeps. In the centre was what I almost at first thought was a metal fountain, about two feet and a half in height, with a centre-piece, and festooned with towels; it was the only lavatory; and to it there is a rush in the morning, a hasty dabbling of hands and face, and the pupils have washed. They rise at half-past seven o'clock, and go to bed at eight. Finally, I visited the *cabinets de musique*. There was a narrow passage, on each side a number of cells, in each cell a piano. In here a single pupil is turned, and his progress can be watched through a peep-hole in the door, with occasional visits and explanations from the master. It did not seem to differ much in cheerfulness from the occupation of oakum-picking. And with this last specimen of French education my visit ended.

It is often said that the boy is father of the man, a maxim which, carefully noted, is in the majority of cases true. It is impossible, therefore, to believe that such a system as I have tried to sketch can graft in boys any spirit of independence, self-reliance, or thoughtfulness on general matters. It can only tend to depress the individuality of each boy, and to turn him out into the world, well equipped in the barest intellectual sense, but morally and socially a child; and to increase national characteristics which have been the nation's bane for centuries. The whole idea running through French education is the cultivation of the purely intellectual faculties, and the suppression of all else to gain this end. Perhaps we in England, on the other hand, are a little inclined to run to the opposite extreme, and to set too much value on what is gained socially, morally, and physically from schoolboy freedom, management of one another, and what may be termed general self-government.

ALGER S'AMUSE.

THE Arab has none of our civilized amusements. He has no alcoholic drinks wherewith to intoxicate himself; no theatres or music halls, with their gorgeous ballets and *prime donne*, their comic singers and wonderful acrobats; no dancing saloons where toes are pointed towards the ceiling, and limbs made to take unnatural positions in the wild oscillations of a *can-can*. But in lieu of these he has the Moorish café, which, with the exception of his home, and feasts and festivals given to celebrate a marriage or the circumcision of a child, is his only diversion.

Although it seems evident that the Moorish café was introduced into northern Africa during the Turkish domination, there are no cafés in Algiers at the present day which bear any resemblance to those in Turkey. In Constantinople and its neighborhood, for example, they are generally elegant buildings, erected on picturesque sites, with trees,

clusters of jasmine, and immense vines to shade them from the piercing rays of the sun. In the interior are fountains spurring forth streams of perfumed water into elegant sculptured marble basins, surrounded by flowers, while along the sides of the room and in the centre are benches, sofas, and divans covered with costly Smyrna carpets. These establishments are dear to the Turks, who are the only people who really understand the enjoyment of what is termed *kief*—a Turkish word which represents an indispensable feature of Oriental life.

Kief means, firstly, to do nothing more fatiguing than to lie down upon cushions, smoking a hookah or a chibouk filled with the finest tobacco, which a young Arab lights with a piece of perfumed tinder; then to sip coffee drop by drop, or violet, orange, or rose sherbets, and to listen to that peculiar music which, although dull and monotonous to us Europeans, is delicious to an Oriental ear. Add to this a beautiful site, which is indispensable, a warm atmosphere, inspiring people with an inclination for repose, shady trees, and, above all, water—if only a corner of the Bosphorus in the distance—and you will have the principal elements of *kief*.

Previous to the French invasion it is likely enough that the inhabitants of Algiers also understood the meaning of *kief*, but at the present day their conception of that pleasure differs widely from that of the Turks. In Algiers there are none of those luxurious retreats to dose away the hours of which Turkey boasts. The poor man's idea of *kief* is grovelling in the dust of a public thoroughfare, or sleeping enveloped in his burnous beneath a clump of trees; while, although the well-to-do Mussulman has his café, one looks around it in vain for the marble fountains with perfumed water and fragrant flowers, the divans, the sofas, and Smyrna carpets—for the Moorish café has none of these. It generally consists of a deep shop, having a broad wooden ledge—which is placed there in lieu of a divan—standing out from the wall, and extending round the room. At the end is a brickwork stove, faced with encaustic tiles—very similar to what would be found in the kitchen of most French houses—in which four or five fires can be lighted at once, and as many utensils made to boil at the same time. The walls are whitewashed and completely bare, with the exception of a couple of stringed instruments and a *tarbouka* or drum hanging in a corner, and the benches are only covered at intervals with plaited grass mats, which of an afternoon in summer are often dragged outside into the street.

Business at the Moorish café begins with the markets, and although coffee is the only beverage which is sold there, it rarely lacks custom throughout the day. The Moor and the Arab have no "hour of absinthe," and no stated times for taking their coffee. If after the market they happen to have nothing to do, the chances are that they will remain seated, squatted, or lying upon the wooden benches for the entire day, during which they will only have absented themselves to pay a casual visit to their homes, and perhaps to administer corporal punishment to one or more of their wives. Those who have business to attend to will go to the café three or four times a day, either to terminate a bargain, to meet a friend, or simply to smoke a pipe, and lounge.

To obtain a good view of a Moorish café at Algiers in the daytime, four o'clock is the best hour to visit it. The sun is then sinking rapidly towards the sea, and the day will soon be on the wane. The intense heat which has kept people indoors or sauntering about the arcades and bazaars since an hour before noon has been succeeded by a deliciously cool atmosphere, which is rendered even more agreeable by the watering of the roads. Business is at an end. What were a few minutes ago comparatively deserted streets are now crowded with pedestrians and vehicles; you might almost think that the entire population of Algiers was out of doors, so thronged are its principal thoroughfares. Almost every one looks clean. The Europeans have laid aside their white suits and muslin veils, they have changed their shirts, and attired in woollen garments—for the evenings, even in the height of summer,

are invariably chilly — are hurrying to the bathing establishments beside the sea, or to the cafés overlooking the port. The Moors stroll through the streets in fine white linen breeches, with white woollen burnouses hanging from their shoulders; and even many of the Arabs present a more cleanly appearance than at any other time in the day.

Ascending the steep hill in the direction of the Kasbah, any of the streets will lead us to a native café, which at a distance looks like the entrance to a passage conducting to a yard. On one side of the doorway is a rickety table supporting a vase or two of flowers, and a glass globe filled with gold fish, and encircled with long strings of orange blossoms or jasmine, which are threaded by the Moorish women for the purpose of adorning their hair. Several customers are seated upon mats outside — some surrounding an aged man, perhaps a Marabout or a wealthy merchant of the neighborhood, who sits cross-legged, smoking his pipe, and from time to time makes an observation, to which his auditors appear to listen with the greatest respect; others, with their backs against the wall and their knees near their chins, contemplate a group lounging in various attitudes round a draught board, which differs from ours inasmuch as the squares are raised and sunk instead of being black and white, while the draughts have the form of towers and pawns of the game of chess.

Picking our way through the little crowd outside, we enter a long room, and are struck by the contrast between it and the French café, but not so much on account of the simplicity of the interior as from the kind of life within. As one passes through the doorway no jingle of dominoes, no sound of billiard balls striking together, no clinking of glasses, no hubbub of voices, no triumphal cries of the man with a good hand at *piquet* greet the ear. There are no waiters in clean white aprons and short black jackets, moving with extraordinary nimbleness and rapidity among small marble tables, no *dame de comptoir* seated sedately behind a rosewood tribune; but in lieu of these, quietness and peacefulness reign over everything. At the end of the room the *Kahouadji* or master, who is generally a Moor or a Kouloughis, is standing before his stove, where water is always on the bubble and coffee continually simmering. As the water boils he places five or six teaspoonfuls of coffee into a tin pot containing about two tumblers of water, and carefully removes the scum as it rises to the top; after allowing it to simmer for a few seconds he pours the coffee several times from one pot to another, reminding one of an American preparing a brandy-cocktail, and finally empties it into small cups — sometimes fitting into metal stands resembling egg-cups, but more frequently being ordinary European coffee-cups — which the *thefel* or waiter hands round to the customers.

In some cafés the coffee is roasted daily and pounded on the premises, as it is generally considered that it gradually loses its flavor when once cooked, but there are also shops where the process of crushing is carried on as a trade. In these establishments you see bent over a long stone trough, resembling a manger, three or four half naked men, who stand there from morn till sundown, with a rest of about a couple of hours in the middle of the day, crushing the coffee with a huge iron pestle. The Arabs never mix milk with their coffee; they take it lukewarm, and sip it, stopping from time to time to draw a whiff of smoke from their pipes, or to make an observation to a neighbor.

On the wooden benches surrounding the room the Moors and Arabs are seated with their legs dangling towards the ground, squatted on their hams, cross-legged like tailors, or reclining in different positions. Some are playing at cards, which are not only of Spanish manufacture, but go by Spanish names; for instance, they call the suits, *oros*, *copas*, *espartos*, *bastos*, the Court cards *ray*, *dama*, *sota*, and the others *suartro*, *cinco*, *seis*, etc., according to their numerical order. This peculiarity, which surprises one at first, is abundantly explained by the intercourse which has always existed between the two countries, and the fact of a considerable number of Algerian Moors having come from Andalusia. In another part of the café a group will

perhaps be collected round the *rawi* or story-teller, listening to some marvellous story similar to a tale in "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in which the words *gal*, *galel*, *galon* (he, she, or it has said), *gal-fil-matsal* (it is related in the story) continually strike the ear.

Running about the room is the *thefel*, generally a youth, now carrying a cup of coffee, now returning to fetch a piece of burning charcoal, and hastening away with it again between a pair of small tongs to light a pipe or a cigarette. One observes a group of men seated together in an obscure corner, among whom a long cherry-stemmed pipe continually passes from one to another; each in his turn places the mouth-piece to his lips, and after taking as many whiffs as he seems to care for hands the pipe to his neighbor. Some eagerly stretch out their hands to receive it, and after retaining it for a few seconds, blow large clouds of smoke from their mouths and nostrils; others take the proffered *chibouck* in an indolent manner, and just press it to their lips, while others, again, overcome by languor, fall asleep before their turn arrives. It is plain to any one who takes the trouble to watch these men for a few minutes that the pleasure of listening to the *rawi*, of playing cards and draughts, or of sipping small cups of coffee, is not the sole enjoyment to be obtained at the Moorish café.

People can also intoxicate themselves there, and that without sinning against the Koran, which formally interdicts the use of fermented liquors. To attain this state of quiet drunkenness, which is another and perhaps the only real kind of *kief*, they use several things. Some smoke *afion* or opium, others chew a particular kind of bean, which they call *bouzaga*, and which they pretend has the property of being able to kill every kind of animal with a tail or *zaga*, whence its name; others, and more particularly the women, eat an opiate paste; but the *hachiche* or finely chopped hemp, which is smoked in a small pipe, is most commonly used. The kind of intoxication produced by these substances is of a very undemonstrative nature, and those who habitually indulge in them may be easily distinguished by their sparkling eyes and animated countenances, and by a nervous laugh which from time to time contracts their countenance, or by a sort of melancholy torpor overshadowing it.

On visiting the Moorish café of an evening quite a transformation will sometimes be found to have taken place since the afternoon. The cost of a cup of coffee, instead of being a sou, varies from ten centimes to twenty-five, and the number of customers and attendants is considerably increased. Some grass mats are spread upon the ground, a few lighted candles fixed into empty wine-bottles stand in various parts of the room, and three or four musicians are seated cross-legged, amidst cushions and carpets, upon a small platform erected temporarily in a corner. One will be playing upon a two-stringed Moorish fiddle, another will perhaps have one of European manufacture, which he holds in a similar manner to the Savoyard boys, with the screws in the air, and the part which is usually placed beneath the chin resting upon his thighs; a third will be blowing a long reed clarionet, while a fourth, who is often a pretty unveiled Moorish girl attired in a gorgeous silk costume embroidered with gold thread, beats the measure upon a brilliantly painted *tarbouka*, and from time to time takes up an Arab song similar to the following, in a high key: —

Friend, why dost thou so soon pack up thy tent and quit the tribe of Hachem?

Thou art the finger of my hand, the brother of my heart;

Remain in our *douar* and become a son of our *cheiks*.

Thou shalt choose a hundred head among our flocks.

Our women are handsome, thou shalt give them the *krakal* of gold.

Our horses bound like gazelles upon this ocean of mountains,
among the deep gorges, the ravines, and the precipices,
where hyenas and jackals have their lairs.

Remain in the Tell, fly not to the desert!

Then a man's voice responds: —

Stop the cloud traveller drifting above our heads.

Forbid the eagle to spread its wings and to soar on high.

Tell the brook to remount the slope of a hill.
Reconcile in a brotherly kiss the serpent and the lion,
But attempt not to retain the Nomad !

He despises the townfolk, pepper merchants, and sons of Jews
who pay tribute to a master.

He has never harnessed his horse to a plough; he merely
touches the earth with his heel.

He has never gazed upon the countenance of a Sultan.
The Nomad is independent and proud !

He has the Sahara and its unbounded expanse, when flying
upon the wings of his steed he hunts the gazelle and the
ostrich.

He has women whiter than camels' milk, flowers of the desert
perfuming the pure air of the oases.

The Nomad is happy !

Day and night he answers the signal.

Seizing his gun he causes the powder to speak, and falls like
hail upon the accursed tribe who outraged his allies.

He kills the warriors, even to the last, captures the negroes and
the sheep, but he sends the women with their jewels back
to their mothers.

The Nomad is generous and proud !

Our holy Marabout, Sidi-ben-Abdallah, descendant of the
prophet (let Mahomet favor him !), has said :

"The traveller is a guest sent by God; though he be Christian
or Jew, divide the date with him, for all that you have
belongs to God.

"Give the stranger the best place upon the mat and accompany
him to the threshold, saying, 'Follow thy happiness!'"

The Nomad is hospitable !

The song is ended, but there is no applause on the part
of the audience, for a Mussulman would never think of
betraying or giving vent to his feelings in public. The
musicians lay aside their instruments, sip their coffee,
roll cigarettes between their fingers, or fill their pipes with
tobacco; after a few seconds they recommence playing,
and so on throughout the entire evening, stopping only
once every half hour. They receive every kind of con-
sideration from their employers, being handsomely re-
munerated, and provided with cushions and carpets to
lounge upon, as well as refreshments and tobacco free of
charge. Their music is peculiar. Europeans generally style
it *tumtum*, on account of the slight variation of the notes.
Listening to it, however, in a place where there is no lack of
local coloring, where there is one of those magnificently
attired Moorish women — whom one sees unveiled for the
first time perhaps — and an audience consisting of some
two hundred Mussulmans, among whom hardly a European
can be distinguished, it is by no means disagreeable. The
monotony of its notes produces a feeling of drowsiness
which, although little in accordance with our way of living,
must be admirably suited to the indolent and effeminate
mode of life of those for whom it is intended.

From the Moorish café to an establishment frequented
of an evening by Europeans the distance is short enough,
but the contrast is great. We pass down the riotous Rue
de la Kasbah, where half-drunken soldiers, crowding dirty
little cabarets on the ground floors of old Moorish houses,
are singing snatches from popular French songs, where the
strains of a guitar accompanying an Andalusian air are
half drowned amidst the quarrelling of a party of Spaniards,
and where you occasionally perceive a youthful Moor seated
at the door of a café, dreamily playing upon a lute. We
cross the Rue Bab-Azzoun, follow a narrow street leading
towards the sea, pass through a dirty yard called a garden,
and edge our way into a long rectangular room somewhat
higher than an ordinary lofty apartment, with a gallery
supported by iron pillars, and ornamented by crystal gas
brackets, running along the southern side and one end.
Tables with marble and wooden tops, and cane-seated
chairs, are packed closely together upon the floor. The
former are loaded with beer bottles and glasses of various
forms, from the cylindrically-shaped *beck* to the thick, com-
mon *petit-verre*, filled with almost all the liquors that are
drunk in a hot climate where the French rule supreme.

The most popular are the poisonous, olive-green absinthe,
a brandy which our neighbors, have very appropriately
christened *brûle-gorge*, lukewarm beer, cold coffee diluted
with water, orgeat, and gooseberry syrup. Crowded round
the tables, swarming in the galleries, some leaning against
the pillars and some with their elbows among the glasses
and bottles, which seem likely on the slightest movement
to be dashed to the ground with a frightful crash, are men
of nearly every nation in Europe, huddled together with
Mussulmans and fat, debauched-looking females in gaudy
attire. There are Frenchmen and Belgians, Italians and
Greeks, Englishmen and Germans, Spaniards and Maltese,
Turks, Arabs, Moors, and Jews. Look well into the
densely-packed multitude, and you will see the black-
bearded, bronze-faced, horny-handed drosky driver who
drove you into the suburbs, and the waterman who rowed
you to land from the steamer, seated within a few feet of
the son of the banker who cashed you a draft upon London,
and a group of French officers. There are the young bucks
of the town ruining their health by the too frequent use of
intoxicating drinks, and Mussulmans, regardless of Mahomet
and the Koran, selling their chance of a place in Paradise
for the privilege of gradually destroying their brains with
a poisonous decoction of wormwood and water.

Every one is smoking: some holding between their lips
the ivory or amber mouth-pieces of long cherry-stemmed
pipes, others with cheap cigars — which have possibly only
been made a day or two before, so great is the consumption
— or ordinary meerschaum or clay pipes blackened half-way
up the bowl, sticking out of the corner of their mouths.
Waiters, both Mussulman and Christian, carrying small
trays loaded with different drinks, move with difficulty
among the crowd, answering in every direction the re-
peated cries of "*Garçon*." Through the smoke which
curls up towards the ceiling, stopping half-way and there
floating about in clouds — rendering the heated atmosphere
still more oppressive, and making the badly-lighted room
even more gloomy than would otherwise be the case — we
perceive a stage.

In the orchestra the musicians refresh themselves with
beer or absinthe at every pause in the music, and then go
to work again with renewed vigor, producing from time to
time sharp unnatural sounds, which remind you of a band
of street minstrels or of a theatrical performance at a coun-
try fair in Europe. The scenery is so worn and begrimed
with dirt and dust that, notwithstanding the lights, which
are arranged in proximity to it for the purpose of produc-
ing a good effect, you fail to make out anything but a mix-
ture of faded colors intended to represent a forest scene.

On the stage is a young woman attired in a low-necked
robe à queue, which assuredly has done service on more
than one person's back, and which, to judge from its elegant
cut, has evidently seen better days. Hark! she is about to
sing! What, we ask ourselves, are those guttural sounds
and screeches proceeding from between those pretty lips
which a few seconds before gave such a charming expres-
sion to that youthful countenance now distorted by horrible
grimaces, which modern Frenchmen style looking *canaille*.
Has Thérèse landed with Suzanne Lagier and Colombat in
her train, or is this merely a youthful follower of the same
school, aspiring to similar honors? Evidently the latter.
The song is finished, the audience applauds. The building
trembles with the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet
upon the floor, and the repeated cries of "*Bravo!*" and
"*Bis!*" in the midst of which a man near the stage gives a
shrill whistle, which is equivalent to hissing. The young
lady's eyes sparkle, and a scarlet tint mounts to her cheek,
which the pearl powder covering her visage is powerless to
dissimulate. Her fingers are seized with a convulsive
movement as if she were impatient to claw the face of the
man who has dared to disapprove of her vocal performance;
but she contents herself with calling him a *bête*. He then
gets into a temper. He threatens to jump upon the stage
and chastise the pert beauty, but is restrained by his friends,
and he eventually decides upon complaining to the manager
of the establishment, who has him ignominiously turned out
by the police for creating a disturbance. When the tumult

caused by this little incident has somewhat subsided, the singer appears in the room, and, as is customary in these parts, proceeds to make a collection among the audience, who for the sum of a halfpenny or a penny are permitted to make coarse jokes, pay compliments, or talk sentimentally to the fair *quêteuse* as they drop their offerings into the plate.

Overcome by the oppressive atmosphere, savoring of tobacco smoke and garlic, we rise to leave, but in making our way through the crowd tread unintentionally upon more than one pair of shoes, for which we are cursed and sworn at in three or four different languages. We pass through the small frontage enclosed by trellis-work, where the better dressed people are seated round small zinc tables, looking in at the performance through the open doors, and reach the Esplanade. The crowds of people who have been swarming in the streets of the European town since dinner time are directing their steps towards home, so that the favorite promenade gradually becomes deserted, until at length nothing is left to break the spell of solitude that creeps slowly over everything but the strains from the orchestra of the café hard by, a party or two lingering abroad until the half-told story is completed, and a few couples who are too much engaged with themselves to notice the dispersing multitude, or to have any idea of how time flits away.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

AN essayist in the old *Spectator* remarked, more than a century ago, that if wars did nothing else, they taught us geography! One cannot help thinking that if every man were to avail himself of all the circumstances of his daily life, to intellectually profit thereby, what a learned generation we should become, long before we arrived at the patriarchal age of threescore years and ten. Ruskin somewhere says that few people notice the most gorgeous scenery in the world—the scenery of cloud-land, immediately over their heads. The same may be said of the knowledge which greets us in a hundred ways every day of our lives, and lies ready for interpretation beneath the thinnest and most transparent of coverings. That there is a pleasure in the mere acquirement of knowledge, is evident from the contented lives of those who most ardently pursue it. Still, it is of little use “preaching”—there will always be a chosen few who will devote themselves to the investigation of Nature’s mysteries, who will be selected to enter her “holy of holies,” and make known to their brethren the enigmas of the sacred oracle.

“The glory of the summer has departed,” and left us, as its relics, the withered leaves under whose cool shade we delighted not many weeks ago. Vegetable nature has done her work, and now retires into humble life, until the heat of another summer sun shall restore her activities. Every plant has “brought forth the fruit after its kind,” and now gives us an opportunity of inquiring into the nature of that well-known but mysterious process, whereby not only is arrangement made for the perpetuation of species, but for spreading a most bountiful table in the wilderness for man and beast! The fruiting of plants, shrubs, and trees is one of the most wonderful facts in organic Nature—one that we are better understanding every day, as we come to know the meaning of the various organs and features in vegetable physiology. Our knowledge of these facts and principles tends, as all true knowledge always does, towards simplification. Goethe, without a scientific training, but with a poet’s genuine insight into the meanings of Nature, long ago showed that every plant was composed merely of two parts, stem and leaf. The root is but a prolongation of the stem—the bark an extension of the leaf. And philosophical botany has gone further still, by demonstrating that the flowering parts of plants are themselves but modified leaves—modified, it may be, during the immensely long periods of the geological past, until they reached their present perfection.

The doctrine of individuality nowhere puzzles a meta-

physician more than in a tree. Is a tree an individual, or an association of individuals? Certainly, if a compound coral is an assemblage of animals, whose association is a matter of physiological accident, a tree ought to be considered the same! In both instances individuals are bound together by a community of position, food, and parentage. Both botanists and horticulturists are now well aware that the difference between leaf-buds and flower-buds is exceedingly small, owing to the ease with which the foliar parts can be metamorphosed into floral.

By cramping the roots of a plant, a gardener well knows he can transform what would otherwise be leaves into flowering parts, and therefore into fruits. This is the reason why we lop off the early shoots of our fruit-trees, in order to direct the nutriment into the flowering and fructifying parts, instead of allowing it to be spent in the growth of (to us) useless new tissue. The creeping roots of our strawberries are religiously cut off for similar reasons—for in this case, as of some of the lower animals, propagation takes a twofold shape, by flowering (as animals by eggs), and by means of a stoloniferous root (as such animals as compound corals and hydras by that process termed “budding”).

Every flower, therefore, is as distinct an individual as a coral animal, and is even better able to propagate new individuals. One does so by specializing certain parts of the tissue to form ova or eggs, the other to form seeds.

The analogy may be carried further still. All animals are provided with a certain store of nutriment, to assist in their growth, until they can obtain sustenance for themselves. In the eggs of all living creatures, the bulk contains three fourths of such stored-up material, which is unconsciously and imperceptibly absorbed into the structure of the newly developed animal. Similarly, as is seen in our beans, peas, acorns, etc., there is a supply of albumen and starch for the nourishment of the young seed-germ, until it can strike root into the ground on its own account, assimilate the soluble mineral matter it finds there, and deoxidize the atmosphere of its necessary aliment.

It is this surrounding of the embryo plant, or “seed,” as we term it, with certain organic substances, which gives rise to what we call fruits. But the botanical meaning of fruit and the popular interpretation of it are widely at variance. The former limits it solely to that which contains the germ of the future plant, the latter means by the term anything that is edible. Thus, we call both strawberries and figs fruit, yet the botanist knows this is a gross error. The little seed-like objects scattered in such abundance over the pyramidal surface of the strawberry are the genuine fruits, or seeds—the deliciously sweet pulp we dignify by the name being nothing but the *torus*, or “bed,” in which the seeds are fixed. In fact, it is only a saccharine-converted part of the plant, similar to that in which the down of the thistle or dandelion is imbedded.

Blackberries, raspberries, and mulberries, on the other hand, are heaps of similar seeds, each of which is surrounded by a fleshy pulp. So that while the true fruits of the strawberry are scattered over the surface of an edible pulp, those of the raspberry are separately imbedded in a similar tissue. It seems strange not to call figs fruits, but we are forced not to do so, for accuracy’s sake. If you cut open a ripe fig, you find it full of minute round seeds, whose crunching gives one of the peculiar pleasant sensations of fig-eating. These are the genuine fruits, the sweet fleshy substance in which they are imbedded being nothing more than a torus turned outside in, instead of the reverse, as in a strawberry. In the earlier stages of the growth of the fig, if you take the trouble to cut one in halves, you will see the interior full of closely packed and genuine flowers.

The so-called female parts of a flower terminate in “carpels,” a term derived from a Greek word signifying fruit, because true fruits are usually the result of the ultimate development of the female parts of a plant. When the pistil has been properly fertilized, the ovary undergoes a rapid chemical change. The male organs die off, as do also the floral parts, their work being now over. So that

it would seem as if all the nutriment which had been formerly taken up by these was now directed into the ovary. At any rate, the latter grows rapidly, often forming an abundance of acids and tannin, so that when starch begins also to form, as it does by and by, the combination of the former with it produces *glucose*, or sugar, and thus gives to certain parts, which we call the fruit, that peculiar and agreeable sweetness.

It is this organic combination that produces the fleshy parts of the apple and pear, and the juicy pulp of the cherry, plum, and grape. But you have only to cut an apple or an orange into halves to perceive the genuine fruits, or seeds—the rest of the surroundings standing pretty much in the same relation to them, together with the stored-up albumen of the seeds themselves, that the white of an egg does to the young bird hatched from the yolk.

The analogy between plants and animals can be traced in a good many ways besides those above indicated. There are certain insects, among which the commonest are the plant-lice, which are only too abundant on our rose fruit trees, whose females can bring forth young for seven generations. This law of *Parthenogenesis*, as it is called, prevails extensively among some lower marine animals, and we have its analogue in certain varieties of oranges, grapes, and pine-apples, which ripen freely enough, although the ovaries from which they spring have never been fertilized.

Nearly twenty years ago, Professor Balfour pointed out the singular fact that, in the period from the germination of a seed to the time when the plant which sprang from it had itself some fruit, a certain and more or less fixed quantity of heat was required. Every species of plant uses up a different quantity—less in some, more in others. When this cannot be supplied by natural sources within a given time—say, such a period as our English summer—the plant will grow to some extent, but will neither flower nor seed; or it may flower, but not seed, as the circumstances may be. We now see the reason why tropical plants will not blossom with us in the open air—the heat supplied them during our short summer is not sufficient. Perhaps if we could continue it they might ultimately flower, though the time occupied in flowering and fruiting would be much longer than in their native climates. But our winter comes on and rudely settles the question by stopping the heat supplies, and nipping by frost instead! Balfour's discovery enables us to understand why we have, in our English climate, flowers which seed early in the summer, and others late in the autumn. In the former case they require less heat to bring them to perfection—in the latter, more.

What a wonderful insight does this law give us into that constant adjustment of vegetable life to its physical surroundings, by means of which the species are perpetuated! And this continuous adjustment is all the more marvellous when we know that climate is not a fixed matter, even in its heat supplies, as is evidenced by the geological discoveries relating to those changes of climate, during the various epochs of the past, which have taken place in every part of the globe.

It is not heat alone that is required to ripen fruits, and to thus complete the great end of floral existence. Chemists tell us that the unseen rays beyond the violet spectrum are peculiarly chemical in their effects. The colors of the rainbow, seen in all light which has passed through a glass prism and been decomposed, can be resolved into three different kinds of physical action, as well as three different colors. One of these gives light, another heat, and a third chemical action. The latter is termed actinic, and, as just remarked, its chief force appears to lie outside or in the violet part of the spectrum. Just as heat can be experienced below the red color, as what is familiarly called "black-heat," by perceptible vibrations, so can this actinic power be demonstrated beyond the other end of the spectrum. It is the action of this chemical principle of light, probably produced during the long summer, and manifested most markedly at its close, that so rapidly ripens fruit, even

when the heat has not been very great, and the weather has been untoward.

It would appear as if a good deal of the acid which makes young fruit so disagreeably sour, during its earliest stages, is lost by oxidation during the ripening process. The other part has been used in combination with the starch to form the sugar. Green fruits are like leaves, in that they take up carbonic acid from the surrounding atmosphere when acted upon by sunlight, and then give out oxygen. At night, when not so stimulated, this chemical action is reversed; then they give out carbonic acid and absorb oxygen, just as animals do.

The principal acids which form in young fruits are malic, citric, and tartaric, and it is owing to the modifications of these and others, with the same starchy or dextrine base, that we have such numerous varieties of fruit, possessing so many different flavors. The slightest change in the combination may do this; hence the varietal play we obtain even in the same species of fruit. Who can otherwise account for the almost endless varieties of apples and pears? By supposing such different combinations, and by the slight presence or absence of other elements, such as tannin, etc., we have an easy explanation of the facts. Tannin usually disappears as fruit ripens, but it may linger slightly, and thus determine the flavor of a variety of fruit. When the surplus acids and the tannin of fruit have disappeared, then the latter are at their best. In a short time another change sets in, and the fruit becomes insipid, as every one knows who has kept it beyond a certain time. The fleshy substance of apples then becomes woolly and tasteless. Various degrees of the oxidation of the acids of fruit must also end in giving them slightly different flavors. For Nature knows no limit in her great laboratory, having combinations to play upon such as we are only just beginning to comprehend!

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE AND THE POET OF "PARADISE LOST."

IN connection with the third volume of Mr. Masson's noble *Life of Milton*, much comment has lately been made by journalists and essayists upon the poet's estimate of women and his manner of dealing with them in his great treatises on Divorce. The major part of this comment is but remotely and obliquely known to me; much of it not known to me at all (for I have for a couple of years seen but little of the periodicals and newspapers), but a little of it I have carefully read; and I do not hesitate to inform the reader at once that what the reviews, so far as I have looked into them, have told him, concerning the Divorce treatises, is, in a most essential particular, entirely false. This is throwing a point-blank contradiction in the face of writers who ought to have known what they were saying before they spoke; but it will be seen that I am not speaking without book, and that flat contradiction is just what the case demands.

It would be very easy to draw a wide general moral from the fact that such misstatements as I am about to refer to occur in these reading days, and upon a very simple point indeed; but I, for one (if the reader cares to know), may say that I am tired of drawing such morals in these matters. Reviewing literature is absolutely crowded with erroneous criticising, which a very little care would avoid; and there was a time, not so long ago, when I used to make myself ill over them, though they were no concern of mine, except as it is every man's concern that justice should be done, and that truth should be told. But I have now settled down in a dreary, if wholesome, sense of the utter hopelessness of getting even intelligent and kindly people to be careful of what they write about other people's writing; and I was not in the least surprised to find reviewer after reviewer upon a false scent in speaking of the treatises in question. Not surprised, I say, though the error committed has all the effect of slander, and worse. Much worse; for if Milton had been capable of the in-

justice which has been laid at his door, it would have been one more fact — and Heaven knows we don't want more of them — to lower our faith in human nature and our hopes of its earthly destiny.

As Milton was the poet with whom in my childhood I was chiefly acquainted, and as what he wrote about women in his poetry was almost all I knew of such writing (outside of the Bible), what I have to say about him in this matter may not unnaturally be allowed to connect itself with a few reminiscences of my own feelings as a boy towards women and girls. To these we will pass on, after we have done with Milton — if the reader will kindly pardon the bathos.

The question of Milton's general estimate of women is an exceedingly simple one. That estimate was exactly what was natural under the circumstances, quite apart from his special experience as a husband; and it had the sanction of the sacred writings of the Hebrews at every point at which such sanction was possible. It is inconceivable that an honest Puritan, with much muscle in his brain, could think otherwise of women than Milton did. Of late years we have seen scandalously insincere attempts to water away the plain meaning and still plainer suggestion or *aura* of what is said in the Old and New Testament about women. But if a man really manages to get out of the Bible any doctrine about woman, except that she is man's inferior; man's tempter; man's subordinated helper; under a special curse for the fault of Eve; and under a special ban, ceremonial ban too — then I say he is either dishonest or wanting in mental fibre. Subtle and beautiful natures, but afflicted with logical rickets or flabbiness, must be excused for getting just what pleases them out of the records (especially as what pleases them is often extremely beautiful); and dishonest minds will always do what they choose — there is no law for them. But the plain truth is, that Milton's estimate of average womanhood did not differ by a hair's breadth from what a Puritan's estimate of women was bound to be. If his own marital experience had been different to start with, his language might have been less harsh than it sometimes seems to modern eyes; but, after all, should we have considered it harsh if we had not known his private history? The answer is not clear. We must take into account that in writing of women as the spirit of his time and as all his most revered authorities fully justified him in doing, he must have well known what he was about, if ever man knew his own business. Milton, living when he did, was perhaps nearer to illustrious examples of female learning and accomplishment than we are. He must have known all that was to be known of Lady Jane Grey and certain distinguished Italian ladies, and have formed his estimate of women in the teeth of that knowledge. It has been said that his Eve is a Puritan housewife, and there is just enough truth in that to give it a sting; but, in truth, his

"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,"

is much more than that, and it was not for nothing that so great a man — with a mind that opened so freely towards Mysticism, as was afterwards seen — made Heaven and Earth consent in the beauty and rapture of her espousals. True, a poet could not do otherwise; but Milton has done it with a will. Often did I, as a child, hear the eighth book of the "Paradise" condemned by Puritan friends, because there was so much of "the flesh" in it. "But this," as Sterne says, "is a vile translation:" and nobody can forget what Milton says in answer to the accusing angel, who is quite as much like Cotton Mather as Eve is like Mrs. Governor Winthrop. We must bear in mind, by the bye, that the word "decency" is as much lowered in its signification since Milton's days, as the word "accomplished;" and he tells the reverend gentleman — I beg pardon, the "angel guest familiar" — that it was not Eve's "outside formed so fair" (Eve had left the bower for a while), that enchanted him, so much as

*"Those thousand decencies that daily flow,
From all her words and actions mixed with love."*

And what woman wants a poet to say anything sweeter of her than this: —

*"Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."*

Apart from Eve, who had to be put into the poem somehow, and was invented when the poet was elderly, Milton's Woman is just what we might expect in a Puritan young man of severe training, much love of music, and much susceptibility to Italian culture. Wordsworth's Woman, it has been said, is the Mother. Milton's, we may say, was the classic virgin, just sprinkled at the mediæval font, and inspired by Milton with his own faith in the supreme victory of goodness.

The charge which I have lately seen made against Milton, over and over again, so that tens of thousands of readers must have seen it, is that, in his Divorce treatises, he has maintained the right of the man (under what he believed to be an un repealed Mosaic statute) to repudiate his wife, and has not allowed any such right to the woman. This charge is not only false, it is stupid; as I shall very summarily prove.

Hear the poet himself: "Lastly: if divorce were granted, as Beza and others say, not for men, but to release afflicted wives, certainly, it is not only a dispensation, but a most merciful law. And *why it should not yet be in force, being wholly as needful*, I know not what can be the cause but senseless cruelty." This passage does not claim the right for women, but it claims it in the interest of women, and it occurs in the fifteenth chapter of the first treatise.

Again, in chapter nineteen: "St. Paul enlarges the seeming construction of those places in the gospel, by adding a case wherein a person deserted, which is something less than divorced, may lawfully marry again. And having declared his opinion in one case, he leaves a further liberty for Christian prudence, to determine in cases of like importance, using words so plain as not to be shifted off, that a brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases." This is much stronger, and is indeed sufficient. Nor should any reader fail to note how careful Milton often is, in constructing his sentences, to use words that cover the rights of both husband and wife.

Again, in the last chapter of the same book, Milton tells the parliament that if they make divorce or voluntary separation (with leave to marry again) lawful, "they shall set free many daughters of Israel, not wanting much of her sad plight whom Satan had bound eighteen years."

Again, in "Tetrachordon": "The wife is not still bound to be the vassal of him who is the bond-slave of Satan; she being now neither the image nor glory of such a person, nor made for him, nor left in bondage to him."

Again: "Where the yoke is misyoked — to the grievance and manifest endangering of a brother or sister, reasons of a higher strain than matrimonial bear sway."

Again: "Who [though] of weakest insight, may not see that this creating of them male and female" [though subjecting the woman to the man] "cannot in any order of reason or Christianity be of such moment against the better and higher purposes of their creation as to enthrall either husband or wife to duties or sufferings unworthy and unbecoming the image of God in them? Now, whereas not only men, but good men, do stand upon their right, their estimation, their dignity, in all other actions and deportments, with warrant enough and good conscience, as having the image of God in them, it will not be difficult to determine what is unworthy and unseemly for a man to do

or suffer in wedlock : and the like proportionally may be found for woman, if we love not to stand disputing below the principles of humanity. He that said 'Male and female created He them,' immediately before that, said also in the same verse, 'in the image of God created He him,' and redoubled it, that our thoughts might not be so full of dregs as to urge this poor consideration of male and female, without remembering the nobleness of that former repetition."

Again: "The law is to tender the liberty and human dignity of them that live under the law, whether it be the man's right above the woman" [as the domestic superior] "or the woman's just appeal against wrong and servitude, but the duties of marriage contain in them a duty of benevolence, which to do by compulsion against the soul where there can be neither peace, nor joy, nor love, but an enthrallment to one" [no sex mentioned] "who either cannot or will not be mutual in the godliest and the civillest ends of that society, is the ignoblest and the lowest slavery that a human shape can be put to; this law, therefore, justly and piously provides against such an unmanly task of bondage as this." [And] "although there be nothing in the plain words of this law that seems to regard the afflictions of a wife, how great soever; yet expositors determine, and doubtless determine rightly, that God was not uncompassionate of them also" in the framing of this law. . . . Should God, who in his law is good to injured servants, by granting them their freedom in divers cases, not consider the *wrongs and miseries of a wife*, which is no servant, though . . . to [her] by name He gives no power at all?"

Again: "This law [is] not unmindful of the wife, as was granted willingly, . . . though beyond the letter of this law, yet not beyond the spirit of charity."

Again: "Marriage, to be a true and pious marriage, is not in the single power of any person" [no sex mentioned]; "the essence thereof . . . is in relation to another, the making and maintaining causes thereof are all mutual. . . . If then *either of them* cannot, or will not, be answerable in these duties . . . the true bond of marriage, if there were ever any there, is already burst like a rotten thread . . . [God] therefore, doth in this law," etc., etc., etc.

Again, in the comment on 1 Cor. vii.: "I argue that [either] *man or wife* who [is] not able or not willing to perform what the main ends of marriage demand, is," etc., etc., etc. "The blameless person" [no sex mentioned], "therefore, has as good a plea to sue out his delivery from this bondage as from the desertion of an infidel"—the pronoun "his" being here used under a well-known grammatical law.

In referring to the practice of the ancient church, Milton over and over again argues from cases in which the wife was permitted by the church to repudiate the husband. And one of the reasons why I have called these blunders stupid is, that it would obviously have been impossible for Milton to weave the seventh of Corinthians into his Tetra-chordon, or four-fold cord, without giving the wife similar rights to those of the husband.

Again, Milton quotes from the laws of Theodosius and Valentinian, as follows: "As we forbid the dissolving of marriage without just cause, so we desire that a husband or wife distressed by some adverse necessity should be freed by an unhappy yet necessary relief." And after making this quotation, Milton says: "What drachm of wisdom or religion (or, for charity is the truest religion) could there be in that knowing age which is not virtually summed up in this most just law? . . . Those other Christian emperors . . . altered the [Roman] law, if aught, rather to liberty, for the help and consideration of the weaker sex, according as the Gospel seems to make the wife more equal to her husband in these conjugal respects than the law of man doth. Therefore, if a man was absent from his wife four years, and in that space not heard of, though gone to war in the service of the emperor, she might divorce and marry another by the edict of Constantine." And this, Milton goes on to say, giving us his opinion of such a law in an oblique form, "was an age of the church both

ancient, and cried up still for the most flourishing in knowledge and pious government since the apostles."

I might make the case for Milton much stronger still by noticing the rapid (often *exceedingly* rapid) implications of his writing; and by drawing out into detail, suggested by these implications, his general doctrine, passionately stated even in the first treatise, that God "hath left all his commandments under the feet of charity." Much, also, might be justly inferred in his favor from the finely apprehensive and often pathetic terms in which he speaks of love and marriage. But it is not necessary. I have proved that in his total teaching on this subject Milton was not unmindful of the woman's side of the question; and I could go on to prove, if there were space, that he stands committed in her behalf to issues as broad as any that Mr. Mill himself could draw out in this respect. I am not here now to criticise the doctrine in these matters; I am simply defending him from charges of unreasonableness and injustice, and it is important on every ground that the truth should be known. I say he was neither unreasonable nor unjust in the sense attributed to him, and it would have been an almost incredible shame and scandal if he had been so.

I now approach Mr. Masson's book with the deepest respect and admiration for its author. His account of these Divorce tracts appears to me such as *must* leave a wrong impression upon the reader, and in other respects I do not follow him. Mr. Masson admits, but only in one place and in terms which do not go far, that in the later treatises, Milton "occasionally leaves the man's point of view, and tries to be considerate about the woman." Whether this admission covers, or anything like covers, my extracts, let the reader judge. But Mr. Masson tells us of the first treatise—what reviewers have unguardedly extended to the whole literature—just this:—

"My last remark is that Milton, in his tract, writes wholly from the man's point of view, and in the man's interest, with a strange oblivion of the woman's. The tract is wholly a plea for the right of a man to give his wife a bill of divorcement and send her home to her father. There is no distinct word about any counterpart right for a woman who has married an unsuitable husband, to give him a bill of divorcement and send him back to his mother. On the whole subject of the woman's interests in the affair Milton is suspiciously silent." Well, even this is not, as my first extracts show, a defensible statement. Mr. Masson has evidently read chapter xii. of the first book, for he quotes from it; but just let us attend to it more closely. The heading of the chapter is as follows:—

"It is probable, or rather certain, that every one who happens to marry, hath not the calling; and, therefore, upon unfitness found and considered, force ought not to be used."

There is not a word about sex here, and Milton was not so dull as not to see that he could not make good logic of his case if he attempted to limit the outcome of this principle to the man's side. The chapter itself is still clearer:—

"It is most sure that some . . . are destitute of . . . marriageable gifts, and consequently have not the calling to marry. . . . Yet it is as sure that many such, not of their own desire, but by the persuasion of friends, or not knowing themselves, do often enter into wedlock; where, finding the difference at length between the duties of a married life, and the gifts of a single life, what unfitness of mind, what wearisomeness, scruples, and doubts, to an incredible offence and displeasure, are like to follow between, may be soon imagined; whom this to shut up and immature, and shut up together, the one with a mischosen mate, the other in a mistaken calling, is not a course that Christian wisdom and tenderness ought to use. As for a custom that some parents and guardians have of forcing marriages, it will be better to say nothing of such a savage inhumanity, but only this, that the law which gives not all freedom of divorce to any creature, endued with reason, so assassinated, is next in cruelty."

Now "any creature endued with reason" is a phrase that most clearly includes women, and as women are more

frequently forced to marry against their will than men, the passage must refer mainly to their case. But, more, far more than this, — was Milton so dull as not to perceive that all this carried with it obvious consequences in favor of women, and some of these consequences stronger than any it carried on behalf of men? I certainly do not believe it; no, not for a moment. The poor man is "not such a fool as he looks."

Once more. This short, but pregnant chapter may suggest to any one who does not see it at once, why the man's right came first, and remained paramount in the mind of Milton. Notice the phrases, — "the one with a *mischosen* mate, the other with a mistaken *calling*." Now Milton could not very well have written otherwise than this, holding the opinions which, in other respects, he did hold. To this day, indeed, most people hold that, the initiative in marriage being the man's, the first *choice* being his, certain social consequences follow, which women do not consider very favorable to them. How could Milton do other than hold that if there was any right of rejection at all it lay first with the one who initiated the contract and assumed its most obvious social responsibilities? A little frank thought upon this question will supply what cannot prettily be written here. One of my extracts from the first treatise Mr. Masson quotes, following it up further, and quoting some harshly-sounding words of the poet's; but this criticism is, in my opinion, unjust. We must remember that Milton was a very plain speaker, always; there was often what a French idiom would call a *brutality* about his language, but it only came of his having a small organ of Secretiveness. And, if you had taxed him on these matters, he would have replied, "Nature has made certain differences which involve these results. Those differences are facts — what would you have?"

In other respects Mr. Masson is not as *positively* fair as he meant to be. It is hardly sufficient to observe that in the first treatises Milton omitted all reference to the children and other practical matters, unless you add (which is *not* added) that he deals with them afterwards. Nor is it, I think, true to say that "Tetrachordon" is a dull pamphlet; nor to say, as Professor Seeley once did, that Milton's arguments are out of date. The author of "Friends in Council" does not think so (see "Companions of my Solitude"); and readers of the *Contemporary Review* will remember an article by the late Professor Conington, in which that gentleman, criticising Dr. Liddon, hammered away for several pages at the difficulty in making sense of certain texts in the Gospels; just as Milton did, only he did not come to Milton's conclusion, that the words attributed to the Founder of Christianity are grammatically irreconcilable with any conceivable view of what his meaning must have been.

This brings us to Mr. Peter Bayne, whose otherwise fine article in the above-named *Review* for August last is open to a good deal of adverse comment as to this question. It represents Milton as utterly and harshly unmindful of the woman's case — which we have seen is not true. But Mr. Bayne falls into a trap which Milton's contemporaries did not escape, and into which Mr. Masson and others have followed them. Mr. Bayne says: —

"Of all, except the high intellectual and moral ends of marriage, Milton is loftily disdainful. He assigns to married love all those spiritual joys which seem, as such, to pertain rather to friendship; and the man who cannot love his wife as the sister of his spirit, is permitted, nay, is bound, to give her a bill of divorcement and send her away."

When I happen to read anything so wildly wide of the mark as this is (in my opinion), I feel as if it would be a great relief to be lapped in a short fainting-fit — till the first shock had gone off. The fact is, the critics are all misled by Milton's language about a "fit conversing soul," "a mute and spiritless mate," "due conversation," and the like. But surely they might have noticed other hints which are nearly as frequent and quite as strongly worded. Do they one and all remember nothing about the "jolliest" things in the "Song of Solomon"? about marriage being

the "mystery of joy"? Cannot they remember who wrote the words, "Here lights his purple lamp, here reigns and revels"? Must they needs overlook passage after passage of the most striking kind in the treatises, passages which plainly show that Milton was anything but "disdainful" in Mr. Bayne's sense, and that the iron had gone deep in more ways than one with him? Cannot they remember that he was admittedly a man of great physical energy, eager in his educational schemes for the full culture of the body, proud, in his own haughty way, of his personal beauty and force; and a man who, to use his own words, having lived strictly in youth, had made haste to light the nuptial torch?

Do the critics imagine that because Mary Powell was a Royalist, *she* would be the one that would see the beauty of "the purple lamp," and understand "the mystery of joy," and that because Milton was a Puritan he behaved like Mr. Casaubon? Apparently some of them do; at least Mr. Bayne says that Dorothea Brooke and Milton might have made a fitting match; and one of Milton's contemporaries suggested that what he wanted was a wife who could talk to him in Greek. But the secret lies deeper than all this. It is but too plain that his first experience in marriage came to him as a slap in the face, — I speak in metaphor, *not* meaning that Mary Powell hit him, — and that the phrase "mute and spiritless mate" means *much* more than a mate who couldn't talk Greek. In "Middlemarch" there is a story of a French girl who stabbed her husband because his fondness bored her. Milton would not have cared for Mary Powell's want of Greek (which he must have known before marrying her) if he had not found that his fondness bored her. He does not use the phrase "an image of phlegm" for nothing. It is idle to say, as Mr. Bayne does, that the fault was Milton's. There was no "fault," so far as we can see, on either side. There was a mistake — and the misery was for both. As far as knowledge of the world goes, there is every probability that Mary Powell had a great deal more of it than Milton; and all we can gather about her leads to the presumption that she suffered only, or chiefly, as a worldly-minded woman suffers who knows nothing of the "mystery of joy" in marriage, or any other mystery of joy, but was pretty much like Rosamond Lydgate, — could flourish, like other basil-plants, on murdered lovers' brains, and would talk of "my husband," and her rights in "my husband," just as if he were "my tea-tray" or "my ribbons." To plead for pity for her, as Mr. Masson and Mr. Bayne do, is quite unnecessary, I was going to say false — and half-consciously false — gallantry. She is pitied — abundantly pitied, — and her side of the story has been carefully idealized. All the critics must know that the real honest difficulty in the case is to make any headway *on behalf of Milton*. The first impulse, and a very strong and right impulse too, of every man is to take the woman's part; and as for women, their feeling of resentment towards a fellow like that Milton is bitter and ineradicable. The immense majority of human beings are as incapable as poor Mary Powell of the "mystery of joy"; and neither men nor women in general could be got by a forty-Milton power of eloquence to understand that with him it would not be a question of "taking part" with one side or the other, or of quarrelling or making up a quarrel. I have not the shadow of the shade of the ghost of the phantasm of a doubt that in receiving Mary Powell back, after the two years of separation, Milton acted against the deepest suggestions of his own instincts; and that if there had been any means of thumbscrewing out of him, later on, his most secret thought, it would have been, "I have done an ill thing both for this woman and myself."

That is my rendering of the story — and the reader will please once more to observe that I am not now going about to express general opinions. I will, however, express *this* opinion: that after a man has once been guilty of an act of falsehood to his own strongest convictions of the truth of things — such as I conceive Milton to have been guilty of in receiving back Mary Powell (for reasons of kindness and family convenience) — all the subsequent procedure of his mind will be specially liable to be flawed with insin-

cerity. I am not saying here that Milton was right in his convictions; all I maintain is, that in the so-called reconciliation (*ah, la belle réconciliation!*) he smothered the deepest of them. *He did.* And in so doing he parted forever with what he had up to that moment held — the turquoise that turns yellow at the approach of a lie.

During many years of my early life, Milton was the only poet of whom I knew anything in the volume form — and I had not the whole even of him. I think the perfection of his "numbers" must have had its effect upon me; but what chiefly moved me in his writings was the perpetually recurring echo of that one note, in "*Comus*," —

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;"

and among the very first lines that ever I got by heart were these six: —

"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue — she alone is free!
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spherie chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her!"

Apart from all "condescending upon particulars," as the Scotch say, to read Milton but a little was to be, so far, in an atmosphere of intense and almost strained ideality. There is something else. As a Doctrine of Reverence towards God, Justice and Kindness towards men, and Celestial Fellowship among the good, Christianity had a real possession of me; but, as Creed and a Story, it had but a faint hold either of my head or my heart. And, looking back, I can *now* see that this hold would have been still weaker but for Milton.

His Christianized classicism, or classicized Christianity, was the go-between or intermediate influence which made my mental history as nearly sane as it could be under the circumstances. Say not that a little boy could not enter into such matters — our lives are largely influenced by things that we don't enter into at the time. At all events, I lived day and night in an atmosphere of idealisms of the most passionate kind. I say night advisedly, for when I was nine or ten years old, I used to go to bed early that, I might revel with my head under the clothes in visions —

"Planets suns and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;"

(to prevent mistakes, please observe that this is Aken-side, not Milton) and — beautiful women. These were to me simply so much beauty; but — and it is a mighty *but* — the beauty used to make me ill. On one occasion a pretty young woman — a dress-maker she was, who afterwards married a "reformed" rake, had ricketty children, and shamefully neglected them — was spending the evening with my mother, in expectation of seeing her sweetheart, who was my father's lodger. She wore a very low dress, and her beautiful bust disturbed me so, that, though it was a frosty night, I could not stay in the room, and went out with my heart in my mouth. The fact is — now be sure you laugh at this! — I could not speak when spoken to, for palpitation of the heart, so I went out for shame; and a very bad cold I caught, to the very great anger of my tender mother.

This liability to incredible excitement from even the thought of lovely womanhood — the sons of Belial will please suspend their laughter — continued for years afterwards, — I was then nine. At thirteen I went to my first regular situation. I had not been four hours in the lawyer's office, where I was "fag," before the sons of Belial there were doing their best to corrupt me; but they could tell me nothing that I did not know. A short time before, a stranger had offered to my mother, at wastepaper price, three odd volumes of Ephraim Chambers's old Cyclopædia. The plates were complete; and I very soon made myself master of all the book had to say upon some topics as to which I had up to that date remained in total ignorance, without making, or attempting to make, even a guess. I

was, therefore, more than a match for these genteel ruffians. But I may say that the effect upon my mind of the knowledge I acquired was almost overwhelming; I was *bouleversé*; there is no word for it. Only to my previous feelings towards women was now added an amount of pity that used to seem more than I could bear.

Shortly after this, I became ill in a queer, languid way, and had to keep the bed — to my unutterable misery. I was not ill very long, however, and, as I got better, I found a new life had begun for me. When I was about to return to my situation, my father — as the reader will say, most properly, kindly, and wisely — gave me a little lecture of caution and dissuasion about bad company, and the vices into which "youths" so often fall. I interrupted him several times, saying eagerly and even violently that whatever other "youths" wanted (my father was fond of the word "youths") such advice was not wanted by me. Everybody will understand that this made matters worse, and that the fatherly lecture grew all the more serious. The end was, for the moment, a passion of tears on my part, and — I had better go on frankly with my tale — a threat to leave the house that night, even if I slept in the streets. Of course my mother interfered, and for a time the matter rested; but the wound did not heal, and eventually I did go and engage lodgings for myself away from home.

Of this I will now say no more. But I must go on to add that though there was never any unkindness between my father and me, and though I was — here again I had better be frank — a dutiful son in ways which need not be mentioned, that wound *never* healed; at least there was always a gulf, or rather the mutual suspicion of a gulf, between my father and me. I felt it desperately hard to be no better understood, than all that came to; and in that episode, which ended with the crying fit, began a feud between me and the world, which has lasted to this hour, and still looks lively. And here is the essence of the feud. Although the faith of the Lady in Milton's "*Comus*" was mine, I never could understand why, for *that* reason, the ascetic or puritan line should be drawn between "the spirit" and "the flesh" (to use unwillingly words hateful to me, and as I believe, disastrous in their use by others). I never was conscious of any reason for such a line, and always abhorred the idea of it. Robertson of Brighton has left on record a short account of his feelings towards women when very young: —

"The beings that floated before me, robed in vestures more delicate than mine, were beings of another order. The thought of one of them becoming mine was not rapture, but pain. . . . At seven years old woman was a sacred dream, of which I would not talk. Marriage was degradation. I remember being angry on hearing it said of a lovely Swede — the loveliest being I ever saw — that she was likely to get married in England. She gave me her hair, lines, books, and I worshipped her only as I should have done a living rainbow; with no further feeling. Yet I was then eighteen, and she was to me for years nothing more than a calm, clear, untroubled fiord of beauty, glassing heaven deep, deep below, so deep that I never dreamed of an attempt to reach the heaven. . . . It is feelings such as these — call them romantic if you will — which I know, from personal experience, can keep a man all his youth through, before a higher faith has been called into being, from every species of vicious and low indulgence in every shape and form."

Now, these feelings were mine (and they still are mine), with this exception, that I should never have flinched from the idea of a beautiful woman's getting married. My feelings towards his "lovely Swede," if I had known her, would have had no thought of marriage in them, but they would have been passionate, though I am sure as full of awe as his, and there would have been no revulsion from the idea of marriage in them. Nor can I understand such a revulsion — though I can quite understand the idea of being in total abeyance even (yet *how even?*) in the case of the most intense love between a human couple. And I find on reflection that I have always had towards women — or rather towards woman — emotions of rapture which

will not coalesce, or at least which never do seem to coalesce, with such fancies as that of Robertson's about marriage being a profanation. Some such idea seems to run through whole literatures, and to belong to whole races of men and women; but I never had a film of it. You may find it in a diluted form even in Mr. Lecky — indeed you may find it almost everywhere; I have been knocking my shins against it all my life — I mean against the spirit-and-flesh prejudice. Robertson's account of his own youthful feelings in these matters will stand exactly for mine if you will only add another feeling, which, again, naturally associates itself with emotions of impersonal rapture — such as we must go elsewhere for: —

"These thou shalt not take,

The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breast of the nymphs
in the brake;

Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer
breath;

And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death,
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like
fire. . . .

More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these
things?"

And Aphrodite was —

"A blossom of flowering seas,
Clothed round with the world's desire as with raiment, and fair
as the foam,

And fleetlier than kindled fire, and a goddess. . . .
Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendor, a flame
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with
her name. . . .

Flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on
the sea;

And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless
ways,

And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the
bays."

Now, where is the good, where is the sense of calling this Pagan? You might call it Abracadabism, and what then? It would follow that I was an Abracadabran, and yet I was a pure worshipper of woman. Though friendly with at least one morally heterodox person, I would not hold any intercourse with a drunkard, or a loose liver in these days; and now, — I have outgrown my cruel and wicked Pharisaism, but I am still an Abracadabran. As far as his lights would let him, Milton was — *pace* Mr. Peter Bayne, who is, I maintain, wholly abroad upon this question — an Abracadabran also. Only a very bad Abracadabran could have written the eighth book of "Paradise Lost," or the song of Comus himself. . . . Suppose I were to say, "I care nothing for life and the world around without God and Immortality," would that imply that I was "disdainful" of the beauty and glory of life and nature? Not it. It would still be true that the beauty and glory of life and nature seem to me to *demand* these ideas in the background. Without them, the beauty and glory are as a painted transparency with no light behind it — a thing no one cares twopence for. Just in that vein did Milton write with fury of his demand in marriage for "a fit conversing soul," and his horror of "a mute and spiritless mate." To use language which I repudiate, but which he would not have objected to (living in those days; I believe he would *now*), all his high-flown phrases about this "fit conversing soul" and his trampling down of other matters meant just this: "The spirit without the flesh is endurable; the flesh without the spirit I will not have on any terms; at least not by legal compulsion." For it must be remembered in justice to Milton, that he everywhere implies what he also expressly says: "If any man counsel me to bear this cross, I listen to him as an angel from heaven; but if he would *compel* me, I know him for Satan."

Since the foregoing was in type, I am told that two recent reviews have stated opinions of the nature of Milton's

trouble which are on the same track as my own — though stronger, and indeed *too* strong. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Masson thinks it almost proved that the first treatise was written while Mrs. Milton was actually under his roof. In a quarter from which we usually get much better things, one of these reviews is now accused of borrowing the notion from the other, and both are put out of court on the very ground I have ridiculed, — namely, that Mary Powell was young and a Royalist! The idea that because a girl is the belle of a ball-room she cannot also be Milton's "image of earth and phlegm" is one of those absurdities which remind us of the thick coatings of ignorance and inapprehensiveness through which the truth in these matters has got to *bullet* its way, even among cultivated men of the world.

THE RUFF AND ITS SUCCESSORS.

THE ruff and the various other neck-ornaments of a kindred nature have a little history, which illustrates in no slight degree the mannerisms and social peculiarities of those of our ancestors who wore them; and towards forming that history, we have gathered, chiefly from very remote sources, a good deal of matter, which will, in all probability, be new to our readers.

The first introduction of ruffs into England appears to have taken place at or about the time of the marriage of King Philip of Spain with our Queen Mary, these personages being represented on the Great Seal of England in 1554, with small ruffs about their necks as well as their wrists. The neck-ruffs consist of one set of folds only; and the diminutive ones round their wrists resemble greatly the larger ones. By the time of the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, only four years after the above date, the ruff had increased very largely in size, as her Great Seal bears ample witness. This seal expresses minutely the court-dress of the time; a hand reaching from a cloud on each side the seal, holds back the royal robes, in order that the dress under them may be distinctly seen.

The art of starching, though at this time well known to the manufacturers of Flanders, had not yet reached England; ruffs, therefore, must have been an expensive wear, as the stiffened linen imported from Flanders could not be made to support itself after having been once washed.

In the year 1564, Queen Elizabeth first used a coach. Her coachman, William Boenen, was a Dutchman; and his wife understood the art of starching. Her Majesty, no doubt, availed herself of Mrs. Boenen's skill, and seems to have exclusively possessed the secret of starching a ruff, till the arrival, soon after, of Madame Dinghen, the daughter of a worshipful knight, who came from Flanders to set up as a clear-starcher in London. "The most curious wives," says Stow, "now made for themselves ruffs of cambric, and sent them to Mrs. Dinghen to be starched, who charged high prices; after a time made themselves ruffs of lawn; and thereupon arose a general scoff or by-word, that shortly they would make their ruffs of spiders' web. Mrs. Dinghen at last took their daughters as her pupils; her usual terms were four or five pounds for teaching them to starch, and one pound for the art of seething starch."

With regard to the making of starch in this country, we find, on referring to the state papers of the reign of Elizabeth, that the monopoly of the manufacture was secured to one Richard Young, described as a justice, about the year 1588; and in December, 1589, there was a prosecution against an infringer on the patent. The subject of this was "Charles Glead, gentleman, now resident in Kent, found and proved a maker of starch at one Mr. Draper's, a gentleman in Bedenwell in the said county." Mr. Glead, it appears, did not attempt to deny the allegations against him, but confessed that he had also made starch "at his father's in Oxfordshire." Indeed, he had the hardihood to declare to the queen's messengers that he would make starch notwithstanding any patent or other warrant yet granted, unless it was set down by act of parliament. We have not been able to trace the ultimate fate of this very

refractory gentleman of Kent. Another instance occurs about the year 1600, of the authorities descending upon the house of Osmund Withers of Taunton, who was charged with a like infringement.

The tools used in starching were called setting-sticks, struts, and poking-sticks; the first two were made of wood or bone, the last of iron, and heated in the fire. By this heated tool, the folds acquired that accurate and seemly order which constituted the beauty of this very preposterous attire. When the use of starch and poking-sticks had rendered the arrangement of a ruff easy, their size began rapidly to increase. Those both of men and women, writes Stow again, "became intolerably large, being a quarter of a yard deep. This fashion was called in London the French fashion; but when Englishmen came to Paris, the French knew it not, and, in derision, called it the English monster." At this time, he who had the deepest ruff and the longest rapier was held to be the greatest gallant; a proclamation was then issued against both, and selected grave citizens were placed at every gate of London to cut the ruffs and to break the rapier-points of all that exceeded a yard's length in their rapier, or a "nail of a yard" in the depth of their ruffs. In 1582, ruffs and gorgets, which were a modification of this attire used by the ladies, were probably in their greatest splendor.

Ruffs, in their stiff and formal shape, were considered by both sexes rather as the demonstration of a grave and demure character than an aid to beauty. It was not long after their introduction that the younger ladies, disinclined to conceal their goodly necks from the eyes of their admirers, opened the front of their ruffs, and elevated the part behind their heads, thus incurring the censure of that worthy dissector of abuses, Philip Stubbs. A beautiful example of the gorget, called, in more modern times, a whisk, is shown in Vertue's print of Elizabeth's visit to Lord Hunsdon; here you see all the younger ladies including the queen, with their necks exposed, whilst the elder ones submit to the concealment effected by the fore-part of the ornamental attire.

The weight of this new article of dress, when formed of a frame of wire covered with the finest point-lace, was so great, that the "piccadilly" — a stiffened collar used by both sexes to support their neck-ornaments — was devised. Sir Joseph Banks, in some manuscript notes on this subject preserved in the British Museum, writes, that Higgins, a tailor, introduced the improved piccadilly, and his dexterity in making this article of dress brought him into high vogue with the fair sex. His house, adds Sir Joseph, "stood on the north side of Coventry Street, opposite the licensed gaming-house at the corner of the Haymarket, very near the beginning of Piccadilly, which was then called the Reading Road, and afterwards took its name from the well-known piccadilly house." Hone, in his "Everyday Book," tells a somewhat different story, but equally worth quotation.

"The picadil," writes he, "was the round hem, or the piece set about the edge or skirt of a garment, whether at top or bottom; also a kind of stiff collar, made in fashion of a band, that went about the neck and round about the shoulders: hence the term 'wooden piccadilloes' (meaning the pillory) in 'Hudibras.' At the time that ruffs and picadils were much in fashion, there was a celebrated ordinary near St. James's, called Piccadilly, because, as some say, it was the outmost or skirt house; situate at the end of the town; but it more probably took its name from one Higgins, a tailor, who made a fortune by picadils, and built this with a few adjoining houses. The name has by a few been derived from a much frequented house for the sale of these articles; but this probably took its rise from the circumstance of Higgins having built houses there, which, however, were not for selling ruffs."

The now well-known Piccadilly being thus brought into intimate connection with our subject, it will not be out of place here to set down a few new facts illustrating the somewhat obscure early history of this thoroughfare. We would premise that the introduction of the piccadilly collar is generally assigned to about the year 1614. The earliest

printed mention of "Pikadilla" occurs (as has been pointed out by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*) in the later editions of Gerard's "Herbal," issued in 1633 and 1636. Of our own knowledge, we can state that no such locality is referred to in the state papers before June, 1631, in which month information is furnished to Lord Dorchester, the secretary of state, that mass had been performed at Lady Shrewsbury's "house at Piccadilly Hall in the parish of St. Martin." Again, under date of October 23, 1637, we meet with a certificate of the Commissioners for Buildings "of such new buildings of base condition as have been of late years erected upon new foundations contrary to proclamation, and inhabited by persons of very mean quality within the city and liberty of Westminster:" among the places mentioned "Peckadilly" occurs. In the following year a complaint seems to have been made that "the houses near Piccadilly Hall" have damaged certain springs "serving Whitehall and Somerset House;" and in May an order was issued to survey them, and to demolish those through which the water was to pass. Also, in 1638, there is an allusion to a suit against one Mary Baker "for building unlawfully at Piccadilly." Not until after the Restoration does Piccadilly appear to have settled down as a regular London Street: "Ayre Street, Piccadilly," is mentioned about the year 1666.

In the beginning of the reign of James I., the dignified clergy of the Church of England were almost as violent in their censures on what they deemed excess of apparel as the Puritans. John King, Bishop of London, said from his pulpit: "Fashion brought in deep ruffs and shallow ruffs, thick ruffs and thin ruffs, double ruffs and no ruffs. When God shall come to judge the quick and the dead, He will not know those who have so defaced the fashion He hath erected." Again, Hall, Bishop of Exeter, in a sermon, after having severely censured ruffs, farthingales, feathers, and paint, concludes with these words: "Hear this, ye popinjays of our time; hear this, ye plaster-faced Jezebels: God will one day wash them with fire and with brimstone."

On the visit of James I. to Cambridge in 1615, the vice-chancellor of the university thought fit to issue an order prohibiting "the fearful enormity and excess of apparel seen in all degrees, as namely, *strange piccadilloes*, vast bands, huge cuffs, shoe-roses, tufts, locks and tops of hair, unbecoming that modesty and carriage of students in so renowned a university."

Yellow starch was at this time used to stiffen the ruff, a fashion, it is said, introduced from France by the notorious Mrs. Turner, a physician's widow, afterwards executed at Tyburn for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury. She was sentenced, writes one historian, to be hanged in her yellow tiffany, ruffs and cuffs, she being the first inventor and wearer of that horrid garb; and never, since then, we are told, was any one seen to wear the like. This last statement is hardly in accordance with facts, though it is certain that the "horrid garb" was left off both by ladies and gentlemen in the reign of King Charles I. That monarch is represented, on the coins of the two first years of his reign, in a stiff starched ruff; on those of the fourth and fifth years, in an unstarched ruff falling down on his shoulders; and afterwards uniformly in a falling band. The judges continued the use of them much longer, wearing them, indeed, as a mark of gravity and decorum till the falling band was superseded by the perukes, as will be shown hereafter. Whitelocke writes, in his "Memorials," under the year 1635: "At the quarter-sessions at Oxford, I was put into the chair in court, though I was in colored clothes, a sword by my side, and a falling band, which was unusual in those days, and in this garb I gave the charge to the grand jury. . . . The gentlemen and freeholders seemed well pleased with my change and management of the business of the sessions, and said that they perceived that one might speak as good sense in a falling band as in a ruff, and they treated me at that time, and at all times afterwards when I waited on them, with extraordinary respect and civility." The falling band was a deep collar, purporting to be, as did the ruff also, a continuation of the inner linen garments. It was made of the most costly

materials that the wearer could afford; by very rich persons, for instance, of point-lace. It hung deep upon the shoulders and the breast, being tied before with a string and tassels. The point-lace bands were generally made with deep jags, and are frequently represented in Vanduyck's pictures. Evelyn, in describing a medal of Charles I. struck in 1633, speaks of the "falling band" worn by his Majesty, "which new mode succeeded the cumbersome ruff, but neither did the bishops nor the judges give it over so soon, the Lord-keeper Finch being, I think, the very first."

In a very rare work, published in 1638, and entitled, "The Truth of our Times; revealed out of one Man's Experience by Way of Essay," written by Henry Peacham, we read: "King Henry VIII. was the first of our English kings that ever wore a band round his neck, and that very plain, without lace, and about an inch or two in depth. We may see how the case is altered; he is not a gentleman, nor in the fashion, whose band of Italian cut-work now standeth him not at the least three, or four pounds — yea, a seamstress in Holborn told me that there are of threescore pound price a piece; and shoe-ties, that go under the name of roses, from three, four, and five pounds the pair." Elsewhere the same writer speaks, referring to the time of Elizabeth, of the "huge ruffs that stood out like cart-wheels about their necks;" and in the enumeration of all the new fashions from France includes "piccadillies, now out of request."

The Civil War soon after put an end to all ornamental apparel. The Roundheads scarce deigned to comb their shaggy locks, much less would they ornament their persons; while the gloomy severity of the times held the fair sex under much restraint. At the Restoration, King Charles II. brought with him the peruke, which was quickly adopted by his courtiers and his lawyers, who still retain it, as they formerly retained the ruff, when all other classes of men had abandoned it. The peruke destroyed at once all the costly extravagance of the falling band; this may have been one of the reasons for its rapid adoption. A peruke, though at first a costly purchase, lasted long with little change; whilst the laced bands, almost as costly at first as the peruke, were continually subject to renewal or repair. The curls of the peruke entirely covered the shoulders both behind and before, so that no part of the band could be seen but a little in front under the chin. The band remained at first in the form of two wide slips in front, tied as usual under the chin; by degrees these bands diminished in size, differently among different orders of people. "Their remains," writes Sir Joseph Banks, "are still to be seen in the laced bands of the lawyers when in full dress, the long bands used by them in the courts, and the slips of hemmed cambric used by the clergy; but little do the wearers reflect that these little pocket adjustments, preserved from Sunday to Sunday between the leaves of a prayer-book, are the surviving representatives of vast cumbersome ruffs, and of costly sheets of lace or fine linen, the charge of which is now spared to them, and may be appropriated to the comforts of their families or the necessities of the poor."

The following advertisement, taken from the *Mercurius Publicus* of May 8, 1662, is a not unapt illustration of our subject: "A cambric whisk, with Flanders lace, about a quarter of a yard broad, and a lace turning up about an inch broad, with a stock in the neck, and strap hangers down before, was lost between the New Palace and Whitehall. Reward twenty shillings."

The introduction of perukes rendered the large stocks of lace and other costly materials of which these bands were made entirely useless; and in order to bring these again into fashion, the laced cravat or neckcloth appears to have been invented in the middle of the reign of Charles II. In the reign of William and Mary, this fashion was very general, but it did not last long, not much longer, perhaps, than was necessary to wear out the original stocks of lace, which in this limited use would continue serviceable for one generation at least.

To these laced cravats the stock succeeded, buckled be-

hind the neck, and plaited with many folds, more, however, for use than for ornament. "In our times," to quote Banks once more, referring, of course, to the end of the last century, "the splendid neck-ornaments of our forefathers have been debased into the half-handkerchief neck-band, used as a covering to a quilted stiffening; and this scanty remnant of linen, seldom very fine, used merely to give a clean outside appearance to a dirty half-worn stiffening, is called by the respectable appellation of a cravat."

"LIFE AMONGST THE MODOCS."¹

EVERY one knows the story of the bishop who, when he had finished "Gulliver's Travels," said that, as for his part, he did not believe above one half of it. Though Mr. Joaquin Miller starts with saying, "I shall endeavor to make this sketch of my life with the Indians true in every particular," and though he ends with saying, "When I die I shall take this book in my hand, and hold it up in the Day of Judgment," we shall venture to be almost as sceptical as the worthy bishop. As for what Mr. Miller may think advisable to do on the Day of Judgment, that is of course altogether a matter for his own private consideration. At the same time we would venture to suggest that if when that day comes he could by some lucky chance find handy any place hot enough to burn up his book, he should, instead of holding it in his hand, quietly slip it in there. For beneath the big words in which it is written may be discovered a story of as cruel a piece of treachery as ever was practised by a friend of humanity. We will be charitable enough to believe that Mr. Miller is innocent of everything but writing a very silly fiction, and trying, like many another author, to pass it off as a true narration. Since the days when Mr. Waterton invented his Nondescript we doubt if any more strange or more unnatural animal has been invented than the hero of this sketch. Happily, the Nondescript was not accomplished enough to write his own history. If he had, the work would have been much the same, we have no doubt, as "Life amongst the Modocs."

Even Mr. Miller, when he states that this sketch is true in every particular, can scarcely expect us to believe that the somewhat dramatic reports of conversations which took place more than twenty years ago are to be taken as true word for word. If amid all the scenes of violence which he describes he was able to keep his note-book in hand, and to take down all that he heard, he has, to say the least, a singular capacity for reporting. If, on the other hand, without the use of notes, he can call to mind the talk of past years, he has a singular capacity for remembering. Note-book or no note-book, we should find it hard to believe that an old Indian dwelling far inland should have said: "The whites were as the ocean, strong and aggressive; while the red men were as the sand, silent, helpless, tossed about, run upon, and swallowed up." He may have been "the only one that stood up tall and talked like a reasonable man;" he may have worn "a robe of panther skins thrown back from his shoulders;" and he may have said something; but we cannot easily believe that he used the somewhat confused simile of the ocean and the sand. Inland people do not go to the sea-shore for illustration when they want to make a clear matter still clearer. Again, he must allow us a certain amount of scepticism when he tells us on page 273 that a certain massacre occurred in the first month of the year 1867, and on page 283 goes on to say that he never entered a certain town, "save as an enemy, for more than a decade" after this massacre. In 1867 he may as he left this town have shaken "a thin and nervous hand against its cold and cruel inhabitants;" but this is no reason why he should despise arithmetic. It is well that he hides ten years under the fine name of a decade, for Cocker and fine language do not readily go together.

¹ *Life amongst the Modocs: Unwritten History.* By Joaquin Miller. (London: 1873.)

We shall, however, leave such trifling inconsistencies as these to explain themselves. For we must hasten to set forth his treatment of the Indians out of the pompous language in which he wraps it. We know nothing of Mr. Joaquin Miller, except what he himself tells us. He shall be judged out of his own mouth. For many years, he tells us, he lived the life of an Indian among the Indians, and far away from the whites. He leads us to suppose—though for some reason he throws a kind of mystery over this—that he married an Indian girl, by whom he had a child. He became so deeply interested in these people that he formed "a bold and ambitious enterprise; no less a project than the establishment of a sort of Indian Republic." He drew out his plans and sent them to the commanding officer of the Pacific Coast. "Full of enthusiasm and impossible theories were the letters I sent, and no doubt full of bad spelling and worse grammar; but they were honest, sincere, and well-meant, and deserved something better than the contemptuous silence they received." He talks of his plans with an air of importance which might have become, but certainly would have shamed, Washington himself. Like Marat he proclaims himself as the friend of the people, and with almost as much reason. Of Captain Jack and his Modocs he writes:—

"After long holding their ground, then came the Peace Commissioners to talk of peace. The Indians remembering the tragedy of twenty years before, desperate and burning for revenge, believing that the only alternative was to kill or be killed, killed the Commissioners, as their own Peace Commissioners had been killed. They were surrounded, yet did this deed right in the face of the desperate consequences which they knew must follow. If we may be permitted to exult in any deeds of war, how can we but glory in the valor of these few men, battling there in the shadows of Shasta for all that is sacred to the Christian or the savage, holding the forces of the United States at bay for half a year, looking death firmly in the face and fighting on without a word day by day, every day counting a diminished number, shrinking to a diminished circle; bleeding, starving, dying; knowing that annihilation was only a question of time; knowing the awful cost and yet counting down the price bravely and without a murmur. There is nothing nobler in all the histories of the hemispheres. But they shall not be forgotten. Passion will pass away, and even their enemies of to-day will yet speak of them with respect."

Whether "there is nothing nobler in all the histories of the hemispheres" than the treacherous butchery of unarmed Peace Commissioners we shall not waste our time nor our readers' in discussing. We have quoted this paragraph at length so as to show the measure which Mr. Miller must expect to be meted out to him when his own doings towards the Indians are looked into. It is on the same page where this passage occurs that he says that in the Day of Judgment he will hold up his book "as a sworn indictment against the rulers of my country for the destruction of these people."

Now, we are not going to defend the general treatment of the Indians by the United States. We have only to do with that citizen of the United States who boasts that "he could, by a ten-line paragraph, throw a bombshell into the camp of the civilized world at this moment, and change the whole drift of public opinion" on the Indian question. Mr. Miller, then, the friend of the Indian, the sole inventor of the Indian Republic, and the apologist of Captain Jack and his "brave little handful of heroes," once had his own hut plundered by a band of hostile Indians of "all the stores and portable articles they could lay hands on." He had, as we have said, been living for years with the Indians; but "tiring somewhat of the monotonous life of the Indian camp, and wishing to see the face of a white man," he had left them for a while, and had "located" with a "brave, true man," who was "unfortunately sometimes given to getting drunk," named Mountain Joe. So good a man as Mr. Miller, who is going to "rear a monument of stones" where the last Modocs fell, and "name the

place Thermopylae," who has his book all ready for the Day of Judgment, and who will have on that dread day a charge not to answer but to make, finding himself robbed of his stores and portable articles, showed himself no doubt a second Penn. Dealing "peaceably with the Indians," he found them, as Penn did, "the most peaceable, upright, and gentle of beings." But gladly though Mr. Miller would have shown forgiveness for the loss of his portable articles, yet there was also the loss of his honor. It may be quite true, as Mr. Miller says, in writing of the Indian, "a singular combination of circumstances laid his life bare to me. I was a child and he was a child. He permitted me to enter his heart." But though the Indian permitted Mr. Miller to enter his heart, it was not to be expected that Mr. Miller should permit him in return to enter his hut and take away his goods. If, however, he presumed on Mr. Miller's childlike nature he was mistaken, for "to have borne with the outrage would have been to fall into disgrace with the others." Mr. Miller accordingly gathered a band of half-tame Indians and a company of whites, and followed on the trail of the plunderers. He found them encamped not far from "Castle Lake, a sweet, peaceful place overhung by mountain cypress and sweeping cedars." He and his comrades with their rifles surrounded the Indians, who were armed only with bows and arrows, and fired in upon them. The Indians were almost all killed, and their camp plundered and burned. Mr. Miller was wounded by an arrow—but here he shall speak for himself:—

"In the morning one kind but mistaken old fellow brought a leather bag, and held it up haughtily before my eyes in his left hand, while he tapped it gently with his bowie knife. The blood was oozing through the seams of the bag and trickling at his feet. 'Them's scalps.' I grew sick at the sight. The wounded were carried on the backs of squaws that had been taken in the fight. A very old and wrinkled woman carried me on her back by setting me in a large buckskin, with one leg on each side of her body, and then supporting the weight by a broad leather strap passed across her brow. This was not uncomfortable, all things considered. In fact, it was far the best thing that could be done. The first half-day the old woman was 'sulky,' as the men called it; possibly the wrinkled old creature could feel, and was thinking of her dead. In the afternoon I began to rally, and spoke to her in her own tongue. Then she talked and talked, and mourned, and would not be still. 'You,' she moaned, 'have killed all my boys, and burnt up my home.'"

There are some things quite as sickening as a bag full of scalps; there is, for instance, a mixture of hypocrisy, sentimentality, and cruelty. Here we have a man, the friend of the Indian, the writer of the sworn indictment against the rulers of his country for the destruction of these people, avenging the loss of his portable articles by sacking a whole camp, and shooting down the males; and then, as he is carried for a whole day on the back of a miserable and "very old woman," whose sons he had killed, he reflects that "this was not uncomfortable, all things considered. In fact, it was by far the best thing that could be done." We wonder, when Mr. Miller is ready, book in hand, at the Day of Judgment, where will be found this old woman! After this piece of butchery he returned to the tribe of Indians with whom he had long lived, and found that he was forgiven for whatever blood was on his hands in consideration of the part he had borne in the fight. Encouraged, no doubt, by the recovery of his portable articles, he had once more time for his grand scheme of the Indian Republic. "How magnificent," he says, "and splendid looked my plan. Imagination had no limit." Cruelty, also, as well as imagination, unfortunately has no limit, and Mr. Miller was ready to take part in a fresh massacre of the Indians. An Indian tribe had killed some white settlers. "The number of the settlers did not exceed twenty, and perhaps not more than ten." Mr. Miller goes on to add: "Possibly it was a massacre, but the Indian account of it shows them to have been as perfectly justified as ever one human being can be for taking

the life of another." By a curious train of events, which is not made too clear, he finds himself a leader against these Indians. "Two decisive battles, or rather massacres, took place, and perhaps five hundred Indians perished." Mr. Miller, however, is very sorry for what he did, if that is any comfort to them. But he shall speak for himself:—

"Most of these men are dead now, but scattered around somewhere on earth a few may be found, and they will tell you that by my energy, recklessness, and knowledge of the country and Indian customs, I, and I only, made the bloody expedition a success. I tell this in sorrow. It is a thousand times more to my shame than honor, and I shall never cease to regret it. Before leaving the valley, we surprised a camp by stealing upon it at night and lying in wait till dawn. It was a bloody affair for the Indians. More than a hundred lay heaped together about the lodges, where they fell by rifle, pistol, and knife. The white butchers scalped the dead every one."

Happily, this bad book has one great merit. It is too pompous and too dull to have many readers.

LONDON HOUSES.

It seems strange, after the thousands of years men have been living in houses, that they should not know how to build them. And yet this is true, if we are to judge by the complaints and cries of despair which rise every now and then in the newspapers.

A little time ago, several letters appeared, from one well-known author, in which our house-building was entitled "a million blunders," and the builder "the curse of families." At the time of the Prince of Wales's illness, the papers were filled with letters, telling us that our houses were so constructed as to be receivers of sewer-gas, "laid on" to them by pipes, as the water or the gas for lighting is; that the drains are frequently not connected with the sewers, but discharge their contents into the soil just outside the house, and sometimes even inside it, under the floors; so that, even with open windows, we live in a polluted atmosphere. In their architecture, our houses are only bad copies of old ones, whilst in their decoration they do not even attempt the high artistic beauty which these possessed.

The complainers suggest various remedies for these evils. Mr. Charles Reed thinks the "million blunders" would be lessened by abolishing plaster ceilings (forgetting that this would allow us to hear the slightest sounds in the room overhead); and by making the roofs flat, that we might go out on them to get the air—a doubtful advantage, among the smuts from the chimney tops. Mr. Fergusson, whose extensive and intimate knowledge of the history of architecture entitles his opinions to the highest respect, says that our failures arise from our having no style of our own, and persisting in copying the styles of other times and nations, with ideas and habits different from ours. He holds that we must go on blundering till we return to the old system under which these styles were formed, when there were no architects, but every workman knew the style of his day, and worked in it naturally. But the state of society which produced these old traditional styles has ceased to exist, and we cannot put the clock of time backwards. Every country, every village almost, had its own style, just as it had its own costume, handed down from generation to generation; and we might as well hope to revive these, as the old mode of working in architecture.

In one of the letters to the *Times*, it is said, that, to put matters right, young architects should not be kept drawing at the desk, but be sent to "the bench, the banquer, and the anvil; thence to the laboratory of the chemist, and to the lecture hall of the geologist." But we fear that to be able to frame doors, hew stones, or beat out ornamental iron hinges, or even to explain the formation of stones, would not help the architect much in planning better houses.

There is some truth in one suggestion—that demand and supply govern this, as they do other things; that our

architecture is bad because people prefer bad architecture, won't pay for good, and don't know it when they see it; and that the builders provide such houses as they know will sell and let.

And it must be admitted that the common plan of London houses is, on the whole, exceedingly convenient; well suited to our habits, and about the best that can be devised in the circumstances. For the conditions under which they are planned are somewhat difficult. Each house is a thin slice, about twenty feet wide, and from forty to sixty feet deep, of a large block, with windows only at back and front. Into this space, about fifteen or twenty rooms of various sizes, some of them large reception rooms, have to be arranged; and, by perpetual improvements in economizing space, by contrivances for obtaining light, by breaks and recesses and open shafts or wells, in the centre of the block, by piling six or seven stories one above the other—the amount of accommodation that is obtained on a narrow frontage, and at a slight expense to the builder, is really astonishing.

The evil is, that this economy and contrivance are carried too far. The attempt to light the back parlor from an open hole or shaft in the centre of the house has the most dismal result. To dwell in one of those tall houses is like living on a ladder, and makes life a perpetual getting up-stairs. To save bricks and space, the party-walls between the houses are so thin that not only piano-playing and the ringing of the bells, but even the sounds of conversation in the next house, are distinctly heard. So slim is everything about them, that they only stand because the one house keeps up the other. The timbers are reduced in size till the floors shake with every footstep; the plaster has so much sand in it, that only the wall-paper pasted over it keeps it on the wall; the plumber's work is planned so as to fill bedrooms with sewer gas, and is scamped in execution; the gas-pipes leak, and instances have even been known in which gas-brackets have been fixed to the wall without pipes being led to them. Another source of economy is that each house is exactly like its neighbor; so that we know our own only by the number on the door. This saves trouble and thought. The workman does the same thing a hundred times over, and learns to do it quickly and cheaply. The calculation of the builder is, that a dozen such houses, run up at once, will cost no more than eight or nine built slowly and carefully, as they are wanted; so that he is not out of pocket, although half of them remain unlet. Besides, a badly-built house is to him like a "dreeping roast," as the Scotch say—a continuous source of income from the perpetual jobbings required to keep it habitable. For he takes care, in the agreement in letting the house, to throw the obligation of keeping it in repair on the tenant.

Cheaply built as it is, however, there is a profusion of architectural ornament, in the shape of porticos and balustrades and cornices outside. But it is all done in cement, and costs no more than if the house had been built in good, plain brick-work; while, for the building trade, it has the advantage of needing to be repainted every three years, and to be even occasionally renewed when it cracks, and threatens to fall off from the building.

Inside, the rooms have elaborately enriched cornices, and patches of ornament in the centre of the ceiling, which are otherwise quite bare; but this also is cheap and—nasty. The marble chimney-piece at first sight seems composed of solid blocks, but we find on examination that it consists of thin slabs stuck together, made by the hundred, all from the same bad design.

Such are generally the only kind of houses to be had, and people must either take them or want. The evil arises partly from the prevalent system of short building leases, which tempts builders to construct the houses so that they shall be worth nothing to the ground landlord when they revert to him at the end of the lease. In Scotland the system of perpetual ground-rents makes it possible for a man to get a site for building with a tenure as good as a freehold; and, as there is no motive for bad work, a more substantial mode of construction prevails. The London

builders are probably not wholly to blame. They build the kind of houses which they think will let best. People no doubt prefer a house covered with vulgar ornament, think it finer, and are willing to give a higher rent for it. The remedy lies with people themselves. Let the builders once understand that we refuse to have our lives made uncomfortable in order that the ground landlord may get back a bad house at the end of the lease, and some of them might see it their interest to bring better ones into the market.

To obtain this result we must, in the first place, be content to pay higher rents; which implies higher rates and taxes. A good house is worth paying for. A century ago people lived in better houses, according to their means, than they do now. The houses had larger rooms, were better built, and more tastefully finished. In some houses in the older squares of London, the doors are of solid mahogany, the stairs of oak, the ceilings divided into panels by rich mouldings, or covered with a delicate tracery of ornament; or filled in with a great painting, excellent in point of art (though in position out of place), of which the gilded cornice forms the frame. The marble chimney-pieces were designed for their place, and were often exquisitely carved by men who would have been fitted to take good rank as sculptors.

All this must have cost money, but people made up for it by living more plainly. And there is surely something incongruous in our giving dinners of innumerable courses, with endless varieties of fine wines, in hot little dining-rooms, which are mean in architecture, and vulgar in decoration.

It is not our lack of wealth which makes modern houses so inferior to old ones; for the country grows richer daily. Their flimsy construction is due partly to a bad system of land tenure, but more to the desire of having things cheap, even at the risk of their being bad. But this will hardly account for the bad art prevalent in most houses. Even those in the most fashionable situations, built for people of unbounded wealth; have often stucco fronts; and, even when houses are faced with stone and sumptuously built, the trouble and expense of designing the ornament for each is saved, as in some such recently erected, where the same elaborate doorway is repeated fifty times over in the same row. It would be about as sensible to ornament a room with a dozen engravings of the same picture or copies of the same statue. This only shows that people, notwithstanding all the talk about art, do not really care for it.

For criticism and talk, or even visiting picture exhibitions is, after all, of little avail in producing a knowledge of art in houses and in furniture and common things, among those who live amid the ugliness of our towns. The sense of beauty is corrupted; as it would be in music if we heard nothing but grind-organs and street bands. People become unconscious of the ugliness, or if, perceiving and hating it, they attempt reform, their efforts are apt to be wild and spasmodic, and wrongly directed. It is quite natural that when they attempt color about their houses they should run into reaction against the dinginess around them, painting their rooms in bright harsh colors; and, for the flower-boxes in their windows, or in the paper covers with which they conceal the flower-pots in their rooms, using colors of such vividness as destroys the tints of the flowers and makes the leaves of the plants look black.

It seems a pity that, with all our wealth, we should not know better how to spend it. But it is difficult to suggest a remedy for this state of matters. If people, when building, furnishing, and decorating their houses, would follow in faith the guidance of those who have a true sense of color and form, as applied to these arts, something might be done. And such men exist, and would take to the work if there were but a demand for it; so that, in time, by having truer art round us, a better taste might be cultivated.

But, from the causes above stated, the public prefer bad work, and they find no difficulty in getting it. Even when conscious of their ignorance, and desirous of learning better things, they don't know whom to follow. There is

no lack of clever experts, but they counsel different things. To advise the following of any of them might merely add to the confusion, and make people surround themselves with art unsuitable to them, which might please them for a little as a new sensation, but the gravitating force of the common influences around would soon make the pendulum swing back to its old position.

The Gothic revival is an instance of this. The men of taste began it. It received the support of the clergy. The nonconformist bodies followed suit in the style of their chapels, and sometimes the style was adopted for houses, banks, and warehouses. But it was seldom carried out fully. The windows were filled with great sheets of plate glass wholly unsuited to the style; the doors and other internal fittings were often the same as in common houses; pointed windows were found an inconvenient form for shutters and window blinds, and any furniture except such as was made purposely, at a ruinous expense, was out of keeping with the architecture; while the adoption of Gothic by builders who did not understand it, for rows of common dwellings and even public-houses, has furnished a proof that vulgarity and absurdity can be exhibited in this style even more readily than in the old one.

Any improvement in our domestic architecture, to be lasting, and to possess the power of development, should not necessitate too great a change in our ideas and habits of life. It should not be a revolution and a violent breaking-in on our traditions, but an improvement, merely, in the things that we have been used to.

To improve satisfactorily in this way is really more difficult than to attempt something new and strange. As to the last, people have no criterion by which they can judge of its excellence; but, every one being used to the common style and understanding it, is so far a competent critic, and is able to condemn falsity and extravagance which might pass unnoticed in a thing that one is ignorant of. But for this very reason the result is more likely to be satisfactory in the end.

As regards the plan of our houses, no fundamental change is practicable, unless we adopt, which we are not likely to do, the French system of making each story a separate house. There is, however, room for improvement in the minor arrangements and lighting of the rooms.

Any style of architecture in which ordinary square-headed sash windows are unsuitable, — though it may please at first by its novelty, and when treated by men who have made it a special study may produce in isolated cases very satisfactory results, — will never be generally adopted; while attempts to copy it by builders and architects who do not understand it, are certain to disgust all but the ignorant.

Our common style, such as ordinary builders attempt to carry out, is capable, without any fundamental alteration, of giving us all the best characteristics of domestic architecture, — solidity and dignity, refinement, and beauty, and the feeling of homely comfort. That it usually fails in doing so arises not from faults inherent in it, but because these qualities are not appreciated by those who work in it. They prefer, and those for whom they build are willing to endure, cheap display and vulgar pretentiousness.

When the old styles were in vogue, people were unconsciously better educated in art by seeing only good art round them; and they were further restrained from error by the laws which the custom of the time enforced; just as a man in the present day may avoid offences against good manners by conforming to those of the society in which he has been brought up.

It ought not to be considered an objection to any improvements in our architecture that they are a revival of old features. To give greater solidity to the external ornament of our houses, we need not refuse to reproduce, in place of our "compo" ornaments, the red margins round the windows and the cornices of cut and moulded bricks common in the old houses of Queen Anne's time; or, should we like them, the quaint curved gables of the Jacobean style; or, if we prefer opening casements instead of the usual

hung sashes, large windows may be divided by stone mullions and transoms. They are not pure architecture, it is true; but they may not, on that account, be unsuitable for domestic work. The evil of the present state of the art has mainly arisen from the absurd notion which insisted that only the features of classic temples were to be used in house architecture.

It is possible that, in its salient features, all the changes possible in architecture may have been already rung. In any case the common cry for a new style is foolish. If it is to be produced, it can only be by adopting such changes as the requirements of comfort and beauty demand; and, in doing this, there is no more harm in reviving old features than in Mr. Tennyson enriching our modern language by the revival of old words.

To sweep away all old customs and habits and start afresh untrammelled, guided only by reason and our sense of right, is not a course which in human affairs has hitherto proved successful. The French tried it in politics with the result, as we English think, of destroying their power of judging in political matters, of splitting up the country into irreconcilable parties, each with a system of opinions logically consistent, but the general result being only hopeless incongruity in the politics of the country. On the other hand the French have never broken away from tradition in art. Though their architecture was affected by Greek influences during the First Empire, and is being affected by early renaissance now, the mass of rules and traditions in it, and in the arts which minister to it, has not altered, and consequently there is harmony throughout all the decoration as well as the furniture of every French house.

We, on the other hand, have not in politics wiped the slate clean and attempted to compose a new constitution. We prefer the system of natural growth, and though we grumble, as 'tis our nature to, at the old constitution, and find fault with it, we do so as to an old friend, whom we are familiar enough to take liberties with, but would never think of parting from."

In art matters, however, our prophets have been counselling a total abandonment of old methods, and, so far as they have succeeded, the result is the same as in French politics, hopeless incongruity. In architecture, furnishing and decoration, an English house is divided against itself, and cannot stand the test of criticism. The architecture may perhaps be designed all in keeping, but the painter takes his own way, and makes the decoration without reference to it, while the upholsterer fills it with furniture which fits in with neither.

I cannot but think, therefore, that any attempt to improve our house architecture by adopting such a style as Gothic, which, notwithstanding all attempts to introduce it, is still strange and foreign to us, can only produce confusion and failure; and that it would be wiser, in attempting a change for the better, to take the old familiar style with its square-headed sash-windows as a basis to work on.

In it, as well as in Gothic, we may have convenience in planning, solidity in construction, and both good color and good art. And we have wealth enough to get all these if we only had the eyes to see them and the hearts to care for them. But wealth alone will not give us good architecture any more than it will give us learning. What we want is not a new style, but better taste and greater care in carrying out the common vernacular style that we have.

To abolish architects and leave builders to their own devices will not help up to this. If our architecture is to be changed for the better, it must be by men who have a thorough knowledge of the resources of the art, who know what has been done in it, and will not mistake their own crude ideas for new discoveries; and it must be by men who can produce examples of houses, suited to our habits of life and thought, convenient in arrangement and good in point of art, and which builders might be able to understand and reproduce, for common use, without hopeless failure.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

THERE is no more generally accepted maxim amongst writers of sermons and moral essays than that which prescribes the duty of making the best of things. In one form or another it contains the pith of the consolation generally offered to us when suffering under any calamity. You have lost one of your dearest friends; you are exhorted to remember that if he had lived longer he would have suffered many more pangs; that if he had lived at Timbuctoo you would never have had the advantage of his acquaintance; and that if you had not paid him some proper attentions you would now have been bitterly reproaching yourself. In short, you are invited to send forth your imagination into the boundless regions of the might have been, and to take comfort in reflecting that beneath the actual abyss into which you have fallen yawns another conceivable abyss of which you have been lucky enough to stop short. From the most serious down to the most insignificant troubles of life the same kind of soothing ointment is applied to men's spiritual wounds. You have lost a fortune — rejoice that you have a pittance left to keep you out of the workhouse; you are suffering from toothache — be thankful that you have not also a pain in your stomach; a steady rain sets in just as you are about to take a holiday — congratulate yourself upon possessing an umbrella, and think of the beautiful lights and shades which might have been one monotonous breadth of sunshine.

Everybody must have suffered at times under well-meant exhortations of this kind, whose conventional nature is indeed more or less carefully hidden, but whose substance is formed out of these old commonplaces. The general formula is painfully simple. However much you are suffering, the boundless fertility of human imagination will always enable you to picture some additional aggravation; it can hardly be said of anybody that all the avenues by which pain can approach him are so thronged that there is not room for some additional grief to force an entrance; and till that happens there is always room for applying this wearisome comfort. There are people who, if they saw a man being broken on the wheel, would remark to him that at any rate he had fine weather for the purpose.

Now to the unregenerate human being nothing is more vexatious than this mode of consolation. As a general rule, all comforters have been officious and disagreeable people since the days of Job. The difference between comforting a sufferer and triumphing over his misfortunes is occasionally imperceptible, and when the triumph takes the form of bombardment with moral platitudes it is specially offensive. The sophistry, moreover, is in this case so transparent that one feels that one's intellect is insulted at the same time that one's moral character is depreciated. The statement that "things might have been worse" is as universally applicable, and therefore has as little special application in any given case, as the statement that two and two make four. "Things might have been worse," said the man in a wise old popular legend, as the devil was carrying him off to hell. "How so?" asks his acquaintance. "Why, the devil," he answers, "might have made me carry him." Fortunate, indeed, is the person who has not been irritated by friends acting in the spirit of this consistent optimism, and who take credit to themselves for so acting as though it were an indisputable proof of virtue.

Of all the companions who ever drove an innocent man to the verge of distraction, probably Mark Tapley must have been the most intolerably offensive. He was of course a hollow impostor, though Dickens never found him out; for a man of genuine cheerfulness does not insist upon telling the world and himself that he is "jolly" every five minutes; but, apart from the question of sincerity, such a walking platitude, dashing his wretched little bit of morality in your face whenever you were out of spirits, would have justified his summary assassination — speaking of course from the point of view of the Western States. Mark Tapley, unfortunately, has become the prophet of a

popular school. The fondness of his creator for him proves that Dickens took him to be really an admirable type of character; and accordingly he set to work proving in a hundred different ways that we ought to make the best of things, to look at the bright side of the world, and, so far as our own life is concerned, to ignore the fact that it is full of dark shadows and ominous forebodings.

Although this school has fortunately declined in favor, its favorite dogma still retains a wide popularity, and few maxims are more irritating when retailed for private consumption, or more mischievous in their bearing upon public affairs. For the doctrine practically comes to this, that we are to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable hardships of life, not by accommodating ourselves to them as well as we can, but by making believe that they do not exist. It is well and right that human beings should retain as much cheerfulness as is compatible with the possession of anything like a soul. A thinking man cannot go through the battle of life in a state of rollicking exhilaration, but to get what happiness we can is plainly desirable. Everybody has to make up his mind, after a few years of experience, how he will aim at this end; and that man certainly makes the wisest choice whose provision for life includes the smallest amount of illusions. Most people arrange matters so as to put up with evils that might be remedied, and to attempt to meet the irremediable by blandly ignoring them. They run up a veil which serves pretty well for a time, and enables them to denounce as a cynic everybody who likes to look things in the face, but which of course disappears just when it is really wanted.

There was a time, as we know, when the doctrine was adopted by the philosophers, who undertook to prove mathematically that "whatever is right." They certainly did not succeed more than other philosophers in practically comforting mankind; and, on the whole, the world has not much missed poor Pangloss and the school he represented. When Pope tried to expound the same theory in verse, it took all the poetry out of his sparkling couplets. The essential discord showed itself when it was attempted to set the theory to music. A poet may be rapt into ecstasy by contemplating the beauties of the universe, or be plunged into despair at the horrors around him; but this placid optimism, which, without explicitly denying the existence of evil, proved that, in some way or other, it was very much the same thing as good, was totally alien to any true poetical mood. With the decay of the old schools both of poetry and metaphysics, this quiet fashion of skimming over the great problems of the universe went out of fashion. We are living in times when the wear and tear of life is far too great for any such flimsy armor of optimism. But the doctrine, though it is no longer current in the higher intellectual spheres, is as popular as ever at a lower altitude. We need not remark here upon the grave mischiefs which are worked by it in the sphere of politics or commerce. The evil results of saying peace when there is no peace are pretty generally recognized in theory. At the present moment we are content to put out of view the annoyances which it causes in private life.

The propensity to make the best of things is generally found in combination with those smaller virtues which are more annoying to one's neighbors than most vices. The man who rises at five every morning, who always ties up his letters with red tape, and who is convinced of the great truth that it is better to be half an hour too early than half a minute too late, is frequently given to making the best of things. The duty of doing so is a moral maxim just big enough for him to understand. He probably reflects upon it in the early morning at the time when his cold bath is bringing out that glow, physical and moral, which makes him an offence to all weaker vessels during the rest of the day. The ruddy jovial person who gets himself up after the country gentleman type, or the more unctuous variety of popular preacher, is apt to be perspiring this doctrine at every pore. It is a pleasure to him to meet somebody in distress upon whom he may discharge boisterous comfort through his favorite aphorism, as a fire-engine sends cold water through a hose. If he acquires some dim conscious-

ness of the fact that his kind exhortations sound like a bitter mockery to his victims, it only increases his sense of virtue. They cannot comfort themselves under the loss of a wife by the reflection that they still have several first cousins, and money enough to pay for a handsome monument. That only proves that they have not studied so well as he the great art of properly directing their sentiments. For of course he will deny in the most pathetic manner that he would ever advise anything like self-deceit. He does not avowedly ask a sufferer to profess that a toothache is rather a pleasant distraction than otherwise; he only recommends him to fix his attention upon his great toe or some other remote part of his body which may appear to be enjoying good health.

And, in fact, there are some people so enviably constituted that a small pleasant object elevates them more than a great unpleasant object depresses them. They are people, so to speak, of small specific gravity, who cannot be submerged without a heavy burden of melancholy. The person who makes the best of things professes to be of this temperament. It is not, he would have you believe, that he does not sympathize with grief, but that his constitutional buoyancy makes sympathy in him compatible with exhilaration; he does not deny the existence of evils, but the smallest grain of good makes him happy, just as half a glass of wine makes some men drunk. There are, we say, such people as these — men, if we may coin a word, easily intoxicable. But we are inclined, as a rule, to a vehement suspicion in both cases. The man who is upset by the first glass has generally had a certain number of glasses before the first; and the man who makes the best of things is generally helped to be serene either by the absence of strong feeling or by the want of courage to look at the worst.

There are of course a great many people who can make the best of their friends' misfortunes with surprising equanimity; but even a personal calamity, such as pecuniary ruin, often finds a man of this sort making the best of it. Before admiring we ought to know whether such calmness really indicates courage; it may signify just the reverse. A man who has never dared fairly to look into the state of his own affairs, and has thus got out of his depth without knowing it, is just the man to be cheerful, because he still does not look into the future, but calculates that on the whole his friends cannot still let him starve. To have a noble disregard for prudential considerations, to marry, for example, on general principles, and trust to your children being brought up by an enlightened public, is indeed generally regarded as a noble action; and it is certainly the legitimate consequence of making the best of things. Economists, however, have expressed some doubt whether such actions are beneficial either to the actor or to the nation; we are quite certain that they are anything but beneficial to his neighbors.

MARK TWAIN.

MARK TWAIN'S lecture at the Hanover Square Rooms on the Sandwich Islands will remind many of us of the inimitable lecture delivered by Artemas Ward some six years ago at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on his adventures among the Mormons and elsewhere. Indeed, the two American humorists resemble each other in the complete reticence and apparently straightforward simplicity of manner with which they make their humorous points. Mark Twain himself even carries this nonchalance to excess. He hurries over some few of his points with so little emphasis or significance of air that they are lost upon the audience, who did not catch his joke at all, for instance, when the present writer was in attendance, about "the long, green swell of the Pacific."

But though this perfect calm and assumed earnestness of manner is common to the two humorists, there was something much more comically childlike, much more of serious inward embarrassment and bewilderment at the core of the

humor of Artemas Ward than in that of Mark Twain, who is the easy man of the world throughout, and whose humor consists in the unconscious, matter-of-fact way in which he habitually strikes false intellectual notes, the steady simplicity with which he puts the emphasis of feeling in the wrong place, with which he classifies in the most unassuming way, as families of the same tribe of things, the most irreconcilable common nouns, and so glides into sarcasm or caricature, while seeming to pursue, without looking to the right or the left, the even tenor of his way. For instance, he began on one of the evenings with referring to the complaints that he had not been well heard throughout the hall, and threw a tone of high moral ardor and resolve into his promise to make himself adequately heard, which, delivered as it was, with the utmost immobility and gravity of demeanor, was irresistibly humorous. And then he glided off into a candid avowal of his wish to gratify the violent temporary and momentary hunger for information about the Sandwich Islands, with as serious an air as if the fame of the Sandwich Islands was really in every mouth, and anxiety about them the ruling passion of every heart.

The humor in all this was the anxious travesty of the intellectual assumptions of the easy man of the world which it suggested. The ease and frankness of the speaker impressed you with his complete command of all the social currents of the day; and then the oddity of the false notes, touched so easily and in such apparent good faith — the virtuous ardor about making himself heard; the resolve either to appease or to stimulate to a still higher level of enthusiasm the assumed thirst for knowledge about the Sandwich Isles — became in the highest degree grotesque. It was the same when he confessed casually to the audience the kind of problem which had exercised his mind most in connection with this subject; and his belief that it belonged to that region of the unknown and unknowable which it is the mere knight-errantry of reason to attempt to explore. This problem was "why the Sandwich Islands should have been put away out there in the middle of the Pacific Ocean," — a point which he declared to be not really "open to criticism," so that it would not be "graceful to dwell upon it."

This specimen of the kind of transcendental difficulty by which he was haunted, and of the moral extinguisher which he put upon it, carried on the ludicrous conception suggested, of a man of the world with a strange topsy-turviness in his intellectual constitution; and the same notion ran through a good part of the lecture, so far at least as it was humorous, the defect in it as a work of art being that several portions, — the descriptive portions, for instance, which were very vigorous and graphic, — had no relation to this main thread of humor, being in fact terse and imaginative descriptions of the scenery such as any man with a keen eye and a good oratorical faculty might draw.

Even the humorous features of the lecture were not all of the same type. There was some good mimicry and anecdote, and not a little rather commonplace fun at the expense of native manners and the old cannibalism, such as the remark that the Kanaka men, not being "proud," used to wear nothing but "a smile, or a pair of spectacles, or any little thing like that;" or the story about the cannibal Kanaka who wanted to try "how Europeans would go with onions," and who, after eating the tough captain of a whaler, died of "the crime on his conscience and the whaler on his stomach." In fact the commoner humor that consists in happy extravagance was no insignificant part of the fun of the lecture, — in that showing its inferiority to Artemas Ward's, whose humor was everywhere penetrated with a moral coherence which very much set off its intellectual incoherence.

Again, some humorous touches of Mark Twain's were mere epigrammatic applications of strong sense to the facts of savage life, as when he said that by the help of the Europeans, the Kanakas had been more completely and universally educated than any people on the face of the earth, and that "if only the Europeans could have augmented the native capacity, they would have made that people perfect;" and as when — that augmentation of capacity being assumed as impossible — he spoke, with more logical con-

sistency than appeared on the surface, of the blessings of European influence to the Kanakas as having consisted in "complicated diseases, education, civilization, and all sorts of calamities" (whereby their numbers had been reduced from 400,000 to 50,000), and anticipated that Europeans would "start a few more seminaries of learning among the natives, — and finish." This sort of humor, it will be perceived, is quite different in kind from that which consists in playing the quaintest possible variations on the ordinary intellectual and moral assumptions made by a man of the world, for it depends indeed on a stronger and more masculine use of those assumptions than ordinary men ever make. Some touches, too, of Mark Twain's were due to the well-known genius of the American language, which invents such admirable vernacular phrases for moral feelings, and is wont to express the rather rare emotion of surprise with so much of calm equanimity as to multiply tenfold the force of the emotion. What could be better, for instance, than the adjective for native affections contained in the following comment on the generous liberality with which Kanakas adopt mothers, — that if a Kanaka's affections are "liberal and stretchy," he may have at least a hundred and fifty mothers? — or than the delightful matter-of-factness of the remark supposed to have been made by a sugar-planter to a Kanaka who had asked for three holidays in three weeks, for the purpose, on each occasion, of going and burying a mother, — "It does seem to me that your stock of mothers holds out very well"? The humorous impassiveness in the American speech is, of course, used by Mark Twain to the greatest possible advantage. For instance, after depreciating the dogs of the Hawaiian Islands as a feeble breed whose only strong point is their curly tails, he told his audience, that a friend of his assured him that if he ever had one of these dogs of his own, "he should cut the tail off, and throw the balance of the dog away." That calm treatment of the elements of the dog as if they were elements of a pecuniary transaction, is essentially American, and belongs not to the individual humor of Mark Twain, so much as to the characteristic humor of the country from which he comes. But the humor of the remark that you might have all climates in the Sandwich Islands, from a permanent average of 80 degrees at the foot of the mountains, through "every intermediate temperature as you ascend, down to a temperature at the top "so miserably cold that a man can't tell the truth," was all his own, and one of the finest illustrations of his curious power of striking, with easy matter-of-fact simplicity, a most grotesquely strange note, in the midst of the calm and business-like statements of an ordinary man of the world. To assume the cold as taking effect, not on the intellect, but on the conscience, is as genuine and real a surprise as the vagaries of humor ever invented; and when given with that perfect composure of easy common-sense with which Mark Twain drops it out, it produces a most telling effect on the audience. On the whole, though Mark Twain cannot be regarded as so remarkable and rare a humorist as Artemas Ward, no one with any appreciation of the great originality of American literature in this direction will hear him without thorough enjoyment, and at least some new memories of the kind which make a man laugh suddenly at unexpected moments, as the flavor of a dry saying comes back to him. His higher humor is not sustained, but it is eked out with so much skill of anecdote, so much command of American idiom, and such powers of mimicry, as to furnish an entertainment perhaps even more generally popular than Artemas Ward's inimitable lectures themselves.

CHIVALRY.

DIFFERENT forms of the same word have often come, not only to bear quite different meanings, but to embody quite different sentiments. We do not mean such mere accidents as that which has happened to *even*, *queen*, *quean*, expressing, as it does, both the highest reverence and the deepest contempt, and not being altogether in the primitive

meaning from which it set out, that of *woman* in a purely colorless form, without expressing anything either way. This is a case of an accident within a language; the same kind of accident happens between two cognate languages, when a word, starting from the same point in the two, rises in one language and falls in another, as in the familiar case of the English *knight* and the German *Knecht*. We are rather thinking of cases in which two words have been formed from the same root, at different stages of the same language, the meanings of which still remain in some degree connected, while the sentiment and train of thought which belong to the two respectively become quite different.

Thus *chiefain* and *captain* are strictly the same word, meaning the man who is *caput* or *chief*, the literal translation of the old English *heafolman* and the modern German *Hauptmann*. Of these *chiefain* is strictly French, formed according to the regular laws by which French words are formed, while *captain* may be called either a later formation, or perhaps more accurately, a later importation, from the Italian; it belongs in either case to a later stage of the language. Of the two words it is clear that the older has the much wider and more general sense, while the use of the latter is much stricter and more technical. Yet among technical military terms it is plain that *captain* is the one which is least technical, and is most easily used in a more general sense. We can talk of the "great captain" of the age, but we cannot talk of the "great colonel" or the "great major;" that is to say, while the word *colonel* is a purely military word invented for purely military purposes, and which has none but a purely technical military meaning, *captain* is a term of general meaning, which has settled down into a special technical use.

But the kind of difference which we mean comes out most strongly in the two forms *chivalry* and *cavalry*. Each alike in its natural meaning implies riding on a horse, and nothing more. *Chivalry* is the natural French word, formed according to the rules of the French language, while *cavalry* is the later form, analogous to *captain* as opposed to *chiefain*. The beast from which both words are formed, the *caballus*, who in later Latin turned out what had once been the nobler *equus*, shows himself in the one word in his French form and in the other in his Italian form. But the difference of meaning in the two words *chivalry* and *cavalry* has become yet wider than the difference between *chiefain* and *captain*. One has come to express merely the fact, while the other expresses the sentiment. *Cavalry* expresses simply the fact of riding horses for purposes of war, while *chivalry* has come to mean a certain state of mind which was once held to be the special attribute of those who rode horses for purposes of war. But it is not merely that one word expresses the fact and the other the sentiment; the parting off of meanings has gone much further than this. In the one word it is not merely that it expresses the sentiment as well as the fact. The notion of the sentiment has grown to such a pitch that the fact is altogether forgotten. When people talk about *chivalry*, chivalrous actions, and the like, they no longer think about horses. The word has got a meaning in which the horse is altogether forgotten. A chivalrous action is in strictness an action becoming one who rides on a horse, but in modern language it is quite possible that a chivalrous action might be done by a man who is always in the habit of walking on foot.

Etymologically the word *chivalrous* could not be so strictly translated into English as by the word *horsey*, but it is plainly apparent that the two words have quite different meanings. *Horsey* of course is hardly a legitimate word at all; but it is a word which has been called into being, and its meaning is certainly not the same as the meaning of other words formed from other names of the same beast. *Horsey*, like *chivalrous*, expresses not a mere fact, but a sentiment, only the two sentiments are not the same. If we say that a man is in the cavalry, we simply express the fact that his military duties cause him to ride on a horse; he may be chivalrous, or he may be horsey, but the fact of his serving in the cavalry does not prove him to be

either. Meanwhile the change in the constitution of modern armies has not only cut off chivalry from its connection with cavalry, it has also cut off cavalry from its connection with chivalry. In a Homeric, an Athenian, an early Roman, or a mediæval army, cavalry and chivalry were the same thing. All who served as cavalry belonged to the class from whom it is held that chivalrous actions are to be looked for; their serving in the cavalry was the outward badge of their belonging to that class. Nowadays, not the whole mass of the cavalry, but only its officers belong to the class from whom we expect chivalry; or, if we are told that the common soldier is as much bound to be chivalrous as his officer, at all events a common soldier in a cavalry regiment is not expected to be chivalrous in any sense in which the common soldier in an infantry regiment is not expected to be chivalrous also. In short the difference between the two will be felt if we take Campbell's two lines:—

Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

If instead of this we were to say—

Charge with all thy cavalry,

we should be making no change from the point of a philologist; we should perhaps be equally correct as a matter of military history; but we should have come down from a sentiment to a fact; we should have wiped out all the poetry.

What then do we mean by chivalry? Strictly, as we have seen, it means the estate or class of people who ride on horses—that is to say, for purposes of war. Then comes the secondary meaning of a turn of mind, a moral standard, whatever we please to call it, which is thought to be becoming in members of that class. Lastly, the notion of horses and riding quite passes out of sight, and a chivalrous temper, a chivalrous action, and the like, become words which are used with a certain meaning of their own, always perhaps with a certain latent reference to the standard of a certain class of society, always perhaps with a certain latent reference to warfare, but certainly without any remembrance of the strict etymological meaning of the word.

That the original military associations of the word never quite leave it, is, we think, clear. When we apply it to conduct which has no reference to warfare, it is by a kind of metaphor; it is somewhat like the words *hero* and *heroism*. The proper field both of heroic actions and of chivalrous actions is warfare; it is only by way of analogy that either heroism or chivalry can be predicated of actions done in lines of life other than the military. Now both heroism and chivalry imply conduct of a special kind, conduct which is not exactly expected of everybody, conduct which has something in common with the theological notions about works of supererogation and counsels of perfection. The hero acts in a way—primarily in warfare, by a figure in other lines of life—which we admire in him, but which we do not expect in everybody. We do not blame a man for not being a hero. But the difference between heroism and chivalry is considerable. We should hardly call conduct heroic, unless we can give it unreserved moral approval. It is part of the idea of a hero that he should be fighting in a good cause. We may call a particular action heroic, even though the man who does it is engaged in a warfare which we deem unjust, but we do not call it so unless we really look upon it as morally right at that particular time and place. Louis the Fourteenth and Bonaparte were not heroes, for several reasons, among others because their warfare was unjust; but it does not follow that many heroic actions may not have been done by particular men in their armies. But when we speak of chivalry, the word hardly carries with it the same hearty respect, the same genuine moral approbation, which is certainly implied in the word *hero* and its derivatives. There is a lurking notion of the ludicrous about it; we speak of an heroic action with the same gravity, the same unreserved admiration, with which we speak of a saintly action; but

we hardly speak of a chivalrous action without a kind of half smile.

A chivalrous action, as the word is now commonly used, cannot be a base or sordid action; it may be a generous and self-sacrificing action; but it may very easily be an extravagant and uncalled-for action, which cannot be defended on any principle of right reason, which we do in a kind of way admire, but on which we do not bestow real moral approbation. Burke made a piece of fine declamation about swords leaping from their scabbards in the cause of Marie Antoinette, her beauty, and so forth. That the swords did not so leap forth was a sign that the age of chivalry was past. Now the motive which he thus appealed to was a purely irrational one. To draw the sword on behalf of the French Monarchy might be a perfectly right thing to do; whether it was right or not is a question of political morality. But whether a particular queen was young and beautiful or old and ugly could not really have anything to do with the moral right or wrong of such a course. A purely irrelevant motive is brought in; a motive which we half smile at, which we half morally condemn, but which we still in a certain sense admire, and in a certain sense sympathize with.

We hear in mediæval warfare of men doing some extravagant exploit, which could in no way profit the cause for which they were fighting, for their honor, for their knighthood, for the love of their ladies, or something of that kind. This is a kind of folly to which we give a kind of half-sympathy, because there is nothing base or sordid about it; but it is not the less folly, and mischievous folly, and distinctly deserves moral disapprobation. If it be true that Bonaparte once ordered a certain military operation, involving risk to part of his army, merely that Josephine might see the show, this is still more distinctly blameworthy. Still we do not blame it in the same way as if he had done the same thing for money or other personal advantage. It was a breach of duty in every way; but still, if he himself shared the risk, there was something of the chivalrous feeling clinging to it. But all these chivalrous doings are quite foreign both to the calm discharge of duty on the part of the conscientious general and to the more irregular and enthusiastic character of the hero. To expose either himself or others to risk without an adequate motive is no part of the character of a Washington or a Wellington; neither is it any part of the character of a Kanarès or a Garibaldi.

The truth is that chivalry, so far as it is a virtue, is the virtue of a class. That is to say, it is no real virtue at all. It may sometimes lead men to do actions which are in themselves morally right; but it does not lead men to do them because they are morally right. The soldier who does his ordinary duty because it is his duty — the hero who does his extraordinary duty because under his special circumstances, it is his duty — are both acting according to the rules of sound morality. But the chivalrous man who does something for his honor, or for the love of his lady, is not acting according to any moral rule at all. He acts according to the standard of a particular class, to win the esteem of that particular class. Beyond that class we can hardly conceive chivalry existing. A clown may be a hero; but we cannot fancy a chivalrous clown. So far as the clown becomes chivalrous, so far he ceases to be a clown. We come round again to the point from which we started; chivalry is something which does not belong to men in general as moral agents, but only to one class of men, to the class who anciently served in battle on horseback.

Of the historic aspect of chivalry it is hardly possible to say anything. Like the "feudal system," with which chivalry is commonly said to have some connection, the thing is so vague that it is hard to say what it was, when it began, or when it ended. When Burke said that the age of chivalry was past, he would have been a good deal puzzled to say when the age of chivalry began. Yet we can see that there were certain ages when ideas which we may fairly call chivalrous had a greater effect on men than they had earlier or later. The thing seems to come by fits and starts; there is a burst under Edward the Third, and there

is another burst under Elizabeth. The chivalrous feeling is one of the many substitutes which men set up for the simple law of right and wrong. So far as such substitutes put a check on any kind of evil, we can only say that any check is better than no check. The law of honor is often useful for men who cannot rise to the law of duty. The question however is whether honor, chivalry, and the like, have not really done more harm than good. They enjoin the strict practice of certain virtues under certain circumstances and towards certain classes of people. The question is whether this does not really discourage right dealing under other circumstances and towards other classes of people; whether the excess of courtesy and respect shown to knights and ladies did not tend to make men yet more contemptuous and merciless towards people below those ranks than they would otherwise have been.

William Rufus is one of the first princes in whose mouth we hear the jargon of chivalry, as Francis the First is one of the last. Chivalry certainly did not teach either of them to practise either general humanity or general faithfulness to engagements. The character of Rufus in this respect is well worthy of study. He is one of the first in whose mouths we hear the talk about the "probus miles," the "preux chevalier." He allows certain Angevin knights who have been taken prisoners to go free on parole; some of his own followers suggest to him that they may possibly break their parole; he indignantly casts away the suggestion; he will not believe that a good knight would ever do anything so shameful. A Rufus acted on his own principles. He troubled himself very little about breaking either his coronation oath or his special promises to his people, he troubled himself very little about breaking his treaties with other princes, he troubled himself even less about the misery caused either by his wars or by his exactions. But to his strictly military engagements, to the promises made by him in his character of "probus miles," he was strictly faithful. The same picture will serve for many chivalrous princes since. There is perhaps some truth in the harsh saying that the perfection of chivalry was seen at the massacre of Limoges, when the Black Prince spared the knights who fought against him and murdered the unarmed citizens without regard to age or sex. If we compare this with pre-chivalrous times, with the wars of the Conqueror for instance, the knights might very possibly have fared worse; the mass of the people would certainly have fared better. Edward at Limoges certainly does not shine by the side of William at Exeter.

And lastly, if there was one thing above all others to which chivalry ought to have led, it should surely have been the strictest and most self-sacrificing discharge of military duty. Yet the Knight without Fear and without Reproach, when he was called on to enter the breach at Padua on foot, thought the lives of himself and his brother-gentlemen too precious to be risked alongside of the lives of churls. The chevalier, in short, was the chevalier, and it was below him to do anything without the help of the beast from which he took his name. In fact, many of the tales which are told, both of Bayard and others, as wonderful examples of chivalrous virtues, often come simply to this — that the good knight forebore to do some remarkably rascally act. When we get to the famous last words of Philip Sidney, we have got out of the region of chivalry into something better.

VENDANGES.

"*Adieu paniers, vendanges sont faites,*" hummed Voltaire when he was in a good humor. By the end of October the viniculturists of France will have taken up the refrain, for by that time every stem will be divested of its red and white cascades of fruit. It is a pity that politics should dismally intervene at this particularly happy period of the year which of yore was one of French gayety in its full exuberance. But let pessimists be quieted; let them only for a moment forsake their sinister forecasts, and remember

that France is grape gathering. Has there ever been a serious revolution in France, in October! A feeble prophet is he who says there ever will be one, and it is absolutely absurd on the part of usurpers and pretenders ever to have chosen this oblivious month to carry out their nebulous designs. Suppress the south of France—Gascony, Aquitaine, Burgundy—and you suppress revolution. Whereas the south is presently engrossed in the intoxicating occupation of reaping the juicy produce of its rich soil, and prefers wine to blood. And happy is the country, as the song of the rustic songster Pierre Dupont goes, that can view the vicissitudes of human life through the ruby color of its home-grown liquor, although *ce coquin de vin* is responsible for many a national scrape, and leagued with the Sun, is a worse woman killer than Don Juan in person. Its influence has at all times been manifest in all things. It is to the wine growing districts of fair Gaul that all that is passionate, imaginative, and poetical in French literature is due; glittering writers like Théophile Gautier, ardent and fiery orators like Gambetta, brilliant poets like Alfred de Musset, sucked the stimulating drink from their childhood, and cooled down their excessive buoyancy in the refrigerating contact of their northern compatriots. The north counteracts the south; Lille neutralizes Bordeaux, Amiens takes the edge off Marseilles, and the contrasting temperament of wine drinkers and beer drinkers (for as much beer as wine is drunk in the north) constitutes that wonderful homogeneity to which France is indebted for her greatness.

But we have to speak of grape gathering, not of politics. The accompanying drawing reproduces the most interesting episodes of the process which consists in transforming the raw juice of the grape from its undiluted state into delicate Chateau Margeaux, the wine of *graffinis*, and into Ai Mousseux, the effervescing beverage of Russians and lady consumers. Probably the scene lies on the hillocks and in dales of Burgundy, for if we mistake not, the artist was born and bred in this felicitous region—the native land of pretty girls and *grand crûs*, and has only been put to the trouble of retracing a scene witnessed by him every year.

The Vendanges take place almost simultaneously in Burgundy, and in the neighborhood of Bordeaux, in the plains of Roussillon and the Côte d'Or, but none equal in picturesque effect those of Dijon, Volnay, Nuits, and the appetizing string of dainty yards which abound in that locality. The vines are, as it were, the frame of a picture of the most interesting originality. No costume could possibly be more striking than those of Burgundian vine gatherers; the men are athletic, tall, and handsome; the women pretty, graceful, and naturally tasteful in their dress. It has been observed with (alas) no little truth, as a contrast with English women, that French women of the poorest class are choice and delicate in the harmonious array of their cheap garments; the simplest little *ouvrière* sports no crude, loud color, but with a modest merino dress, looks as lady-like as the most aristocratic; and the peasant girl in her wooden shoes finds means to be elegant withal. It is so with Burgundian *vendangeuses*, and Don Juans of the Boulevards know it so well that they willingly endure a tedious railroad journey to have a view of native charms. At a given signal the grape gatherers spread out among the vines, usually armed with a pair of scissors; each has a singular kind of basket, somewhat resembling the *hottes* of Parisian *chiffonniers* strapped to his back; these are rapidly filled and emptied in large casks propped up on carriages close by. It is a busy time, the *propriétaire* stimulates his servants, and there is a continual running between the vineyard and the carriages; but work excludes not innocent fun, and no one is grudging his fill of grapes. Beside the rich, is the modest *vigneron* who owns a few square yards of land, and cultivates just enough vine to furnish his own cellar throughout the year, and to sell two or three casks of wine.

After the gathering comes an important operation; the carriages take the reeking grapes to the farm, and throw them pell mell into casks large enough to contain a cottage. A number of lads, wooden shod, step in and commence a

furious dance over the contents of the immense barrel. The juice spurts in all directions and flows into another receptacle. Still the dancers continue their bounds as furiously as before until one sees but a shapeless mass of crushed grapes retaining little more than their skin. Still they have to undergo a further pressure, and that is done by means of a primitive but useful device the reader will see at the top of the sketch. A third pressure gives forth the brandy, and then the fruit has given all that it can give. The wine derived from the second pressure is considered the best; in its primitive condition it savors very unlike the wine in its perfect state. It is sweet and can be drunk almost to any amount. People call it *vin doux*, and take advantage of its amiable qualities to absorb as much as they possibly can during the Vendanges. Their excuse is a ready one: grape gathering only happens once a year, and life is so short! It is, as it were, the crowning feast in honor of sun and verdure, the Vendanges bid adieu to decaying nature; the leaves are russet-colored and the trees bald, *les beaux jours sont finis*, and the Vendanges worthily close the year of pleasure with copious libations, while they furnish for the winter a consoling preventive for cold.

When the day's work is over, the male portion of the *vendangeurs* congregate in the village wine shop, play cards, read a Parisian newspaper some three months old and bearing three months' dirt, and discuss the political questions of three months ago. French peasants are rather petty gamblers than drunkards. However, they usually go to sleep on these occasions, seeing themselves double, and when the wife of the *vigneron*, whose humble home the artist has sketched, preserves him from the ditches and hedges which his erratic walk would embrace in the circles and triangles his legs describe, the inebriated peasant imagines he has two voices, and wonders how and in what circumstances he became guilty of bigamy. Obviously he has given the preference to substantial wine, and left *vin doux* to more delicate drinkers. Luckily tipsiness of the kind he indulges in no wise resembles the brutal stupidity of brandy drinking, and leaves but faint traces on the morrow. And thus grape gathering and wine manufacturing go on for a month or so, until not a grape remains on the vine.

Another species of *vendanger* deserves mention. That is the fat old country gentleman—a haberdasher from Paris, or an enriched grocer, who fondly cultivates a few stems in his garden, and takes pleasure in gathering his grapes with his own hands. In fact he is more pleased to gather them than to eat them; he stows them in a dry room, and as his provision is far too copious for him and his housekeeper, the grapes are left to rot. He feasts on them with the eyes as a miser feasts on gold. He is an outsider, a *bourgeois*, an object of contempt for true *vignerons*, and if a place is given him here it is only for the sake of his ludicrous figure, his fat countenance indicative of thick enjoyment, and his ungainly gait, beside the stalwart rustics who gain their livelihood by what he considers is a mere pleasure.

FOREIGN NOTES.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE has a new novel—about his thirty-fourth—in active preparation. The story in the Christmas number of the *Graphic* will be from the pen of Mr. Trollope.

NOT only are Yankee books popular in England just now, but Yankee printing-presses. The "Novelty Printing Press," for amateurs and others, has lately been introduced into England by the American manufacturer, Mr. B. O. Woods, of Boston, and is regarded as a very excellent "Yankee Notion."

THE genial Mark Twain has been ostracised by the stern censors of Colchester, England. The *Mercury*, of that town, states that the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association has decreed the banishment, from their library, of the works of the popular American humorist. The committee, when questioned, acknowledged that they had never read his works, but had condemned them for the comic illustrations on the cover!

AMONG certain classes of Highlanders there is no superstition more prevalent than that which regards the longevity of deer; hence a Gaelic adage which has been thus translated:—

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

"We had in our hands yesterday," says the *France*, "a very curious photograph, being the portrait of a Russian who has just arrived in Paris, brought by the director of a theatre at St. Petersburg. His head is that of a Scotch terrier, with a regular snout, long silky hair, and pendant ears. As to the rest of the body it is that of an ordinary man. The voice is perfectly human; he converses well, and is not devoid of intelligence." That is a good deal to find out from a photo., but they are so inventive in these days in Paris.

GREAT interest has been aroused at Nidau, Berne, by a wonderful piece of good fortune. In the River Thièle has been fished up a chest four feet long, marked with the letters "I. d. I.," banded with iron, and full of gold pieces. The tale runs that, in 1388, the Bernese let sink in the river, swollen by the rains, one of their vessels, which was being used at the siege of the castle, and in which craft was deposited the treasure in question. That occurred at the period when Enguerrand IV., the last of the Sires de Coucy, had received from Austria the county of Nidau as an appanage. What remained of the Sire's property was ceded to the Orleans.

A LADY was a few days since seen shopping at the Vienna Exhibition, accompanied by an Austrian officer. They reached the French Annexe, and were much struck with some of Droid's statuettes. The officer was selecting some for purchase, when the lady was heard to observe, in a half whisper, "But we have spent all our money!" "No matter," replied the French exhibitor, "kindly give me your name and address, and I will send the statuettes." The lady fumbled in her pocket, but had not a pencil in her possession. The Frenchman lent her one, and was agreeably surprised on finding the name put down to be "Olga, Reine des Hellènes." The impetuous officer escorting her was the Crown Prince of Hanover.

APROPOS of the Ashantee war the London *Court Journal* makes the following humane suggestion: "We are told that the Gold Coast is a mass of impenetrable jungle and forest, through which it is difficult to march, and in which the enemy can safely hide. It seems to us that a very simple process would clear the forest and jungle, and at the same time that it deprived the enemy of his hiding-place clear the air of malaria. We suggest the extensive use of petroleum, to well saturate a great extent of bush and forest, and when the wind blows strongly inland set fire to it. It would do a world of good, and save us trouble and life. The Ashantees would only have to run for it, and the wild beasts must frizzle. This plan repeatedly persevered in would be at least sanitary. Who knows that when the jungle is burnt the Gold Coast may not become healthy?"

THE *Court Journal* says: "A story is told at the expense of one of our bishops whose usually retentive memory is occasionally a little treacherous in respect of proper names. While visiting a certain town, some time since, as he stood upon the platform waiting for a train, a clergyman accosted the bishop, shook hands warmly, and began numerous inquiries in regard to members of his family and the good friends living at Barchester. The bishop was puzzled; the face of his cordial friend was quite familiar, and he was evidently no stranger to himself or family, but to recall his name was beyond any effort of the memory. The bishop joined in a lively conversation, disliking to make the awkward inquiry, and hoping for some chance word to reveal the name of his friend. But it came not, and, as the conversation went on, the ignorance became more and more embarrassing. At last a happy thought came to the bishop; he would get it without asking. So with an indifferent air he asked, 'Let me see—I forget how you spell your name.' But alas for the expedient! With a curious smile his friend replied, 'Well, usually I spell it J-o-n-e-s!' Just at that moment the bishop remembered the necessity of going into the waiting-room to look after his travelling-bag. The inability to spell 'Jones,' or the suggestion that there was more than one way of spelling it betrayed something certainly, and the bishop saw it."

FROM the rich stores of Hungarian popular poetry Herr Ludwig Aigner has judiciously selected a number of songs and ballads, and has faithfully rendered them into German verse. His

Ungarische Volksdichtungen form an attractive volume, and one which fully deserves to be studied by all who are interested in the subject of popular literature. A brief but valuable introduction precedes the poems, and from it much may be learnt as well about the songs themselves as the people who sing them. In Hungary, as in every other land, love is, of course, the theme which most frequently inspires the rustic minstrel; but almost as numerous as the "Liebeslieder" are the "Pusztenslieder; or, Songs of the Steppes," in some of which the romantic side of the herdsman's life finds its peculiar expression, while in others are described the adventures which checker the wilder existence of the robber. After these come the songs devoted to war and the chase, to the dance and the feast, as well as to the other themes on which, in all countries, the singer's skill is exercised. Less numerous than the others, but still by no means rare, are the poems which will probably be found the most attractive to foreign readers—the semi-epic or dramatic ballads and romances, wherein various stories are told, the merits of which can be more easily conveyed in a translation than the fleeting charms of purely lyric song.

THE Naples correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes: "From the local journals I learn that the form of another human body, which had been impressed on the ashes of Pompeii, has been preserved in plaster of Paris within the last few days. The cast is said to be extremely beautiful, and far superior to any which have hitherto been taken. The head is a portrait, the nose is long and decidedly aquiline, the lips full and half open, the ears enormously large. There is no muscular contraction indicative of a violent death, and the whole person, which is in the pose of one who sleeps a placid sleep, shows that this unhappy citizen of Pompeii died of asphyxia. He lies on the left side, resting the head on the right hand, whilst the other arm, bent under the breast, is almost concealed; the legs are drawn up unequally, the left more than the right, which is stretched out naturally. Around the loins was a linen covering, which concealed a small portion of the legs; the breast was naked without a shirt, unless there be some appearance of one under the left armpit; but the feet were naked, and these have been cast magnificently. It is worthy of note that this body was found at a remarkable height, almost on the level of the second story, and near it were a few pieces of money in bronze and silver. Thus another interesting addition is made to the casts of human forms now in the Museum. The first experiment of the kind was made 'a long time ago' by the Commendatore Fiorelli, now Director of the National Museum, in the presence of your correspondent. It created a great sensation at the time, as well it might, for it brought to light, if not to life, some of the victims of that great eruption which buried a whole city beneath its ashes, and presented us with types of the race who once peopled the streets of that now silent city."

THOSE who are curious to recall, not French, but Parisian society fifty years ago, may consult the *mémoires* of Paul de Kock, that amusing and naughty author whose works Gregory XVI. put in the index while placing a private edition of them in his Cabinet library to drive dull care away in his *moments perdus*. We learn from the memoirs that the deceased novelist had a perfect horror of quitting Paris. One day Nestor Roqueplan elicited from him that he had never been to Holland, the country of his father and mother; that the idea of visiting England, where he was loved almost as much as Dickens, never crossed his brain; that he had never seen the sea, but only the Seine, and here and there the Marne. His son was a long time before he could get him to his country house at Gournay, a few miles from the capital, so great was his repugnance to leave the Boulevards. On a few occasions he exhibited curiosity; he was anxious at one time to see the first Emperor, and an artist took him to the Tuileries where, during a concert, and whilst pretending to play a fiddle, he had an opportunity of seeing Napoleon. He expected to find a hero, but merely saw a very stout and yellow little man. The death of Paul de Kock was tragic enough. During the siege he learned that his little property just outside the walls had been destroyed, that the troops had cut down his trees, and that his house had been sacked by marauders. During the Commune Paul de Kock could not be persuaded to leave his apartment in the Boulevard St. Martin. He sat in his arm-chair near the window, motionless, silent, and suffering. When fighting was going on in the street, and the Porte St. Martin theatre was in flames close to his door, he refused to move, saying to his daughter, "Go where? just as well die here." After the Commune he wished to go back to Romainville, and on being told it was occupied by the Prussians, he replied, "Well, the Prussians are better than the banditti of the Commune." He was taken ill, however, and died at his house in the Boulevard St. Martin.

EVERY SATURDAY.

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[No. 21.

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER XV. CLAUDIA AT HOME.

"ZELDA?" at last asked Aaron in a hoarse whisper, as he wiped his brow with his sleeve.

"This is a bad job," he whined. "How was I to know she'd go down with a tap that wouldn't have killed a fly? Can't you say something? Don't sit there staring at me. She's dead, poor dear Mag; I loved her dearly. Who could have told? I've beaten her with just such a bar twenty times; and to think a touch would have killed her! You'll not say a word, my girl? No, I don't mean to me—to them? They—they'd hang me as soon as look at me."

She laid down the corpse which she had held up in her strong arms long after life had flown. Every nerve in her body was quivering with excitement, rather than with horror, but she looked up at him steadily without rising from her knees.

"Aaron, you meant to kill her: I saw you creep along the wall and bring down your bar like I've seen butchers fell oxen. I am glad they can hang you; and if I live, they shall."

"Then"—He looked waveringly at the bar.

"You are a coward. You dare not strike me."

"Strike you? Never, never. What made you think of such a thing? Haven't I been a father to you? Haven't I brought you up when that—when she—let you go all adrift on the road?"

"Look here, Aaron, I hate you with all my soul. I scorn you too; for you are a coward: and yet you dare tell your lies to me. By the woman that lies there, who said she loved me, you shall be hanged, unless"—

"Unless? I'd do anything for you. I'll"—

"Only tell me no more lies." Sylvia would have thought nothing of parleying with a murderer; nor did Zelda. "I have you under my hand, Aaron, as sure as you had her, nor will I go till I know what I came to know." She shuddered still at the sight of the corpse; but it was death, not murder, that filled her with awe, and with neither terror nor abhorrence.

She ought to have been paralyzed or frenzied: but none of the circumstances that made death horrible were appreciable by one who had been nursed in the cradle of ignorance and crime. Aaron recovered courage—if such a word can be used of a man with whom a simple dread of hanging stood for remorse and for every kind of fear. "My name is Alice Maynard. Why am I called Zelda? Who is she?"

"I will make a clean breast of it; I will, on my soul." He wiped his forehead again. "It was all for your sake I hit her; it was, on my soul. So you know who you are, do you? So did she. And why did I take you? Why, just because—because—because we had a quarrel. You are Miss Maynard, sure enough; and so"—

"Aaron, you are going to tell me lies."

"No, on my soul. That wasn't what I wanted to say though. This is the whole truth, if you will have it: *lava miro soloholomus opre leste*—I take my oath on it."

"... And my brother?" He had told her what the reader has doubtless guessed—the truth, as he believed.

"How should I know? He's dead too for what I care. But what the old *Barengro* told me just put me on the road. I made a trip to the place on purpose, and heard of a young *chabo* they'd picked up and put in the workhouse—which it might or it mightn't be him."

"Didn't you ask his name?"

"They didn't call him after his father; how should they? Who cared about the brat's name? I only wanted to have a rod over—her—for God's sake, Zelda, do put something over her eyes! I'd give just anything for a glass of brandy. The fools of *Gorgios* called him Harold Vaughan. And that's the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it's *tachipen* and *sor tachipen*, *ferin man modevol*—so help me!"

Harold Vaughan—Lord Lisburn's workhouse boy—the evidence was more than enough for more exigent logicians than she. Was it this, then, that had filled her heart with Harold Vaughan? Was she, in truth, of his very blood and he of hers? In spite of all things, though underground with a corpse and a murderer, she felt her heart spring up with what was almost joy.

In the mean time, while the late beggar-girl was throwing away her hundreds, and the pauper of the Old Wharf-Side was preparing to give up her thousands, the ex-heiress, Claudia Brandt, was painfully toiling neither for greed nor for love, but for the commonest daily needs. Her own two hands were her only friends; not even her father could be reckoned her friend any more. All he could do was to sink and die before her eyes. She had a bitter struggle with herself when, after leaving Zelda, she returned to what she called her home. There was no doubt but that she, for her father's sake more than her own, was in the direst need of the five-and-twenty pounds that had dropped down upon her like a godsend, but had turned out to be linked with such barbarous conditions that to take it would at the best be nothing less than an almost impossible self-degradation. She, in her inexperience of men, found no reason to distrust Carol's random talk, from which she had learned that Harold Vaughan was prosperous and flourishing; and how could she, even to save herself from the poorhouse, accept pay from one who could be to him but one thing? To save herself—yes, that might be nothing, but what right had she to recoil even from self-degradation when her father's life, perhaps, was in one scale, and nothing but her own self-respect on the other?

Unhappily, not only was her landscape still unsold, but her father was more unwell that evening than he had ever been before: She looked from him to her sketch of Zelda, and back from her sketch of Zelda to him. Perhaps he was dying simply because his daughter, for the sake of selfish sentiment, refused to shut her eyes and paint a woman's head for five-and-twenty guineas. She could bear the self-accusation no longer, and though every word she wrote was wrung like gall from what she chose to call her rebellious pride, she wrote to Zelda the only words she could find in her heart to say. She felt that she was making herself look unutterably mean and shamefully sordid in the eyes of a woman who, had it not been for desperate need, she would have scorned to touch with the end of a glove's finger: she, though unexalted by any exceptional emotion, or any strivings after the unintelligible, or any of the shadowy robes of dreamland, was in

truth executing the most real, the hardest, the bitterest self-sacrifice of all, for it was one of her whole nature, though it could leave no outward signs. A much larger or a much smaller nature might have swallowed the pill, and thought nothing of it: but Claudia was not one of those who pretended to be above the world and its hard and fast distinctions between right and wrong.

Her letter was simply a request that Mademoiselle Leczinska would appoint the next sitting, and a statement that her father's health, as it required constant watchfulness, would oblige her to receive her sitters in her own studio. Under no circumstances could she run the risk of meeting Harold Vaughan.

Having written and sent her note, and having seen that her father was as comfortable for the night as might be, she set to work. She placed her first sketch before her, and forced her memory to travel over every line, so that in order to produce a perfect likeness of her enemy she might leave no stone unturned. Her study was no mere exercise in castle building, no mere excuse for the idle indulgence of jealous dreams. She put all her heart and mind into her detestable work, as fully as she had tried to put it into her plain sewing. But still the effort cost her many a bitter pang. She was compelled every moment to fortify herself with the thought that it was for her father's sake, for she was a hundred times tempted to throw the sketch into the flickering fire. She was unable to comfort herself with the resolution that as soon as she could sell her landscape the actress, or some charity, should be repaid every farthing of the five-and-twenty pounds. But as she looked, and as she drew upon her memory, her interest could not fail to grow.

Hatred among women by no means blinds them to one another's charms, and Zelda's were only too numerous in a painter's eyes. Claudia was large and fair, and by the sympathy of contrast she thought she could understand why Harold Vaughan should have been enslaved, so far as mere personal beauty was concerned, and, as a woman, rated far too highly the influence of mere personal beauty upon men. There was something a little gratifying even in the thought that her former lover had left her for some one so entirely opposite to herself. If he had been faithless to her for the sake of some sister blonde, she would have been unable to find half the unwilling excuse for him that in spite of herself she drew from the coal-black hair and bright brown eyes. She could not let her whole soul break out over her task—it was not in her nature—or she would have cried out against her fate in tones to which the passionate impulses of Zelda would have been but whispers. Had she not deliberately and with all her strength, not,

indeed, with many words, but with all her heart, freely given her life into the hands of this man, and could such a gift ever be recalled?

No—she must be nothing more than a daughter now, until her father died, and then she thought herself capable of burying herself in her work, like the great artists she had read of, and of forgetting that there was any difference between men and women. And thus she spent the night over her sketch, trying to work out its best treatment, until her brain was tired. Imagination was not her forte; but she had enough to feel that no servile copying would serve her here. She left off weary, and with a feeling of despondency that forewarned her she should fail—that to paint Zelda was for stronger hands than hers. Any of the great painters whose success she envied would have smiled at the pains she took to do more than her very utmost for her fee. But she was doing more than merely earning a fee—having once brought herself to the task, it became no longer a task, but the burden of the conscience of a martyr.

She was no heaven-born genius: she had to trust to labor, and never thought of deliberately closing her eyes. They had to close of themselves before she rested them. In after times it seemed a miracle to herself how she contrived to crush into one day and every day the functions of nurse, bedside physician, house-keeper, and bread-winner, without ceasing to be an artist so far as her nature allowed. No wonder that her unchanging fidelity of heart became dull and chronic instead of acute and passionate. It needed her interview with Zelda to fan into passing activity the embers of her love; but they had never ceased to glow underneath the crust of her all-absorbing duties. Her lot was far harder than her rival's in that while Zelda loved one of whom she believed herself to be unworthy, Claudia, against her will, was compelled by her nature, of which thoroughness and faithfulness were the very essence, to love one whom she believed to be unworthy of her. There was simply no limit to the contrasts between the two. Zelda's life, indeed, was without wholesome sunshine, but it was lighted up by a hundred false glares that did duty for the sun—she had hopes, dreams, her nightly stage excitement, whims to gratify, and the means of gratifying them all. Not even the dullest rush-light lighted up the plodding twilight of Claudia's nights and days. But there was yet another contrast—while Zelda would have been driven by Claudia's life into madness or suicide, Claudia consciously called all her strength together and patiently toiled on. With her, labor took the place of hope, and patience of self-will.

At the end of a very few days, however, she was to find something, though

of no more consequence than Denis Carol. On the fourth morning her self-constituted agent and patron came quietly into her room, with a strangely gloomy look upon his brow. He was smoking, not in his usual matter-of-fact fashion, but in such a hard and preoccupied manner that he forgot his politeness, and did not, as before, leave his pipe on the landing, outside the door. More strange than all, it was a full minute before he uttered a word. She was glad to see him, however—he had meant to be kind in his own way, and she was reduced to feeling intensely grateful for the most barren of good intentions.

"So you're not painting Miss Leczinska after all, I find?" he asked abruptly.

"No; she doesn't seem to care to go on. Nor do I either, for that matter. I don't like her."

"Well—no—she's not a woman's woman. But you mustn't be too independent, Miss Brandt," he went on, in a tone from which all the self-sufficient buoyancy had departed. "Though independence isn't a bad line, if you only have cheek at the back of it. People who quarrel with their bread-and-butter are not such fools as they look, if their grumbling gets other people to butter their bread on both sides to quiet them. Do you ever read the papers?"

"Never. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, uneasily. "I only meant it's as well to look after the advertisements—in the *Trumpet*, particularly. I suppose you want to know why I've come? By the way, how's the poor old gentleman?"

"My father? Much the same—there he sits: it is horrible to see him the same, day after day, and I able to do nothing for him. I doubt if he knows even me always."

"Does he ever read the papers?"

"How could he?"

"You know St. Bavons well, of course? Did you ever use to visit among the poor?"

"A little—but I was fearfully lazy and selfish in those days."

"Is there a place called Old something or other—something Side?"

"You mean the Old Wharf-Side, a hideous place—I was in it once, on some business for my poor father. I never visited there: indeed I never heard of anybody doing so but the police. What do you want to know of such a place?"

"Nothing—only a matter of business: that's all. I was talking about St. Bavons with Brandon, of the *Trumpet*, and I wanted to know something. So you never read the papers?"

"Never. Even if I cared to, I haven't time."

"Miss Brandt, I've been thinking a lot about you. You are so good, and so brave, and so everything that I never saw any woman that was before—on my honor—that I won't have

all this, and it shan't be. You're killing yourself by inches — yards — miles. You're letting your father, poor old gentleman, eat you up by mouthfuls — pounds. I'm not a bad fellow, though I'm as poor as Cæsus: but if I wasn't Diogenes, I wouldn't be Alexander."

"You are very good to me — though I can't guess why. But as to my poor father, whom has he to depend on from hour to hour but me? Oh, I am strong enough, never fear. If you could only tell me how I might work really hard, and get something — I don't care how little. You see we are beyond being ashamed of our poverty," she said, with a bitter smile. "The wolf has passed the door."

She went to her father as she spoke, to shift his pillows. Carol took advantage of her back being turned to feel in his pocket. "Only fourpence!" he exclaimed to himself. "Curse my luck — only fourpence to last till next week, and I came out this morning with ever so many pounds — all gone — burned through the lining — melted away. Never mind — fourpence is something, and I'll raise the wind somehow, I dare say." So he placed the four coppers at the back of the mantle-piece, where she might find them by accident and think they had been carelessly mislaid.

Zelda had thrown away a thousand pounds; Carol only deprived himself of the certainty of quenching his thirst for a few hours. But if the sacrifice was to be judged without reference to expenditure, Carol's surpassed Zelda's by precisely four pennies. His was worth nothing *plus* a pint of beer; hers was worth precisely nothing at all.

Claudia shifted the pillows. But Carol, while in the act of emptying his empty pockets, was startled by a slight but sudden cry. He started forward — Mr. Brandt's face was distorted fearfully, and his head had fallen down on the chest, as if the neck had lost all power to support it. For a moment he stood as helpless as the old man: but a glance at Claudia's agonized face that turned to him for help had the miraculous effect of absolutely inspiring him with presence of mind in time of need.

"A doctor!" he cried out; "I know — hold hard till I'm back again. I'll bring the best in the world — it's but a step, and I'll run."

Claudia looked a world of thanks that gave him wings, and then did the best she could do, helpless and alone as she was, to prevent aid from coming too late. Was it death itself, or was it another stroke that was only bringing death nearer? In either case, the hand of death was on him, but it would be something too fearful if the final blow descended now. Having done all she could, she could only watch his face and hold his pulse, so as to be in readiness for the slightest change. Carol was away a long time

— so long, that she thought he would never return. She went backwards and forwards from the window to the chair, and from the chair again to the window, her heart rushing into her throat at the sound of every passing vehicle, and sinking down again as it rolled by. She would be obliged to seek herself for nearer aid — but how for a moment could she leave the perhaps dying man alone? At last, without her hearing it, a cab stopped at the door, and her ear caught the sound of hurrying footsteps on the stairs. She ran to the door of the room, and found herself face to face with Harold Vaughan.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER X. A LAWYER'S CLERK.

THE Marquis of Kinsgear arrived quite safely in London, and as it was a fine day he walked from the Paddington Station to Argyll Street, where Mr. Sharpe's office was situate. A nobleman of the last generation would not have done so, his own father would not have done so; and walking the streets is by no means a custom which can be commended to persons of high rank in general, because the mud, the dust, and the wind are no respecters of persons, and a bespattered peer loses much of the grace of his appearance. However, Lord Kinsgear was not, as already stated, sufficiently conscious or mindful of his rank, and was now to learn how convenient a thing it is to carry a coronet in full view about with one upon the panels of a carriage and the buttons of servants. It saves so much time; it makes all kinds of business go as smoothly and pleasantly as if the wheels of life were fresh oiled, and time had ordered new springs to his chariot.

Now the marquis, having left his coronet behind him on the dog-cart which conveyed him from his ancestral home to the railway station at Beaumanoir, looked like any other ordinary young Englishman. He dressed very plainly, he had a slight stoop; he wore a round hat, and carried his gloves in his pocket; his fingers were not unfrequently fretted by the marks of a file, and somewhat stained with the chemical ingredients which he used in scientific experiments, which were really quite below the attention of a nobleman of his condition. But all this had signified nothing at Beaumanoir. If he had driven up to the station in a smock-frock, or in no frock at all, his arrival would have excited the same awe-stricken sensation. The porters, and the ticket clerk, and the

flymen around would have vied with each other as to which of them should first pronounce the delicious words "My lord," and offer up incense to him. Therefore, had Mr. Skipworth Sharpe's new clerk, who was engaged in the lawyer's office to keep his body and soul together upon eighteen shillings a week, only known who was the commonplace young man who rang the bell which disturbed him just as he was writing down six-and-eightpence on a piece of blotting-paper to keep his hand in, there is no knowing what the poor fellow would have done to push his fortunes. Unhappily for the clerk's future peace of mind he did not know Lord Kinsgear, because that silly nobleman had not a single sign of his coronet upon or about or near him. If he had only had an acquaintance to say, "Good-by, my lord," or, "Where shall we meet again, marquis?" if there had been one single solitary indication of his rank, the clerk would have been warned, and certainly would not have let his chance slip by. As there was nothing, positively nothing, the clerk stood upon his own rank, as a gentleman in a London solicitor's office, who is a citizen of no mean city: and seeing before him rather a loutish-looking youth indifferently clothed, when he opened the door he growled, "Now then, what's up?" and thinking he might, perhaps, do a little practical joking to relieve the tedium of business, he added, "is the Thames afire?"

"Is Mr. Sharpe at home, sir?" asked the marquis, modestly; and he could hardly have put the question in a worse form. If you do not call a vulgar Frenchman *Monsieur*, he will not answer you. If you call a vulgar Englishman *Sir*, or treat him with any semblance of respect, he is almost sure to insult you. So when the nobleman had made a courteous inquiry of the lawyer's clerk, the lawyer's clerk answered after the manner of his kind.

"What's that to you? Don't you see all these gents waiting? Ain't I good enough to hear what you've got to say?"

The Marquis of Kinsgear now thought it was high time to take out his coronet, and putting a card in the hand of the clerk, he answered, as if in command of his troop of horse, — "I have an appointment with Mr. Sharpe. See if he is disengaged." Upon the card was printed in very plain characters,

"MARQUIS OF KINSGEAR,
1st Life Guards."

It was only a trumpery little bit of glazed pasteboard, which a sparrow might have flicked to perdition with one stroke of its tiny wing; but if it had been a steam-hammer falling suddenly on the head of the lawyer's clerk it

could hardly have had a more terrible effect upon him. He staggered back as if he had been struck, became ashen white, blue, yellow, then fairly turned tail with fright and mortification, hiding his guilty remorseful head in the doorway of Mr. Skipworth Sharpe's own inner sanctuary.

The lawyer, seeing him gasp spasmodically there, called out roughly to ask what he meant by rushing in upon his privacy without knocking; and as harsh words generally act as a restorative to the nerves, this wretched clerk was sufficiently revived by his master's anger to stretch out the card silently. But he could not speak.

"Show my lord markis in. Deary me, now who'd have thought that you should have let the markis wait out there now? Come in, my lord. I beg your lordship to walk this way. I hope I see your lordship quite well. Is his Grace the dook in good 'elth, my lord? This way, my lord, — this way," cried profuse Mr. Sharpe, hastening himself forward to welcome his noble visitor, and absolutely blossoming and opening out in the presence of a nobleman. His face shone with honest pleasure, and his full sensual mouth smiled from ear to ear. He almost quivered with excitement and satisfaction when the young man shook hands with him.

On the other hand, that miserable clerk climbed up upon his office stool, and tore his hair and kicked, silently howling in his utter abasement and grievous anguish. Meantime, the boy of eighteen years old naturally took precedence of all who were waiting. A widow lady and her son in deep mourning were hurried out of the lawyer's private room, feeling quite ashamed of being in the way of a marquis; and the other persons waiting were only a country gentleman from Devonshire in haste to catch an express train, a clergyman, a physician, a barrister, and an Indian colonel on half-pay.

CHAPTER XI. USURY.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Sharpe's office was located on the ground-floor of a rather dingy house and had certainly a shabby aspect, yet there was that indescribable air about it which would have told an experienced Londoner it was connected in some way with rank, fashion, loose money transactions, great expectations, noblemen and gentlemen in want of temporary accommodation on personal security, racing, theatricals, and the opera-houses. Club porters, and valets, and now and then a lady's-maid, were forever coming with notes and waiting for answers. Hansom cabs drove up in hot haste, and deposited young men, who rushed out of them banging the footboard loudly, and commonly rushed back again without their errand, Mr. Skipworth Sharpe being usually engaged at least six deep on business days. He did

not reside in Argyll Street; and indeed it was not always easy for any one who was not in his confidence to find him when he was not at his office. He had a habit of lending money to builders who were constructing new streets in promising neighborhoods; and he liked to look personally after property in which he had an interest. Whenever, therefore, any client wished to see Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, and Mr. Skipworth Sharpe wished to see him, or her (which was a very different business), he made an appointment on the outskirts of civilization, and was found located in a splendid suite of apartments, in a palace with a scaffolding still up before it. A few months or weeks afterwards that palace was generally in the occupation of a nobleman or gentleman, who had been recently in pecuniary difficulties, and Mr. Sharpe had transferred his abode elsewhere. He encamped; he did not settle in a house, and he had no need to, for he travelled a great deal, and had extensive dealings at Epsom, Newmarket, Doncaster, Melton Mowbray, and wherever men and horses were gathered together. A hard life, perhaps, but interesting, was the life of Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, and he had continued to lead it for about thirty years without relaxation. He was enormously rich, and went on heaping up money, not in paltry guineas and six-and-eight pences, but in hundreds of thousands at a single haul. People who did not know him called him a Jew: in fact he was the son of a Yorkshire gentleman's groom; and the Yorkshire gentleman, whose name was Skipworth, had subsequently bound the boy apprentice to a shrewd Yorkshire attorney. Under the able tuition of this professional gentleman, Mr. Sharpe had early acquired a decided taste for money-getting and the clearest possible understanding of the means by which money could be made safely, that is to say, without after-claps or unprofitable waste of time in defending suits at law or equity. He was admitted himself, in due course, as an "attorney gent, one;" and his place of business was, as above described, situated within a minute's walk of the Union Bank of London on one side, and Marlborough Street Police Court on the other. It occasionally happened that Mr. Skipworth Sharpe's clients found themselves under the necessity of visiting both of these institutions before they had quite done with him. But he was not a noisy man; persons in his walk of life seldom like a public riot; and it frequently happened that when Mr. Sharpe's clients merely saw the police court revealed to them, at a safe distance, they did not desire to go any farther in that direction, but promptly returned backwards. Besides, Mr. Sharpe only took the cream off his customers. He never lent money in small sums. He never consented to have any dealings with a nobleman

or gentleman who had ever been in other hands. With such foresight and prudence he would have succeeded in any career he had chosen to follow. If he was a money-lender, it was simply because the cards of life had been dealt to him for the game of *vingt-et-un* — or usury. He might quite as well have been a party whip and successful politician, as Mr. Skipworth, his godfather, had been before him. He was a very good fellow; civil, serviceable, kind. His principal weakness was an itch for high society, and he was never so happy as when he could be seen perched up in a drag or a phaeton beside a duke, a marquis, or even an earl. He had few other pleasures. The man, though fat and fond of personal adornment, was abstemious and self-denying in other respects. He took little rest, he worked hard, he dined habitually off a plate of cold meat snatched in the intervals of money-grubbing. He had neither wife nor child, kith nor kin, that he knew of; and he, even the keen Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, was only seeing through a glass darkly, and hunting shadows, like the rest of us, in this mysterious unsubstantial world.

"Here is the money, markis," said he, ushering the marquis to a chair, but proceeding at once to business, and he handed a check on the Union Bank of London to Lord Kingsgear. Mr. Sharp banked with a joint stock bank because it allowed interest on current accounts, and he wanted no favors.

The young nobleman looked at the check uncertainly, and did not touch it. He felt a vague sentiment of uneasiness, and failed altogether to understand, not being yet a man of business, why he should take a check from Mr. Skipworth Sharpe. He did not want any money.

The lawyer, seeing his embarrassment, took up the check again himself, and said, "If your lordship will be so good as to endorse it, that is, write your name here on the back, it will be all right. Them's your father the dook's instructions," added Mr. Sharpe, referring to a letter bearing the Beaumanoir postmark which he had received that morning.

Then Lord Kingsgear hesitated no longer. He knew, or thought he knew, that Mr. Sharpe was his father's friend, and he had the natural trust of a well-conditioned young man in his elders.

"Now, my lord, all preliminaries being complete and air-tight," observed Mr. Sharpe, who never quite lost his Yorkshire accent and stable pronunciation, "my 'ed clerk will just run round with yer to the bank, and when you've got the money, why perhaps, markis, you will be so good as to come back again."

Mr. Sharpe rang for his principal coadjutor, who had been out of the way when the marquis arrived half an hour before, and the bank being

only distant a few minutes' walk, the marquis went there, and returned very shortly. Behind him came Mr. Sharpe's confidential clerk, carrying two large canvas-bags of gold.

(To be continued.)

POPE AS A MORALIST.

THE extraordinary vitality of Pope's writings is a remarkable phenomenon in its way. Few reputations have been exposed to such perils at the hands of open enemies or of imprudent friends. In his lifetime "the wasp of Twickenham" could sting through a sevenfold covering of pride or stupidity. Lady Mary and Lord Hervey writhed and retaliated with little more success than the poor denizens of Grub Street. But it is more remarkable that Pope seems to be stinging well into the second century after his death. His writings resemble those fireworks which, after they have fallen to the ground and been apparently quenched, suddenly break out again into sputtering explosions. The waters of a literary revolution have passed over him without putting him out. Though much of his poetry has ceased to interest us, so many of his brilliant couplets still survive that probably no dead writer, with the solitary exception of Shakespeare, is more frequently quoted at the present day. It is in vain that he is abused, ridiculed, and even declared to be no poet at all. The school of Wordsworth regarded him as the embodiment of the corrupting influence in English poetry; more recently M. Taine has attacked him, chiefly, as it would seem, for daring to run counter to M. Taine's theories; and, hardest fate of all, the learned editor who is now bringing out a conclusive edition of his writings has had his nerves so hardened by familiarity with poor Pope's many iniquities, that his notes are one prolonged attack on his author's morality, orthodoxy, and even poetical power. We seem to be listening to a Boswell animated by the soul of a Dennis. And yet Pope survives, as indeed the bitterness of his assailants testifies. When controversialists spend volumes in confuting an adversary who has been for centuries in his grave, their unconscious testimony to his vitality is generally of more significance than their demonstration that he ought to be insignificant. Drowning a dead rat is too dismal an occupation to be long pursued; and whilst we watch the stream descending, we may generally assume that the rat has still some life in him.

Pope, moreover, has received testimonies of a less equivocal kind. Byron called him, with characteristic vehemence, the "great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence;" though it is not less characteristic that Byron was at the same time helping to dethrone the idol before which he prostrated himself. Sainte-Beuve, again, has thrown the shield of his unrivalled critical authority over Pope when attacked by M. Taine; and a critic, who may sometimes be overstrained in his language, but who never speaks as a critic without showing the keenest insight, has more recently spoken of Pope in terms which recall Byron's enthusiasm. "Pope," says Mr. Ruskin, in one of his Oxford lectures, "is the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind;" and he adds that his hearers will find, as they study Pope, that he has expressed for them, "in the strictest language and within the briefest limits, every law of art, of criticism, of economy, of policy, and finally of a benevolence, humble, rational, and resigned, contented with its allotted share of life, and trusting the problem of its salvation to Him in whose hand lies that of the universe." These remarks are added by way of illustrating the relation of art to morals, and enforcing the great principle that a noble style can only proceed from a sincere heart. "You can only learn to speak as these men spoke by learning what these men were." When we ask impartially what Pope was, we may possibly be inclined to doubt the complete soundness of the eulogy upon his teaching. Meanwhile, however,

Byron and Mr. Ruskin agree in holding up Pope as an instance, almost as the typical instance, of that kind of poetry which is directly intended to enforce a lofty morality. To possess such a charm for two great writers, who, however different in all other respects, strikingly agree in this, that their opinions are singularly independent of conventional judgments, is some proof that Pope possessed great merits as a poetical interpreter of morals. Without venturing into the wider ocean of poetical criticism, I will endeavor in this article to inquire what was the specific element in Pope's poetry which explains, if it does not justify, this enthusiastic praise.

I shall venture to assume, indeed, that Pope was a genuine poet. Nor do I understand how any one who has really studied his writings can deny to him that title, unless by help of a singularly narrow definition of its meaning. It is sufficient to name the "Rape of the Lock," which is allowed, even by his bitterest critics, to be a masterpiece of delicate fancy. Pope's sylphs, as Mr. Elwin says, are legitimate descendants from Shakespeare's fairies. True, they have entered into rather humiliating bondage. Shakespeare's Ariel has to fetch the midnight dew from the still vexed Bermoothes; he delights to fly—

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds;

whereas the "humbler province" of Pope's Ariel is "to tend the fair"—

To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs.
Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

Prospero, threatening Ariel for murmuring, says,—

"I will read an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, until
Thou hast howled away twelve winters."

The fate threatened to a disobedient sprite in his later poem is that he shall

Be stuffed in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye.

Scriblerus, were that excellent critic still alive, might convert the poem into an allegory. Pope's muse—one may use the old-fashioned word in such a connection—had left the free forest for Will's Coffee-house, and haunted ladies' boudoirs instead of the brakes of the enchanted island. Her wings were clogged with "gums and pomatums," and her "thin essence" had shrunk "like a rivelled flower." But a delicate fancy is a delicate fancy still, even when employed about the paraphernalia of modern life; a truth which Byron maintained, though not in an unimpeachable form, in his controversy with Bowles. We sometimes talk as if our ancestors were nothing but hoops and wigs; and forget that human passions exist even under the most complex structures of starch and buckram. And consequently we are very apt to make a false estimate of the precise nature of that change which fairly entitles us to call Pope's age prosaic. In showering down our epithets of artificial, sceptical, and utilitarian, we not seldom forget what kind of figure we are ourselves likely to make in the eyes of our own descendants.

Whatever be the position rightly to be assigned to Pope in the British Walhalla, his own theory has been unmistakably expressed. He boasts

That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth and moralized his song.

His theory is compressed into one of the innumerable aphorisms which have to some degree lost their original sharpness of definition, because they have passed, as current coinage, through so many hands.

The proper study of mankind is man.

The saying is in form about identical with Goethe's remark that man is properly the only object which interests man. The two poets, indeed, understood the doctrine in a very different way. Pope's interpretation was narrow and mechanical. He would place such limitations upon the sphere of human interest as to exclude, perhaps, the greatest part of what we generally mean by poetry. How much, for example, would have to be suppressed if we sympathized with Pope's condemnation of the works in which

Pure description holds the place of sense.

A large proportion of such poets as Thomson and Cowper would disappear, Wordsworth's pages would show fearful gaps, and Keats would be in risk of summary suppression. We may doubt whether much would be left of Spenser, from whom both Keats and Pope, like so many other of our poets, drew inspiration in their youth. Fairyland would be deserted, and the poet condemned to working upon ordinary commonplaces in broad daylight. The principle which Pope proclaimed is susceptible of the inverse application. Poetry, it really proves, may rightly concern itself with inanimate nature, with pure description, or with the presentation of lovely symbols not definitely identified with any cut and dried saws of moral wisdom; because there is no part of the visible universe to which we have not some relation, and the most ethereal dreams that ever visited a youthful poet "on summer eve by haunted stream" are in some sense reflections of the passions and interests that surround our daily life. Pope, however, as the man more fitted than any other fully to interpret the mind of his own age, inevitably gives a different construction to a very sound maxim. He rightly assumes that man is his proper study; but then by man he means not the genus, but a narrow species of the human being. "Man" means Bolingbroke, and Walpole, and Swift, and Curll, and Theobald; it does not mean man as the product of a long series of generations and part of the great universe of inextricably involved forces. He cannot understand the man of distant ages; Homer is to him not the spontaneous voice of a ruder age, but a clever artist, whose gods and heroes are consciously-constructed parts of an artificial "machinery." Nature has, for him, ceased to be inhabited by sylphs and fairies, except to amuse the fancies of fine ladies and gentlemen, and has not yet received a new interest from the fairy tales of science. The old ideal of chivalry merely suggests the sneers of Cervantes, or even the buffoonery of Butler's wit, and has not undergone restoration at the hands of modern romanticists. Politics are not associated in his mind with any great social upheaval, but with a series of petty squabbles for places and pensions, in which bribery is the great moving force. What he means by religion often seems to be less the recognition of a divine element in the world than a series of bare metaphysical demonstrations too frigid to produce enthusiasm or to stimulate the imagination. And therefore he inevitably interests himself chiefly in what is certainly a perennial source of interest — the passions and thoughts of the men and women immediately related to himself; and it may be remarked, in passing, that if this narrows the range of Pope's poetry, the error is not so vital as a modern delusion of the opposite kind. Because poetry should not be brought into too close a contact with the prose of daily life, we sometimes seem to think that it must have no relation to daily life at all, and consequently convert it into a mere luxurious dreaming, where the beautiful very speedily degenerates into the pretty or the picturesque. Because poetry need not be always a point-blank fire of moral platitudes, we occasionally declare that there is no connection at all between poetry and morality, and that all art is good which is for the moment agreeable. Such theories must end in reducing all poetry and art to be at best more or less elegant trifling for the amusement of the indolent; and to those who uphold them, Pope's example may be of some use. If he went too far in the direction of identifying poetry with preaching, he was not wrong in assuming

that poetry should involve preaching, though by an indirect method. Morality and art are not independent, though not identical; for both, as Mr. Ruskin shows in the passage just quoted, are only admirable when the expression of healthful and noble natures.

Taking Pope's view of his poetical office, there remain considerable difficulties in estimating the value of the lesson which he taught with so much energy. The difficulties result both from that element which was common to his contemporaries and from that which was supplied by Pope's own idiosyncrasies. The commonplaces in which Pope takes such infinite delight have become very stale for us. Assuming their perfect sincerity, we cannot understand how anybody should have thought of enforcing them with such amazing emphasis. We constantly feel a shock like that which surprises the reader of Young's "Night Thoughts" when he finds it asserted, in all the pomp of blank verse, that —

Procrastination is the thief of time.

The maxim has rightly been consigned to copybooks. And a great deal of Pope's moralizing is of the same order. We do not want denunciations of misers. Nobody at the present day keeps gold in an old stocking. When we read the observation, —

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain the riches he can ne'er enjoy,

we can only reply in the familiar French, *connu!* We knew that when we were in petticoats. In fact, we cannot place ourselves in the position of men at the time when modern society was definitely emerging from the feudal state, and everybody was sufficiently employed in gossiping about his neighbors. We are perplexed by the extreme interest with which they dwell upon the little series of obvious remarks which have been worked to death by later writers. Pope, for example, is still wondering over the first appearance of one of the most familiar of modern inventions. He exclaims, —

Blest paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!

He points out with an odd superfluity of illustration, that bank-notes enable a man to be bribed much more easily than of old. There is no danger, he says, that a patriot will be exposed by a guinea dropping out of his pocket at the end of an interview with the minister; and he shows how awkward it would be if a statesman had to take his bribes in coin, and his servants should proclaim, —

Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levees roar.

This, however, was natural enough when the South Sea scheme was for the first time illustrating the powers and the dangers of extended credit. To us, who are beginning to fit our experience of commercial panics into a scientific theory, the wonder expressed by Pope sounds like the exclamations of a savage over a Tower musket. And in the sphere of morals it is pretty much the same. All those reflections about the little obvious vanities and frivolities of social science which supplied two generations of British essayists, from the *Taller* to the *Lounger*, with an inexhaustible fund of mild satire, have lost their freshness. Our own modes of life have become so complex by comparison, that we pass over these mere elements to plunge at once into more refined speculations.

A modern essayist starts where Addison or Johnson left off. He assumes that his readers know procrastination to be an evil, and tries to gain a little piquancy by paradoxically pointing out the objections to punctuality. Character, of course, becomes more complex, and requires more delicate modes of analysis. Compare, for example, the most delicate of Pope's delineations with one of Mr. Browning's elaborate psychological studies. Remember how many pages of acute observation are required to set forth Bishop Blougram's peculiar phase of worldliness, and then turn to

Pope's descriptions of Addison, or Wharton. Each of those descriptions is, indeed, a masterpiece in its way; the language is inimitably clear and pointed: but the leading thought is obvious, and leads to no intricate problems. Addison — assuming Pope's Addison to be the real Addison — might be cold-blooded and jealous; but he had not worked out that elaborate machinery for imposing upon himself and others which is required in a more critical age. He wore a mask, but a mask of simple construction; not one of those complex contrivances of modern invention which are so like the real skin that it requires the acuteness and patience of a scientific observer to detect the difference and point out the nature of the deception. The moral difference between such an Addison and a Blougram is as great as the difference between an old stage-coach and a steam-engine, or between the bulls and bears which first received the name in Law's time and their descendants on the New York Stock Exchange.

If, therefore, Pope gains something in clearness and brilliancy by the comparative simplicity of his art, he loses by the extreme obviousness of its results. We cannot give him credit for being really moved by such platitudes. We have the same feeling as when a modern preacher employs twenty minutes in proving that it is wrong to worship idols of wood and stone. But, unfortunately, there is a reason more peculiar to Pope which damps our sympathy still more decidedly. It cannot be fairly denied that all recent inquiries have gone to strengthen those suspicions of his honesty which were common even amongst his contemporaries. Mr. Elwin has been disgusted by the revelations of his hero's baseness, till his indignation has become a painful burden to himself and his readers. Speaking bluntly, indeed, we admit that lying is a vice, and that Pope was in a small way one of the most consummate liars that ever lived. He speaks, himself, of "equivocating pretty genteelly" in regard to one of his peccadilloes. But Pope's equivocation is, to the equivocation of ordinary men, what a tropical fern is to the stunted representatives of the same species in England. It grows until the fowls of the air can rest on its branches. His disposition, in short, amounts to a monomania. That a man with intensely irritable nerves, and so fragile in constitution that his life might, without exaggeration, be called a "long disease," should defend himself by the natural weapons of the weak, equivocation and subterfuge, when exposed to the brutal horseplay common in that day, is indeed not surprising. But Pope's delight in artifice was something phenomenal. He could hardly "drink tea without a stratagem," or, as Lady Bolingbroke put it, was a politician about cabbages and turnips; and certainly he did not despise the arts known to politicians on a larger stage.

Never, surely, did all the arts of the most skilful diplomacy give rise to a series of intrigues more complex than those which attended the publication of the "P. T. Letters." An ordinary man says that he is obliged to publish by request of friends, and we regard the transparent device as, at most, a venial offence. But in Pope's hands this simple trick becomes a complex apparatus of the persevering labors of most industrious literary detectives. The whole story is given for the first time at full length in Mr. Elwin's edition of Pope, and the revelation borders upon the incredible. How Pope became for a time two men; how in one character he worked upon the wretched Curl through mysterious emissaries until the piratical bookseller undertook to publish the letters already privately printed by Pope himself; how Pope in his other character protested vehemently against the publication and disavowed all complicity in the preparations; how he set the House of Lords in motion to suppress the edition; and how, meanwhile, he took ingenious precautions to frustrate the interference which he provoked; how in the course of these manœuvres his genteel equivocation swelled into lying on the most stupendous scale — all this story, with its various ins and outs, may be now read by those who have the patience.

The problem may be suggested to casuists how far the

iniquity of a lie should be measured by its immediate purpose, or how far it is aggravated by the enormous mass of superincumbent falsehoods which it inevitably brings in its train. We cannot condemn very seriously the affected coyness which tries to conceal a desire for publication under an apparent yielding to extortion; but we must certainly admit that the stomach of any other human being of whom a record has been preserved would have revolted at the thought of wading through such a waste of mud to secure so paltry an end. Moreover, this is only one instance, and by no means the worst instance, of Pope's regular practice in such matters. Almost every publication of his life was attended with some sort of mystification passing into downright falsehood, and, at times, injurious to the character of his dearest friends. Add to this all the cases in which Pope attacked his enemies under feigned names and then disavowed his attacks; the unfounded suspicions which led him to malign so pure a character as Addison; and, worst of all, the fact — only too probable — of his extorting £1000 from the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of a satirical passage.

The insincerity which degraded Pope's life detracts from our pleasure in his poetry. Take, for example, the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," which is amongst his most perfect works. Some of the boasts in it, as we shall presently remark, are apparently quite justified by the facts. But what are we to say to such a passage as this? —

I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Admitting his independence, and not inquiring too closely into his prayers, can we forget that the gentleman who could sleep without a poem in his head called up a servant four times in one night of "the dreadful winter of Forty" to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought? Or what is the value of a professed indifference to Dennis from the man distinguished beyond all other writers for the bitterness of his resentment against all small critics; who disfigured his best poems by his petty vengeance for old attacks; and who could not refrain from sneering at poor Dennis, even in the Prologue which he condescended to write for the benefit of his dying antagonist?

Thus we are always pursued, in reading Pope, by disagreeable misgivings. We don't know what comes from the heart, and what from the lips; when the real man is speaking, and when we are only listening to old commonplaces skilfully vamped. There is always, if we please, a bad interpretation to be placed upon his finest sentiments. His indignation against the vicious is confused with his hatred of personal enemies; he protests most loudly that he is honest when he is "equivocating most genteelly;" his independence may be called selfishness or avarice; his toleration simple indifference; and even his affection for his friends a decorous picture which will never lead him to the slightest sacrifice of his own vanity or comfort. A critic of the highest order is provided with an Ithuriel spear, which discriminates the sham sentiments from the true. As a banker's clerk can tell a bad coin by its ring on the counter, without need of a testing apparatus, the true critic can instinctively estimate the amount of bullion in Pope's epigrammatic tinsel. But criticism of this kind, as Pope truly says, is as rare as poetical genius. Humbler writers must be content to take their weights and measures, or, in other words, to test their first impressions, by such external evidence as is available. They must proceed cautiously in these delicate matters, and instead of leaping to the truth by a rapid intuition, patiently inquire what light is thrown upon Pope's sincerity by the recorded events of his life, and a careful cross-examination of the various witnesses to his character. They must, indeed, keep in mind Mr. Ruskin's excellent canon, — that good fruit, even in moralizing, can only be borne by a good tree. Where Pope has succeeded in casting into enduring form some valuable moral sentiment, we may therefore give him credit for having at least felt it sincerely. If he did not

always act upon it, the weakness is not peculiar to Pope. Time, indeed, has partly done the work for us.

In Pope, more than in almost any other writer, the grain has sifted itself from the chaff. The jewels have remained after the flimsy embroidery in which they were fixed has fallen into decay. Such a result was natural from his mode of composition. He caught at some inspiration of the moment; he cast it roughly into form; brooded over it; retouched it again and again; and when he had brought it to the very highest polish of which his art was capable, placed it in a pigeon-hole to be fitted, when the opportunity offered, into an appropriate corner of his mosaic-work. We can see him at work, for example, in the passage about Addison and the celebrated concluding couplet. The epigrams in which his poetry abounds have obviously been composed in the same fashion; for that "masterpiece of man," as South is made to call it in the "Dunciad," is only produced in perfection when the labor which would have made an ode has been concentrated upon a couple of lines. There is a celebrated recipe for dressing a lark, if we remember rightly, in which the lark is placed inside a snipe, and the snipe in a woodcock, and so on till you come to a turkey, or, if procurable, to an ostrich; then, the mass having been properly stewed, the superincumbent envelopes are all thrown away, and the essences of the whole are supposed to be embodied in the original nucleus. So the perfect epigram, at which Pope is constantly aiming, should be the quintessence of a whole volume of reflection. Such literary cookery implies not only labor, but a certain vividness of thought and feeling. The poet must put his soul into the work as well as his artistic power. Thus, if we may take Pope's most vigorous expressions as an indication of his strongest convictions, and check their conclusions by his personal history and by the general tendency of his writings, we might succeed in putting together something like a satisfactory statement of the moral system which he expressed forcibly because he believed in it sincerely.

Without, however, following the proofs in detail, let us endeavor to give some statement of the result. What, in fact, did Pope learn by his study of man, such as it was? What does he tell us about the character of human beings and their positions in the universe which is either original or marked by the freshness of independent thought? Perhaps the most characteristic vein of reflection is that which is embodied in his greatest work, the "Dunciad." There, at least, we have Pope speaking energetically and sincerely. He really detests, abjures, and abominates as impious and heretical, the worship of the great goddess Dulness, without a trace of mental reservation. His style bursts its usual fetters. We have little of that rocking-horse versification which wearies our ears in such a couplet as this, for example:—

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,

where the second line exactly echoes the cadence of the first in tiresome monotony. The "Dunciad" often flows in a continuous stream of eloquence, instead of dribbling out in little jets of epigram. If there are fewer points, there are more frequent gushes of sustained rhetoric. Even when Pope condescends—and he condescends much too often—to pelt his antagonists with mere filth, he does it with a certain boisterous vigor. He laughs out. He catches something from his patron Swift when he

Laughs and shakes in Rabelais's easy-chair.

His lungs seem to be fuller and his voice to lose for the time its tricks of mincing affectation. Here, indeed, there can be no question of insincerity. Pope's scorn of folly is to be condemned only so far as it was connected with too bitter a hatred of fools. He has suffered, as Swift foretold, by the insignificance of the enemies against whom he rages with superfluous vehemence. But for Pope, no one in this generation would have heard of Arnall and Moore, and Breval and Bezaleel Morris, and fifty more ephemeral denizens of Grub Street. The fault is, indeed, inherent

in the plan. It is in some degree creditable to Pope that his satire was on the whole justified, so far as it could be justified, by the correctness of his judgment. The only great man whom he had seriously assaulted is Bentley; and to Pope, Bentley was of necessity not the greatest of classical critics, but the tasteless mutilator of Milton. The misfortune is that the more just his satire, the more perishable is its interest; and if we regard the "Dunciad" simply as an assault upon the vermin who then infested literature, we must consider him as a man who should use a steam-hammer to crack a flea. Unluckily for ourselves, however, it cannot be admitted so easily that Curll and Dennis and the rest had a merely temporary interest. Regarded as types of literary nuisances—and Pope does not condescend in his poetry, though the want is partly supplied in the notes, to indulge in such personal detail—they may be said by cynics to have a more enduring vitality. Of course there is at the present day no such bookseller as Curll, living by piratical invasions of established rights, and pandering to the worst passions of ignorant readers; no writer who could be fitly called, like Concanen,—

A cold, long-winded native of the deep,

and fitly sentenced to dive where Fleet Ditch

Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;

and most certainly we must deny the present applicability of the note upon "Magazines" compiled by Pope, or rather by Warburton, for the episcopal bludgeon is perceptible in the prose description. They are not at present "the eruption of every miserable scribbler, the scum of every dirty newspaper, or fragments of fragments picked up from every dirty dunghill . . . equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, decency, and common-sense." But if the translator of the "Dunciad" into modern phraseology would have some difficulty in finding a head for every cap, there are perhaps some satirical stings which have not quite lost their point. The legitimate drama, so theatrical critics tell us, has not quite shaken off the rivalry of sensational scenery and idiotic burlesque, though possibly we do not produce absurdities equal to that which, as Pope tells us, was actually introduced by Theobald, in which

Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

There is still facetiousness which reminds us too forcibly that

Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke,

and even sermons, for which we may apologize on the ground that

Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.

Here and there, too, if we may trust certain stern reviewers, there are writers who have learnt the principle that

Index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail.

And the first four lines, at least, of the great prophecy at the conclusion of the third book, is thought by the enemies of muscular Christianity to be possibly approaching its fulfilment:—

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons forever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma Mater lies dissolved in Port!

No! So far as we can see, it is still true that

Born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Men, we know it on high authority, are still mostly fools. If Pope be in error, it is not so much that his adversary is beneath him, but that she is unassailable by wit or poetry.

Weapons of the most ethereal temper spend their keenness in vain against the "anarch old" whose power lies in utter insensibility. It is fighting with a mist, and firing cannonballs into a mudheap. As well rave against the force of gravitation, or complain that our gross bodies must be nourished by solid food. If, however, we should be rather grateful than otherwise to a man who is sanguine enough to believe that satire can be successful against stupidity, and that Grub Street, if it cannot be exterminated, can at least be lashed into humility, we might perhaps complain that Pope has taken rather too limited a view of the subject. Dulness has other avatars besides the literary. In the last and finest book, Pope attempts to complete his plan by exhibiting the influence of dulness upon theology and science. The huge torpedo benumbs every faculty of the human mind, and paralyzes all the Muses, except "mad Mathesis," which, indeed, does not carry on so internecine a war with the general enemy. The design is commendable, and executed, so far as Pope was on a level with his task, with infinite spirit; but, however excellent the poetry, the logic is defective, and the description of the evil inadequate. Pope has but a vague conception of the mode in which dulness might become the leading force in politics, lower religion till it became a mere cloak for selfishness, and make learning nothing but laborious and pedantic trifling. Had his powers been equal to his goodwill, we might have had a satire far more elevating than anything which he has attempted; for a man must be indeed a dull student of history, who does not recognize the vast influence of dulness-worship on the whole period which has intervened between Pope and ourselves. Nay, it may be feared that it will be yet some time before education bills and societies for the teaching of women will have begun to dissipate the evil. A modern satirist, were satire still alive, would find an ample occupation for his talents in a worthy filling out of Pope's incomplete sketch. But though I feel, I must endeavor to resist, the temptation of indicating some of the probable objects of his antipathy.

Pope's gallant assault on the common enemy indicates, meanwhile, his characteristic attitude. Pope is the incarnation of the literary spirit. He is the most complete representative in our language of the intellectual instincts which find their natural expression in pure literature. The complete antithesis to that spirit is the evil principle which Pope attacks as dulness. This false goddess is the literary Ahirman; and Pope's natural antipathies, somewhat exaggerated by his personal passions and weaknesses to extravagant proportions, express themselves fully in his great mock-epic. His theory may be expressed in a parody of Nelson's immortal advice to his midshipmen: "Be an honest man and hate dulness as you do the devil." Dulness generates the asphyxiating atmosphere in which no true literature can thrive. It oppresses the lungs and irritates the nerves of men whose keen, brilliant intellects mark them as the natural servants of literature. Seen from this point of view, there is an honorable completeness in Pope's career. Possibly a modern subject of literature may, without paradox, express a certain gratitude to Pope for a virtue which he would certainly be glad to imitate. Pope was the first man who made an independence by literature. First and last, he seems to have received over £8000 for his translation of Homer, a sum then amply sufficient to enable him to live in comfort. No sum at all comparable to this was ever received by a poet or novelist until the era of Scott and Byron. Now, without challenging admiration for Pope on the simple ground that he made his fortune, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this feat at the time. A contemporary who, whatever his faults, was a still more brilliant example than Pope of the purely literary qualities, suggests a curious parallel. Voltaire, as he tells us, was so weary of the humiliations that dishonor letters, that to stay his disgust he resolved to make "what scoundrels call a great fortune." Some of Voltaire's means of reaching this end appear to have been more questionable than Pope's. But both of these men of genius early secured their independence by raising themselves permanently above the need of writing for money.

The use, too, which Pope made of his fortune was thoroughly honorable. We scarcely give due credit, as a rule, to the man who has the rare merit of distinctly recognizing his true vocation in life, and adhering to it with unflinching pertinacity. Probably the fact that such virtue generally brings a sufficient personal reward in this world, seems to dispense with the necessity of additional praise. But call it a virtuous, or merely a useful quality, we must at least admit that it is the necessary groundwork of a thoroughly satisfactory career. Pope, who from his infancy had

Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,

gained by his later numbers a secure position, and used his position to go on rhyming to the end of his life. He never failed to do his very best. He regarded the wealth which he had earned as a retaining fee, not as a discharge from his duties. Comparing him with his contemporaries, we see how vast was the advantage. Elevated above Grub Street, he had no temptation to manufacture rubbish or descend to actual meanness like poor De Foe. Independent of patronage, he was not forced to become a "tame cat" in the house of a duchess, like his friend Gay. Standing apart from politics, he was free from those disappointed pangs which contributed to the embitterment of the later years of Swift, dying "like a poisoned rat in a hole;" he had not, like Bolingbroke, to affect a philosophical contempt for the game in which he could no longer take a part; nor was he even, like Addison and Steele, induced to "give up to party what was meant for mankind." He was not a better man than some of these, and certainly not better than Goldsmith and Johnson in the succeeding generation. Yet, when we think of the amount of good intellect that ran to waste in the purlieus of Grub Street, or in hunting for pensions in ministerial antechambers, we feel a certain gratitude to the one literary magnate of the century, whose devotion, it is true, had a very tangible reward, but whose devotion was yet continuous, and free from any distractions but those of a constitutional irritability. Nay, if we compare Pope to some of the later writers who have wrung still princelier rewards from fortune, the result is not unfavorable. If poor Scott had been as true to his calling, his life, so far superior to Pope's in most other respects, would not have presented the melancholy contrast of genius running to waste in desperate attempts to win money at the cost of worthier fame.

Pope's merit, indeed, has been lowered on a ground which, to our thinking, is in his favor. As a Roman Catholic, and as the adherent of a defeated party, he had put himself out of the race for pecuniary reward. But then Pope's loyal adherence to his friends, though, like all his virtues, subject to some deduction, is really a touching feature in his character. His Catholicism was of the most nominal kind. He adhered in name to a depressed church chiefly because he could not bear to give pain to the parents whom he loved with an exquisite tenderness. Granting that he would not have had much chance of winning tangible rewards by the baseness of a desertion, he at least recognized his true position; and instead of being soured by his exclusion from the general competition, or wasting his life in frivolous regrets, he preserved a spirit of tolerance and independence, and had a full right to the boasts in which he possibly indulged a little too freely:—

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile—be one poet's praise
That, if he pleased, he pleased by many ways;
That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in prose or verse the same.

Admitting that the last line suggests a slight quail, the portrait suggested in the rest is about as faithful as one can expect a man to paint from himself.

Is this guardian of virtue quite immaculate, and the morality which he preaches quite of the most elevated kind? We must admit, of course, that he does not sound the depths, or soar to the heights, in which men of loftier genius are at home. He is not a mystic, but a man of the

world. He never, as we have already said, quits the sphere of ordinary and rather obvious maxims about the daily life of society, or quits it at his peril. His independence is not like Milton's, that of an ancient prophet, consoling himself by celestial visions for a world given over to baseness and frivolity; nor like Shelley's, that of a vehement revolutionist, who has declared open war against the existing order; it is the independence of a modern gentleman, with a competent fortune, enjoying a time of political and religious calm. And therefore his morality is in the main the expression of the conclusions reached by supreme good sense, or, as he puts it, —

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Good sense is one of the excellent qualities to which we are scarcely inclined to do justice at the present day; it is the guide of a time of equilibrium, stirred by no vehement gales of passions, and we lose sight of it just when it might give us some useful advice. A man in a passion is never more irritated than when advised to be sensible; and at the present day we are permanently in a passion, and therefore apt to assert that, not only a moment, but as a general rule, men do well to be angry. Our art critics, for example, are never satisfied with their frame of mind till they have lashed themselves into a fit of rhetoric. Nothing more is wanted to explain why we are apt to be dissatisfied with Pope, both as a critic and a moralist. In both capacities, however, Pope is really admirable. Nobody, for example, has ridiculed more happily the absurdities of which we sometimes take him to be a representative. The recipe for making an epic poem is a perfect burlesque upon the pseudo-classicism of his time. He sees the absurdity of the contemporary statues, whose grotesque medley of ancient and modern costume is recalled in the lines, —

That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own;
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

The painters and musicians come in for their share of ridicule, as in the description of Timon's Chapel, where

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven;
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

Pope, again, was one of the first, by practice and precept, to break through the old formal school of gardening, in which

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

It would be impossible to hit off more happily the queer formality which annoys us, unless its quaintness makes us smile, in the days of good Queen Anne, when Cato still appeared with a

Long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair.

Pope's literary criticism, too, though verging too often on the commonplace, is invariably sound as far as it goes. If, as was inevitable, he was blind to the merits of earlier schools of poetry, he was yet amongst the first writers who helped to establish the rightful supremacy of Shakespeare. But in what way does Pope apply his good sense to morality? His favorite doctrine about human nature is expressed in the theory of the "ruling passion" which is to be found in all men, and which, once known, enables us to unravel the secret of every character. As he says in the "Essay on Man" —

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale.

Right reason, therefore, is the power which directs passions to the worthiest end; and its highest lesson is to enforce

The truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

The truth, though admirable, may be suspected of commonplace; and Pope does not lay down any propositions unfamiliar to other moralists, nor, it is to be feared, enforce them by preaching of more than usual effectiveness. His denunciations of avarice, of corruption, and of sensuality were probably of little more practical use than his denunciation of dulness. The "men not afraid of God" were hardly likely to be deterred from selling their votes to Walpole by fear of Pope's satire. He might

Goad the prelate slumbering in his stall

sufficiently to produce the episcopal equivalent for bad language; but he would hardly interrupt his slumbers for many moments; and, on the whole, he might congratulate himself, without making many sacrifices in the good cause, on being animated by

The strong antipathy of good to bad.

Without exaggerating its importance, however, we may seek to define the precise point on which Pope's morality differed from that of many other writers who have expressed their general approval of the Ten Commandments. A healthy strain of moral feeling is useful, though we cannot point to the individuals whom it has restrained from picking pockets. The defective side of the morality of good sense is, that it tends to degenerate into cynicism, either of the indolent variety which commended itself to Chesterfield, or of the more vehement sort, of which Swift's writings are the most powerful embodiment. A shrewd man of the world, of placid temperament, accepts placidly the conclusion that as he can see through a good many people, virtue generally is a humbug. If he has grace enough left to be soured by such a conclusion, he raves at the universal corruption of mankind. Now Pope, notwithstanding his petty spite, and his sympathy with the bitterness of his friends, always shows a deep tenderness of nature which preserves him from sweeping cynicism. He really believes in human nature, and values life for the power of what Johnson calls reciprocation of benevolence. The beauty of his affection for his father and mother, and for his old nurse, breaks pleasantly through the artificial language of his letters, like a sweet spring in barren ground. When he touches upon the subject in his poetry, one seems to see tears in his eyes, and to hear his voice tremble. There is no more beautiful passage in his writings than the one in which he expresses the hope that he may be spared

To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Here at least he is sincere beyond suspicion; and we know from unimpeachable testimony that the sentiment so perfectly expressed was equally exemplified in his life. It sounds easy, but unfortunately the ease is not always proved in practice, for men of genius to be throughout their lives an unmixed comfort to their parents. It is unpleasant to remember that a man so accessible to tender emotions should jar upon us by his language about women generally. Byron countersigns the opinion of Bolingbroke that he knew the sex well; but testimony of that kind hardly prepossesses us in his favor. In fact, the school of Bolingbroke and Swift, to say nothing of Wycherley, was hardly calculated to generate a chivalrous tone of feeling. His experience of Lady Mary gave additional bitterness to his sentiments. Pope, in short, did not love good women —

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished as black, brown, or fair,

as he impudently tells a lady — as a man of genius ought; and women have generally returned the dislike. Meanwhile the vein of benevolence shows itself unmistakably in Pope's language about his friends. Thackeray seizes upon this point of his character in his lectures on the English Humorists, and his powerful, if rather too favorable description, brings out forcibly the essential tenderness of the

man, who, during the lucid intervals of his last illness, was "always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends." No English poet has ever paid so many exquisitely turned compliments. Whenever he speaks of a friend he coins a proverb. Swift, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Cobham, Lyttelton, and even Walpole have poetical medals stamped in their honor.

If one could have a wish for the asking, one could scarcely ask for a more agreeable sensation than that of being titillated by a man of equal ingenuity in caressing one's pet vanities. The art of administering such consolation is possessed only by men who unite deep tenderness to an exquisitely delicate intellect. This vein of strong feeling sufficiently redeems Pope's writings from the charge of a commonplace worldliness. Certainly he is not one of the "genial" school, whose indiscriminate benevolence exudes over all that they touch. There is nothing mawkish in his philanthropy. Pope was, if anything, too good a hater; "The portentous cub never forgives," said Bentley; but kindness is all the more impressive when not too widely diffused. Add to this his hearty contempt for pomposities, humbugs, and stupidities of all kinds, and above all the fine spirit of independence, in which we have again the real man, and which expresses itself in such lines as these:

Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do;)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends and read what books I please;

and we may admit that Pope, in spite of his wig and his stays, his vanities and his affectations, was in his way as fair an embodiment as we would expect of that "plain living and high thinking" of which Wordsworth regretted the disappearance. The little cripple, diseased in mind and body, spiteful and occasionally brutal, had in him the spirit of a man. The monarch of the literary world was far indeed from immaculate; but he was not without a dignity of his own.

We come, however, to the great question, What had Pope to say upon the deepest subjects with which human beings can concern themselves? The answer must be taken from the "Essay on Man," and the Essay must be acknowledged to have more conspicuous faults than any of Pope's writings. The art of reasoning in verse is so difficult that we may doubt whether it is in any case legitimate, and must acknowledge that it has been never successfully practised by any English writer. Dryden's "Religio Laici" may be better reasoning, but it is worse poetry than Pope's Essay. It is true, again, that Pope's reasoning is intrinsically feeble. He was no metaphysician, and confined himself to putting together incoherent scraps of different systems. Some of his arguments strike us as simply childish, as for example, the quibble derived from the Stoics, that

The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.

Nobody, we may safely say, was ever much comforted by that reflection. Nor, though the celebrated argument about the scale of beings, which Pope but half understood, was once sanctioned by eminent names, do we derive any deep consolation from the argument that

In the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere such a rank as man.

To say no more of these frigid conceits, as they now appear to us, Pope does not maintain the serious temper which befits a man pondering upon the deep mysteries of the universe. Religious meditation does not harmonize with epigrammatic satire. Admitting the value of the reflection that other beings besides man are fitting objects of the Divine benevolence, we are jarred by such a discord as this:

While man exclaims, See all things for my use!
See man for mine! replies a pampered goose.

The Goose is appropriate enough in Charron or Montaigne, but should be kept out of poetry. Such a shock, too, follows when Pope talks about the superior beings who

Showed a Newton as we show an ape.

Did anybody, again, ever complain that he wanted "the strength of bulls, the fur of bears"? Or could it be worth while to meet his complaints in a serious poem? Pope, in short, is not merely a bad reasoner, but he wants that deep moral earnestness which gives a profound interest to Johnson's satires—the best productions of his school—and the deeply pathetic religious feeling of Cowper.

Admitting all this, however, and more, the "Essay on Man" still contains many passages which not only testify to the unequalled skill of this great artist in words, but which breathe a truly noble spirit. In the Essay, more than in any of his other writings, we have the difficulty of separating the solid bullion from the dross. Pope is here preëminently parasitical and it is possible to trace to other writers, such as Montaigne, Pascal, Leibnitz, Shaftesbury, Locke, and Wollaston, as well as to the inspiration of Bolingbroke, nearly every argument which he employs. He unfortunately worked up the rubbish as well as the gems. When, therefore, Mr. Ruskin says that his "theology was two centuries in advance of his time," the phrase requires qualification. He was not really in advance of the best men of his own time; but they, it is to be feared, were considerably in advance of the average opinion of our own. What may be said with more plausibility is, that whilst Pope frequently wastes his skill in gilding refuse, he is really most sensitive to the noblest sentiments of his contemporaries, and that, when he has good materials to work upon, his verse glows with unusual fervor, often to sink with unpleasant rapidity into mere quibbling or epigrammatic pungency. The main doctrine which he enforces is, of course, one of his usual commonplaces. The statement that "whatever is, is right," may be verbally admitted, and strained to different purposes by half a dozen differing schools. It may be alleged by the cynic, who regards virtue as an empty name; by the mystic, who is lapped in heavenly contemplation from the cares of this troublesome world; by the sceptic, whose whole wisdom is concentrated in the duty of submitting to the inevitable; or by the man of reasonable piety, who, abandoning the attempt of solving inscrutable enigmas, is content to recognize in everything the hand of a Divine ordainer of all things. Pope, judging him by his most forcible passages, prefers to insist upon the inevitable ignorance of man in presence of the Infinite.

'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole;

and any effort to pierce the impenetrable gloom can only end in disappointment and discontent.

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies.

We think that we can judge the ways of the Almighty, and correct the errors of his work. We are as incapable of accounting for human wickedness as for plague, tempest, and earthquake. In each case our highest wisdom is an humble confession of ignorance; or, as he puts it,

In both, to reason right is to submit.

This vein of thought might, perhaps, have conducted him to the scepticism of his master, Bolingbroke. He unluckily fills up the gaps of his logical edifice with the untempered mortar of obsolete metaphysics, long since become utterly uninteresting to all men. Admitting that he cannot explain, he tries to manufacture sham explanations out of the "scale of beings," and other scholastic rubbish. But, in a sense, too, the most reverent minds will agree most fully with Pope's avowal of the limitation of human knowledge. He does not apply his scepticism or his humility to stimulate to vain repining against the fetters with which our minds are bound, or to angry denunciation, like that of Bolingbroke, of the solutions in which other souls have found a sufficient refuge. The perplexity in which he finds himself generates a spirit of resignation and tolerance.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.

That is the pith of his teaching. All optimism is apt to be a little irritating to men whose sympathies with human suffering are unusually strong; and the optimism of a man like Pope, vivacious rather than profound in his thoughts and his sympathies, annoys us at times by its calm complacency. We cannot thrust aside so easily the thought of the heavy evils under which all creation groans. But we should wrong him by a failure to recognize the real benevolence of his sentiment. Perhaps he becomes too pantheistic for some tastes in the celebrated fragment—the whole poem is a conglomerate of slightly connected fragments—beginning,

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

But, when we are outside the schools, we may admit that pantheism has its noble side, and that a disposition to recognize the Divine element in all nature, is not a religious sentiment to be too severely condemned. Pope shows that disposition, not merely in set phrases, but in the general coloring of the poem. The tenderness, for example, with which he always speaks of the brute creation is pleasant in a writer so little distinguished as a rule by an interest in what we popularly call nature. The "scale of being" argument may be illogical, but we pardon it when it is applied to strengthen our sympathies with our unfortunate dependents on the lower steps of the ladder. The lamb who

Licks the hand just raised to shed his blood

is a second-hand lamb; and has, like so much of Pope's writing, acquired a certain tinge of banality, which must limit quotation; and the same must be said of the poor Indian, who

Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog will bear him company.

But the sentiment is as right as the language (in spite of its familiarity we can still recognize the fact) is exquisite. Tolerance of all forms of faith, from that of the poor Indian upwards, is so characteristic of Pope, as to have offended some modern critics who might have known better. We may pick holes in the celebrated antithesis—

For forms of government let fools contest:
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Certainly, they are not mathematically accurate formulæ; but they are generous, if imperfect statements of great truths, and not unbecoming in the mouth of the man who, as the member of an unpopular sect, learnt to be cosmopolitan rather than bitter, and expressed his convictions in the well-known words addressed to Swift: "I am of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger, Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutcheson in heaven." Who would wish to shorten the list? And the scheme of morality which Pope deduced for practical guidance in life, is in harmony with the spirit which breathes in those words just quoted. A recent dispute in a court of justice shows that even our most cultivated men have forgotten Pope so far as to be ignorant of the source of the familiar words

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

It is therefore necessary to say explicitly that the poem where they occur, the fourth epistle of the "Essay on Man," not only contains half a dozen other phrases equally familiar—*e. g.*, "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" "Looks through nature up to nature's God;" "From grave to gay, from lively to severe"—but breathes throughout sentiments which it would be credulous to believe that any man could express so vigorously without

feeling profoundly. Mr. Ruskin has quoted one couplet as giving "the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words:"—

Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, whilst another's blessed.

The passage in which they occur is worthy of this golden sentiment; and leads not unfitly to the conclusion and summary of the whole, that he who can recognize the beauty of virtue knows that

Where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end—in love of God and love of man.

I know but too well all that may be said against this view of Pope's morality. He is, as Sainte-Beuve says, the easiest of all men to caricature; and it is equally easy to throw cold water upon his morality. We may count up his affectations, ridicule his platitudes, make heavy deductions for his insincerity, denounce his too frequent indulgence in a certain love of dirt, which he shares with, and in which he is distanced by Swift; and decline to believe in the virtue, or even in the love of virtue, of a man stained by so many vices and weaknesses. Yet I must decline to believe that men can gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles, or noble expressions of moral truth from a corrupt heart, thinly varnished by a coating of affectation. Turn it how we may, the thing is impossible. Pope was more than a mere literary artist, though he was an artist of unparalleled excellence in his own department. He was a man in whom there was the seed of many good thoughts, though choked in their development by the growth of innumerable weeds. And I will venture, in conclusion, to adduce one more proof of the justice of a lenient verdict. I have had already to quote many phrases familiar to every one who is nurtured in the slightest degree with a knowledge of English literature; and yet have been haunted by a dim suspicion that some of my readers may have been surprised to recognize their author. Pope, we have seen, is recognized even by judges of the land only through the medium of Byron; and therefore the "Universal Prayer" may possibly be unfamiliar to some readers. If so, it will do them no harm to read over again a few of its verses. Perhaps after that experience, they will admit that the little cripple of Twickenham, distorted as were his instincts after he had been stretched on the rack of this rough world and grievous as were his offences against the laws of decency and morality, had yet in him a noble strain of eloquence significant of deep religious sentiment.

ARMED FOR WAR.

THOSE amiable enthusiasts who, in 1851, saw the red planet Mars set forever behind a great glass palace in Hyde Park, and whose theory was that the gates of Janus were sealed by the opening of the first Exhibition, have perhaps been unduly laughed at of late years. They, their hopes, and their overbrimming confidence in a coming commercial millennium of peace and good-will, have been impressed into pointing more than one military moral, and adorning more than one tale of strife. Yet it is so easy to be wise after the event, that we may well pardon the pacific sages of four lustres ago if they did not foresee the storms that would ruffle the quiet ocean of European politics, and recognize the unwelcome truth that war is always at our gates. How best to prepare for that grim guest is a question only to be answered after a minute and careful retrospect of what has hitherto been done since nations first began to draw the sword.

Savages—the genuine, utter barbarians, who live by the chase and by such scanty crops as can be lightly raised by the unskilled labor of their women—are always, and at a moment's notice, prepared to take the field. Where there is no commissariat, no transport to organize, no elaborate plan of campaign to prepare, no reserves to call in, and

where every able-bodied male is a warrior, whose weapons hang always within his reach, a few hours may witness the setting out of a formidable war party. But if the Camanches and Sioux of the prairies, the hillmen of India, or the wild Magals of Australia, find it easy to get the start of their white foes, it is none the less true that they go to certain defeat when confronted by a tenacious enemy. Once worsted, their ruin is inevitable. They have no reinforcements, no stores, no place wherein to rally and take breath for a renewal of the struggle. When the tiny stock of provisions which each man carries is exhausted, there are no magazines on which to draw for rations, and the band must hunt or starve. There are no medicines for the sick, no care for the wounded. A stolen march, an ambush, a surprise, make up all the simple strategy of savage warfare, while to retreat is to be routed. In every quarter of the world the feeblest forces of trained troops have proved an overmatch for swarms of untutored combatants.

Far different is the case with pastoral and nomadic, or semi-barbarous nations. The flocks and herds, that are their only wealth, give them an almost unfailing supply of food, while the wives and sisters of the fighting men, well used to the dressing of wounds and to the sight of blood, willingly put the resources of their rough surgery and kindly nursing at the disposal of the disabled champions. The only recent experiences of this method of making war are furnished by the Yemen revolt against the Sultan, and by the resistance of Turcoman tribes to the Russian advance in Central Asia. We know with what irresistible weight Goths and Wends, Huns and Sarmatians, Gepidæ and Franks, pressed upon the weakening frontiers of the Roman empire. But history teaches us this further lesson, that whenever the legionaries were led by a really competent general, skill and discipline prevailed over the brute force of an enemy whose base of operations was unavoidably laid open to attack, and whose cattle, wagons, and families were never out of reach of an enterprising commander. Moreover, as is usually the case where the losses in battle are equally shared by the community, a single repulse attended by great slaughter is sufficient to disgust the herdsmen of the steppe with war. The check given, through the valor of the Teutonic knights, to the Tartar inroad under the grandson of Genghis, saved Europe, as the defeat of Attila at Chalons had previously done. The promptitude with which a people can rush to arms is no positive criterion of its willingness to protract a contest to the uttermost.

The pictorial records and the written chronicles of the past exhibit Assyria and Babylon and Egypt as placing their main dependence on a warlike aristocracy, of which the mode of fighting strongly resembled that of Homer's heroes before Troy. So long as Pharaoh could muster his long array of spear-throwing nobles and mounted archers, the "chariots and horsemen" so frequently mentioned in Scripture, supported by hired tribes from the desert, and in case of need by a levy of the servile population, his country could defy the desultory onslaught of his neighbors from beyond the wilderness. But no nation can permanently depend, as the example of Sparta and that of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain clearly illustrate, on the personal services of a patrician caste. At its best, indeed, although at the cost of much oppression and degradation of the humbler classes, such a system provides good soldiers. But the expense of maintaining such a force is ruinously great, while luxury enervates, and civil strife destroys, the flower of a fighting nobility. The rise of a fourth great power, soon to be mistress alike of Egypt and of Mesopotamia, was strangely impeded by the existence of a knot of little civic states, whose tiny territories consisted but of rocky peninsulas and hilly islets in the southeastern corner of our continent. The multitudinous host which Xerxes led to the conquest of Europe was not, of course, in the true sense of the word, an army. But it comprised the warriors of many subject nations and barbarous tribes; it brought into the field many hundred thousand fighting men, to whom each other's speech and garb were unknown, and it was backed by the richest treasury west of the Chinese bound-

aries, then, as now, the golden sinews of war. More than this, the great king's body-guard, the famous and splendid Immortals, represents the earliest body of regular troops recorded to have been kept on foot among the princes of the East.

Had the Greeks been less patriotic or less carefully drilled than they were, the history of South Europe might have been very different from what it has been; Sun-worshippers might have overrun the Mediterranean shores more effectually than was afterwards done by the armed missionaries of Mahomet, and Persian supremacy might have crushed in the germ the future glories of nascent Rome. As it was, a perfiervid people, who were soldiers or sailors at will, whose early training in the gymnasium made every youth an athlete, while the science of strategy had its native home among them, presented an impenetrable barrier to Asiatic ambition. The Hellenes, dashing seamen as they were, and ready at any moment to take to the long oar and the brass-beaked galley, showed a wise discrimination in preferring their heavy-armed hoplites to the rest of their citizen militia. Their horsemen, composed of young men of the higher ranks, were no doubt creditable as light cavalry, but neither in numbers or efficiency a match for the Parthian riders in the pay of Cyrus or Darius. Their slingers and bowmen, fit to cover the flanks of a few hundred Thebans or Athenians in domestic Grecian broils, would have been crushed beneath the darts and stones of the countless auxiliaries of the great king. But their infantry was matchless, and Persian monarchs were willing to bid high for the hire of a machine so potent and so well regulated. The retreat from the heart of Persia of Xenophon and his comrades remains one of the most instructive chapters of military history, and shows how ten thousand mercenary Greek soldiers, far from home, could make their way through the midst of jealous and predatory clans as a gallant ship cuts her course through a waste of waters. The Greeks alone understood that war was an art to be studied; they alone could set guards, form a camp, reconnoitre the road, and reduce the operations of their advance to an almost mathematical precision, while other nations were governed by blind impulse, and attacked in hasty fury, to retire in disgraceful panic.

Yet, however admirable was a phalanx of Greek spearmen calmly confronting the assault of a superior force of lofty-turbaned Medes, the ample civic records which remain to us show that it was no light task to call out an army of Hellenes. Each expedition was attended with much expense, and there was much hesitation, usually, before belligerent counsels could prevail. This was an inevitable consequence of a comparatively high standard of civilization.

The Greeks were moderately rich, thrifty by instinct, sensitive to danger as well as to the call of honor or the sense of greed, and they had few idlers among them. It was a distinctly painful effort by which the nobly-born burgher of Athens tore himself away from his counting-house, his wheat-ships, the lawsuit pending before the Dicasts, the pleasant evenings whiled away by sweet music and witty conversation, the gossip of the Forum, the philosophy of the Portico. The sturdy citizens of the next grade, ready enough for a mere semi-piratical cruise among the tributary islets, were not always prompt to buckle on the ringed mail, and to don the nodding helmet; while the poorest freemen of the Demos must often, as they marched out beneath the olive-trees of Attica, have grumblingly contrasted their own hard lot with that of the pampered slaves with no country to fight for, whereas Laodices and Sosthenes must start for battle and bivouac; and precisely, too, when the long-promised tragedy of that clever playwright, Euripides, was about to be brought on, with unprecedented attention to scenic effect (and with mimes, singers, and buffoons to follow), at the theatre.

Alexander's campaigns remained unique of their kind, until Napoleon, in a lesser degree, emulated the policy of the Macedonian victor. The discovery that a vanquished enemy might make a valuable recruit, was one which has proved useful alike in Europe and in India, but the first

application of it was due to the martial son of Philip. There was the phalanx, proof against any tumultuous onset of a disorderly foe, and cleaving its resistless way, wedge-like, through hostile masses. There was the careful guard-mounting, the practised adroitness in taking advantage of every inequality of ground, the vigilance, the alertness in profiting by the blunders of an enemy, all the tactics and all the strategy of Greece, yet those were not Greeks whose blood and toil bought triumph after triumph. Some chosen corps, such as the Silver Spears, might still consist of the natives of North or South Greece, but the bulk of the common soldiers were of Oriental birth, trained by Hellenic sergeants, and led by Macedonian captains. The heirs of Alexander's divided empire found themselves somewhat in the position of an Indian viceroy, who should be by some extraordinary casualty cut off from succor or instructions from the home authorities. For a good while, no doubt, the machinery would work well, and so it was with the Antiochi of Syria, and the Ptolemies of Egypt. It was not until the degeneracy of the dominant race had become an established fact, that the docile populations, over which they bore sway, bent their necks to a new yoke.

The Romans, from the first a military people, in the sense that discipline, order, and forethought were congenial to them, rather than merely a warlike one, such as the Gauls, their restless neighbors beyond the Umbrian Apennines, had the great advantage of profiting alike by the lessons and the errors of their Greek teachers. It was perhaps well for the Quirites that they first came into collision, not with a compact force of soldier-citizens from the free republics of Hellas, not with brilliant Athenians or haughty Spartans, but with the superb host of Pyrrhus, encumbered by its lengthy baggage-train, and ostentatiously provided with engines of war. When once the Roman foot-soldier had got over his first alarm at the sight of the turret-bearing elephants with their guard of Eastern bowmen, of the catapults hurling heavy stones, and of the balista discharging ponderous darts, he found himself situated towards the invaders much as the heroes of Marathon towards the glittering crowd of the Persians. The elephants, after all, were but beasts that, when mad with pain and terror, were as likely to trample down friends as foes. The spoils of the rich camp tempted the avarice of the frugal yeomen of the Alban uplands. They were not long in learning that the legion was more than a match for the antique phalanx, and themselves, man for man, at least the equals of the veteran Epirotes of the king's trusted body-guard.

Roman armies were, from the first, remarkable for the promptitude with which they took the field. The hardy husbandmen, who composed the rank and file, were as ready to repel invasion, or to gather for a raid into Samnite territory, as were the bellicose patricians by whom they were officered. And when soldiership grew more and more into a profession, and Rome was rich with the plunder of centuries of buccaneering, so perfect was the organization, that the ill-wishers of the Republic stood aghast at the rapidity with which Roman camps bristled among the hill-tops, and Roman columns moved along the arrow-straight high roads that led from the Eternal City towards every point of the compass. To the last, even when most of the patient legionaries, laden like beasts of burden, as skilful with the spade as with the spear, and trained to a life of labor and endurance, were of foreign birth and blood, the mere word of Rome appeared sufficient to evoke armies from the earth, and to beat back, again and again, the often renewed incursions of the barbarian. Where all so well knew their duty, where war was as a game of chess, the moves of which had been studied in theory and in practice, a cohort, a legion, an army, was instantly ready to do all that could be required of it, and it was not until the heart of the empire was hopelessly corrupt that the members failed to do their duty.

The feudal system, at its highest pitch of perfection, failed deplorably as a preparation for war. Ostensibly, indeed, it rendered the commencement of hostilities possible within a very few days. Where all lands were held by military tenure, each great vavasour and his vassals and sub-tenants

could instantly be summoned to the royal standard. The whole lay property of Europe belonged either to the king, or was leased in fief among a martial aristocracy, whose pride and amusement was the daily exercise of arms, who broke lances on each other's shields by way of festive pastime, and who knew of no pleasures save the joust and the chase. The network of feudal dependence was so contrived as to draw into its meshes the whole freeborn population; burghers beneath the banners of their guild, yeomen under the knight's pennon, and the chivalry of a province around the guidon of some great vassal of the crown. But forty days of unpaid service were not sufficient to effect anything beyond a transitory success, and to this may probably be attributed the fact that the balance of power oscillated with such apparent caprice during the Middle Ages. There was barely time for a march, for fighting a battle, for laying waste a tract of country, for beginning a siege which had commonly to be abandoned, when the tide of armed men ebbed again homewards, and the short six weeks' campaign was over.

It is not very wonderful that ambitious and able monarchs should have chafed at the imperfections of a system which was really defensive, and which left a victor without the means of profiting by his success. By bribery and browbeating, by cajolery, entreaties, threat, and promise, a king could sometimes prevail on part of his baronage to remain with him, and to keep such of their dependents as could be induced to go on fighting. But the uncertain services of these volunteers made the rulers of all rich countries prefer the mercenary troops, such as the Brabançons of Richard the First, or the free companies of a later date, who would sell their swords and their blood for regular pay. The first of these hirelings, as their name implies, came from the Low Countries, and to Flemish and Gascon men-at-arms were presently added adventurers from England, from Genoa, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons. All of these, it may be observed, were freemen, at a time when predial slavery was so usual that personal freedom was almost a badge of nobility, and all served for a rate of pay that was relatively high, and which gave the advantage to the heaviest purse.

The system of hiring foreigners to defend a country reached its climax in Italy. Every petty prince, every sovereign count, every marquis holding under the emperor, had his mercenaries. The free republics made a bargain with some well-known captain of Condottieri to do their fighting for them for a certain annual sum. The professional soldiers thus enlisted had no desire to kill or be killed, and grew to look on bloodshed as an unfortunate accident which now and then attended an encounter of two bodies of heavy-armed cavalry. It was not until the French and their Swiss auxiliaries were confronted by the Spaniards and German spearmen, who disputed with them the spoils of Italy, that Cisalpine warfare became a gory reality. Even after the decay of feudalism, compulsory military service, in Teutonic countries, at any rate, remained the rule, but only for the defence of the realm. In England, for instance, that "king's press," which Sir John Falstaff so abused for his private profit, was a mere muster of militia against rebels or foreign raiders. The disorderly rabble that the queen's proclamation called into the field when the Spanish Armada coasted our shores, was a sample of the militia of the period, and was divided, on paper at least, into two armies of great numerical strength. Lord Macaulay's speculations as to the probable result of a contest between this unwieldy mob, without discipline, provisions, or officers, and the trained veterans under the skilful guidance of Parma, are moderate enough, and we can hardly wonder that no prince of the sixteenth and seventeenth century was fond of relying on a force which the necessities of the age had outgrown.

The palmy days of professional soldiering may be said, roughly speaking, to have been contemporaneous with the reigns of Tudor and Stuart. For then, abroad and at home, the fighting man was regarded as a skilled artisan, whose value in the labor market ruled high. Cromwell's splendid army was maintained on the same footing, as to

pay, which James the First had fixed for the remuneration of his small force engaged in the reconquest of Ulster. At a time when the daily wages of a clothweaver, or of a ploughman, seldom exceeded sixpence, it is evident that the soldier's eightpence, with the contingent advantages incidental to military arrangements, raised its recipient to a higher level of comfort than the average. Louvois, the thriftily-disposed minister of sordid, splendid Louis the Fourteenth, first established the custom of relying on armies that were, indeed, of great numerical strength, but systematically ill-paid and ill-fed. Hogarth's grim caricature, in which the starveling French sentinel guards the gates of Calais, was not such a very great exaggeration of the truth. How such a force, to be employed amid Canadian frosts, on the sultry plains of India, or on the steaming banks of the Mississippi, as well as in Flanders and the Palatinate, was ever raised by voluntary enlistment, is a marvel to the tyro in history. But the key to the seeming puzzle is to be found in the bitter poverty which afflicted many of the provinces of France, in the local influence of the vain and warlike aristocracy, and in the connivance of the authorities with the scandalous proceedings of the *Racoleurs*, or recruiting agents, licensed kidnappers, compared with whom our Sergeant Kite and Ensign Plume were mild and conscientious purveyors of human flesh. Better paid and better treated than the unlucky subjects of the magnificent monarch and his successors, were the Swiss and German mercenaries, who, with the privileged regiments of the king's household, were the élite of the service.

The eighteenth century was stained by one great blot, from which its precursors had been nearly, or wholly, pure, that of systematized man-selling for military purposes. English and Dutch crimps in seaport towns were ever on the watch to ensnare the raw material of soldiers to serve the rival East India Companies. In France, ruffianly contractors made regular bargains for handing over a specified number of hounded or terrified young rustics to the rich marquis, who had bought from the king, or his reigning favorite, the colonelcy of a new corps. But Germany, split up into a multitude of petty principalities, offered the most pitiable spectacle of all, for there every little despot, bishop, duke, or sovereign count, suddenly discovered that in the blood of his people he possessed a gold mine that would conveniently provide the means of that lavish expenditure of which Versailles had set the example. Press-gangs were continually at work in dragging away the husbandman from his plough, the shepherd lad from his sheep, to wear blue or white uniforms, according to the colors of the customer, and to bleed and die for the King of France, for the King of Prussia, or for the Elector of Hanover, like those Hessians whom George the Third bought to repress the revolt of the American colonists.

It would be ludicrous, were it not that the wretched circumstances of the actors in the gory drama demand compassion, to trace the fortunes of some of the involuntary warriors who were bartered by their native rulers for foreign gold. Often a whole regiment would be taken prisoners, and would change sides without a murmur, and do battle under the enemy's flag with the meek submissiveness of armed slaves who have found a new master. Individual captives were usually cajoled or bullied into taking service with the victors. Such troops had no heart in their work, and when not under the watchful eye of a strict officer, were more prone to run than to fight. But Frederick the Great and his eccentric father had found out that drill and discipline could work wonders with indifferent materials, and that a man might be a valuable fighting machine long after his spirit had been crushed and snubbed out of him. It is not pleasant to read the details of a régime of cane and pipeclay, of dungeons, executions, cold, shame, hunger, all coolly calculated to tame turbulent humanity into automatic obedience, and each item of human suffering and degradation reckoned with the scientific complacency of the mathematician. A young man of tolerable constitution, whether Frenchman or German, whether English, Polish, Swedish, mattered little, was

worth a certain sum in the military market, precisely as a Guinea negro was worth a certain sum in the labor market. It was cheaper to buy him from somebody else than from himself, therefore prince, crimp, and kidnapper were dealt with in preference to the intended soldier, and when once he was caught, the drill-sergeant, the prison-keeper, and the captain with a sword in his right hand and a cane in his left, could be trusted to screw out of him the money's worth of available service. Men of various nationalities, stocked, scourged, and sharply looked after by vigilant warders, fought the battles of the Great Frederick just as the galley-slaves rowed the vessels of the Great Louis, and under the same stimulus of consistent terror, oarsman and grenadier fulfilled their allotted task. It was not until after the iron had entered into the souls of the vanquished of Jena that a national Prussian army—sprung from the land of Körnhorst, Schill, and Blücher, rather than from that of the royal philosopher of Potsdam—thrice found the road to Paris.

The French, however, are correct in their boast that national armies, as distinguished from professional ones, first sprang from their soil, although certainly not as spontaneous productions. The French youth, though not, save in mountainous districts, such as the Lower Pyrenees, apt to go to such extremes as desertion, manifests much passive reluctance to pay the "tax of blood." Under the Directory it was necessary to tie the conscripts, neck and heels, and fling them into a cart like so many calves, to bring them safely to headquarters. But just as pressed men in the British navy were the briskest at their guns, so did the lads whom the fury of the revolutionary wars dragged from home fight with much dash, if with no great steadiness. There is no doubt but that the old soldiers raised under the Monarchy cleared the way for the raw levies of Fleurus and Marengo, but their number was soon thinned, and it was not until the families of France were drained of sons that the tide of conquest rolled backwards from the Kremlin to the Parisian boulevards.

From the French other nations have readily caught up the idea of compulsory military service, and for more than half a century guards have been mounted, and battles fought, by millions of armed men who were forced into fighting or preparing to fight. England has remained the solitary country on this side of the protecting Atlantic that has thought fit to intrust her safety to a small but costly army, raised by voluntary enlistment, and aided by a fine fleet, manned on the same principle. These safeguards, as we know, she has supplemented by the assistance of a large force of volunteers, a percentage of whom are undoubtedly the finest marksmen in the world, while some are fairly trained, though necessarily unpractised, infantry. On the other hand the military systems of all continental nations are in a state of anxious and expensive transition, and armed nations, in place of national armies, are fast being prepared to confront one another, armed for war.

GROWTH AND DECAY OF MIND.

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. — *As You Like It*.

FEW subjects of scientific investigation are more interesting than the inquiry into the various circumstances on which mental power depends. By mental power I do not mean simply mental capacity, or the potential quality of the mind, but the actual power which is the resultant, so to speak, of mental capacity and mental training. The growth and development of mental power in the individual, and the process by which, after attaining a maximum of power, the mind gradually becomes less active, until in the course of time it undergoes at least a partial decay, form the special subjects of which I propose now to treat; but in order to form clear ideas on these subjects it will be necessary to consider several associated matters. In particular, it will be desirable to trace the analogy which

exists between bodily and mental power, not only as respects development and decay, but with regard to the physical processes involved in their exercise.

It is now a well-established physiological fact that mental action is a distinctly physical process, depending primarily on a chemical reaction between the blood and the brain, precisely as muscular action depends primarily on a chemical reaction between the blood and the muscular tissues. Without the free circulation of blood in the brain, there can be neither thought nor sensation, neither emotions nor ideas. It necessarily follows that thought, the only form of brain action which we have here to consider, is a process not merely depending upon, but in its turn affecting, the physical condition of the brain, precisely as muscular exertion of any given kind depends on the quality of the muscles employed and affects the condition of those muscles, not at the moment only, but thereafter, conducting to their growth and development if wisely adjusted to their power, or causing waste and decay if excessive and too long continued. It is important to notice that this is not a mere analogy. The relation between thought and the condition of the brain is a reality. So far as this statement affects our ideas about actually existent mental power, it is of little importance; for it is not more useful to announce that a man with a good brain will possess good mental powers, than to say that a muscular man will be capable of considerable exertion. But as it is of extreme importance to know of the relation which exists between muscular exercise and the growth or development of bodily strength, so it is highly important for us to remember that the development of mental power depends largely on the exercise of the mind. There is a "training" for the brain as well as for the body—a real physical training—depending, like bodily training, on rules as to nourishment, method of action quantity of exercise, and so forth.

When we thus view the matter, we at once recognize the significance of relations formerly regarded as mere analogies between mental and bodily power. Instead of saying that as the body fails of its fair growth and development if overtaxed in early youth, so the mind suffers by the attempt to force it into precocious activity, we should now say that the mind suffers in this case in the same actual manner—that is, by the physical deterioration of the material in and through which it acts. Again, the old adage, "*mens sana in corpore sano*," only needs to be changed into "*cerebrum sanum in corpore sano*," to express an actual physical reality. The processes by which the brain and the body are nourished, as well as those which produce gradual exhaustion when either is employed for a long time or on arduous work, not only correspond with each other, but are in fact identical in their nature; so that Jeremy Taylor anticipated a comparatively recent scientific discovery when he associated mental and bodily action in the well-known apophthegm, "Every meal is a rescue from one death and lays up for another; and while we think a thought we die." This is true, as Wendell Holmes well remarks, "of the brain as of other organs: the brain can only live by dying. We must all be born again, atom by atom, from hour to hour, or perish all at once beyond repair."

And here it is desirable to explain distinctly that the relations between mind and matter which we are considering are not necessarily connected with any views respecting the questions which have been at issue between materialism and its opponents. We are dealing here with the instrument of thought, not with *that*, whatever it may be, which sets the instrument in motion and regulates its operation. So far indeed as there is any connection between physical researches into the nature of the brain or its employment in thought, and our ideas respecting the individuality of the thinker, the evidence seems not of a nature to alarm even the most cautious. Thus, when Mr. Huxley maintains that thought is "the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena," we are still as far as ever from knowing where resides the moving cause to which these

changes are due. We have found that the instrument of thought is moved by certain material connecting links before unrecognized; but to conclude that therefore thought is a purely material process, is no more necessarily just than it would be to conclude that the action of a steam-engine depends solely on the eccentric which causes the alternation of the steam-supply. Again, we need find nothing very venturesome in Professor Haughton's idea, that "our successors may even dare to speculate on the changes that converted a crust of bread, or a bottle of wine, in the brain of Swift, Molière, or Shakespeare, into the conception of the gentle Glumdalclitch, the rascally Sganarelle, or the immortal Falstaff," seeing that it would still remain unexplained how such varying results may arise from the same material processes, or how the self-same fuel may produce no recognizable mental results. The brain does not show in its constitution why such differences should exist.

"The lout who lies stretched on the tavern-bench," says Wendell Holmes, "with just mental activity enough to keep his pipe from going out, is the unconscious tenant of a laboratory where such combinations are being constantly made as never Wöhler or Berthelot could put together; where such fabrics are woven, such colors dyed, such problems of mechanism solved, such a commerce carried on with the elements and forces of the outer universe, that the industries of all the factories and trading establishments in the world are mere indolence, and awkwardness, and unproductiveness, compared to the miraculous activities of which his lazy bulk is the unheeding centre." Yet the conscious thought of the lout remains as unlike as possible to the conscious thought of the philosopher; nor will crusts of bread or bottles of wine educe aught from the lout's brain that men will think worth remembering in future ages.

Moreover, we must remember that we have to deal with facts, let the interpretation of these facts be what it may. The relations between mental activity and material processes affecting the substance of the brain are matters of observation and experiment. We may estimate the importance of such research with direct reference to the brain as the instrument of thought, without inquiring by what processes that instrument is called into action. "The piano which the master touches," to quote yet again from the philosophic pages of Holmes's "*Mechanism in Thought and Morals*," "must be as thoroughly understood as the musical box or clock which goes of itself by a spring or weight. A slight congestion or softening of the brain shows the least materialistic of philosophers that he must recognize the strict dependence of mind upon its organ in the only condition of life with which we are experimentally acquainted; and what all recognize as soon as disease forces it upon their attention, all thinkers should recognize without waiting for such an irresistible demonstration. They should see that the study of the organ of thought microscopically, chemically, experimentally, in the lower animals, in individuals and races, in health and in disease, in every aspect of external observation, as well as by internal consciousness, is just as necessary as if the mind were known to be nothing more than a function of the brain, in the same way as digestion is of the stomach."

In considering the growth of the mind, however, in these pages, it appears to me sufficient to call attention to the physical aspect of the subject, without entering into an account of what is known about the physical structure of the brain and the manner in which that structure is modified with advancing years. Moreover, I do not think it desirable, in the limited space available for such an essay as the present, to discuss the various forms of mental power; indeed, this is by no means essential where a general view of mental growth and decay is alone in question. Precisely as we can consider the development and decay of the bodily power without entering into a discussion of the various forms in which that power may be manifested, so we can discuss the growth of the mind without considering special forms of mental action.

Nevertheless, we cannot altogether avoid such considera-

tions, simply because we must adopt some rule for determining what constitutes mental power. Here, indeed, at the outset, a serious difficulty is encountered. Certain signs of mental decay are sufficiently obvious, but the signs which mark the progress of the mind to its maximum degree of power, as well as the earlier signs of gradually diminishing mental power, are far more difficult of recognition. This is manifest when we consider that they should be more obvious, one would suppose, to the person whose mind is in question, than to any other; whereas it is a known fact that men do not readily perceive (certainly are not ready to admit) any falling off in mental power, even when it has become very marked to others. "I, the Professor," says Wendell Holmes in the "Professor at the Breakfast-Table," "am very much like other men. I shall not find out when I have used up my affinities. What a blessed thing it is that Nature, when she invented, manufactured, and patented her authors, contrived to make critics out of the chips that were left. Painful as the task is, they never fail to warn the author, in the most impressive manner, of the probabilities of failure in what he has undertaken. Sad as the necessity is to their delicate sensibilities, they never hesitate to advertise him of the decline of his powers, and to press upon him the propriety of retiring before he sinks into imbecility."

Notwithstanding the irony, which is just enough so far as it relates to ordinary criticism, there can be no question that when an author's powers are failing, his readers, and especially those who have been his most faithful followers, so to speak, devouring each of his works as it issues from his pen, begin to recognize the decrease of his powers before he is himself conscious that he is losing strength. The case of Scott may be cited as a sufficient illustration, its importance in this respect being derived from the fact that he had long been warmly admired and enthusiastically appreciated by those who at once recognized signs of deterioration in "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous."

Yet judgment is most difficult in such matters. We can readily see why no man should be skilled to detect the signs of change in his own mind, since the self-watching of the growth and decay of mind is an experiment which can be conducted but once, and which is completed only when the mind no longer has the power of grasping all the observed facts and forming a sound opinion upon them. But it is even more natural that those who follow the career of some great mind should often be misled in their judgment as to its varying power. For it must be remembered that the conditions under which such minds are exercised, nearly always vary greatly as time proceeds.

This circumstance affects chiefly the correctness of ideas formed as to the decay of mental powers, but it has its bearing also on the supposed increase of these powers. For instance, the earlier works of a young author, diffident perhaps of his strength or not quite conscious where his chief strength resides, will often be characterized by a weakness which is in no true sense indicative of want of mental power. A work by the same author when he has made for himself a name, when he knows something of the feeling of the public as to his powers, and when also he has learned to distinguish the qualities he possesses—to see where he is strong and where weak—will have an air of strength and firmness not due, or only partially due to any real growth of his mental powers. But as I have said, and as experience has repeatedly shown, it is in opinions formed as to the diminution of mental power that the world is most apt to be deceived. How commonly the remark is heard that So-and-so has written himself out, or Such-a-one is not the man he was, when in reality, as those know who are intimate with the author so summarily dismissed, the deterioration justly enough noted is due to circumstances in no way connected with mental capacity. The author who has succeeded in establishing a reputation may not have (nay, very commonly has not) the same reason for exerting his powers to the full, as he had when he was making his reputation. He may have less leisure, more company, new sources of distraction, and so on. The earlier work, his

chef-d'œuvre, let us say, may have been produced at one great effort, no other subject being allowed to occupy his attention until the masterpiece had been completed—the later and inferior work, hastily accepted as evidence that the author's mind no longer preserves its wonted powers, may have been written hurriedly and piecemeal, and subjected to no jealous revision before passing through the press.

Here I have taken literary work as affording typical instances. But similar misapprehensions are common in other departments of mental work. For example, it is related that Newton, long before he was an old man, said of himself that he could no longer follow the reasoning of his own "Principia," and this has commonly been accepted as evidence that his mind had lost power. The conclusion is an altogether unsafe one, as every mathematician knows. It would have been a truly wonderful circumstance if Newton had been able, even only ten or twelve years after his *magnum opus* was completed, to follow its reasoning with satisfaction to his own mind—that is, with the feeling that he still had that grasp of the subject which he had possessed when, after long concentration of his thoughts upon it, he was engaged in the task of exhibiting a summary of his reasoning (for the "Principia" is scarcely more).

I can give more than one instance in my own experience of this seeming loss of mastery over a mathematical subject while in reality the mind has certainly not deteriorated in its power of dealing with subjects of that particular kind. I will content myself with one. It happened that in 1869 I had occasion to examine a mathematical subject of no very great difficulty, but involving many associated relations, and requiring therefore a considerable amount of close attention. At that time I had made myself master, I think I may say without conceit, of that particular subject in all its details. Recently I had occasion to resume the study of a part of the subject, in order to reply to some questions which had been asked me. Greatly to my annoyance I found that I had apparently lost my grasp of it. The relations involved seemed more complex than they had before appeared to me; and I should there and then have dismissed the subject (not having leisure for mere mental experiments) with the feeling that my strength for mathematical inquiries had diminished. But the subject chanced to be one that I could not dismiss, for though the questions directed to me might have been left unanswered, the time had come which I had assigned to myself (under certain eventualities then realized) for a complete restatement of my views, enforced and reiterated in every possible way, until a certain course depending upon them should have been adopted or else the discussion of the matter rendered useless by lapse of time. I soon found, after resuming my study of the subject, that it was far more completely within my grasp than before—in fact, on re-acquiring my knowledge of its details, the problems involved appeared to me as mere mathematical child's play.

The great difficulty in judging of the growth and development of the mind consists in the want of any reliable measure of mental strength,—any mental dynamometer, so to speak. Our competitive examinations are attempts in this direction, but very imperfect ones, as experience has long since shown. Neither acquired knowledge, nor the power of acquiring knowledge, is any true measure of mental strength. The power of solving mathematical problems is not necessarily indicative even of mathematical power, far less of general mental power. The ordinary tests of classical knowledge, again, have little real relation to mental strength. It may be urged that our most eminent men have for the most part been distinguished at school or university, by either mathematical or classical knowledge, or both. This is doubtless true; but so it would be the case that they would have distinguished themselves above their fellows at public school or university if the heads of these establishments had in their wisdom set Chinese puzzling as the primary test of merit. The powerful mind will show its superiority (in general) in any task that may be assigned it; and if the test of distinction is to be the skilful construction of Greek and Latin verse, or readiness in

treating mathematical problems, a youth of good powers, unless he be wanting in ambition, will acquire the necessary qualifications even though he has no special taste for classical or mathematical learning, and is even perfectly assured that in after life he will never pen a sapphic or set down an equation of motion.

In passing I may note that nearly all our attempted measurements of mind depend too much on tests of memory. It is not recognized sufficiently that the part which memory plays in the workings of a powerful mind is subordinate. A good memory is a very useful servant; nothing more. In the really difficult mental processes, memory—at least what is commonly understood by the term—plays a very unimportant part. Of course a weak memory is an almost fatal obstacle to effective thought; but I am not comparing the worth of a good memory and a bad one, but of an average memory and one exceptionally powerful. I conceive that quite a large proportion of the most profound thinkers are satisfied to exert their memory very moderately. It is, in fact, a distraction from close thought to exert the memory overmuch; and a man engaged in the study of an abstruse subject will oftener prefer to turn to his bookshelves for the information he requires, than to tax his memory to supply it. The case resembles somewhat that of the mathematician who from time to time, as his work proceeds, requires this or that calculation to be effected. He will not leave the more engrossing questions that he has in his thoughts, to go through processes of arithmetic, but will adopt any ready resource which leaves him free to follow without check the train of his reasoning.

It would be perhaps difficult to devise any means of readily measuring mental power in examination or otherwise. The memory test is assuredly unsafe; but it would not be easy to suggest a really reliable one. I may remark that only those experienced in the matter understand how much depends on memory in our competitive examinations. Many questions in the examination papers apparently require the exercise of judgment rather than memory; but those who know the text-books on which the questions are based are aware that the judgment to be written down in answer is not to be formed but to be quoted. So with mathematical problems which appear to require original conceptions for their solution; in nine cases out of ten such problems are either to be found fully solved in mathematical works, or others so nearly resembling them are dealt with, that no skill is required for their solution.

I must confess that I am somewhat surprised to find Wendell Holmes, whose opinions on such matters are usually altogether reliable, recommending a test of mental power depending on a quality of memory even inferior to that usually in question in competitive examinations. "The duration of associated impressions on the memory differs vastly," he says, "as we all know, in different individuals. But in uttering distinctly a series of unconnected numbers or letters before a succession of careful listeners, I have been surprised to find how generally they break down, in trying to repeat them, between seven and ten figures or letters; though here and there an individual may be depended on for a larger number. Pepys mentions a person who could repeat sixty unconnected words, forwards or backwards, and perform other wonderful feats of memory; but this was a prodigy.¹ I suspect we have in this and similar trials a very simple mental dynamometer which may find its place in education." It appears to me, on the contrary, that tests of the kind should be as little used as may be. Memory will always have an unfair predominance in competitive examinations; but tests which are purely gne-

monic, the judgment being in no way whatever called upon, ought not to be introduced, and should be discarded as soon as possible where already in use.²

It is worthy of notice that the growth of the mind is often accompanied by an apparent loss of power in particular respects; and this fact is exceedingly important especially to all who desire to estimate the condition of their own mind. The mental phenomenon called (not very correctly) absence of mind, is often regarded by the person experiencing it, and still more by those who observe it in him, as a proof of failing powers. But it often, if not generally, accompanies the increase of mental power. Newton displayed absence of mind much more frequently and to a much more marked degree when his powers were at their highest than in his youth, and not only did instances become much less frequent when he was at an advanced age, but the opposite quality, sensitiveness to small annoyances, began then to be displayed. Even an apparent impairment of the memory is not necessarily indicative of failing mental powers, since it is often the result of an increased concentration of the attention on subjects specially calling for the exercise of the highest forms of mental power—as analysis, comparison, generalization, and judgment. I have already noted that profound thinkers often refrain from exercising the memory, simply to avoid the distraction of their thoughts from the main subject of their study. But this statement may be extended into the general remark that the most profound students, whether of physical science, mathematics, history, politics, or in fine of any difficult subject of research, are apt to give the memory less exercise than shallower thinkers. Of course the memory is exerted to a considerable degree, even in the mere marshalling of thoughts before theories can be formed or weighed. But the greater part of the mental action devoted to the formation or discussion of theories is only indirectly dependent upon the exercise of memory.

Subject to the considerations suggested above, we may fairly form our opinion as to the general laws of the development of mind, by examining the lives of distinguished men and taking the achievement of their best work, that by which they have made their mark in the world's history, as indicative of the epoch when the mind had attained its greatest development. Dr. Beard, of New York, has recently collected some statistical results, which throw light on the subject of mental growth, though we must note that a variety of collateral circumstances have to be taken into account before any sound opinion can be formed as to the justice of Dr. Beard's conclusions. He states that "from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of human effort, he had made the discovery that the golden decade was between thirty and forty, the silver between forty and fifty, the brazen between twenty and thirty, the iron between fifty and sixty. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater, when we consider the fact that nearly all the positions of honor and profit and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that gives them their fame. Portraits of great men are a delusion; statues are lies. They are taken when men have become famous, which, on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five were annihilated, the world would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are most evenly balanced; this period on the average is from thirty-eight to forty. After this period the law is that experience

¹ "This is nothing to the story told by Seneca of himself, and still more of a friend of his, one *Portius Latro* (*Mendax* it might be suggested) or to that other relation of Muretus, about a certain young Corsican." The note is Holmes's; but there are authenticated instances fully as remarkable as those here referred to. For instance, there is a case of an American Indian who could repeat twenty or thirty lines of Homer which had been read once to him, though he knew nothing of the Greek language. The power of repeating backwards a long passage after it has been but once read is somewhat similar to that of repeating unconnected numbers, letters, or words. This power has been possessed to a remarkable degree by persons in no way distinguished by general ability.

² It may perhaps occur to the reader that I who write may object to mnemonic tests, because they would act unfavorably if they were applied to my own mental qualities. The reverse is, however, the case. I can recall competitive examinations in which I had an undue advantage over others because my memory chances to be very retentive in one particular respect. In its general nature my memory is about equal, I imagine, to the average; perhaps it is better than the average for facts, and rather below the average for what is commonly called learning "by heart;" but it is singularly retentive for the subject matter of passages read overnight.

increases but enthusiasm declines. In the life of almost every old man there comes a point, sooner or later, when experience ceases to have any educating power."

There is much that is true, but not a little that is, to say the least, doubtful, in the above remarks. The children of a man's mind, like those of his body, are commonly born while he is in the prime of life. But it must not be overlooked that it is precisely because of the original work done in earlier life that a man as he grows older is commonly prevented from accomplishing any great amount of original work. Nearly the whole of his time is necessarily occupied in maturing the work originated earlier. And again, the circumstance that (usually) a man finds that the work of his earlier years remains incomplete and unsatisfactory, unless the labors of many sequent years are devoted to it, acts as a check upon original investigation. This remark has no bearing, or but slight bearing, on certain forms of literary work; but in nearly every other department of human effort men advanced in years find themselves indisposed to undertake original research, not from any want of power, but because they recognize the fact that sufficient time does not remain for them to bring such work to a satisfactory issue. They feel that they would have to leave to others the rearing of their mental offspring.

It cannot be questioned, however, that with old age there comes a real physical incapacity for original work, while the power of maturing past work remains comparatively but little impaired. Dr. Carpenter has shown how this may partly be explained by the physical changes which lead in old age to the weakening of the memory; or perhaps we should rather say that in the following passage his remarks respecting loss of memory serve to illustrate the loss of brain power generally, and especially of the power of forming new ideas, in old age.

"The impairment of the memory in old age," he says, "commonly shows itself in regard to new impressions; those of the earlier period of life not only remaining in full distinctness, but even it would seem increasing in vividness, from the fact that the eye is not distracted from attending to them by the continued influx of impressions produced by passing events. The extraordinary persistence of early impressions, when the mind seems almost to have ceased to register new ones, is in remarkable accordance with a law of nutrition I have formerly referred to. It is when the brain is growing that the direction of its structure can be most strongly and persistently" (query, lastingly?) "given to it. Thus the habits of thought come to be formed, and those nerve-tracks laid down which (as the physiologist believes) constitute the mechanism of association, by the time that the brain has reached its maturity; and the nutrition of the organ continues to keep up the same mechanism in accordance with the demands upon its activity, so long as it is being called into use. Further, during the entire period of vigorous manhood, the brain, like the muscles, may be taking on some additional growth, either as a whole or in special parts; new tissue being developed and kept up by the nutritive process, in accordance with the modes of action to which the organ is trained. And in this manner a store of 'impressions' or 'traces' is accumulated, which may be brought within the 'sphere of consciousness' whenever the right suggesting-strings are touched. But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the 'waste' becomes more rapid than the renovation; and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) the 'old-established houses' keep their ground, those later firms, whose basis is less secure, are the first to crumble away—the nutritive activity which yet suffices to maintain the original structure, not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working order. This earlier degeneration of later formed structures is a general fact perfectly familiar to the physiologist."

One of the most remarkable features of mental development, characteristic, according to circumstances, of mental growth and of mental decay, is the change of taste for mental food of various kinds. Every one must be con-

scious of the fact that books, and the subjects of thought, lose the interest they once had, making way for others of a different nature. The favorite author whose words we read and re-read with continually fresh enjoyment in youth, appears dull and uninteresting as the mind grows, and becomes unendurable in advanced years. And this is not merely the effect of familiarity. I knew one who was never tired of reading the works of a famous modern novelist until the age of twenty-five or thereabouts, when it chanced that he was placed in circumstances which caused novel-reading to be an unfrequent occupation, and in point of fact certain works of this author were not opened by him for ten or twelve years. He supposed, when at the end of that time he took up one of these works, that he should find even more than the pleasure he formerly had in reading it, since the story would now have something of novelty for him, and he had once thoroughly enjoyed reading it even when he almost knew the work by heart. But he no longer found the work in the least interesting; the humor seemed forced, the pathos affected, the eloquence false; in short, he had lost his taste for it. In the mean time the works of another equally famous humorist had acquired a new value in his estimation.¹ They had formerly seemed rather heavy reading; now, every sentence gave enjoyment. They appeared now as books not to be merely tasted or swallowed, as Bacon bath it, but "to be chewed and digested." The change here described indicated (in accordance at least with the accepted estimates of the novelist and humorist in question) an increase of mental power. But a distaste for particular writings may imply the decay of mental power. And also, more generally, a tendency to disparagement is a very common indication of advancing mental age. "The old brain," says Wendell Holmes, "thinks the world grows worse, as the old retina thinks the eyes of needles and the fractions in the printed sales of stocks grow smaller."

Another singular effect of advancing years is shown by the tendency to repetition. It is worthy of notice that this peculiar mental phenomenon has been clearly associated with physical deterioration of the substance of the brain, because it may be brought about by a blow or by disease. Wendell Holmes, speaking of this peculiarity, remarks, "I have known an aged person repeat the same question five, six, or seven times, during the same brief visit. Everybody knows the archbishop's flavor of apoplexy in the memory as in the other mental powers. I was once asked to see to a woman who had just been injured in the street. On coming to herself, 'Where am I? What has happened?' she asked. 'Knocked down by a horse, ma'am; stunned a little; that is all.' A pause, 'while one, with moderate haste, might count a hundred;' and then again, 'Where am I? What has happened?' 'Knocked down by a horse, ma'am; stunned a little; that is all.'" (Mr. Holmes appears to have sympathized with the patient's mental condition.) "Another pause, and the same question again; and so on during the whole time I was by her. The same tendency to repeat a question indefinitely has been observed in returning members of those worshipping assemblies whose favorite hymn is, 'We won't go home till morning.' Is memory then," he proceeds, "a material record? Is the brain, like the rock of the Sinaiic Valley, written all over with inscriptions left by the long caravans of thought, as they have passed year after year through its mysterious recesses? When we see a distant railway-train sliding by us in the same line, day after day, we infer the existence of a track which guides it. So, when some dear old friend begins that story we remember so well; switching off at the accustomed point of digression; coming to a dead stop at the puzzling question of

¹ Probably the best means of testing the development of one's own mind consists in comparing the estimate formed, at different times, of the value of some standard work. Of course different classes of writing should be employed to test different faculties of the mind. A good general test may be found in Shakespeare's plays, and perhaps still better in some of Shakespeare's sonnets. As the mind grows, its power of appreciating Shakespeare increases; and the great advantage of this particular test is that the mind cannot overgrow it. It is like the standard by which the sergeant measures recruits, which will measure men of all heights, not failing even when giants are brought to be measured by it.

chronology; off the track on the matter of its being first or second cousin of somebody's aunt; set on it again by the patient, listening wife, who knows it all as she knows her well-worn wedding-ring—how can we doubt that there is a track laid down for the story in some permanent disposition of the thinking-marrow?"

We seem to recognize here a process of change in the brain corresponding to that which takes place in the body with advancing years—the induration of its substance, so that it loses flexibility, and thus while readily accomplishing accustomed work, is not readily adapted for new work. Our old proverb, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," indicates, coarsely enough, but justly, the peculiarity, as well mental as bodily, to which I refer. There is not a loss of power, but a loss of elasticity. We see aged men working well in the routine work to which they have become accustomed, but failing where there is occasion for change either of method or of opinion. Again, one recognizes this peculiarity in the scientific worker, whence perhaps we may regard it as a fortunate circumstance that the tendency of the aged mind accords with its faculties, so that old men do not readily undertake new work.

Perhaps no more remarkable instance could be cited of the combination I refer to—the possession of power on the one hand, and the want of elasticity on the other—than the remarkable papers on the universe, written by Sir W. Herschel in the years 1817 and 1818, that is, in his seventy-ninth and eightieth years. We find the veteran astronomer proceeding in the path which, more than forty years before, he had marked out for himself; but the very steadiness and strength of purpose with which he pursues it indicates the degree to which his mind had lost its wonted elasticity. In 1784 and 1785 he was traversing a portion of the same road. But then he was in the prime of his powers, and accordingly we recognize a versatility which enabled him to test and reject the methods of research which presented themselves to his mind. It was in those years that he invented his famous method of star-gauging, which our text-books of astronomy preposterously adopt as if it were an established and recognized method of scientific research. But Herschel himself, after trying it, and satisfying himself that it was unsound in principle, abandoned it altogether. In 1817 he adopted a method of research equally requiring to be tested, and, in my conviction, equally incapable of standing the test; but he now worked upon the plan he had devised, without subjecting it to any test. Nay, results which only a few years before he would have certainly have rejected—for he did then actually reject results which were open to the same objection—passed muster in 1817 and 1818, and are recorded in his papers of those dates without comment. We may recognize another illustration of the loss of elasticity with advancing years, in the obstinacy, one may even say the perversity, with which Sir Isaac Newton, in the latter years of his life, adhered to opinions on certain points where, as has since been shown, he was unquestionably wrong, and where, had he possessed his former mental versatility, he must have perceived as much. Compare this with his conduct in earlier years, when for nineteen years he freely abandoned his theory of gravitation—though he had fully recognized its surpassing importance—simply because certain minute details were not satisfactorily accounted for. Many other instances might be cited, were it worth while, to show how the mind commonly changes when approaching an advanced age, in a manner corresponding to that bodily change—that stiffness and want of elasticity, without any marked loss of power, which comes on with advancing years. That old age does not necessarily involve any loss of power for routine work, has been clearly shown in the lives of many eminent men of our own era. The present Astronomer Royal for England affords a remarkable illustration of the fact, as also of the associated fact that new work is not easily achieved, or an old mistake readily admitted or corrected at an advanced age.

It is well pointed out by Dr. Beard, in the lecture to which I have already referred, that "we must not expect

to find at one age the mental qualifications due to another age—we must not look for experience and caution in youth, or for suppleness and versatility in age. We ought also to apportion to the various ages of a man the kind of work most suitable to them. Positions which require mainly enthusiasm and original work should be filled by the young and middle-aged; positions that require mainly experience and routine work, should be filled by those in mature and advanced life, or (as in clerkships) by the young who have not yet reached the golden decade. The enormous stupidity and backwardness and red-tapeism of all departments of governments everywhere, are partly due to the fact that they are too much controlled by age. The conservatism and inferiority of colleges are similarly explained. Some of those who control the policy of colleges—presidents and trustees—should be young and middle-aged. Journalism, on the other hand, has suffered from relative excess of youth and enthusiasm."

Before passing from the lecture of Dr. Beard, I shall venture to quote the remarks which he makes on the evidence sometimes afforded of approaching mental decay by a decline in moral sensitiveness. "Moral decline in old age," he says, "means—'Take care; for the brain is giving way.' It is very frequently accompanied or preceded by sleeplessness. Decline of the moral faculties, like the decline of other functions may be relieved, retarded, and sometimes cured by proper medical treatment, and especially by hygiene. In youth, middle age, and even in advanced age, one may suffer for years from disorders of the nervous system that cause derangement of some one or many of the moral faculties, and perfectly recover. The symptoms should be taken early, and treated like any other physical disease. Our best asylums are now acting upon this principle, and with good success. Medical treatment is almost powerless without hygiene. Study the divine art of taking it easy. Men often die as trees die, slowly, and at the top first. As the moral and reasoning faculties are the highest, most complex, and most delicate development of human nature, they are the first to show signs of cerebral disease. When they begin to decay in advanced life, we are generally safe in predicting that, if these signs are neglected, other functions will sooner or later be impaired. When conscience is gone, the constitution is threatened. Everybody has observed that greediness, ill-temper, despondency, are often the first and only symptoms that disease is coming upon us. The moral nature is a delicate barometer, that foretells long beforehand the coming storm in the system. Moral decline as a symptom of cerebral disease is, to say the least, as reliable as are many of the symptoms by which physicians are accustomed to make a diagnosis of various diseases of the bodily organs. When moral is associated with mental decline in advanced life, it is almost safe to make a diagnosis of cerebral disease. . . . Let nothing deprive us of our sleep. Early to bed and late to rise, makes the modern toiler healthy and wise. The problem for the future is to work hard, and at the same time to take it easy. The more we have to do, the more we should sleep. Let it never be forgotten that death in the aged is more frequently a slow process than an event; a man may begin to die ten or fifteen years before he is buried."

When mental decay is nearing the final stage, there is a tendency to revert to the thoughts and impressions of former years, which is probably dependent on the processes by which the substance of the brain is undergoing decay. The more recent formations are the first, as we have seen, to crumble away, and the process not only brings to the surface, if we may so speak, the earlier formations—that is, the material records of earlier mental processes—but would appear to bring those parts of the cerebrum into renewed activity. Thus, as death draws near, men "babble of green fields," as has been beautifully said, though not by Shakespeare, of old Jack Falstaff. Or less pleasant associations may be aroused, as we see in Mrs. Grandmother Smallweed, when "with such infantine graces as a total want of observation, memory, understanding, and intellect, and an eternal disposition to fall asleep over the fire and

into it," she "wiled away the rosy hours" with continual allusions to money.

The recollections aroused at the moment of death are sometimes singularly affecting. None can read without emotion the last scenes of the life of Colonel Newcome. I say the last scenes, not the last scene only, though that is the most beautiful of all. Every one knows those last pages by heart, yet I cannot forbear from quoting a few sentences from them.

"Father!" cries Clive, 'do you remember Orme's "History of India"?' 'Orme's History, of course I do; I could repeat whole pages of it when I was a boy,' says the old man, and began forthwith. "The two battalions advanced against each other cannonading, until the French, coming to a hollow way, imagined the English would not venture to pass it. But Major Lawrence ordered the sepoy and artillery—the sepoy and artillery to halt, and defend the convoy against the Morattoes." Morattoes, Orme calls them. Ho! ho! I could repeat whole pages, sir." Later, "Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, and spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand which was near him, and crying, 'Toujours, toujours.' But it was Ethel's hand which he took. . . . Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a seared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling. 'And just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke. She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for awhile; then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, 'Take care of him when I'm in India,' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out 'Léonore, Léonore.' She was kneeling at his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep. At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."

Sadder than death is it, however, when the brain perishes before the body. "How often, alas, we see," says Wendell Holmes, "the mighty satirist tamed into oblivious imbecility; the great scholar wandering without sense of time or place, among his alcoves, taking his books one by one from the shelves and fondly patting them: a child once more among his toys, but a child whose to-morrows come hungry, and not full-handed—come as birds of prey in the place of the sweet singers of morning. We must all become as little children if we live long enough; but how blank an existence the wrinkled infant must carry into the kingdom of heaven, if the Power that gave him memory does not repeat the miracle by restoring it."

SKIPPER'S BAND.

SKIPPER'S Quadrille Band is widely known wherever the human leg moves to music. For that matter, we have such a reputation, that our strains are listened to with pleasure by the aged, the ignorant, or the neglected, whose limbs may not, for these various reasons, be responsive to our call. This is said in no spirit of boasting; for during the regular season, and that more irregular country season, which goes on all the year round, we are worked like navvies. Skipper's books attest this fact, as also the amazing and india-rubber-like character of Skipper's Band. Expand it or contract it, divide or multiply it; send it down to the race ball in its full strength of five-and-twenty; let it out to the Brixton villa, as a violin and piano, it is still

Skipper's Band. Skipper and Walsington properly; but it was felt—Walsington handsomely concurring—that the business would suffer were the crispness of the older title, "Skipper's Band," interfered with. It may be mentioned in this place that I am not Skipper. Walsington is my name—leader, first or second violin, pianist, double bass, as occasion may require; for an organization like Skipper's demands this ready adaptability, this being prepared at a second's warning to turn one's hand to anything. Balls, of course, can be provided for with reasonable certainty; but the "small and early dances," the little "hops," and "carpet" things, are as distracting as the half-dozen fires to which the Brigade may be suddenly summoned. I have known a dozen single pianos ordered on one particular morning, for that particular evening; and I have equally known a whole three weeks go by, at the height of the season, without a single inquiry being made for the instrument. To keep, therefore, distinct specialists would be merely spelling bankruptcy and ruin, and the only way is to secure "general utility musicians," as they say at the theatres, who can turn their hand or fingers to everything. Extraordinary combinations used to be asked for—a clarinet and a violoncello, a flute and a violin, as it was believed, under a mistaken notion of economy. But the tariff was the same, except in the instance of our great cornet, and greater pianist, for whose services you had to put down your name regularly, and wait your turn, and even then pay double. The pair were really worth all of us put together, and could make as much noise.

The pianist is an Italian, with long black hair, which he keeps in a savage state, and very wild eyes. He is an amazing creature altogether; his name is Spongini, and his favorite idiosyncrasy, besides his undoubted musical one, is the wholesale avoidance of three things; soap, shaving, and such linen as usually edges off human apparel. The absence of shaving would not be an unusual thing, if he avoided it altogether; but he seems to dally with it, and suggests the idea of using a pair of scissors about every fourth day or so. But when he is at his instrument all these blemishes are forgotten. A gallop of his performance, about two in the morning, is something demoniac. He plays with fury, and, as some one remarked, makes the keys yell. An elderly instrument, under his hands, would find itself "rebuffed," as it were, into perpetual youth; its old ivories being banged and clattered into sound, much as an old horse can be flogged into a gallop. As he plays, his black eyes roll round the room with a ferocious scowl, as though he regarded the dancers as his born enemies, but was forced to work for them as their slave. His lean yellow fingers rise in the air with all kinds of antics. Between the dances he indulges in wild voluntaries, snatches of valse and other music made up into a weird-like concatenation, such as the late Paganini might have indulged in. Late in the night, or in the morning rather—when the bottle which the delighted hostess has injudiciously ordered to be placed between his feet, close to the pedal, begins to get low, and the effects proportionately visible—his eyes grow wild, his fingers more furious, and his gallops more head-long.

Sometimes, towards four in the morning, he plays standing up, in a reckless, jovial style, and muttering snatches of Italian. He is a remarkable performer, though the instrument on which he has performed such prodigies is often found next morning to be hoarse and feeble in sound, exhausted as it were by the savage belaboring it has endured the night before, with two or three of the notes absolutely "dumb," and the machinery turned "rickety" and wheezy.

Our cornet, too, is a player of mark; very tall, with dark moustaches, and makes a point of holding his instrument full towards the public, in a severe, challenging style. He is haughty, and plays as if he was paying a compliment. With the rest of us he rarely mixes, and is generally called "Stand-off Shuter." But his employers appreciate him, and there is no doubt about his ability. It is a treat to hear him die away altogether in pathetic agonies in a piece like the Waltz of Love, and get slower and slower, until he expires quite tenderly at the close; and he is really ex-

citing when he sounds the alarm in the inspiring Hunting Horn Galop, sending every one 'cross country like good uns. He, too, will occasionally stand up when it comes to between three and four o'clock in the morning, a time when the sobriety of discipline is relaxed, and at such times indulges in voluntaries and flourishes of the most wildly impromptu character. He, too, does not disdain the bottle and glass between his feet, to which, indeed, he has frequent recourse.

Music is certainly what may be called a graceful profession, and yet it reveals to us some of the dirty corners of human nature. How greedy, for instance, how supremely selfish, seem the gentlemen and ladies who dance all night! Stand-off Shuter may have played nobly during that last galop, and put all his wind and limb into the performance; yet, while he is recovering himself a little, he sees the glaring eyes of the promenaders bent on him, impatient for him to begin again. He is certain, says Stand-off Shuter, that if these rapacious terpsichoreans knew for a fact that the one more galop which they require would entail the planting of the seeds of consumption in him, Shuter, with the prospect of causing him to drop his instrument for evermore, they would unhesitatingly require him to strike up. I could name instances of heartless brutality on the part of these people when they get "blooded," towards the small hours.

Ask any professional what he thinks of that inhuman, selfish, and unprofitable dance called the cotillion. For this there is a deep-seated feeling of abhorrence in the profession; indeed, it is pretty well understood if it took deeper root, and was more largely patronized, the relations of the performers to those for whom they performed would have to be altogether revised. When this wretched fandango sets in, about two in the morning, we know what is in store for us—a good two hours' spell, without an interval, of that miserable and almost idiotic tomfoolery, compared with which the antics of the dancing dervishes always seem to me highly rational. That gathering of stage properties—the wreaths, flags—above all, the ridiculous self-importance of the gentleman who "leads the cotillion," and gives more orders than a prime minister, is really the most imbecile exhibition. As we grind mechanically the same valse over and over again, for they tell us "anything will do," we do not take the trouble to look at the notes, but have opportunity to see our fellow-creatures reducing themselves to the lowest level of nursery intellect. Most delightful of all is the anxiety, the wise folly, or foolish wisdom, on the face of the leader of the game. When things are going right he is forecasting what is to come, consulting hurriedly with the hostess, who has been told that she must leave all to him, or let the thing go to wreck. There is a kind of serious concentration in his manner, which suggests some great captain, who is called in at a crisis, and who engages "to save the country," provided he gets carte blanche, and must be strictly obeyed. Some of these commanders lie in bed the next day, I am told, exhausted, not by the bodily labor, but by the mental strain. As the ladies and gentlemen are complimentary enough to think that we are about on a level with the china figures on the chimney-piece, they make most of their confidential remarks, their backs resting on our fiddles. Thus I have heard the "leader" telling his fair companion gravely what "anxiety" he had felt for the week past, as Algy Blueboy, who had given his word to support him, had gone off to the country, to stand by Mrs. Mantower at a similar crisis. He was going to throw it all up, only that Mrs. Blank, the hostess, had come to him in floods of tears, saying, poor woman! that she would be ruined and undone if he didn't stand by her. This put him on his mettle; he had lain on a sofa all day, giving strict orders that no one was to be let in, had put his head to the work, and now every one might see it was going off splendidly. But the wear-and-tear of these things was awful! Sweet sympathy greeted these disclosures, as Captain Babyman unfolded his distresses. I protest to see him thinking a moment, then seizing on some one and leading him up, putting back some one else sternly, then

hurriedly whispering, then rushing away to a bedroom, and emerging with a stick with ribbons, or some other nursery toy, carrying it as proudly as though it were a mace, or, above all, to note the sheepish helplessness, not unmixed with pride, of the others—this more than consoles us for our weary two hours' fiddling. These cotillion-wallahs never think of stopping; it is only when the thing wears itself out, and the jaded dowagers begin to groan as the daylight breaks in, that the thing begins to halt and droop. Otherwise Captain Babyman has more scarves and flags in the bedroom up-stairs not yet used, and is rather pettish at being interrupted. No; if this sort of thing became "deep-rooted," it would have to be a separate charge, or a street organ should be brought in to do the mechanical duty for the two hours.

But as certain conditions are requisite to see the Abbey of Melrose "aright," so, to see Skipper's Band under the most favorable auspices, it is necessary that you should attend us to the country or opulent suburban villa, when we "go down special." There we are in our full strength and glory. Then Skipper gets what he delights in, and what he is never weary of invoking, "a cart blench." When the owner of the opulent villa begins to question or make inquiries as to the conditions of the arrangement, Skipper, knowing his man, invariably quenches discussion in a lofty way by saying, "If you would leave it all to me, and only give me cart blench, I will take care that you needn't mind having the Prince of Wales himself here." This loyal allusion, and the cart blench, generally overcome all scruples.

At the luxurious villa the arrangements are usually in the al fresco style—lanterns "glinting" through the trees—(a young lady used this very expression, almost sitting on my fiddle)—and we are commonly at such entertainments disposed in a little ante-room off the drawing-room, the piano being drawn across the door, Spongini thundering away in the centre, whilst we fiddle and tootle behind, forming a graceful and pyramidal arrangement, of which Skipper himself is apex. Skipper usually "leads" on these great occasions, violin in hand; but this is little more than a phrase of courtesy, for, curious to say, he is but an indifferent musician, and it is more his manner, and connection with the wealthy aristocracy, that lends Skipper's Band its prestige. Skipper always furnishes the "engagement cards," programmes, etc., models of graceful treatment, decorated with colored cupids attired to suit the tropics, and perfumed by the ubiquitous Rimmel, with more prominence given to the name of Skipper, and of Skipper's Band, than even to the cupids. They generally run somewhat in this way:—

PROGRAMME.

LOLLYPOP VILLA, JUNE 30.

1. Quadrille, "Mayonaise" SKIPPER.
2. Valse, "Hamadryad" SPOFF.
3. Polka Mazurka, "Swim-swum" SKIPPER.
4. Lancers, "Jeel-Mahmoud," composed for H. R. H. the Rancee-Mokanna's garden party SKIPPER.
5. Valse, "Lumps of Delight" SPONGINI.
etc., etc.

SKIPPER'S BAND.

The music of the above may be had of Messrs. Dong and Minim.

Nor is this all. Before every dance there is hoisted on the piano a sort of cardboard banner of large size, on which is displayed the name of the dance, but in even more conspicuous letters, the collective title of the performers, thus:—

VALSE, "LANGUISHING EYES."

SKIPPER'S BAND.

In this ingenious way the name of Skipper's Band becomes, as it were, indelibly imprinted on the dancer's mind; and when a helpless hostess consults her friends on the ball she is going to give (as only helpless hostesses do),

they always say, "Oh, of course you will have Skipper!" The pure aristocracy would not tolerate this ingenious mode of making the music prominent; but Skipper looks chiefly for opulent clients, and plays always, as he says, "for City legs," the proprietors of which can best discharge his rather heavy bill:—

To attendance with Skipper's Band —	£	s.	d.
twelve musicians	25	10	0
Two hundred scented fancy programmes	10	10	0
To hire of cabs	1	1	0
To Mr. Skipper's personal attendance .	3	3	0
To one dozen enlarged card programmes	0	10	0
	40	14	0

But what we relish far more than this is the professional visit down to the county race, or opening of town-hall ball, to which we usually repair five-and-twenty strong. This junketing is always agreeable, as there is no mean limiting of expense, and we are treated with a profuse liberality and generosity. It is something to see Skipper then, standing in the centre of the gallery, with the privates of his regiment behind him, leading away ferociously like Sir Michael Costa, making believe that he is accountable for those crescendoes, fortes, and piano, and that "light and shade," for which the local newspaper so praises "Skipper's Band." On these occasions we come out with "the brass," "side drums," and triangles, instruments of noise, which we dare not introduce into the metropolis, and which indeed would not be desired or paid for, there. At these great entertainments we see a good deal of human nature looking down from our gallery. Of course the dancing is kept up till six in the morning, but still we are prepared to use or to lose the whole night, so it makes little difference. How they do cut out the work, while we bray, and drum, and fiddle above the crowd below—an imposing sight—tumbling and rushing round with a noble ardor! As may be imagined, we play better when looking down on our dancers, and we, both of us, act and react on each other. After supper, when the hunting gentry have drunk a good deal, it is like steeple-chasing, and Skipper, as he says (with a confusion of metaphor though), takes off the break and lets the musical mainsheet go with a run. Then we put spurs into our violins, and take the "Run-a-Muck" galop violently 'ross country. And then is the time, if you want to see us in our glory, to observe the performances of Skipper's Band.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THAT this curious volume delineates, on the whole, a man marked by the most earnest devotion to human good, and the widest intellectual sympathies, no one who reads it with any discernment can doubt. But it is both a very melancholy book to read, and one full of moral paradoxes. It is very sad, in the first instance, to read the story of the over-tutored boy, constantly incurring his father's displeasure for not being able to do what by no possibility could he have done, and apparently without any one to love. Mr. James Mill, vivacious talker, and in a narrow way powerful thinker as he was, was evidently as an educator, on his son's own showing, a hard master, anxious to reap what he had not sown, and to gather what he had not strawed, or as that son himself puts it, expecting "effects without causes." Not that the father did not teach the child with all his might, and teach in many respects well; but then, he taught the boy far too much, and expected him to learn besides a great deal that he neither taught him nor showed him where to find.

The child began Greek at three years old, read a good deal of Plato at seven, and was writing what he flattered himself was "something serious," a history of the Roman Government,—not a popular history, but a constitutional history of Rome,—by the time he was nine years old. He began logic at twelve, went through a "complete

course of political economy" at thirteen, including the most intricate points of the theory of currency. He was a constant writer for the *Westminster Review* at eighteen, was editing Bentham's "Theory of Evidence" and writing habitual criticisms of the Parliamentary debates at nineteen. At twenty he fell into a profound melancholy, on discovering that the only objects of life for which he lived,—the objects of social and political reformers,—would, if suddenly and completely granted, give him no happiness whatever.

Such a childhood and youth, lived apparently without a single strong affection,—for his relation to his father was one of deep respect and fear, rather than love, and he tells us frankly, in describing the melancholy to which we have alluded, that if he had loved any one well enough to confide in him, the melancholy would not have been,—and resulting at the age of eighteen in the production of what Mr. Mill himself says might, with a little extravagance as would ever be involved in the application of such a phrase to a human being, be called "a mere reasoning machine,"—are not pleasant subjects of contemplation, even though it be true, as Mr. Mill asserts, that the over-supply of study and under-supply of love, did not prevent his childhood from being a happy one. Nor are the other personal incidents of the autobiography of a different cast.

Nothing is more remarkable than the fewness, limited character, and apparently, so far as close intercourse was concerned, temporary duration, of most of Mr. Mill's friendships. The one close and intimate friendship of his life, which made up to him for the insufficiency of all others, that with the married lady who, after the death of her husband, became his wife, was one which for a long time subjected him to slanders, the pain of which his sensitive nature evidently felt very keenly. And yet he must have been aware that though in his own conduct he had kept free from all stain, his example was an exceedingly dangerous and mischievous one for others, who might be tempted by his moral authority to follow in a track in which they would not have had the strength to tread. Add to this that his married life was very brief, only seven years and a half, being unexpectedly cut short, and that his passionate reverence for his wife's memory and genius—in his own words, "a religion"—was one which, as he must have been perfectly sensible, he could not possibly make to appear otherwise than extravagant, not to say an hallucination, in the eyes of the rest of mankind, and yet that he was possessed by an irresistible yearning to attempt to embody it in all the tender and enthusiastic hyperbole of which it is so pathetic to find a man who gained his fame by his "dry-light" a master, and it is impossible not to feel that the human incidents in Mr. Mill's career are very sad.

True, his short service in Parliament, when he was already advanced in years, was one to bring him much intellectual consideration and a certain amount of popularity. But even that terminated in a defeat, and was hardly successful enough to repay him for the loss of literary productiveness which those three years of practical drudgery imposed. In spite of the evident satisfaction and pride with which Mr. Mill saw that his school of philosophy had gained rapid ground since the publication of his "Logic," and that his large and liberal view of the science of political economy had made still more rapid way amongst all classes, the record of his life which he leaves behind him is not even in its own tone, and still less in the effect produced on the reader, a bright and happy one. It is "sick-lie'd o'er with the pale cast of thought,"—and of thought that has to do duty for much, both of feeling and of action, which usually goes to constitute the full life of a large mind.

And besides the sense of sadness which the human incident of the autobiography produces, the intellectual and moral story itself is full of paradox which weighs upon the heart as well as the mind. Mr. Mill was brought up by his father to believe that Christianity was false, and that even as regards natural religion there was no ground for faith. How far he retained the latter opinion,—he evi-

dently did retain the former, — it is understood that some future work will tell us. But in the mean time, he is most anxious to point out that religion, in what he thinks the best sense, is possible even to one who does not believe in God. That best sense is the sense in which religion stands for an ideal conception of a Perfect Being to which those who have such a conception "habitually refer as the guide of their conscience," an ideal, he says, "far nearer to perfection than the objective Deity of those who think themselves obliged to find absolute goodness in the author of a world so crowded with suffering and so deformed by injustice as ours." Unfortunately, however, this "ideal conception of a Perfect Being" is not a power on which human nature can lean. It is merely its own best thought of itself; so that it dwindles when the mind and heart contract, and vanishes just when there is most need of help. This Mr. Mill himself felt at one period of his life. At the age of twenty he underwent a crisis which apparently corresponded in his own opinion to the state of mind that leads to "a Wesleyan's conversion." We wish we could extract in full his eloquent and impressive description of this rather thin moral crisis. Here is his description of the first stage: —

"From the winter of 1821, when first I read Bentham, and especially from the commencement of the *Westminster Review*, I had what might truly be called an object in life; to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow-laborers in this enterprise. I endeavored to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this; and I was accustomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed, through placing my happiness in something durable and distant, in which some progress might be always making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment. This did very well for several years, during which the general improvement going on in the world, and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times, becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first 'conviction of sin.' In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: 'Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant; would this be a great joy and happiness to you?' And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, 'No!' At this my heart sank within me: the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for. At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy for the smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's 'Dejection' — I was not then acquainted with them — exactly describe my case: —

'A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear.'

In vain I sought relief from my favorite books; those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always hitherto drawn strength and animation. I read them now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling minus all its charm; and I became persuaded, that my love of mankind, and of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was."

It is clear that Mr. Mill felt the deep craving for a more permanent and durable source of spiritual life than any

which the most beneficent activity spent in patching up human institutions and laboriously recasting the structure of human society, could secure him, — that he himself had a suspicion that, to use the language of a book he had been taught to make light of, his soul was thirsting for God, and groping after an eternal presence, in which he lived and moved and had his being. What is strange and almost burlesque, if it were not so melancholy, is the mode in which this moral crisis culminates. A few tears shed over Marmontel's "Mémoires," and the fit passed away: —

"Two lines of Coleridge, in whom alone of all writers I have found a true description of what I felt, were often in my thoughts, not at this time (for I had never read them), but in a later period of the same mental malady: —

'Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.'

In all probability my case was by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state; but the idiosyncrasies of my education had given to the general phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible for time to remove. I frequently asked myself, if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's 'Mémoires,' and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them — would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless; I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. Relieved from my ever-present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life could again give me some pleasure; that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs; and that there was once more excitement, though of a moderate kind, in exerting myself for my opinions, and for the public good. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life: and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been."

And the only permanent instruction which this experience left behind it seems to have been curiously slight. It produced a threefold moral result, — first, a grave alarm at the dangerously undermining capacities of his own power of moral analysis, which promised to unravel all those artificial moral webs of painful and pleasurable associations with injurious and useful actions, respectively, which his father had so laboriously woven for him during his childhood and youth; and further, two notable practical conclusions, — one, that in order to attain happiness (which he "never wavered" in regarding as "the test of all rules of conduct and the end of life"), the best strategy is a kind of flank march, — to aim at something else, at some ideal end, not consciously as a means to happiness, but as an end in itself, — so, he held, may you have a better chance of securing happiness by the way, than you can by any direct pursuit of it, — and the other, that it is most desirable to cultivate the feelings, the passive susceptibilities, as well as the reasoning and active powers, if the utilitarian life is to be made enjoyable. Surely a profound sense of the inadequacy of ordinary human success to the cravings of the human spirit was never followed by a less radical moral change. That it resulted in a new breadth of sympathy with writers like Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose fundamental modes of thought and faith Mr. Mill entirely rejected, but for whose modes of sentiment, after this period of his life, he somehow managed, not very intelligibly, to make room, is very true; and it is also true that this gave a new largeness of tone to his writings, and gave him a real superiority in all matters of taste to the utilitarian clique to which he had belonged, — results which enor-

mously widened the scope of his influence, and changed him from the mere expositor of a single school of psychology into the thoughtful critic of many different schools. But as far as we can judge, all this new breadth was gained at the cost of a certain haze which, from this time forth, spread itself over his grasp of the first principles which he still professed to hold. He did not cease to be a utilitarian, but he ceased to distinguish between the duty of promoting your own happiness and of promoting anybody else's, and never could make it clear where he found his moral obligation to sacrifice the former to the latter. He still maintained that actions, and not sentiments, are the true subjects of ethical discrimination; but he discovered that there was a significance which he had never before suspected, even in sentiments and emotions of which he continued to maintain that the origin was artificial and arbitrary. He did not cease to declaim against the prejudices engendered by the intuitional theory of philosophy, but he made it one of his peculiar distinctions as an Experience philosopher, that he recommended the fostering of new prepossessions, only distinguished from the prejudices he strove to dissipate by being, in his opinion, harmless, though quite as little based as those in ultimate or objective truth. He maintained as strongly as ever that the character of man is formed by circumstances, but he discovered that the will can act upon circumstances, and so modify its own future capability of willing; and though it is in his opinion circumstances which enable or induce the will thus to act upon circumstances, he thought and taught that this makes all the difference between fatalism and the doctrine of cause and effect as applied to character. After his influx of new light, he remained as strong a democrat as ever, but he ceased to believe in the self-interest principle as universally efficient to produce good government when applied to multitudes, and indeed qualified his democratic theory by an intellectual aristocracy of feeling which to our minds is the essence of exclusiveness. "A person of high intellect," he writes, "should never go into unintellectual society, unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects, who can ever enter it at all." You can hardly have exclusiveness more extreme than that, or a doctrine more strangely out of moral sympathy with the would-be universalism of the Benthamite theory. In fact, as it seems to us, Mr. Mill's unquestionable breadth of philosophic treatment was gained at the cost of a certain ambiguity which fell over the root-principles of his philosophy, — an ambiguity by which he gained for it a more catholic reputation than it deserved. The result of the moral crisis through which Mr. Mill passed at the age of twenty may be described briefly, in our opinion, as this, — that it gave him *tastes* far in advance of his philosophy, foretastes in fact of a true philosophy; and that this moral flavor of something truer and wider, served him in place of the substance of anything truer and wider, during the rest of his life.

The part of the "Autobiography" which we like least, though it is, on the whole, that on which we are most at one with Mr. Mill, is the section in which he reviews his short but thoughtful Parliamentary career. The tone of this portion of the book is too self-important, too minutely egotistic, for the dry and abstract style in which it is told. It adds little to our knowledge of the Parliamentary struggles in which he was engaged, and nothing to our knowledge of any of the actors in them except himself. The best part of the "Autobiography," except the remarkable and masterly sketch of his father, Mr. James Mill, is the account of the growth of his own philosophic creed in relation to Logic and Political Economy, but this is of course a part only intelligible to the students of his more abstract works.

On the whole, the book will be found, we think, even by Mr. Mill's most strenuous disciples, a dreary one. It shows that in spite of all Mr. Mill's genuine and generous compassion for human misery and his keen desire to alleviate it, his relation to concrete humanity was of a very confined and reserved kind, — one brightened by few personal ties, and those few not, except in about two cases, really hearty ones. The multitude was to him an object of compassion

and of genuine beneficence, but he had no pleasure in men, no delight in actual intercourse with this strange, various, homely world of motley faults and virtues. His nature was composed of a few very fine threads, but wanted a certain strength of basis, and the general effect, though one of high and even enthusiastic disinterestedness, is meagre and pallid. His tastes were refined, but there was a want of homeliness about his hopes. He was too strenuously didactic to be in sympathy with man, and too incessantly analytic to throw his burden upon God. There was something overstrained in all that was noblest in him, this excess seeming to be by way of compensation, as it were, for the number of regions of life in which he found little or nothing where other men find so much. He was strangely deficient in humor, which, perhaps, we ought not to regret, for had he had it, his best work would in all probability have been greatly hampered by such a gift. Unique in intellectual ardor and moral disinterestedness, of tender heart and fastidious tastes, though narrow in his range of practical sympathies, his name will long be famous as that of the most wide-minded and generous of political economists, the most disinterested of Utilitarian moralists, and the most accomplished and impartial of empirical philosophers. But as a man, there was in him a certain poverty of nature, in spite of the nobleness in him, — a monotonous joylessness, in spite of the hectic sanguineness of his theoretic creed, — a want of genial trust, which spurred on into an almost artificial zeal his ardor for philosophic reconstruction; and these are qualities which will probably put a well-marked limit on the future propagation of an influence such as few writers on such subjects have ever before attained within the period of their own life-time.

CAPE COAST CASTLE.

THE usual misty vapor which providentially dims the vertical rays of the sun on the coast of Guinea had vanished for the nonce, and his majesty was blazing away right over one's head most mercilessly as we shoved off from her H. M. S. — for the shore. We had a good two miles' pull before we could reach the outside edge of that never-ending surf which beats so unrelentingly along the whole west coast of Africa, where we should await the arrival of canoes from the shore, it being impossible, or at least extremely dangerous, to attempt to land in ships' boats, and consequently very properly forbidden by the Admiralty. After we had shifted into the canoes, the boat would return to the ship, and lie to for us in the same place towards sunset. There is not a breath of air; the surface of the sea is that of oil, heaving with huge round swells towards the shore, whence comes to us the long continuous thunder of the surf. Before us are the white battlements of Cape Coast Castle, crowning a low reef of rock; at the back of the castle, whitewashed houses and towers are dotted about the rising ground, otherwise covered with the most luxurious vegetation. On the top of the height stand out three small forts, which command the castle and town at their feet, the native quarter of which, built of a red-colored mixture called here *swish*, and in our own west country at home, *cobb*, is very extensive, and spreads itself away to the eastward. On the top of the centre fort is a lighthouse, one of the four which illuminate this side of the continent from Sierra Leone to the Cape, and unlike its neighbor at Monrovia, some three hundred and more miles to the westward, shines out pretty steadily; the latter is visible only when the great republic of Liberia is in funds.

But the roar of the surf is becoming louder, and one can see the lustrous halos made by the huge swells on which we have been riding, as they dash themselves in clouds of foam upon the black reef on which the castle is built; and here, leaping through the breakers, come the canoes which are to land us. So we lie to on our oars, and watch them coming alongside. They are each manned by six or seven stalwart negroes, naked all but a clout —

"stripped to a gantline," as one of our boat's crew forward observes — and singing with might and main to something very like a Gregorian chant: —

Ma ma cum agin,
A cum agin, a cum agin.

This is not only a welcome to us white men, but also an invigorating chorus by which they nerve themselves in their paddling, to overcome a more than usually obstinate sea. The canoes are hollow "dug-outs" — that is, consist of a trunk of a tree hollowed out, and rudely finished off in the bow and stern. The better sort have some weather-boards built up forward, to take the seas, and into one of these it is always desirable to get, however temptingly smooth the water may appear to be. There was hardly room for three of us to crouch down forward, for these wretched craft boast of no thwarts; and thus bent double, off we paddle to dash through a boiling surf, with a wild boat's crew singing themselves up to a pitch of distraction, hissing savagely through their clenched teeth as they dig us out a passage through the breakers, and resuming their monotonous welcome, as, rounding a little jutting reef, we are paddled to the shore in comparatively smooth water with "Ma ma cum agin." It is an excitement, I will not say worth going through, but one that never fails to make the pulse beat a little quicker, and the heart wish that one was well through all the turbulence and the danger. A dusky crowd is on the sands, who rush at you, and fist you, and quarrel for you, and talk for you! Good heavens! how our colored brothers will talk; and amidst loud congratulations, and louder demands for "dash" for carrying you ashore, which office they perform very much as if you were a sack of corn, at last we find ourselves on *terra firma*. We are now right under the walls of the castle; and a gateway opens close upon the landing-place, with its picturesque sentry grinning with true negro sympathy at the animated disputes we leave behind us amongst our carriers and canoe-men. Picturesque he was not by reason of his black face — these were common enough — but on account of his Zouave uniform, which, however ill adapted men say it is for African service, is certainly the handsomest in her Majesty's service. After passing under the narrow, and by no means over cleanly archway, we found ourselves in a large open court and parade-ground. The interior of the castle may be said roughly to be divided into two courts by the officer's messroom, which is over the quarters of the men; the eastern court, in which we now are, is the larger of the two; and here are laid the remains of the unfortunate L. E. L. and of her husband, G. Maclean, a former governor of the castle. Their resting-places are alongside each other, undivided in death at least, whatever credence may have been given to the scandals which were once so rife about Mrs. Maclean's untimely end; but time has been almost as hostile to the humble tiles which here mark her grave as it has been to the reputation of her poems. Who reads them now? Soon all trace of these two tombs — some red and blue tiling let into the pavement of the parade, in the shape of a St. George's Cross, with the initials of her maiden name, L. E. L. (which she once made so popular), on the arm of the cross, and G. M. (those of her husband) on a plain St. Andrew's Cross — all trace of these must soon vanish, for the tiling is already much dislocated and broken. Yet who could stand over them, in this dreadful, deadly, pestilential place, without a feeling of the deepest sympathy for the fate of one who in time past was the idol of society, and whose life was ended so mysteriously and suddenly on such a spot! A good and lofty flight of steps leads from the head of these fading memorials to the officers' messroom, to which we are heartily, if not vociferously, invited by the languid occupants, who are at tiffin. But instead of taking the reader in to luncheon, it will not be amiss to give some brief history of the old castle itself.

It was the last possession left us at the end of the war between ourselves and the Dutch in 1667, who, having previously destroyed the original monopoly of the Portuguese, hoped to substitute for it another of their own. From

that time to this, a very spirited competition, with many alternations of fortune, went on between us until 1867, when the Dutch found the difficulties of maintaining their forts and dependencies so great, and so expensive, that after exchanging Accra for our scattered western forts of Axim and Dixcove in 1868, they last year ceded the whole of their possessions on the coast of Guinea, as is well known to the reader, including the present bone of contention between the Ashantees and ourselves, the fine old fortress of St. George d'Elmina, whose white towers and battlements, some seven miles to the westward, shine in the distance.

But, meanwhile, these old walls of Cape Coast have seen many vicissitudes. The Ashantees who are now pressing our gallant blue-jackets and marines so hard, have always claimed sovereign rights over this seaboard, rights grounded upon the plea of their having defeated the Fantees, the tribe immediately in the neighborhood of Cape Coast, and the sea-shore. The first time we were brought into collision with the Ashantees was in 1807, they having invaded and laid waste the Fantee territory, and advanced almost to the walls of the castle. Again, four years later, in 1811, a second invasion took place, to avenge an unprovoked assault made by the Fantees on the inhabitants of Accra, because they had not assisted them in 1807.

Again, in 1817, an invasion took place, which caused the greatest distress among the Fantees; and the British, having interfered to protect them, were themselves blockaded in this castle, and with such determination, that the government found it necessary, in order to avert the imminent danger which threatened the place, to advance a large sum of money, which the king of Ashantee had demanded from the Fantees; with this the invader was contented, and returned to Coomassie, his capital.

The result of these repeated incursions induced the government to request the home authorities to fit out an embassy to be sent to the court of Ashantee. This course was approved of, and resulted in a treaty being ratified between Ashantee and ourselves, and the placing of a British Resident at the capital Coomassie, together with a great increase in the trade between the two countries. Soon, however, fresh complications arose after the arrival of a minister sent direct from the home government to reside at Coomassie, who framed a new treaty with the king, which was not satisfactory to the authorities at Cape Coast; and the home government, after the whole subject had been fully investigated by committees of the House of Commons in the years 1816, and 1817, brought in a suit abolishing the African Company, and transferring to the crown all its forts and possessions. This took place in 1821 and in 1822, Sir Charles Macarthy, the able governor of Sierra Leone, assumed the administration of the Cape Coast dependency as well. He, adopting a war policy, soon brought matters to a crisis. War was declared by the Ashantees, who immediately invaded our territory, and at last, January 21, 1824, on the banks of the Prah, took place the disastrous battle of Assamnoon.

A large body of the Ashantees in the earlier part of the day crossed the river higher up, and attacked Sir Charles in flank and rear, cutting his army to pieces. The governor, badly wounded, retired to a part of the field where his ally, the king of Denkira, and his people still offered a stout defence; but the enemy was not to be denied, and there remained nothing but flight. Mr. Williams, the governor's secretary, fell stunned by a ball, and was captured by the enemy, but was rescued from death by a *caboccer*, or chief, who had formerly received some kindness at his hands. When he came to himself, he was horrified to see around him the headless trunks of Sir Charles and two of his officers. He remained for some time a prisoner in the Ashantee camp, during the whole of which period he was regularly locked up at night in the same hut with the heads of his unfortunate comrades, which by some peculiar process were kept in a state of perfect preservation. The heart of Sir Charles was eaten by the chiefs, in order that they might obtain a share of his bravery; and his flesh,

dried, together with his bones, was divided among the caboceers of the army, to act as charms.

After their victory, the Ashantees opened negotiations with us; and Mr. Williams, through the intervention of the Dutch governor of Elmina, was restored to his friends, being brought into that fortress in a state of nudity, with his hands tied behind him. This was the only practical result of the Ashantee overtures, and fresh efforts were made by the garrison of Cape Coast to retrieve their misfortunes. The blue-jackets and marines were landed from the squadron, and garrisoned the castle and outlying forts, whilst the whole of the military and native allies marched to attack the enemy. A hard-fought but drawn battle was the consequence, and Colonel Sutherland recalled the troops within the castle.

Meanwhile, the old king, Osai Tutu, had died, and was succeeded by his brother, Osai Okotu, who resumed the offensive, and advanced with his army to the walls of Cape Coast. Most vigorous exertions were made to put the place in a state of defence. All the male inhabitants were exhorted to offer the most determined resistance; not only were the ships' companies of the men-of-war landed to man the guns, but the seaman from merchantmen in the roads were also disembarked; and soon this force was strengthened by the opportune arrival of a man-of-war with a considerable detachment of the African corps. Another general engagement took place, terminated only by the fall of night, and although a renewal of the action was expected the next day, yet what British and native valor could not do, the deadly nature of the climate accomplished; decimated by the ravages of small-pox and dysentery, and by the starvation, which, however, was producing the same dreadful effects in Cape Coast Town, the Ashantees retired, after reducing the surrounding country to a wilderness, and, but for the timely arrival of a ship from England laden with rice, starvation must have swept off those of our allies whom pestilence had spared.

Two years after this, in September 1826, a decisive victory was obtained by ourselves and our allies at the village of Dodowah, some twenty miles from Accra; here ten thousand Ashantees attacked with the utmost gallantry eleven thousand English and native troops, and succeeded in driving in the centre of the allied forces; but Colonel Purdon, bringing up the reserve, drove them back with grape and rockets. The Ashantees, thrown into confusion by these unheard-of projectiles, never rallied again; and although they did not seek safety in flight, but remained on the field that night, the king, instead of renewing the attack, withdrew the remainder of his army, and retired to Coomassie, where, after many attempts at negotiation, which languished for several years, the king made peace in 1831, sending one of his nephews to Cape Coast as a hostage, together with six hundred ounces of gold, as securities for future good conduct.

Such is a brief outline of our old Ashantee wars; and as these lines are written, it seems as if the old story is repeating itself. Knowing the place as well as the writer does, there is not much to fear on our part, except from the climate and the want of food. Nothing can save our noble fellows from the first of these evils; and for the second, it is most sincerely to be hoped that government will use every exertion to supply our blue-jackets and marines with fresh meat and vegetables. All these must be imported; for although the industry of the Wesleyan missionaries always produced an excellent amount of the latter, yet we must recollect that the gardens of these devoted men are some miles from the castle and town, and must now have been long ago destroyed by the enemy. As for the former, the supply of beef always came from Sierra Leone, for nothing in the shape of ox, ass, or horse can live at Cape Coast.

Suppose we take a walk outside the castle walls. The great and western gateway lets us out into the western parade-ground, which has upon our right the garrisoned chapel, a neat little whitewashed structure, with some attempts at stained glass in its windows; on our left, the surf of old ocean is thundering; the road leads straight on for Elmina along the sea-shore; while the "bush" — as

the thick, suffocating forests are called — closely confines it on the land side. As far as roads go in Africa, this is a most excellent one, and about a mile or so from the castle, brings us to the cemetery, a huge, ragged-looking place, crowded with dilapidated monuments, some of them of very expensive constructions but unable to stand the wear of the climate any better than the poor fellows who rest beneath them. The whole ground is covered with the long and prickly tendrils of the sensitive plant, which swarm over the ruins, and render what remains of the inscriptions almost undecipherable. Before reaching this most melancholy spot, we passed on our left a lofty plane-tree, which was pointed out to us as forming the favorite seat of poor Mrs. Maclean during her brief sojourn here. It is difficult to read the subjoined extract from one of her poems, composed beneath this very tree, without feeling how completely the aspirations of the writer have been unfulfilled: —

I am myself but a vile link
Amid life's weary chain,
But I have spoken hallowed words,
Oh, do not say in vain!

My first, my last, my only wish —
Say, will my charmed chords
Wake to the morning light of fame,
And breathe again my words?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,
Himself a dying flame,
From many an antique scroll beside
Choose that which bears my name?

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead,
I care not, so my spirit last
Long after life has fled.

The above is a fair sample of her powers; and one cannot deny that the oblivion which has so rapidly and surely overtaken them is undeserved.

There are some very good houses indeed at Cape Coast: the residence of the governor, for instance, those of certain merchants, and of the Wesleyan Mission, which has also built a very substantial and commodious chapel, with a small square embattled tower at its southern end, looking quite imposing, at the end of one of the principal streets.

But we have meanwhile forgotten, in this land of gold even, the real object of our visit, which was, I confess, not so much to make a pilgrimage to Mrs. Maclean's grave, and satisfy our curiosity about the settlement, as to procure some of the native jewelry, as mementoes of the coast of Guinea. How much gold is produced annually, I cannot tell, but on gala days all the native women of any consequence are decorated with large quantities of it; their slave-girls appear with necklaces and armlets and anklets of the precious metal, sometimes consisting only of the nuggets simply strung together, while others wear rather rudely fashioned ornaments; but all these denote at any rate that gold is still very plentiful; and it is certain that if only the climate permitted good European labor, or that the natives were industrious, much more might be acquired than we have any idea of at present.

You will meet on these festivals ladies of color with their wool variously and beautifully dressed. Let us describe one as a sample. She has combed her wool out till it is as fine as silk, and netted it into the shape and size of a grenadier's bearskin, and the whole is crowned with a massive gold comb; large ear-rings of a rather tasteful filigree work depend from the lobes, and rest upon her shoulders; she has a necklace of rough glittering nuggets, and bracelets and armlets, and zodiac rings on her fingers, and heavy anklets; and more rings decorate her toes; a gorgeous piece of flowered silk wound round the body reaches from the bosom to half way down the calf of the leg, and is kept in its place by pressing the arms against the sides of the body; and then there is the "kinki," the essential part of a Fantee woman's costume, for none are without it after arriving at the age of puberty; the poorest ragamuffin in

the place still winds her yard or so of Manchester or native cloth round her body, and over the mysterious kink, or bustle, which, for all the world, looks like a flat piece of board fastened on abaft all above the hips, and at right angles to the back, is perched as often as not, the cheerful "picaninnie," his little head rolling from side to side in time with his mother's step, and his restless black eyes twinkling away at you with uninterrupted good-humor.

The jeweller receives us with much ceremony, and after ushering us into his house, produces an old cigar-case from his pocket, and empties out on his bedstead of bamboo all his merchandise. This consists of chains, ear-rings, brooches, and rings; the two latter being the favorite articles with naval officers. There is one very good form of each—a brooch called the "butterfly," because it is made in the shape of that insect, with outspread wings of delicate filigree work; some of the ear-rings are also very well made, in somewhat of the same pattern. The rings are called zodiac, and have the twelve signs thereof in high-relief upon the circumference. With these latter we purpose to decorate our own brown knuckles, or those of our messmates who have commissioned us to purchase them. But we fail not to procure specimens of the former for fairer friends at home. But all this commerce occupies a long time, unless we are foolishly prepared to pay the price first demanded. The African is an enthusiast in "making trade," as he terms all acts of purchase; and if you paid him his own price without demur, he would be torn by conflicting regrets—regret at not having demanded a great deal more, regret at losing the pleasure of being beaten down sixpence by sixpence into something like a just bargain.

It is time, however, that we made for the shore and the ship, for another bargain has to be struck with our friends the canoe-men; and as the sea-breeze has been blowing fresh all the afternoon, the sea has got up too, and their price with it. Never mind; there is the ship's second gig bobbing up and down outside, and we all wish very heartily that we were only bobbing up and down inside her. It is no use wishing only; so, after "much palaver," and "plenty much talkee," and a good deal of gesticulation, and, we must add, a "dash" of a couple of shillings, as an earnest of a second "dash" on coming alongside our boat in safety, we shove off amid husky cheers of the men, and the stomach-patting congratulations of the picaninies, and the subdued *sotto-voce* song of our paddlers, which, as we turn the point of the little protecting reef, and face the sea, soon, by a well executed crescendo passage, bursts into a savage hiss, as we charge a wave. Up goes the bow of the canoe high in air, amid sheets of foam, and we, thus exalted forward, have almost too good a view to be pleasant of our straining crew; thence down we plunge, after the crest of the sea has passed, with a force which makes you fancy yourself precipitated from a topsail yard—this kind of onset and shock being repeated three or four times, till at last we range up alongside our boat, and shift into her. After a little more strong palaver about the amount of our second dash to the canoe-men, who, nevertheless, paddle off on their return very well contented, if one may judge by the cheerful iteration of their favorite song, "Ma ma, cum agin," we stretch gayly out for the good old corvette, a berth on board which not one of us would exchange for the most palatial residence in Cape Coast Town.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. MICHELET is writing a history of the year 1815 and the Restoration.

A JOURNAL in Bordeaux "listens" with an attentive "eye" to all M. Thiers says.

THE right of translation of M. Victor Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" for England and America has already been sold.

THE Christmas number of *Tinsley's Magazine* will be entitled "Golden Grain," and is by B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," etc.

A POLYGLOT journal, printed in Italian, French, German, and Russian, will shortly be brought out at Florence. It will be entitled *Argo*.

LONGFELLOW's last volume of poems, "Aftermath," has reached a fifth edition in England. The English publishers are Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, London.

A CUP and saucer made of Bristol china, and belonging to a set especially made for Edmund Burke, by his friend and supporter Champion, were sold in Bristol last week for the large sum of £38.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles* states that the Italian Government has purchased from Mme. Rattazzi the papers left by her late husband, in order to prevent their publication.

POSTAL cards are shortly to be issued in the Dutch Indies on rather curious conditions. If the contents appear to the post-office official to be of an insulting nature, the card will be sent under cover to its address.

NOW that the diamond fields of South Africa are becoming worked out, a new source of wealth has unexpectedly developed. Black diamonds have been found: or, in other words, coal has been discovered in large quantities.

SOME young snobs abroad say one of the greatest pleasures in life is purchasing gloves in Paris. There, it will be recollected, the pretty shop-women fit the glove to the hand, while the purchaser, seated by the counter, rests his elbow on a velvet cushion.

A PARISIAN going along the Boulevards in a *voiture*, the horse of which went slowly from sheer weakness and thinness, exclaimed at last, "What ails your horse? Why, he can hardly move!" "Bourgeois," replied the driver in a mysterious whisper, "I believe he has been eaten during the siege."

A SENSATION is promised the Londoners in January next—namely, Mrs. Brigham Young No. 17. She will lecture on the moral and social aspects of Mormonism. Brigham will have a felicity that is denied some husbands—namely, that his wife's lecture is being delivered at him a few thousand miles off.

IT appears that Scotch humor is not a thing of the past. An Aberdeen preacher took up a collection recently, and found, when his hat was returned, that there wasn't a penny in it. "I thank my God," said he, turning the hat upside down and tapping the crown of it with his hand, "that I have got my hat back from this congregation."

THE authorities of Jasz-bereny, a Hungarian town, have just had the following notice published to the sound of the drum: "Seeing that oaths and blasphemies are the real causes of earthquakes, every one, no matter who, is forbidden to swear or to use bad language, under a penalty of receiving twenty-five stripes with a rod, and paying a fine of twenty-five florins."

THE *Athenæum* announces a new "Life and Conversations of Dr. Samuel Johnson," by Mr. Alexander Main, with a preface by Mr. G. H. Lewes. The Life, although founded chiefly upon Boswell's work, has, it is stated, been entirely rewritten with a view to meeting the wants of a new time. A better book about Johnson than Boswell's is certainly desirable; but we are not likely to get it.

THE Japanese are great imitators, and having at length mastered the exact scope of the views of the present English Government, have set to work to imitate them. For instance, the Japanese ministerial officials have gravely suggested that the Emperor should have his hair done like the English ladies, their chignons being in their estimation very neat and pretty. The Emperor has taken time to consider.

PEOPLE were surprised in Berlin at the free-and-easy character of the King of Italy, being accustomed to quite a different style; but the most careless, free-and-easy of Sovereigns is the soldier King of Italy. The character may be judged from this little anecdote in the *London Court Journal*: "Just after the domestic losses which crowded thick upon him, and carried off his wife and his brother almost at the same time, Europe's sympathy was very ready to pay sad and graceful homage to his bereavement. Our Queen comes down, according to immemorial custom to the foot of the great staircase at Windsor, to welcome her brother sovereign. As she took his arm to go up to the drawing-room, she alluded delicately to his latest loss—that of his brother. His rather vacant countenance surprised her Majesty, and still more was she shocked when he answered awkwardly, in execrable French, 'Ah! oui, pauvre diable, il est mort' (Yes, poor devil, he is dead!)."

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

[No. 22.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER XVI. CUP AND LIP.

I OPENED the door, and found myself face to face with Claudia Brandt. Carol had not warned me of the name of the patient to whom he had called me in so suddenly. Had I been warned—such was the weakness of my heart in those days—I almost doubt whether I should have obeyed the summons. There were twenty other surgeons close at hand, without my intruding where my presence could lead to no good and might lead to much harm. As things were, however, I had no occasion to collect myself—her own obvious self-forgetfulness removed all conscious embarrassment from a meeting that must have been as little expected by her as by me. Whatever we had been, whatever we might be hereafter, we were now strangers—she was only the daughter, I only the physician. And for my own part, I was by this time so accustomed to the caprices of Fate as to be simply startled for a moment without being really surprised. As for her, her eyes spoke only of her father, and of appeal to one who had once helped her in an emergency, and who therefore might help her again. I knew that look of trust well, and it spoke to me clearly though she spoke no word. She only pointed to the arm-chair by the grate, in which lay he whom I had last seen in the fulness of health and vigor. I wasted no time or effort in attempting to speak, but went straight to Mr. Brandt's side, followed by her.

The case was critical. I threw myself into it, nor was it till everything I could think of had been carried out that I at last turned to Claudia and spoke to her—for the first time since we had promised to be all in all to one another for our whole life long. How unutterably strange it seemed—to have parted from her with a kiss of love, and to have to meet her, in the depth of her suffering, with colder and more formal speech than I should have addressed to the most utter stranger who chanced to have need of me! But it was all over now, and nothing was left but to make this parting the very last, and so to speak and act

that it might clearly declare itself to be the very end.

"I have been doing everything," Miss Brandt. I will come again in an hour's time; but I suppose you have a medical attendant who understands Mr. Brandt's general condition better than I? I would have made you send for him sooner, but time was too precious to think of etiquette. However, you had better send for him now, and I will meet him and explain."

"And?"—she began to ask tremblingly.

"No, he will not die, with proper care. It was a second stroke, and it ought not to kill." I thought myself hardened, but the look of her anxious face pierced me through and through. I had seen many a face as anxious beside many sick-beds, and here, as elsewhere, I was only the doctor who had been sent for in an accidental emergency. But my eyes, as they turned from her, were obliged to travel to her surroundings: and they were shocked and dismayed. If I had seen many such sick-beds, I had witnessed but three cases of such glaring poverty—Mrs. Goldrick's, my own, and now hers.

This was something more than humiliation. I could have found it in my heart to be glad that Claudia should have known sorrow of the heart and mind, for in such creatures of the earth as I am love has its cruel side, and scorned love is wormlike and clings to earth, and will turn long before the worm. But Claudia, who spent half her days lounging on a sofa, who lived in the very monotony of idle luxury, with whom even artistic labor had been but the indulgence of a fancy—that this Claudia whom I had known should be reduced to want and poverty beyond what even I had found too great to bear, seemed monstrous and beyond the grasp of belief. Carol had given me an anonymous outline of her story in broken scraps so far as the rattling of the cab would allow me to hear them; but I was utterly unprepared for what I saw. I had felt insulted by her supposed gift of money, but I would have insulted her likewise ten times over. I could see at a glance how she had worn herself into a mere shadow of her former self; and the bank-notes that I dared not allow to leave my own person began to burn. What if they had been sent me direct by chance or Provi-

dence?—I had arrived at accepting as certain the existence of some power outside and superior to our own will. What if chance or Providence had sent all this wealth to me in order that it might enable me to some extent to act as Fortune's almoner, and with the same view had called me once more into a presence from which I had banished myself forever?

I trod the very boards of the room delicately, as if they were made of the wood that grows in dreams. I could not go without learning how far such a terrible downfall as that of which I saw the results before me could possibly be true. Claudia must be impatient of my presence, nor would I prolong her anxiety: however reckless she might have been of my happiness her misfortunes had rendered her sacred. But then I should be merely brutal if, having it in my power to serve her, I lost an opportunity of finding out the way. If only Carol would put it out of his head for a moment that his presence was indispensable.

To my astonishment, it was he himself who relieved me of my difficulty. He had not spoken a word since we arrived together; and now his first and only words were,—

"Miss Brandt, you must want to speak to my friend, the doctor. Have I been of any use?"

"What should I have done without you, Mr. Carol?" and she held out her hand. "You have been our only friend."

It was not intended, but there seemed a sting in her words that I chose to apply to myself.

"And I'll be your only one till you have a hundred—a thousand—a million—and then I'll come in at the tail end."

Was this Carol? Impossible! The only thing that seemed like himself was that he refilled his pipe as he left the room.

While he was there I wanted to be rid of him: now that he was gone, I wished him back again.

"I don't know how to say it," I began, "but I also wish to be your friend."

"And I am grateful to you also," she said quietly. "Not only so, but I must ask you to do me another favor. I cannot quite forget that you have perhaps saved my father's life," "Perhaps!" what a piece of accuracy

at such a time! "But such a meeting has no doubt been as painful to you as it has been to me. You know me well enough, Dr. Vaughan, to know that I am one of those unlucky people who can't help saying exactly what they mean. You would, no doubt, do your best for my father, because he is a patient, but I cannot allow you to do anything for my sake. I would have given anything but my father's life that Mr. Carol had brought any one but you. So the favor I ask you is to send some medical man whom you can trust, and who will not ask too large a fee. And when you have done that for me I will give you as many thanks as you need, and ask you to come no more."

Her color heightened as she spoke, but clearly from no sense of guilt or shame. Was this how she could address me? It was as though I, instead of being the injured, had been the injurer—as though the rupture of our engagement had come from me, and not from her.

"I cannot submit to that," I said, feeling the mounting color in her cheeks reflecting itself on my own. "I do know your frankness and honesty,"—I trust I laid no suspicious stress on the words,— "and will not be behind-hand with you. All my misfortunes have come, I think, from mysteries and half-words. I hate them all, and will have no more. It would be childish in us to play at not knowing what we were once to one another, and what, if it had depended on me, we should have been still. Therefore I will not leave you now dependent only on your own strength. If you have no medical attendant, it is my duty to aid you with all the power I have, simply to satisfy myself that I have forgiven all things from my heart, and will be your friend whether you allow it or no."

"Forgiven? Is that the word for you to use?"

"Forgive me—I will say forgotten, then. I know that a woman may do as she pleases, and the man is always to blame. But this is no time for discussions—we can quarrel no more. I only mean, Miss Brandt, that I mean to serve your father until, as Carol says, he needs me no longer."

"You are right, it is no time, and it never will be. I, too, have forgotten. But I never tried to forgive: it is not so easy for me as for you, and I should fail."

"Well, so be it. I suppose it is weak enough in me to care whether you will accept my aid, without wondering any longer at the power of idle tales. Let us talk as mere acquaintance, then. You still paint, I see?" I thought of Lord Lisburn—I could at any rate help her to a patron: and and if not, I might feign a name as well as she. Claudia Brandt could not suspect Harold Vaughan of intruding his unwelcome help upon her: if the paintings of H. Vincent were pur-

chased by some Smith or Jones for a thousand pounds. I might surely consider the gift my own now, whoever the anonymous donor might be, and, if not, I confess that my conscience would not feel troubled in thus disposing of it.

"You see," she said.

I opened one of her portfolios at hazard.

"Not that, if you please," she exclaimed hastily. But it was too late, if she wished to hide my own portrait from me. I pretended not to have seen it, however, and turned to the next carelessly, before closing the cover.

"Who is this?" It was impossible to pretend carelessness when I looked on the features of Mrs. Goldrick, of St. Bavons—hers, and no other's, if there was any truth in lines.

"Only the mother of one of my father's clerks—that's all."

"It is strange. Did you know her?"

"I saw her once, and sketched her from memory." Claudia, whose fingers could not be idle, took up her sewing, and contented herself with answering questions. I ought to have gone, but how could I leave her alone immediately with her father, whose state was more critical than I had dared to tell. Though she hated my presence, I must remain.

"Did she ever speak to you of a girl named Alice Maynard?"

"No."

"When did you make that sketch? It must have been since—since—"

"If you will know—it was last Whit-Monday afternoon."

I was guiltless, so I could answer without flinching, "Yes—on the day when your father thought me capable of celebrating my engagement in low dissipation, and when you chose to believe him."

"Of course I believed him," she fired up, if so strong a word can be used of one whose nature glowed, but never flamed.

"You mean to say you really believed such wretched tales?" I asked, rushing back to the forbidden ground. "He might believe appearances—he was a man who had no good will to me either—but you—I would not have believed my own mother, if I had ever known one, against you; it is only what you told me with your own lips that I would have believed."

"Silence gives assent," she answered coldly.

"Claudia,"—my heart contracted,— "say that you never received my letter—I will not hint that it was kept back from you—and I will believe you now."

"I did not get your letter,—and if that had been all, I would believe you."

"Miss Brandt—Claudia—in Heaven's name tell me what you mean. Your—my happiness may depend on getting rid of some slander I have never heard of."

"It is useless if you do not know what I mean. You will hardly ask

me farther when I tell you that I, yes I, was engaged to paint a portrait of an actress named Leczinska or some such thing, and that I was mean and contemptible enough to wish to take her pay for my poor father's sake—or let me say poor enough—after I heard her name your name and had seen your presents in her hands."

"Zelda again! Good God, am I to be driven mad with Zelda? I shall have to commit murder before I have done. She haunts me like a demon—I believe in Evil Eyes. You don't know what you are saying, Claudia. She was the girl whom—I can't tell you all that story now—a wretched beggar-girl that I had saved from ill-usage and whom your father found me speaking to. Then, Heaven knows how, she became the actress, Mademoiselle Leczinska—as such I saw her some three times, and every time she did me some evil turn. Now, of all things in the world, she is engaged to an earl, she is to be Countess of Lisburn. Surely you don't suspect me—insult me, by thinking that it was for my worst enemy's sake that I was false to you?"

She dropped her work from her hands. "Engaged—to Lord Lisburn—the man who came into the box to see Lady Penrose—whom you were with at the Oberon? Is that how you know her—because she is engaged to your friend? But, is it true?"

"True? What motive could I have even for lying to you if I loved her? Do you think a woman like that, who lives for money and rank, would condescend to look upon a man too poor even to throw her a bouquet?"

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

"Ah, deary me," cried Mr. Sharpe, cheerfully, "your lordship will want to get rid of all them sovereigns. 'Ere, markis, I'll give you notes for 'em in the twinkling of a bed-post, that's what I'll do." And Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, after counting the sovereigns, and setting the greater part of the contents of one bag aside, did indeed hand Lord Kinsgear a bundle of fresh and crisp bank-notes in exchange for the remainder.

"Tell his Grace, markis," said Mr. Sharpe, "that the rest represents my client's interest, payable in advance as agreed upon between us last week."

"All right," replied Lord Kinsgear, as he would have done if Mr. Sharpe had said anything else which did not certainly appear to be dictated by insanity. The young man only desired to please his father and Mr. Sharpe, and every person with whom he was brought in contact, as intelligent and single-minded young

men always do. He did not know what was going on at once before his face and behind his back. He did not dream that there was ruin, perhaps ignominy in it. He had received his father's instructions, and he carried them out to the best of his ability in the innocence of his heart and the integrity of his hands.

Mr. Sharpe had also merely acted after the instincts of his tribe and generation. The large sum of money he had advanced upon the joint security of the Duke of Courthope, the Marquis of Kinsgear, and Lord George Wyldwyl was secured as well as it could be. A check for the whole amount, duly endorsed, had been presented and cashed by the young marquis, though it was of course made payable to his father. The usury, if usury there were, being deducted in advance and in gold, could not be traced, and no legal proof existed of it. Whenever, or if even, it should become necessary to take legal proceedings for recovery of the money, it would appear on the face of the bond given as security, that it had been lent at the moderate legal interest of five per cent., and moreover, that the money had been borrowed by the Duke of Courthope, not only with the full knowledge and consent of his son and heir, but also apparently for his sole use and benefit, inasmuch as he had actually presented the check and received the money from the bank in person. Truly, this latter circumstance would not bar the plea of infancy, but it would make it somewhat more disgraceful; and even should it be set up by the future Duke of Courthope on his accession to his titles and property, Mr. Sharpe was protected by the name of Lord George Wyldwyl, which he well knew to have been used under circumstances which constituted a breach of trust. In fact, Lord George's signature, which had been given to the duke for one purpose, had been employed by him for another, after a custom not unfamiliar to those who, having a personal interest in view, persuade themselves most conscientiously that their interest is everybody else's interest, and that any little irregularity in attaining it can easily be explained away satisfactorily by and by. The duke would have been shocked, and even incredulous, if apprised that his harmless misapplication of his uncle's signature was one of those acts which help to lodge the small fry of this world in Millbank jail. He wished to buy a piece of land, and it was obvious that his uncle would agree (if consulted) that the possession of this piece of land was absolutely indispensable to both their happinesses—whence the use, or misuse, of the signature might be described not only as an innocent but as a most proper and thoughtful act—all the more so as Lord George need never be informed of it.

Mr. Sharpe was quite accustomed to these forms of logic, and he had many documentary samples of them in the tin boxes about his study. But he merely used them to prevent high-spirited clients kicking him out of their houses when they were asked to pay up. Simple contract debts, bonds, bills, and promissory notes, were all things at which a high-spirited land-owner with an entailed estate might afford to laugh if he was in the humor. He might go up the Nile, and make terms or not with his creditors through his family solicitor, offering them ten shillings in the pound, as Lord Highdunderderry did, or nothing in the pound, like Lord Levant. But a breach of trust, or fraudulent bond, which might pass out of Mr. Skipworth Sharpe's hands into those of an Old Bailey barrister, would be a very grim business; and the Yorkshire attorney well knew that few or none of his noble clients would give him any trouble while he held them by such a curb.

He was, therefore, in a very good humor when the business was over, and appeared sorry to part with his young friend.

"The dook won't be up in town for two good hours yet," observed Mr. Sharpe, looking at his watch.

"My father is at Beaumanoir with his agent from Ireland," said Lord Kinsgear.

"Your father, the dook, will be at the Carlton Club by the 3.30 train. I've just got a telegram from 'is Grace, and he will be waiting for you in the mornin' room," replied Mr. Sharpe with rather a queer look. "His Grace is very keen in bizziness; I often have as many as six or seven letters in the course of an afternoon, when I have anything to do for his Grace—besides," added Mr. Sharpe, reflectively, "besides telegrams."

Lord Kinsgear, being unacquainted with this phase of his father's character, could only silently acquiesce in any remark Mr. Sharpe might please to make. Then he rose to go, wondering what he should do with himself for the next two hours, when there came a knock at the door, and the unfortunate clerk who had so missed his opportunity when he had unknowingly been face to face with the heir of two dukedoms, brought in a three-cornered note, hastily scrawled in pencil, and casting a sidelong look of abject contrition at the marquis, he presented it to his master.

"By your leave, marquis," said Mr. Sharpe, smiling as he cast a hasty glance at this hasty missive. Then addressing the clerk, he added, "Tell Inspector Backhouse to inform his worship, Mr. Krorl, that I'll be with him in a jiffy."

"Good morning, Mr. Sharpe," said Lord Kinsgear, taking up his hat.

"If you haven't anything particular to do, markis, should you like to see a police case? His worship, Mr. Krorl, has just sent for me to say a female is in

custody for stealing of a bank-note with my name on it. I shall be most happy to show your lordship a little life in London," said Mr. Sharpe, eager to appear before a metropolitan magistrate in such good company.

The young marquis, glad of any occupation which would relieve him from two hours' waiting among the stiff and stately elderly gentlemen of the Carlton Club, and, moreover, interested at the prospect of something new, readily assented to Mr. Sharpe's proposal, and a few minutes afterwards he and the Yorkshire attorney entered the magistrate's court together.

CHAPTER XII. A POLICE CASE.

MR. KRORL was a hot-headed Irishman, who had been made a metropolitan magistrate because his uncle, a land-agent, had helped to carry a contested election in the government interest at Tipperary, and he presided over the police court in Skinpole Street, whither all cases of guilt or suspicion which happened in the Edgeware Road or its immediate neighborhood were referred for equitable decision.

We English indeed are born to fines and imprisonment, and what makes these penalties the easier to bear is the impossibility of ascertaining on what principle they are assessed. Thus a man who was brought before Mr. Krorl for knocking his wife down with a poker was fined forty shillings, that is, a fortnight's wages, to the dismay of his wife, who enjoyed the advantage of being starved as well as assaulted; whilst a person who had buffeted a vestryman was sent to jail for three months. A boy who had passed a counterfeit shilling got six months' hard labor; and a grocer who had been poisoning his customers for time out of mind by selling counterfeit tea—that is, birch twigs and Prussian blue—escaped with a payment of five pounds. A woman with a child, who had begged, was condemned to prison for a month; and one who had not begged, but had flung herself into the Serpentine to be free from a life of hunger and penitentiaries, was sternly rebuked for her weariness of this happy world, and forwarded for a week to Pentonville to help her appreciate it better.

Some twenty cases having been disposed of and the luncheon hour having arrived, Mr. Krorl had leisure to observe Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, who was making signs to him from the body of the court. Mr. Krorl, who was a merry old gentleman and a great favorite with the legal profession, first winked at Mr. Sharpe and then jerked his thumb towards his private room, after which a constable in plain clothes opened a side-door which led through a passage, up a rickety staircase, to an apartment where cigars, sherry, and sandwiches were set out. Presently came Mr. Krorl, holding a newspaper in one hand.

"How are you, Sharpe, and who's your friend?" inquired the worthy magistrate, helping himself to a glass of sherry, and drinking it before waiting for an answer. "Sit down and peg away, both of you, if you're peckish."

"Allow me, Mr. Krorl, to present you my friend, the Markis of Kingsgear, son of his Grace the Duke of Courthope and Revel," said Mr. Sharpe.

Mr. Krorl's jocularly at once departed from him, and he hastily buttoned his waistcoat, which had been open, disclosing a fine expanse of shirt-front. With his very best company manners he stuttered and said:

"Belave me, my lord markis, I'm proud to make your lordship's acquaintance in me humble court. Mr. Skipworth Sharpe, sir, I'm forever beholden to you for having introduced so distinguished a guest to the binnch whereon the laws of the country are administered to the best of me abilitee."

The honest magistrate shook hands with Mr. Sharpe, whilst the moisture of gratitude, sherry, and emotion started to his eyes. He was a good fellow where a nobleman was concerned, and was a sincere sycophant at heart. Nature had given him the serviceable soul of a servant. The man was not to be blamed for qualities which belonged to him, and were as much part of his being as perfume belongs to the rose and heat comes of fire.

"Did your worship wish to see me?" now asked Mr. Sharpe, jealous lest Krorl should take too large a share of his nobleman's attention, and desirous of putting a period to the magistrate's adulation of hereditary rank, which, so to say, jostled and interfered with his own.

"I did, sure," replied his worship. "There's a female, Mr. Sharpe, is goin' to be brought up before me for stealin' a bank-note from ye; at laste, your name's on the back of the bank-note, and ye may know something about it. Ye'll be sworn presently."

Mr. Krorl now returned to his magisterial duties, and Lord Kingsgear, with Mr. Sharpe, were accommodated with seats on the bench; though, properly speaking, Mr. Sharpe, as a witness, should have been made to wait outside; but these formulæ are for small fry, not large. The case of "Margaret Brown" was then called by the usher of the court, and Madge was placed at the bar, charged with being in unlawful possession of a bank-note, and with having assaulted and beaten Policeman X 1000, who presently appeared to bear witness with a saddle of sticking-plaster on the bridge of his nose. Madge was very pale from her recent accident, but out of danger. She had been well tended in hospital; and, at the news of her trouble, Tom Brown had hurried up bewildered from Wakefield with honest Harry Jinks and Mr. Mowledy, all of whom had sought to comfort her. Between them, too, they had put her

case into the hands of one of those numerous pettifogging attorneys who haunt police courts — Mr. Wissle, the collar of whose coat was greasy, and whose linen none of the cleanest. This luminary's pepper-and-salt hair refused to lie down straight, but stood up bristling; and he took his seat at the solicitors' table with as formidable a heap of papers as if he were going to defend all Newgate by himself instead of but one prisoner. He was the only man Mr. Mowledy knew of, and indeed he had introduced himself to Mr. Mowledy, Mr. Mowledy had not sought him.

"Stand with yer face towards his worship, can't ye?" growled a gruff policeman, taking Madge roughly by the arm and swinging her round.

Mr. Sloggood, the prosecutor, having been introduced, Mr. Krorl shouted to him to pull off his glove; then bade him look at the Bench and not at his solicitor, and in fact so frightened Mr. Sloggood, who was a mild person not used to be bullied, that this draper inwardly regretted his precipitancy in having handed Madge over to the police. It was the first and last time of his voluntary appearance in any court of justice, thought Mr. Sloggood desperately, for Mr. Krorl actually threatened to turn him out for sneezing in contempt of court.

Mr. Sloggood, however, having humbly apologized through his solicitor, the worshipful magistrate consented to be pacified, and simply ordered him not to do it again. Then the case fairly proceeded. Mr. Sloggood stated all he knew, his pushing young men followed suit and repeated all they knew, and Policeman X 1000 not only deposed to what he knew but to what he had experienced, and described the injuries to his nose with much feeling. Then Mr. Jiddledubbin, the maker of wind-instruments, was hustled, puffing, into the witness-box, and given a slippery New Testament to kiss. But he was not the Jiddledubbin who had lost the note. This original Jiddledubbin had been dead for some years, and lay buried in a city church-yard deeply regretted by his kinsfolk and acquaintances. The present Jiddledubbin was son to the first, and a pompous, valuable man who had invented a new sort of key-bugle. He swore that his name was Joel, that he was forty-five and a householder, and remembered his father, Amos Jiddledubbin, losing some bank-notes and being much concerned about them eighteen years ago. He, Joel, was away from home at the time of this disaster, but he recollected the circumstances because he had just thought then, for the first time, of his new key-bugle. He was commencing a description of this key-bugle, when Mr. Wissle sternly checked him by leaping up and shouting in great excitement, "I'll have no quibbling here, sir, from you or from anybody."

Mr. Wissle, who bustled about all

the while with a stump of a pencil, taking notes, had successively and vigorously cross-examined Mr. Sloggood, the pushing young men, and Policeman X 1000, and run them each and every one into dilemmas and fixes. Having got hold of Mr. Jiddledubbin he now brought him to book as follows:—

"Now, sir, look at me; and remember where you are. No, sir, not that way — this way — straight at me; you needn't be afraid that I shall eat you" (Mr. Wissle was half Mr. Jiddledubbin's size). "Now take that note and tell me upon your oath, yes or no, will you swear that this note was ever in your father's possession?"

"I wish to remark" — replied Mr. Jiddledubbin, much astonished.

"We want none of your remarks, sir," interrupted Mr. Wissle with great savageness. "You are not here to make remarks. Your remarks would, I dare say, be little worth hearing at any time, but least of all in a court of justice. I'll have no evasions, sir. Now, sir, yes or no?"

"I fancy" — stammered Mr. Jiddledubbin in perplexity.

"Yes or no?" shrieked Mr. Wissle, striding forward till his bloodshot little face was within a foot of Mr. Jiddledubbin's arms, whereat Mr. Jiddledubbin's wrath bubbled within him, for this treatment was quite novel, and maybe he had an itching to bring down one of his musical fists on Mr. Wissle's countenance. But he thought better of it, and in a voice that cracked right in the middle from indignation, screamed, —

"No!"

"That will do, sir. Not a word more. Hold your tongue, sir, and stand down. And now, your worship," added Mr. Wissle, turning with an air of triumph, whilst Mr. Jiddledubbin, almost choking from exasperation, was elbowed away behind the crowd, "I submit that there is no case whatever to go before a jury. Witnesses have quite failed to bring any evidence of robbery, against my client, who was given into custody with indecent haste, in order no doubt that these tradesmen, Sloggood and Jiddledubbin, might have the opportunity of advertising their shops at the expense of your worship's time and patience. I know such tricks, sir, and delight to expose them. Yes, sir, don't attempt to bully me" (this to Mr. Sloggood, who, slinking behind his solicitor, looked anxious to be gone, and far remote from bullying anybody), "I am prepared, if your worship thinks fit, to bring witnesses as to character of my client — a virtuous and modest wife and mother, who had never, till this day, been defiled by the breath of calumny. But I trust your worship will at once dismiss the summons on the first count, and allow me to proceed with the charge of assault, which I will dispose of in five minutes."

(To be continued.)

CHINA'S FUTURE PLACE IN PHILOLOGY.

"China's Place in Philology" is the name of a book, by the Rev. Mr. Edkins, which suggests the title to this short paper. That volume deals with the Chinese language in the past, and its relation to the origin of words. The purpose intended by these notes is much less ambitious; instead of tracing language back through the dim ages that are past, it is here simply proposed to suggest the probabilities as to the future modes of speech among the celestials. The past of all language is as yet only in a very theoretic state; and in the nature of things all speculation as to its future must be equally so. The ideas to be explained assume the continued dominance of a race—and one, moreover, which will, by means of trade or conquest, remain an influence in China; though of course it must be admitted that the continuation of this influence is an element of uncertainty in the speculation. Still, the writer is of opinion that no one who knows China, and is acquainted with the powers and influences of Westerns in the East, will refuse the assumption, that not only shall we maintain the position we have acquired, but that most probably that position will become stronger; that new ports will be opened, and our relations with the people become more intimate and powerful than ever.

Taking all this for granted, it is proposed to consider the future of that strange jargon known as "Pigeon English," a language resulting from the meeting of East and West in the ports of China. This language, if such it may be called, derives its name from a series of changes in the word *Business*. The early traders in China made constant use of this word, and the Chinaman contracted it to *Busin*, and then through the change of *Pishin* to *Pigeon*. In this last form it still retains its original meaning, and people talk of whatever business they may have in hand as their "pigeon." All mercantile transactions between the Chinese and the Europeans are carried on in this new form of speech. Domestic servants, male and female, have to learn it to qualify themselves for situations with the "Outer Barbarians;" but the newest and most important feature of all is, that the Chinese themselves are, to a certain extent, adopting this language. This is owing to the fact that men of different provinces cannot understand each other's dialect. The written Mandarin character, however, could be read and understood all over China, and the provincials used to write what they wished to say in this character, and could thus manage to do business together. But now, if they both should happen to know "Pigeon English," they use it as the means of communication. A lingua-franca was needed, and necessity has supplied the demand.

It may be premature to call Pigeon English a language. It is only the beginning of one. Although facts can be expressed by it, it is in a most defective condition; so much so, that an Englishman, when he first reaches China, is very much amused at what seems to him a relic of Babel. If it should be his fate to remain in the country, he dislikes to adopt it; his sense of good manners makes it distasteful to him to speak such a jargon, for it sounds like making a fool of the party addressed. Here we get an evidence of the power of growth which this infantile speech is possessed of; for however reluctant any one may be to speak it, he is forced by the necessity of the case to do so. I was only a traveller for a few months in China, but I found myself obliged to acquire the habit of speaking what seemed to me, at first, nonsensical rubbish. I could not get on without it. On my arrival I got a Chinese servant—servants in China are all called "boys;" in fact, this is one of the words of Pigeon English: and it is scarcely necessary to state that it is not derived from the Irish. It is usual to breakfast about twelve o'clock, and it is customary to have some tea, toast, and perhaps an egg served in your bedroom when you get up, and before dressing. The first morning I expressed my wishes on this matter in my usual way of talk, and the "boy" went off smiling, as if he understood my meaning; but as he did not come back, I made some inquiries of my friends in the house. They

asked what I said to the "boy," and I repeated the words as near as I could recollect them, to the effect that I wanted some breakfast, and would like it immediately. I was then told that I might as well have talked Greek to him, and that I ought to have said, "Catchey some chow-chow, chop-chop." *Chow-chow* is understood in this as something to eat, and the last double word is equivalent to "quick-quick." Had I been a comic actor, and the ordering my breakfast been a farce, it might have been possible to feel that I was saying the right thing in this way. That not being my "pigeon," I felt reluctant to do it; but when eating, drinking, and all your wants are found to depend upon its use, you soon give in; and this is the reason why it advances and spreads in China.

One would suppose that such a mode of speaking could only have a temporary existence, but these facts are given to show that such will not be the case, and that there is no chance of its dying out. On the contrary, we have the Chinese now adopting it among themselves as a means of communication. There is nothing new in this; it is only history repeating itself. We have on record the growth of other languages which must have begun under similar conditions. A notable instance of this is the language known as Hindostanee. Its origin dates from the Mohammedan conquest of India. It was named the *Oordoo*, or "camp language," because it grew up in the "camp" of the invaders. The conquerors and the conquered spoke entirely different languages, and as a consequence their means of communication at first must have been only fragmentary. Each, however, acquired broken bits of the other's speech, and time at last welded the whole into a language. It has now a grammar based on the Hindoo or Sanscrit, and an ample dictionary, where it will be found that about three fourths of the words belong to the language of the invading Power. This has long been the lingua-franca of India. Many languages are spoken there, but this one will carry you over nearly the whole length and breadth of the country. The pure Farsee, or Persian, remained, and is still considered the *burra-bat*, or high-court language. Of course the camp might jabber any combination of sounds it found most suited to its wants, but the dignity of a court could not submit to the introduction of such barbarisms. And for the same reason Pigeon English would scarcely yet be a fit language for St. James's or Windsor Castle. Imagine a Chinese Embassy, with the principal personage in it explaining to her Majesty that he is "one piecey ambassador; that belongey my pigeon. Emperor of China, one very muchy big piecey Emperor," etc. Clearly this style of talk is not likely to be used for diplomatic purposes for some time.

Pigeon English is as yet in such a very rudimentary form, that to talk of its grammar or vocabulary would only raise a smile among those familiar with it. When you hear it spoken it sounds like the utter defiance of all grammar; and yet if we are to remain in the country, as the Mohammedans did in India; if we are to retain our commercial camps—and our treaty-ports in that country are exactly such—and if we, and the Americans at the same time, go on extending our commerce, a common language is an absolute condition of the case, and this new form of speech must progress. Already its idiomatic forms are becoming defined and understood.

Chinese modes of expression are curiously mixed with English ones. The interrogative form is purely Chinese. Suppose you wish to ask a man if he can do anything for you, the sentence is put, "Can do? No can do?" and the reply is given by repeating whichever sentence expresses his abilities. It is the same with "Understand? No understand?" "Piecey" is a word that is largely used, and clearly has its origin in our own language of commerce which talks of "a piece of goods;" but with the Chinaman everything is a "piecey." He does not say "one man," but "one piecey man." There are a few Hindostanee words in use, such as "chit," for a letter, "tiffin," for lunch, and "bund," for a quay or an embankment. The word "Mandarin" is from the Portuguese; "Dios" of the same language became "Joss," and is a well-known word

in China, Joss-house, or God-house — meaning a Temple — being derived from it. "Savey" is from the Portuguese and is always used as the equivalent of "know." To have, or to be connected with, is always expressed by "belongey." If you wish to say an article is not yours, you express it thus: "That no belongey me;" or if anything is not an affair of yours, you say, "That no belongey my pigeon." This terminal *ey* of "belongey" is one of the forms which is peculiar to this new language. From it we have "supposey," "talkey," "walkey," "catchey," etc. The Portuguese "savey," which was one of the first words in use, may be the original root of this form. Many of the words in use are of unknown origin. In a number of cases the English suppose them to be Chinese, while the Chinese, on the other hand, take them to be English. "Chow-chow" is one of these words. I heard my own servant tell some of his countrymen that "Chow-chow" was the English for "food." It was on the bank of the Yang-tsee, near Nankin; they were country people, and as he could converse with me, he no doubt seemed to them a perfectly safe authority. A good many Chinese words are of course used, but the bulk of the vocabulary is English.

It is not very satisfactory to look forward even to the bare possibility of such a caricature of our tongue becoming an established language. Should this ever be the result, translations into it of our classic authors will become a necessity. Shakespeare and Milton turned into Pigeon English are fearful even to think of. There is a translation already in existence from one of our dramatists. It begins something in this way: —

TOPSIDE-GALOW!

That nightey time begin chop chop,
One young man walkey — no can stop.
Maskey snow! maskey ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice —

"Topside-galow!"

Him muchey sorry, one pieceny eye
Looksee sharp — so — all same my.
Him talkey largey, talkey strong,
Too muchey curio — all same gong —

"Topside-galow!"

Inside house him can see light,
And every room got fire all right,
He looky plenty ice more high,
Inside him mouth he plenty cry —

"Topside-galow!"

Ole man talkey "no can walk!"
By'm bye rain come — werry dark,
"Have got water, werry wide."
"Maskey! my must go topside" —

"Topside-galow!"

"Man-man!" One girley talkey he,
"What for you go topside looksee?"
And one time more he plenty cry,
But all time walkey plenty high —

"Topside-galow!"

"Take care! that spoil'um tree young man,
Take care that ice! He want man-man!"
That coolie chin-chin he good night,
He talkey "my can go all right."

"Topside-galow!"

Joss-pigeon man he soon begin,
Morning-time that Joss chin-chin,
He no man see — him plenty fear,
Cos some man talkey — he can hear!

"Topside-galow!"

That young man die, one large dog see,
Too muchey bobbey findy he;
He hand belong colo — all same ice,
Have got flag, with chop so nice.

"Topside-galow!"

MORAL.

You too muchey laugh! What for sing?
I think so you no savey what thing!
Supposey you no b'long clever inside,
More better you go walk topside!

"Topside-galow!"

"My name belongey Norval, top-
Side galow that Grampian hill My
Father catchey chow-chow for him pieceny
Sheep," etc.

The Missionary "pigeon" will also in due time demand a translation of the Bible into this very vulgar tongue. Death has many consolations, and to the number may be added this new one, that before the consummation foretold above can be realized, we will have passed away, and our ears will be deaf to the hideous result.

Suppose any book for which you had reverence, or even a favorite piece of poetry whose words your lips loved to repeat — imagine your feelings on hearing it converted into something like the following. It is a translation of "Excelsior" into Pigeon English. It may be necessary to explain to those whose education has been neglected in this Language of the Future, that "topside" means above, as the opposite of "bottomside." "Galow" is untranslatable, but added to "topside" the phrase becomes exclamatory, and it is the nearest equivalent to Excelsior. "Chop-chop" means quick-quick, but anything such as a stamp, monogram, or device, would be called a "chop." "Maskey" is another of those words whose origin is unknown. It has to do a great deal of duty in Pigeon English. In the following it means "notwithstanding." To "chin-chin Joss" is to worship God; to chin-chin a person is to salute him. By placing the original alongside of the translation the reader will easily make out the remainder of the piece. The moral, it will be noticed, is by the Pigeon English translator.

W. SIMPSON.

EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,

"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,

"Excelsior!"

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,

"Excelsior!"

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,

"Excelsior!"

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,

"Excelsior!"

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height,

"Excelsior!"

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,

"Excelsior!"

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,

"Excelsior!"

HOLLAND HOUSE.

THERE is a celebrated passage in one of Lord Macaulay's Essays, in which he eloquently expatiates on the impressions which survivors of a nearly extinct generation may retain of the Library of Holland House. "They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti, while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation, while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz." This *tableau vivant* strikes us as a somewhat inadequate one, and we hardly understand why the brilliant historian should have singled out and limited himself to Wilkie, Mackintosh, and Talleyrand, when he had so long and luminous a beadrill of equal or greater celebrities to choose from and group as he thought fit. Charles James Fox, Grey, Grenville, "Monk" Lewis, Sheridan, Windham, Romilly, Tierney, Parr, Horner, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Thurlow, Eldon, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Melbourne, Gratton, Curran, Davy, Lawrence, Landseer, Canova, Chantrey, Washington Irving, Alexander and William von Humboldt, Pozzo di Borgo, Molé, Guizot, Lord and Lady Palmerston, the Prince and Princess de Lieven, Madame de Staël—all these might have been seen conversing in that library, by a nobleman still living and presenting in his own person an admirable example of the most cultivated school of statesmanship.

There are enough to fill every niche in that "venerable chamber" if we were to set about re-peopling it with the illustrious dead; and there is barely a room in the mansion, or a spot in the grounds, which is not associated with some hallowed image or cherished memory. It was in what is now the dining-room, that the dying Addison entreated the forgiveness of his wondering friend Gay, and told the young Earl of Warwick that he had sent for him to see how a Christian could die. It was in the Gilt Room, fitted up by Rich, Earl of Holland, for a ball given to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria on their marriage, that Henry Fox, the first Baron Holland, gave a ball to the beauty and fashion of 1753, when George Selwyn danced with Miss Kitty Compton, and the Duke of Queensberry ("Old Q.") with Lady Caroline Petersham; when the Duke and Duchess of Bedford (the very Duke blackened by "Junius" and the identical Duchess d—d by Francis) "cut in at whist" with Rigby and Lady Townsend (Smollett's Lady of Quality); while Horace Walpole, Calcraft, and Commodore Keppel "only looked on." "The Breakfast Room" was the scene of the well-authenticated anecdote of Lord Brougham, who slept at Holland House the night before the delivery of his principal speech on the Queen's trial. On coming down to breakfast Lord Holland saw his guest busily writing at a side table, and found that, instead of preparing for the grand effort, he was drawing the clauses of his Education Bill. The plaster statuette in the Picture Room, was brought by himself about a year before his death; and when, in his latter years, he came to spend an hour or two at Holland House, he would often sit moodily down, and, missing the friendly faces of bygone days, he more than once even burst into tears.

"And hence the charm historic scenes impart,
Hence Tiber awes and Avon melts the heart,
Aerial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale."

Aerial forms flit by us at every turn we take in the garden or the grounds; whether we pause in the field where Lady Sarah Lennox was making hay or (some say) romping with Lord Newbottle as George III. rode by; or in the elevated (once open) space where Cromwell held counsel with Ireton; or at the Moats where Best shot Lord Camelford; or at the "Alley Louis Philippe," where the exiled King was left to solitary meditation at his own

request; or at the piece of water in which the Duchesse d'Aumale used to angle for perch. You may encounter an actual spirit, if you have a taste for the supernatural, by remaining in the Green Lane till nightfall, where Lady Diana Rich encountered her own apparition; and should the moon be shining, you may take up a position, some two hundred yards from the south front, where Scott, guided there by Moore, repeated his own familiar lines:—

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

Lord Macaulay assumes that before another generation has died out these scenes of romantic incident, political intrigue, conversational brilliancy, and cosmopolitan hospitality will live only in the memory of a few old men, who will in vain seek, amid new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. Considering how time is passing and the gaps he is hourly making with his scythe in oral tradition, this assumption was in a fair way to become fact, when the bold and happy thought occurred to an adopted daughter of the house to write its history, to bring together all its published or unpublished records, to interweave them with reminiscences and scattered notices from all quarters, and call in the aid of the engraver and photographer to complete the vivid impression of the salient features and points of interest which it was obviously impossible to delineate with the pen.¹

Princess Marie Liechtenstein, the Marie Fox of Holland House, was under twenty when she set about her work, but her youth could hardly have been deemed a disqualification by those who knew her best, or the family papers would not have been placed at her disposal, nor would she have been so willingly and effectively seconded by her friends. The fact is, they had seen ample proof of her powers of application, intelligence, and capacity. She combined the advantages of foreign and English education, and, thanks to the Italian part of it coming in aid of rare natural gifts, she possesses a highly cultivated taste in painting, sculpture, and all objects of vertu. Wanting this, even Sir James Mackintosh, who projected a work on the same subject, would have proved an unsatisfactory guide through rooms crowded with art treasures. We miss him certainly in the literary and political portions of the book; but the authoress has done all that could be done by discriminating research to supply her comparative deficiency, and her accumulated stores of information are, if anything, rather too profusely displayed. She is also a little too sententious and sentimental, as clever young people of both sexes are apt to be till they have been taught by experience how many sound reflections have grown into truisms, how many natural bursts of sensibility have become commonplace by use. But her general tone of thought and feeling is unimpeachable; her animation never flags; we feel at every step that she is thoroughly imbued with the genius of the place; and she has plenty of fresh anecdotes and pieces of information to compensate for the introduction of the old, which, after all, are frequently acceptable as saving the trouble of reference. Besides, although the lives of the chief illustrations of this classic mansion are well known, we do not see how its annals could have been written without reverting to them, and there is hardly one which may not be set in a clearer point of view by fixing its precise connection with the locality.

Thus, it is disputed whether Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick preceded or followed his introduction to Holland House. Johnson says, "She was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' But she always remembered her own rank,

¹ *Holland House*. By Princess Marie Liechtenstein. Two vols. London. 1873.

and thought herself entitled to treat the tutor of her son with very little ceremony." Johnson's authority was "Spence's Anecdotes," i. e., Pope; and Pope's feelings towards Addison may be collected from the famous lines ending,—

"Who but must laugh, if such a man there be,
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

Lord Macaulay says that the intimacy of the pair arose from the circumstance of their being near neighbors, when Addison occupied a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwynn, at Chelsea. Miss Lucy Aikin prints two letters from him to the young Earl of so early a date as 1708, purporting to be written from Sandy End, a hamlet of Fulham, and containing some advice as to books, but by no means in the tone of a tutor addressing a pupil. This was eight years before the marriage (which came off in 1716), and favors Johnson's hypothesis that the courtship was prolonged. Addison died in 1719, in what is now the Dining Room; the same in which he used to pace up and down with a bottle of wine at each end, or (according to another version) with a bottle of port at one end and a bottle of sherry at the other. We doubt the sherry; a wine little known, except as Sherris Sack, till it gradually superseded Madeira for general use, under the patronage of George IV., when Prince of Wales. Blackstone composed his Commentaries with a bottle of port at his elbow. Pitt's devotion to port is well known. Johnson's rule was—"Claret for boys; port for men; brandy for heroes." "Then give me claret," exclaimed Burke; "I like to be a boy!"

In the same room stands Addison's writing table—a small table, with a cover of green cloth, faded and defaced by inkblots. An inscription states that it belonged to the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, then living in the Temple; and after being successively in the possession of his daughter, of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of Samuel Rogers, was purchased by the last Lord Holland at the sale of Rogers' effects in 1856. Addison's last autograph may be seen in the Library Passage, where hangs what was long believed to be a genuine portrait of him from the life; and literary enthusiasts were wont to trace all the features of his mind in the limned features before them, till it was unluckily discovered to be the portrait of his friend, Sir Andrew Fountaine.

The most curious and interesting of the family MS. supplied for this book are the accounts of what passed between George III. and Lady Sarah Lennox in 1761, carefully composed by her brother-in-law, the first Lord Holland, and her son, Captain Henry Napier, R. N., writing apparently at her dictation. Contrary to the prevalent understanding and belief, the King made a distinct, deliberate proposal, which was distinctly, deliberately refused. The commencement of her acquaintance with Royalty is a striking exemplification of the manner in which a seemingly immaterial event in childhood may influence a life. Captain Napier writes—

"My grandfather, as I said, being about the court, his children were often taken to walk in Kensington Gardens by their French or Swiss governess, to see the royal family promenade, as they usually did, on the Broad Walk; the children could speak no English, and on one of these days of public procession, while the governess and my aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, were quietly looking on, my mother, who was of a lively, volatile disposition, suddenly broke from the astonished Frenchwoman, and bounding up to the King, exclaimed laughing, 'Comment vous portez-vous, Monsieur le Roi; vous avez une grande et belle maison ici, n'est-ce pas?' Old George the Second was delighted at this *nativité*, and soon discovering who she was, desired that she should be brought very often to see him. . . . On one occasion, after a romp with my mother, he (the King) suddenly snatched her up in his arms, and, after depositing her in a large china jar, shut down the cover to prove her courage, but soon released her when he found that the only effect was to make her, with a merry voice, begin singing the French song of 'Malbruc,' with which he was quite delighted."

Her mother dying in 1751, she remained in Ireland under the charge of her eldest sister, Lady Kildare, afterwards

Duchess of Leinster, till she was past thirteen, when she took up her abode with a younger sister, Lady Holland, at Holland House. On hearing of her return to the vicinity of his palace, the old King expressed a strong desire to see her; and on her entering the circle, a shy, timid girl, just ripening into womanhood, his Majesty, entirely oblivious of the lapse of years, began "to joke and play with her as if she were still a child of five years old." Finding his cajoleries met with blushes and confusion instead of the bold vivacity of the olden time, he loudly and rudely gave vent to his disappointment, exclaiming, "Pooh! She is grown quite stupid." His grandson, the Heir Apparent, was very differently affected by the embarrassed, almost weeping young beauty. "He was then (writes Captain Napier) struck with admiration and pity, feelings that ripened into an attachment which, as I have been told, never left him, even in his most unsettled moments, until the day of his death."

Lord Holland and Captain Napier substantially agree in the main fact, the proposal, which is also mentioned as a rumor by Mr. George Grenville in his diary. It was made thus:—

"One evening at a private court ball, when Lady Sarah was absent, the King entered into conversation with Lady Susan Strangways, her cousin, and among other things asked her when she meant to leave town. 'I intend to remain for the coronation, sir.' He answered that it would be a fine sight, but was not yet to take place . . . 'but there will be no coronation until there is a Queen, and I think your friend is the fittest person for it; tell your friend so from me.'

"When my mother next saw him at court," Mr. Napier continues, "he took her alone into a recess of one of the large windows and said, 'Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?' "Yes, sir." "And what do you think of it? Tell me, for my happiness depends on it!" "Nothing, sir," was my mother's reply; upon which he left her abruptly, exclaiming pettishly, "Nothing comes of nothing.""

She relented a little on hearing of a warm display of sympathy and feeling on the part of her royal lover, when she was severely hurt by a fall in riding; and, when the die was cast by his selection of a bride, she frankly admits a natural touch of feminine pique at his want of volition and constancy.

"I shall take care," she writes to Lady Susan, "to show that I am not mortified to anybody, but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved cold manner, he shall have it, I promise him. Now as to what I think about it myself, excepting this little revenge I have almost forgiven him; luckily for me I did not love him, and only liked, nor did the title weigh anything with me. So little at least that my disappointment did not affect my spirits above one hour or two, I believe. I did not cry, I assure you, which I believe you will, as I know you were more set upon it than I was. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool, as I shall, for having gone so often for nothing; but I don't much care. If he was to change his mind again (which can't be, though) and not give a very, very good reason for his conduct, I would not have him; for if he is so weak as to be governed by everybody I shall have but a bad time of it."

The incidents of the royal marriage, at which she appeared as bridesmaid, are well known; but we cannot quit the topic without expressing a regret that Captain Napier's manuscript has not been printed entire, without note or comment, at least in the appendix.

The authoress speaks from hearsay, Sir Henry Holland from personal observation and experience, on the weighty subject of those famous dinners to which Holland House is so largely indebted for its immortality. "The master-hand," he says, "here was that of the mistress, a remarkable woman in every way, well remembered by all who knew her, difficult to describe to those who did not. Supreme in her own mansion and family, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny even over guests of the highest rank and pretension." We doubt the master-hand, at least to the extent of thinking that she would not have succeeded in establishing her iron rule without that "soft collar of social esteem" which Lord Holland's charm of manner and sweetness of temper never failed to rivet on the guests. Instance upon instance has been

printed of her eccentricity, but the budget is inexhaustible. Besides telling Poodle Byng to move a little farther off, on the ground that her sense of smell was affected by his blacking, and sending her page round the table to tell Macaulay to stop talking because she wanted to hear Lord Aberdeen, she once called up a celebrated beauty, told her to kneel down on a footstool, and after pulling off her wreath and disarranging her hair in the operation, said, "There, my dear, now you look decent; those roses were quite out of keeping with your style." And she was right, though rude.

One summer's day Lord Holland came down to dinner in a white waistcoat, which certainly loomed large on his portly figure, suggesting (as Luttrell whispered in an aside) the image of a turbot standing on its tail. She declared she would not sit down to dinner till he changed it, and he had no alternative but to comply. She was certainly no respecter of persons, and was brusque without reference to rank. A dinner party in Great Stanhope Street was breaking up, and Lord Duncannon (the late Earl of Bessborough) had left the room, when she called out, "Mr. H., call back Lord Duncannon." Mr. H. went to the top of the staircase and told his lordship that he was wanted. On his presenting himself in the doorway she said, "The Duchess of Sutherland can't dine here to-morrow, and I want another woman. Bring one of your girls." He withdrew with an assenting bow.

The authoress relates that once when this imperious dame told Sydney Smith to ring the bell, he asked whether he had not better sweep the room too. Familiar as he was with her ways he would scarcely have taken offence at such a trifle, since some one must ring the bell for a lady unless she is to get up and ring it herself. But they had an occasional tiff, and a visitor at Combe Florey who found him sedulously attending to the comforts of a sucking pig, was informed that it was intended for a peace-offering to Lady Holland. She has been heard pressing Dutch herrings on an epicure, on the ground that they came over in the Ambassador's bag; and a most appetizing odor they must have communicated to the dispatches. The introduction of the dahlia into England is said to be owing to her culinary research. Having been much gratified somewhere in the South of Europe by her first acquaintance with Palestine soup, and ascertaining that the main ingredient was the Jerusalem artichoke, she procured what she supposed to be a root of it, and forwarded it (probably by a King's Messenger) to her gardener at Holland House. When a beautiful flower came up instead of a succulent vegetable, she gazed on it with a feeling near akin to that of the foxhunter who complained that the smell of the violets spoilt the scent. But the value of her acquisition began to break upon her when the London seedsman who came to look at it offered 30 guineas for a root. Another version is, that a root was given to her at Valencia in 1804 by a celebrated botanist, who had just received it, an unknown rarity, from South America. At all events, there was ample justification for the graceful verses of her lord:—

"The dahlia you brought to our isle,
Your praises forever shall speak,
In gardens as sweet as your smile,
And colors as bright as your cheek."

She was an aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, and spoke contemptuously of the ribbon of the Bath as "a thing that was got by deserving it,"—an objection, by the way, to which it is not invariably exposed. The Garter was the only English Order to her taste.

Allen was called her "pet atheist," and she showed no extraordinary reverence for the Church ritual when she caused the burial service to be performed by a beneficed clergyman (who, we hope, was not privy to the secret) over the body of a kid, having first given out that the funeral was that of a daughter by her first husband, whom his family had threatened to take from her. That daughter grew up to be a charming woman, and till her death in 1849 was familiarly known as "the kid" among her friends. Her passion was not singularity, but power. Her invitations were commands, and latterly she would

go nowhere unless the party was made for her. There was to be no rule without an exception in her favor. She was peremptory in stipulating for *les petites entrées*, and superbly indifferent about *les grandes*. On the evening of a grand concert at Lansdowne House, Lord Lansdowne, after dining at Brookes', went home to dress. He had half got through the operation—i. e. (to use his own words in telling the story), he was "between two shirts," when the door of the adjoining room flew open, a rustling of silk—*frou, frou*—met his ear, and a female figure, which he failed to recognize, glided by. It was Lady Holland, who, to avoid entering like other people, had come early, made her way to Lady Lansdowne's dressing-room, and insisted on remaining there till the company were assembled, and then entering the music-room through the private door at the end. Let it not be forgotten that she did a great many kind actions as well as a great many odd ones. Come what come may, she always stood firmly by her friends.

The Princess relies for her enumeration of *habitudes* on "a list furnished by Elizabeth, Lady Holland, to Sir James Mackintosh." She is apparently not aware that a register of the dinners was kept as regularly as a merchant's ledger by Allen. It was in the possession of General Fox shortly before his death, and opposite the record of a dinner including the Prince of Wales (George IV.) and Sydney Smith is a marginal note by the General, stating that this was the dinner at which their celebrated passage of arms occurred:—

"On one occasion (says the Princess), at Holland House, he, Sydney Smith, was himself set down by the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent. The conversation having taken the turn of discussing who was the wickedest man that had ever lived, Sydney Smith, addressing himself to the Prince, said, 'The Regent Orleans, and he was a Prince.' The Prince's answer was short, quiet, and biting. Ignoring even his interlocutor's surname, he said, 'I should give the preference to his tutor, the Abbé Dubois, and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney.'"

The *Quarterly* reviewer doubts whether the Prince ever dined at Holland House after he became Regent, and thinks that it was not at all like Sydney Smith to provoke such a retort. The most distinguished survivor of the Holland House circle confirms General Fox on the essential fact of the repartee, but is unable to fix the date, and suggests that the remark of Sydney Smith, *apropos* of some French Memoirs which happened to be the subject of conversation, may not have been consciously levelled at the Prince. As the point is curious, we hope the present possessor of Allen's record will help to clear it up; indeed, we see no lawful cause or impediment why the whole of that record should not be published while the interest in it is fresh.

The present work contains many letters from celebrated persons, now printed for the first time from the autograph. The following to the first Lord Holland, in reference to Charles James Fox's visit to Ferney, in 1767, is an epistolary curiosity:—

"Aux Délices, 28 avril NS.

"Sr,—Yr son is an english lad, and j an old frenchman he is healthy, and j sick, yet j love him with all my heart, not only for his father, but for him self. We are very free together, he does me the honour to come to my little caban when he pleases; We are to dine just now, and to drink yr health. t'is for me a good fortune to receive the son of the amiable and honour'd mr Fox who was formerly so kind to me, if j were but sixty years old, i would come again to england, but j will live here and dye with the utmost respect

"Monsieur

"Votre tres humble et tres obeissant

"Serviteur VOLTAIRE."

It was during this visit that Voltaire gave Charles James Fox and his friend Barber a list of several of his works, saying, "*Ce sont des livres de quoi il faut se munir*"—meaning, adds Barber, that they were such as would fortify our young minds against religious prejudices. We are tempted to give a short extract from one of Rogers' letters from Venice in 1813:—

"By the bye, love is no child's play at Verona. The day before we came there, a young man in a fit of jealousy sti-

letted his wife and his friend, and all the world said they deserved it; tho' they seemed to change their tone a little when they said how beautiful she was. . . . What a strange thing is fashion. Pray tell Lady H. I am almost the only man in Venice—not in a pair of boots! The men who wait upon us at dinner are like so many jockeys at Newmarket. It was an inhuman thing to rob them of the only four horses they had."

Space permitting we should be glad to dwell on the graceful and munificent hospitality of which the living generation have partaken, or the brilliant social gatherings which they have witnessed at Holland House. But we have already said or cited enough to convey a fair notion of the contents and quality of these volumes. The descriptive chapters are the best. The authoress writes *con amore* of portraits, statues, frescoes, ornamental furniture, and architectural embellishments; of chimney-pieces painted by Cleyne, and of ceilings decorated by Watts. She is perfectly at home in most branches of the Fine Arts, which is more than she could have been expected to be in the political annals and literary gossip of the House. There are parts which might be advantageously abridged; there are anecdotes that need correcting and polishing; there are obvious trains of reflection that should be struck out; but when every strictly just exception shall have been taken, she may be conscientiously congratulated by the most scrupulous critic on the production of a useful, agreeable, beautifully-illustrated, and attractive book.

AN OLD DUTCH LITERARY JEST.

I HAVE just laid down a little old book which vividly reminds me of the pleasures that none but the stupid can enjoy. Tormented by the pains of thinking, I have often envied the placid peace of those who cannot think at all. How delightful it must be, I have said to myself, to be able to hold the most utterly contradictory views on all things, divine and human, without the faintest suspicion as to their inconsistency, or any logical horror of inconsistency itself! Women, with occasional exceptions, are not much troubled by such inconsistencies. Are they, therefore, less happy than men? How soothing it must be to be hopelessly incapable of syllogisms! What pangs is not a mind spared that refuses to admit that if A is B, and C is A, therefore C is also B! What admirable wives and mothers and daughters there are, and what praiseworthy country parsons too, to whom all this beuzzlement about A, B, and C is as unintelligible as a conjurer's gibberish! Supposing it were suddenly proved that all our astronomers are wrong, and that the sun really goes round the earth, what horrible agonies should we thinking people endure who believe in mathematics and the multiplication table, and what a hideous scepticism would darken the rest of our lives! Yet the unthinking multitude would be unmoved by a single painful thought, and would dress, dine, digest, and sleep as unconcernedly as if Copernicus and Newton had never existed.

Then, again, there is that enviable capacity for enjoying many things which, in my unfortunate state of culture, I do detest. I never walk through an old house filled with eighteenth-century furniture without envying the simplicity and credulity of my ancestors. How easily must that generation have been pleased which saw beauty in those spindle-legged chairs and tables, and which could plaster up a Gothic roof or screen, and paint some venerable oak-carving a pale blue color, and find itself refreshed by the effect! There are limits, indeed, to one's envy of the non-culture—I will not call it the barbarism—of the past. By no possible effort of sympathy can I wish to feel as those felt who delighted to contemplate King George the Fourth, in his tight coat and silk stockings, sitting upon his royal sofa with arm outstretched, as depicted by the courtier paint-brush of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

As to the amount of happiness connected with the mutabilities of ladies' dress, on the other hand, my thoughts are much exercised. Does it, or does it not, add to the

enjoyment of one's whole life to be able to be equally delighted with a mass of false hair of reddish hue at the back of one's head, and a mass of false hair, made white with powder, on the top of one's head, and a head without any false hair at all? Take the whole amount of rapture which one has ever experienced from the contemplation of the Venus of Milo, and consider whether it is equal, in the long run, to the daily self-complacency of the simple soul that is conscious of being always clothed as fashion demands, whether fashion prescribes four-and-twenty inches or three yards as the diameter of her gown. I go, perhaps, to a gayly-dressed evening gathering, where every woman, whether old or young, is *décolletée*, in varying degrees of exposure. What necks do I see! What shoulders! What complexions! Yet are not those smiling creatures happy whose skins are as nearly as possible the same color as their dresses? Is the enjoyment of that amiable female marred by the thought that she has clothed herself in a hue which brings out most forcibly the sad fact that time is beginning its ravages upon her face and arms? And are women generally to be pitied because they are for the most part unaware of the fact that good-looking arms are not common, and that arms which are not good-looking had better be encased in some pleasant-looking sleeves than paraded before the public gaze? These are difficult questions for him to settle who speculates on the advantages of the culture of to-day. For, if "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," does it necessarily follow that a thing which is not of beauty is a pain forever?

Here, for instance, is this little book which I have laid on the table before me; should I be happier if I were like the Dutchman who wrote it, and the generation of Dutchmen who could enjoy its joking? I think so; or at least I think it is not quite impossible that he was capable of enjoyments of which I know that I am incapable. He makes me think of Ostade and Teniers, and their boozy, jovial drinkers and card-players and dancing boors. He was surely the scholarly representative of those fat-faced and heavy-eyed revellers among the classes that knew not Latin, and who excite the scorn of our picture critics of to-day, who account all such grosser specimens of humanity as unworthy of notice in the "fine arts." For myself, I have often looked with a sort of sympathy at these old Dutch paintings, and wished our living painters knew the art of using the brush as well as they knew it; though I am aware that it is now considered a sign of a debased taste to see anything admirable in Teniers. For much drinking, too, when it appears in its concrete condition, as exhibited by the English drunkard, I have an uncontrollable aversion; but your Dutch tippler is another matter, at least as he was formerly painted. In such pictures what really strikes one is the simple, hearty enjoyment of those extremely stupid and utterly uncultivated clowns. Life, one thinks, could hardly have been for them a very hard struggle, in which pleasure was rare, and when it did come, was scarcely pleasure at all. Almost all the Dutch painters, in truth, were Dutchmen to the core; and with true brotherly feeling enjoyed, from their artistic eminence, the humbler life which they painted so lovingly in their pictures.

So, too, what but a Dutch intellect, cultivated as the Dutch intellect was cultivated some two centuries ago, could deliberately have written this same mock disquisition, discussing the position in which Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, must have found himself with regard to his property when he was raised from the dead? None but a heavily moving brain, fed upon the learning of Leyden and Amsterdam, and depressed with the fogs rising perpetually from the Scheldt, could deliberately plan such a jest, and laboriously carry it out in the true Batavian Latin of the period. What was the real name and occupation of this heavy-witted jester I do not know. The title of his book stands thus: "Henrici Verduyn, dum viveret utriusque juris ac medicinæ Doctoris, disquisitio juridica de testamento atque hæreditate LAZARI bis mortui, aliorumque bis mortuorum. In ordinem redegit et iis, quæ deesse videbantur, auxit Tobias Boel Junior Jurisconsultus. Amstelædami, apud Joannem Boom, Anno 1705."

The very title is redolent of mists, schiedam, and tobacco. What could one expect in the way of liveliness and *esprit* from the conjunction of a Verduyn, a Boel, and a Boom? Such names are far more suggestive than such manufactured *sobriquets* as Dunderheadius, or Heavysternius, or even Dryasdust. In these long-drawn appellatives one detects at once the English imitator, and looks only for some faint approach to the true laborious joking of which Holland has had the monopoly, but which Holland has long ceased to produce for the benefit of the learned and easily-amused world. Such jests, moreover, must be regarded as having some intimate and subtle connection with the use of the Latin tongue, which lends itself alike to the most lumbering efforts of wit and the most ferocious anger of controversy, whether literary or theological. There is a flavor in the sesquipedalian adjectives of the divines and critics of the past, when they wrote only in Latin, which we miss altogether in the more decent abusiveness of the vulgar tongue. The Pope alone still curses those whom he dislikes in the Latin which was once universal, and he alone rolls out the old epithets of hatred and ignorance with the relish of our ancestors. Could he be persuaded to anathematize the Italian Government and the Protestant heretic in the purest Tuscan, some serious modification in his adjectives would instantly be the result. No gentleman could solemnly curse his opponents in the full-mouthed Billingsgate of the day. The exquisite sense of enjoyment with which the older divines and scholars used to denounce the malignity of those who differed from them would give place to some sense of shame; and possibly, with the introduction of decency in language, would enter some slight emotions of Christian charity. Conceive, again, on the other hand, what would be the correspondence in our English newspapers if the writers in the *Church Times* and the *Record* wrote in Latin, and the readers of those papers could understand what was written. Or imagine certain well-known speakers at Exeter Hall proclaiming the iniquities of the Jesuits or the Ritualists in broad mediæval Latinity. One result certainly would follow. Their vocabulary would be at the least amusing; and I can even imagine myself voluntarily coming within its range.

So it is concerning this elaborate joke pertaining to the will and the inheritance of Lazarus. It would have been impossible in the vernacular of two centuries ago, which I will venture, with many apologies, to call Dutch, having the fear of Mr. Freeman before my eyes, and being wholly ignorant of the views of the *Saturday Review* on the nomenclature of the old Batavian tongue. To do the author justice, indeed, he was conscious that some captious reader might account his speculations worthless, and his joking extremely dull. Accordingly, he begins by apologizing for it by another laborious piece of banter, giving the names of sundry real and imaginary personages who have trifled in the same style, amidst the applause of their several contemporaries. One author wrote, he says, on the quarrels of pigs; another on the last testament of Grunnius Porcellus, in which name is doubtless to be detected some reference to the grunt of a hog. Theodore Beza, he declares, wrote an essay on the word "nothing," and a certain Menalca Caprimulgus a treatise on the wool of goats; Jerome Cardan published an encomium on the gout; Erasmus (which is true) wrote "The Praise of Folly;" and Homer (which is also true) sang "The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice." One Martin Schokius discoursed on the excellence of smoke, and of deafness, and also on the word "nothing;" and a lady, named Thessala, composed a funeral oration on a cock. These are but a few of the many examples of serious jesting which our Mynheer quotes, including, as the enlightened reader will suspect, sundry little matters which modern refinement forbids me to repeat.

And surely he was happy when he had compiled the doleful catalogue. I can conceive the satisfaction with which he read it over and over again, and congratulated himself on the ingenuity with which he had contrived to introduce a few real books into his imaginary list. I only wonder that as he mentions the poem which Vida really

wrote on the game of chess, he has omitted another equally well-known poem of the Italian Renaissance, which ought to be familiar as household words to the male and female agitators in a certain cause, which they alone conceive to be fitted for miscellaneous, platform, and pamphlet discussion. As it is, Verduyn-Boel evidently does not like to bring this introductory joke to an end, and here again makes us feel the peculiar value of the Latin tongue for such painful jocosity. If he could have put his thoughts upon paper in Dutch, it is certain that they must have been lost to all of us who are ignorant of that peculiar development of the great Aryan speech. I, for one, indeed, much lament that the learned of all lands have ceased to write in Latin on matters on which scholars love to communicate with one another. On this ground there is something to be said even for the Latin of the Papal Anathemas. A Pontiff whose maledictions are designed "urbi et orbi" should not express himself in any vulgar vernacular. What would be the use of cursing in Italian those who know nothing of that melodious tongue? Whereas in every civilized land, and wherever Catholic and Protestant clergy are to be found, there are some persons connected with the newspapers who can make the Latin anathematizings intelligible to the multitude. Now, too, in England, are we not going to reform our Latin pronunciation, with the distinct view of holding conversation with our Continental friends? So that on this special ground it seems more important than ever that scholars all over the world should have some language common to them all, in which they may communicate both their friendly and indignant thoughts to one another. It is true that our English reformers of pronunciation have hardly made up their minds as to the sounds we are hereafter to utter. It will be a fearful day when we enter a young ladies' school-room—for are not all young ladies going to learn Latin?—and hear the governess informing them that Kikero was murdered through the connivance of Octavius Kassar. But setting this aside, if every nation in Europe should ever take to emulate the Germans in learning, as they are imitating them in soldiering, it will be necessary for the student, who wishes to be "posted up" in all the current scholarship of the day, to be acquainted with a variety of vernaculars which we tremble to think of, if this new fashion of writing in one's own vulgar tongue should be adopted all over the world.

To return, however, to our Dutchman. He assures us that no less than six hundred and twenty-one learned authors have written in this same serio-comic vein; and that their works of this sort have been collected and published by one Casparus Dornavius, philosopher and doctor of medicine, under the title of "Amphitheatrum Sapientie Socraticæ, Joco Serie, hoc est," etc., etc. The rest of the title may be left to the reader to imagine for himself. Then he begins his juridical discussion in full form, with a declaration that he was first induced to meditate seriously on the condition in which Lazarus found himself with regard to his property when he was raised from the dead, through meditating on the narrative of the sacred Scriptures; and he then proceeds to quote at length the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel in the Latin version of Theodore Beza; printing all the important words and phrases in capital letters. Indeed this appears to be one of our Dutchman's peculiar devices for giving an air of seriousness to the whole production. His speculations are studded with capital letters and sprinkled with italics throughout, to an extent that far exceeds the dashings and the double dashings with which the young lady of the present period is said to emphasize her correspondence with her dearest friends. The reasons, at the same time, for thus distinguishing certain passages are entirely beyond my powers of guessing; unless it is that there is some hidden fun supposed to be displayed in the manufacture of sentences of Latin, defying all ordinary powers of construing, and therefore calling for special attention from the Dutch scholarship of the day. As I turn over his pages, indeed, I can only account for the production of such jesting, even amid the lowest levels of Batavian swamps, by a view of

the origin of human dulness which was once expounded to me by a certain Italian ecclesiastic.

Jupiter, he informed me, according to a prologue which is not in Lempriere, when he authorized Prometheus to manufacture a sufficient number of mortal men and women out of the appropriate clay, presented him with a fixed quantity of brain, which he was to distribute fairly among the whole human race. Prometheus, however, not being used to calculating, or being like a schoolboy who is persuaded that there can be no limit to his resources when he finds his pocket well filled at the end of the holidays, was most extravagant in his disposition of this brain amongst the mortals whom he produced; and after a time, to his dismay, found the supply falling short, while the multiplication of men and women went on at an ever increasing rate. In this strait he bethought himself of the existence of an unlimited supply of the vegetable pumpkin which lay at his hand; and then, by a judicious addition of this pumpkin to a very small amount of the original brain, he contrived to turn out as many generations of humanity as it was his office to supply. Hence it was that the early generations of mankind were so far more brilliant than those that followed, whose thoughts and feelings were the result of a pumpkinized brain, and not of the original cerebral substance which came straight from the hand of Jove. Hence, too, when any person now appears more than ordinarily stupid in the midst of a stupid kindred, we are to attribute his abnormal stupidity to the presence of a peculiarly large proportion of pumpkin in his skull.

Thus, then, and thus only, can we account for the notion as to what constitutes wit and laughableness in Mynheer Verduyn. Could any man, for instance, who thought with brain and not with pumpkin, have deliberately written as follows, and expected anybody to be amused? The reader who does not understand Latin will pardon the quotation for the sake of his or her more learned brother. "DE BIS MORTUIS DUXE EXTANT DISPUTATIONES THEOLOGICÆ; QUARUM ALTERA IN ILLUSTRIS SCHOLÆ DEBRECINÆ PUBLICÆ HABITATA À CLARISSIMO VIRO D. GEORGIO C. COMARINO, S. S. THEOL. DOCTORE ET PROFESS. IMPRESSA ULTRAJECTI APUD THEGNARDUM À DRENNEN ANNO 1659, IN 2^{MO}. ALTERA VERO PRÆSIDE D. BALTHASARÆ BEBELIO, S. S. THEOL. D. ET P. P. FAMIGERATISSIMO, SUMMI TEMPLI ECCLESIASTE, ET COLLEGII WILHELMITANI EPHORO GRAVISSIMO, ETC. HABITA AB M. TOMBIA WINCKLER, NORIBERGENSIS, ANNO 1672. ARGENTORATI, TYPIS IOANNIS WELPERI, IN 4^{TO}."

Then he proceeds with his argument, discussing, first of all, whether Lazarus made a will before he died of the sickness recorded in the Bible; remarking that a will is to be considered as the last expression of the intentions of the testator, and that until he dies his legatees cannot come into possession; which remark is confirmed by the following highly intelligible passage of references, all printed in italics. The non-Latin-reading reader will once more pardon the quotation, and if he understands Dutch will be more able than I am to decide whether its concluding sentence is genuine Dutch or the reverse: § 1. *Institut. de hered. qual. et differ. l. heredita 62 l. ad ea 157. § in contractibus 2. D. de Regul. jur. l. nihil ex 24. De. de verbor. signif. l. testamentum 1 D. qui testam. fac. poss. juncta l. heres. in 37. D. de acquir. vel omitt. hered. Grotii Inleiding 2 boek 14 deel § des overledens en't 21 deel § Verlatinge.*

But *ex pede Herculem*. This is a specimen of the whole. In every page there occur two or three similar references to imaginary authors, expressed with as much intelligibility and lucidity as distinguish the sentences I have quoted. The whole, in truth, is an elaborate piece of solemn nonsense; and it is only by reflecting on the quality of the comic periodicals and the comic songs and the burlesques which are at this hour popular in our London itself, interpreted by the apologue of Prometheus and the Pumpkin, that we can believe that such dismal jesting was ever written, and ever read, and ever accounted entertaining. And yet, in all seriousness, what a change must have come over European ways since the year when this portentous fooling was indulged in! Would any man nowadays, who can write Latin, painfully elaborate a ponderous

parody like this, taking for his subject an incident in the Bible narratives, and imagine it a *jeu d'esprit*? It is not merely that no publisher would throw away his money in printing that which no one would read; but would it enter into the head of anybody who could write a sentence of Latin, even such as passes for Latin at Eton and other famous schools, to elaborate such a literary portent, and ask us to laugh at it? Let us, then, at least, be thankful, in the interests of scholarship, that Latin has become an absolutely dead language to those whose lot it is to amuse certain sections of the British public. C.

RAPHAEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIFTS FOR MEN."

THE study of Raphael involves the study of all Italian and much of Flemish art. The labors of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, embodied in seven volumes of wonderful research and acute criticism, show us the imposing vestibule through which we must pass, if we would adequately appreciate the vast dome of Raphael's mind and labor.

As I am neither artist nor connoisseur, my approach to Raphael, even with the strong help of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is necessarily the approach of an ignorant admirer. As such I will rapidly sketch the events of his life, and for the rest confine myself to speaking what a picture of his spoke to my soul, as pictures are meant to speak even to those who are unlearned in all that concerns the painter's art.

Raphael's great-grandfather was ruined by the devastations of war in 1441, and leaving Colbordolo, his native place, went to Urbino, where he set up as a general dealer. The business prospered, and in 1464 the family possessed lands and a good house in the Contrada del Monte. In that house—where it is supposed, that his father, before he became an artist, shared in the family business—Raphael was born. On the walls of one of the rooms is still to be seen remains of a fresco of a Virgin and sleeping Child. This room is said to have been Giovanni Santi's studio, and the sleeping Christ is believed to have been drawn from the infant Raphael. The Arundel Society published, in 1859, an outline of an angel head in a fresco by Santi, at Cagli, which is also supposed to have been taken from Raphael when a boy. The hair, cut straight over the eyebrows, hangs in waves down to the shoulders. The eyes look up, frank and free. The mouth is lovely; the line between the pouting lips rich in sweetness and in power.

Raphael's mother, Magia Ciarla, died when he was eight years old; and his father, after having married again, died before the boy was twelve. At that age Raphael entered the studio of Pietro Vannucci, called Il Perugino. Perugia was his home from the age of twelve to twenty.

I had therefore looked forward with great interest to a stay at Perugia. My visit there, however, was most unsatisfactory. Our hotel had been a palace, and our bedrooms were hung with rich satin damask instead of paper; but the grandeur of our walls did not counterbalance the disadvantages for the delicate among our party, of intense cold and meagre fare. We were therefore obliged to shorten our stay. Instead of leisure among the interests of the home of Umbrian art, I found myself limited to one afternoon and the early hours before breakfast of the following morning. I found, too, that all the churches, except the cathedral, were closed, and that to get through sight-seeing at all it was absolutely necessary to employ a guide. Giovanni Scalchi is indeed the prince of guides, a perfect gentleman in his unobtrusive attentions, and an enthusiastic lover of all he shows; still, it was a poor substitute for the hoped-for solitary musings in Perugia, to be marched swiftly from place to place, in full procession of the victimized and the bewildered and the ardent, all gravitating towards the one hapless guide. Notwithstanding all disadvantages, Perugia impressed me powerfully.

A confused vision, with a foreground of old gateways, and a background of magnificent mountains, thronged with pure-hearted angels, running about with censers, and gracefully curving their toes as they ran, or standing in innocent attitudes adoring, or listening to the sweet sounds themselves were drawing from the violin; mixed with Etruscan snake-heads and cinerary urns; with queer old streets rambling downwards, or scrambling upwards over hills and flights of steps, haunted my mind for long afterwards, even among the absorbing interests of Rome. I can with a slight effort, even now, call up many details of that wonderful Perugia where gateways of the time of Augustus Cæsar are shown as *modern*; and the days when the boy Raphael turned down that lane to Perugino's house, No. 18 in the Via Deliziosa, seem but as the recollections of one's own youth.

The city of Perugia crowns the summit of a solitary hill which rises out of the valley of the Tiber to the height of 1500 feet. The views on all sides are magnificent. There is a lower city and a higher city. The lower city is Roman and modern; the higher one is Etruscan and ancient. In the higher city is the market-place, where Julius III. sits in bronze, an image of paternal command and blessing. Near him is the fountain covered with unsurpassable carvings by Nicolo Pisano. Behind him rises the cathedral, like many Italian churches, rough outside, but containing much treasure within. In that upper town, too, are most of the places connected with Raphael's divine youth, such as the chapel of S. Severo, the church of S. Angelo, the Palazzo Comunale, etc. Raphael's first fresco is in the chapel of S. Severo. This chapel is now quite dismantled. A bare dreary room with damp-stained walls, a roll of prints for sale on a deal table, and three old chairs for visitors to sit upon. A more desolate place can scarcely be conceived; but the eternal youth and heavenly freshness of Raphael's early work fills the whole atmosphere with fragrance. This fresco is much damaged. Two adoring angels, standing on either side of the Christ, are in better preservation than the other figures. It is said that Raphael studied this, his own first fresco, for the design of the Dispute of the Sacrament. There is a certain similarity between the two, but to my mind the truth and dignity, the repose and sweetness of the child's work, are worth all the matured strength of the man's more elaborate thought. There is another very early fresco of Raphael's in the church of S. Angelo, of Christ among the Doctors, also very much damaged. The figure of Christ is left entire, and is beautiful. No work of Raphael's ever surpassed that figure. A painting in the church is copied from the fresco, interesting as giving the design of the original, but desperately below its mark. The Basilica of S. Pietro de' Casinense, outside of the town, a treasury of Umbrian art, contains magnificent choir-stalls carved in walnut-wood from early designs by Raphael. His helping hand worked in the beautiful adornment by Perugino of the Sala del Cambio, in the Palazzo Comunale. Perugino's masterpieces cover the walls of this room, but except in the morning light it is so dark that it is almost impossible to see the paintings. Among the Prophets on the right hand the likeness of Raphael, a full front face, is introduced as the Prophet Daniel, and interested us very much, as it is strikingly like many of his Madonnas, especially the "Madonna di San Sesto."

Raphael always retained a great love and admiration for the master under whom he here studied. Richly receptive of every influence, and magnificently endowed with original creative power, he yet to the last felt the spell of Perugino's charm, as is evident in the figure of the Christ and in the attitudes of the Moses and Elias of his latest picture, "The Transfiguration." These blemishes as they are in that grand composition, disarm criticism and touch sympathy by their showing that, when he stood unconsciously at the gates of death, the child's delight in the forms and thoughts of the early Perugian days revived in the heart of the man. His love and veneration for the master of his youth is also shown in "The School of Athens." In that very picture in which he worked under

the new impulse of a sight of Michael Angelo's designs, and in which, on the wall opposite the Umbrian-toned "Disputa," he displayed a style strongly contrasted with the Umbrian, Raphael figured Painting by the likeness of Perugino, and drew himself as humbly following in that master's footsteps.

Perugino, indeed, seems to have had a singular power of attracting and holding the love of his pupils, and of possessing their minds. One needs only to look round the walls of the Pinacoteca in Perugia, and to walk through the churches, fully to appreciate the amount of that influence. It is indeed a problem how all the sweet, guileless, devotional feeling of Perugino's works, how all his generous pleasure in his pupils' honors, how all the love and veneration he awakened in his scholars can be reconciled with the avarice which debased his later years. Perhaps a sensitive and intense nature suffered too cruelly in the days of Perugino's early poverty, and perhaps this suffering reacted fatally on his later life, and showed itself in a morbid thirst for that gold, the worth of which had been so branded into him. Injury to the sensitive spirit does not work to the surface till after many days.

But to return to Raphael. He paid two visits to Florence between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. The latter visit extended to three years, during which time he is said to have painted thirty pictures.

In his twenty-fifth year Raphael went to Rome, summoned by Pope Julius II. to carry out the adornment of the Vatican. His work henceforth lay in Rome, and when we consider that he lived only twelve years after this period, we are amazed at the amount of that work to be seen in Rome alone, apart from the numerous paintings executed during his stay there which are scattered through Europe. In order to estimate the activity of his mind, it must be remembered that, besides painting, Raphael was also teaching a school of at least fifty pupils; preparing architectural designs for the building of St. Peter's, and superintending that building; planning extensive excavations in Rome; carrying on a widespread correspondence; and interesting himself actively in all the varied interests of those complex times. "When he died at the age of thirty-seven," says Mrs. Jameson, "he left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies." Such a man, as she justly observes, "could not have been idle and dissipated."

It would take many volumes to enter into any detailed account of the works of Raphael, even if we limited ourselves to his works in Rome, and it is quite impossible to give much detail in a short paper. Descriptions of pictures without engravings have besides not much meaning to those who have not seen the pictures. I will therefore confine my remarks to a picture of Raphael's which is universally known through photographs and engravings, the "St. Cecilia" at Bologna.

Five figures compose the group in the "St. Cecilia." St. Cecilia stands in the middle, on her right hand St. Paul and St. John, on her left Mary Magdalene and St. Augustine. They are all under the influence of music, and through an opening in the clouds above their heads is seen a choir of angels singing. The several members of this group show us the different result of the influence of music on different natures.

St. Cecilia, richly robed in a dress of golden tint, stands with her face upraised, absorbed in listening to the angels' song. Her arms hang listlessly downwards. Her hands hold, as if half consciously, a small organ, from which some of the pipes are dropping out. At her feet lie the triangle, the tambourine, the violin, the drum, and the cymbals. She has exhausted earth's instruments of music in striving to give expression to that mystery of harmony in which her own spirit is created. The angels, quick to minister, eager to help the upward soaring soul to the attainment of its own ideal, have swiftly come to take up in her hearing, in heaven's higher rhythm, the cadence of her failing strain.

With their wings still quivering from their rapid flight.

they give forth their voice, hasting, ere the pause be too far prolonged, "that singing should issue thence."

Great is the wind that is blowing up in heaven. The breath of the Spirit is strong upon the angels. It is strong upon them as if arisen from below. It is the breath of that Spirit that "helps our infirmities, making intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Its witness that we are the sons of God has been loosened by the earthly harmonies. It has rushed forth to inspire heaven with a new song. The angels need to look intensely into the books of the mystery of that new song, of that unfamiliar song, awakened from motives of which the unfallen are not free.

When the vision has passed away, the echoes of that angel melody will linger in St. Cecilia's ears, and will find their way to utterance, whether from her lips or from the instruments at her command. Grandeur and more marvellous ever will be the higher rhythms she awakes in heaven.

Of the mystery of her listening it is not mine to speak. I never knew it in my own experience. She stands before us, the true musician, listening to strains she feels in herself the power to repeat.

I can speak of all her companions, for I have known the experience of each of those listeners. They have been entranced by her music: when she felt all earth's means insufficient for her rapture, they passed with her into listening to the higher heavenly strains. With her they hear the angels' song, but their hearing is not like hers, the musician's hearing.

Mary Magdalene looks out of the picture "as if indifferent to the music." So critics complain; but it is not so. She is far from indifferent. She is, indeed, not listening to the music at all; but by means of the music she is seeing, she is feeling. She is rapt in vision of that Holy One upon whose feet her head was bowed, her tears were poured, her hair was used, her lips were pressed. She remembers the day when to her too idolatrous love He refused the longed-for touch; but she knows that He has ascended to the Father, and that He will return again; that once more his feet will stand on Mount Olivet, and that in her flesh she shall see God, whom her eyes shall behold, and not another. She holds fast the precious vase of ointment with her left hand, in remembrance of the past, and raises her right hand, of which we can see the eager thumb, to lift off the cover of the vase, as if feeling the near approach of that glad day, when He will suffer her again to touch Him. Her face is full of strongly restrained woman's dreams, remembrances, and hopes. When St. Cecilia gives play to the powers of song, so evident in the development of her throat, she will, with the true musician's imitative faculty, repeat the angels' song. When Mary Magdalene's bonds are loosened, her soul will pour forth its own harmony. Hers will be a song that has never been sung before, a song that none but herself will ever be able to sing. It will gather up the whole of her life, and utter it in the ears of God; a new song, a glorious song, yet a song limited by the bonds of her own individuality. I know in myself the effect that music has on that face looking out and away.

Opposite to the Magdalene stands St. Paul. He leans his head upon his right hand, in profound meditation. He, too, is not listening to the music with a musician's direct listening, but by means of the music he is listening to profound reasoning, he is receiving the knowledge of mysteries. This effect of music, also, I know well.

It is impossible to define how music conveys ideas to an unmusical brain such as mine is; but certainly I never through human ministration received such deep teaching upon the histories of St. Paul and of Elijah as came to me through Mendelssohn's oratorios. I never, through man's speech, received such knowledge of the mystery of godliness as flooded into me from Handel's "Messiah."

When my soul was rising in scorn and indignant rage against the blinded, outrageous fools who stormed against the holy Stephen, "Stone him to death! Stone him to death!" it sank abashed in penitential awe and shame, as the calm sweet voice of the martyr gently spoke, and for a

moment hushed the tumult. I knew at that moment, as I had never known before, the vital difference between a heathen's protest against the wrong, and a Christian's witness for the truth. I felt at that moment as I had never felt before, what the seed sown in the heart of Saul was, and understood how in fierce conflict against that still small voice, how "kicking against the pricks," Saul went forth to Damascus, inevitably prepared for the terrible down-striking whereby the Lord, "mindful of his own," marked him as his bond-slave forever. That voice of the first martyr Stephen haunted my imagination as I sat upon one of the fallen stones of the Coliseum in Rome. The upper part of one of the old entrances to the dens of the wild beasts, now partly subterranean, was close beside me. I had just been in a cell, where Christian prisoners had been confined. These cells were immediately above the dens. The prisoners could hear the hideous sounds below them of the monsters they were doomed to meet. No one who has not been in Italy can appreciate what the intense cold of a dark den is there. It is difficult to account for, but in that land of the sun, whatever is not in the sun, even galleries, churches, and rooms with a northern aspect, strike the blood to the heart, from their numbing deadly chill.

For one unutterable moment I realized what it must have been to be brought out of the intense cold and darkness of such a dungeon, suddenly into the brilliant sunshine, suddenly into the noisy air, suddenly face to face with that circling wall of eager faces, rising tier above tier, 100,000 human faces gazing downwards, with eyes impatient for the sight of one's own agonized death; 100,000 human hearts to whom one's own utterable suffering would afford a few moments' excitement, and be counted but as part of a passing show. For one moment I felt that it might be possible to human nature to defy that fiendish crowd, and proudly to despise their souls, and so to meet death from the wild beasts of the desert, rather than consent to dwell in unity with the wild beasts of the city. I felt that it might be possible in a hideous despair to curse God and man alike, and rush on death as better than life; possible too, in a stupefied maze to stand there, knowing nothing; but it would be impossible for unaided human nature to be ready, in the grand calm of an almighty love, to have the mystery of Christ's sufferings perfected through their bodies, to give their bodies to be rent in the terrific fusing of God's and man's work, through which the Redeemer shall accomplish his full salvation. One sight of the Cross of Christ, the martyr's ideal, is enough to shut the soul forever against the questionings of science falsely so called. What need is here of other witness? This never entered into the heart of man to conceive.

The spring of the wild beast, man, and perhaps even woman, might, in the natural strength of a noble mind, endure; but the subtle, the all-pervading spirit of the beast triumphant in those 100,000 fellow-creatures, what natural man could face inviolate? There is no measure which can be applied to the overmastering influence of the spirit of a crowd. An electric irresistible shock fuses all spirits in one wild impulse, and carries into mad excesses, of terror, of loyalty, of exultation, or whatever the impulse leads to, even those whose whole lives have been, to that moment, opposed to any movement in the direction taken. St. Augustine, in the sixth book of his Confessions, relates how his friend Alypius hated the spectacles of the amphitheatre, and was once by his fellow-students haled, vehemently refusing and protesting, into this Coliseum. He vowed that, though perforce his body was there present, his mind should be absent, and he, closing his eyes, "forbade his mind to range abroad after such evils." But in the fight one fell, and the people cried mightily, and Alypius, struck by the sound, opened his eyes, and instantly the spirit of that throng possessed him. "He beheld, shouted, kindled, carried thence with him the madness which should goad him to return, not only with those who first drew him thither, but also before them, yea, and to draw in others."

This experience of Alypius I feel to be deeply true to human nature. I can imagine that overmastering influence drowning love, extinguishing pity, even in the souls of

such as went there loving and pitying the martyrs. I can imagine the savage willingness of the gladiator, when the fierce god arose within him, responsive to the spirit of these 100,000, whose eyes were centred on him. In the passive martyr such willing share in the spirit of the ravening beast was of course not possible, but the forms that spirit can assume and evolve are diverse. It needs no extraordinary powers of self-knowledge to be aware of this even in the trivialities of daily life, and under the comparatively slight trials through which we are all called to pass. The natural heart absorbs, in one form or another, the spirit of the evil with which it deals, and is overcome by it. Either it becomes savage, hateful, and hating, or it grows callous, dead to all quickening griefs, falsely resigned, paralyzed as Livingstone describes himself to have been under the paw of the lion. Both conditions are equally antagonistic to the Spirit of God. From both the Saviour prays for deliverance, when He cries, "Deliver my darling from the power of the dog." Inspired by his Spirit, upheld by his strength, dead in themselves, alive only by the Christ living in them, so and so only could the Christian martyrs make their calling and election sure.

This is a long digression, yet not a digression, for the revelation of a martyr's spirit, as contrasted with my own spirit, was to me largely music-given, through the oratorio of "St. Paul."

Through that of "Elijah" I was shown the awful depth of that soul in answer to whose earnest prayer it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months, and nations perished of famine, and who, over the dead babe of the self-accusing woman of Zarephath, cried unto the Lord, and said, "O Lord my God, hast Thou also brought evil upon this widow with whom I sojourn, by slaying her son?" I was shown the wondrous teaching of the Lord, who, through the woman and her dead, poured into the prophet's heart somewhat of the divine yearning over Israel—"that pleasant child;" "for since I spoke against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him, and I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord." The connection between the anguish, in the heart of the prophet, whose righteous indignation had called for judgment on the land, when the widow reproached him for having brought her sin to mind and slain her son, and his going forth to show the people that the Lord He is God, and to pray for the return of rain; the preparation of the prophet's heart, through the woman and her dead, to find God in the still, small voice, lie on the surface of the text; but by me this was not seen till music revealed it.

Through Handel's chorus, "All we like sheep have gone astray, every one to his own way," I felt the wild license of self-will revel in my heart; I danced with the world's mirth, and marched with its pomps, and felt the blood in sudden rush assault my heart, when suddenly I found myself in face of Calvary. The overwhelming judgment of those ponderous chords, in sudden and unexpected answer to the "Dominant's persistence," which had been all too skilfully veiled throughout the previous dance and pageantry, revealed to me more of the stupendous facts of man's existence than all the sermons I have ever heard.

Therefore I can truly say that I understand that head of St. Paul, which, indeed, is not listening to the music with a musician's direct listening, but by means of the music hears and understands. If he should lift his head and find "poured into his lips" the gift of song, his song would not be like St. Cecilia's celestial warblings of the angels' melody; it would not be like that of the Magdalene, the utterance of an individual life. The manifold influences of the universe would body forth that song. It would be as "the voice of many waters." It would be as the voice of the Lord, which shaketh the wilderness, as the voice of the Lord which with thunderings causeth the terrified hinds to cast their young; as the voice of the Lord which strippeth the forests. His song would move through all this mystery of destruction to the magnificent assurance that in the temple of the Lord "every whit of it uttereth his glory." His song would "distil as the dew." As

"the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass," it would drop the healing, quickening truth that the people's hope of peace is one with his omnipotence who sitteth upon the flood.

Those who are under the influence of music in either of the ways of which I have spoken do not crave for sympathy. The Magdalene and St. Paul are both absorbed in their respective thoughts, and wrapt quite away from all consciousness of their companions. No impulse stirs either of their souls to look into another's eyes, and there behold their own ecstasy, living and reflected. Not so with the two figures which stand in the background. St. John and St. Augustine both mutually seek sympathy.

My first reading of St. John's face was, that he was receiving the divine song through St. Cecilia; but his eyes are not, as I at first imagined, resting upon the earthly musician's lovely upturned face. His eyes are communing with the eyes of St. Augustine. Still, the expression of his face is essentially that of one who would identify the musician with the strain, and would be capable of seeing and hearing and handling the Word of God. The keynote of his epistle, framed from knowledge of his own heart, is, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Not mine now, when the world's atmosphere has chilled my heart, and life's disappointments have dimmed my eyes and crippled my hope; but, in the days of early youth, I knew such listening as transfigures this childlike face—a listening to the musician as one with his strain. Such a listener seeks sympathy; but he has not the self-possession to applaud. He is drawn mutely in silent worship toward the "seraph-haunted queen of melody," and his eyes, taking in her heavenly grace, seek a fellow-feeling in his fellow-listener; but he never could, like that other listener, give sign of praise. As soon could he applaud his mother's love or praise his father's truth. Yet the upraised, applauding hand of St. Augustine does not offend him or us. It is a reverent applause. It is that praise of the Highest, it is that seeking for sympathy, which rightfully belongs to him who wrote the "Confessions;" not the senseless clapping of hands, which rudely destroys the spell of music's final triumph, or breaks in upon her whispered, sighing farewell.

This reading of the "St. Cecilia" may appear to some strained and fanciful, but I am convinced that Raphael meant to represent the different effect of music on these different natures, and I am the more so convinced, that I find from Mrs. Jameson that he altered his original sketch.

Mrs. Jameson very much prefers the original sketch, which was engraved by Marc Antonio, and she gives a copy of the figure of St. Cecilia, which, however simple and beautiful, does not show the distinguishing characteristics of a musician's listening, as does the head in the painting. Mrs. Jameson says that in that original sketch the Magdalene is represented looking up, and, like St. Cecilia, listening to the angels' song. This, too, Mrs. Jameson considers a beauty in the sketch. To me these alterations seem to have been deliberately made, as, without them, the picture would have been incomplete as a representation of the different relations to music of differently constituted natures.

Raphael's villa in the Borghese grounds must have been, from the description of it in Eaton's Rome, a place of surpassing interest for the beauty of its decoration, as well as for its associations. It was, alas! destroyed during the siege of Rome in 1849, and nothing now remains of it but a few walls. Three of the best frescoes that adorned it were, however, happily preserved, and are to be seen in a room at the end of the Borghese gallery. They are, 1. "The Nuptials of Alexander and Roxana;" 2. "The Nuptials of Vertumnus and Pomona;" 3. "The Target of the Gods." This last named composition is most extraordinary. The gods are making a mark of an image of man, and hurling against it "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune." It was a strange design to have emanated from the bright life of Raphael, whose cup ran over with blessings of every kind, and by some critics it is ascribed to Michael Angelo. Raphael lies buried in the

Pantheon, between the graves of Taddeo Zuccheri and Annibale Caracci. There, also, are buried Baldassare Peruzzi, Pierino del Vaga, and Giovanni da Udine.

The spot where Raphael lies buried was chosen by himself during his lifetime, near the grave of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena. In 1833 his remains were exhumed, in order to set at rest a dispute concerning a skull which was falsely declared to be his in the Academy of St. Luke. The skeleton was at that time exhibited, after which a second funeral ceremony was performed.

TYROLESE HOUSE-MOTTOES.

In Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," the daughter of the wise Jew says to her friend, "I suppose you have not read many books;" and, on being asked why she supposes so, makes answer, "Because you are so upright and downright, so inartificial, so thoroughly and naturally your real self; and my father says that people seldom retain these characteristics who have read many books."

(I quote from memory, and give only the sense of the passage.)

The study of the mottoes which are to be found carved or painted on old-fashioned Tyrolese houses affords a commentary upon, and an illustration of, this saying of Lessing's Nathan. It is manifest that those who chose such mottoes, or invented them, had read but few books — perhaps none; and certainly it would be hard to find more complete specimens of downrightness, inartificiality, and naïveté.

It is true that many of the mottoes are repeated and copied from one house to another; and invariably the latter versions of them are improved in orthography — often in syntax; but have somehow lost the stamp of sturdy, unconscious simplicity which marks the older ones. In a word, their writers have been reading many — house-fronts! and have lost in originality what has been gained in correctness. All over the beautiful green land of Tyrol you come upon picturesque, many-gabled old dwellings, with massive vaulted entrance halls and huge projecting eaves. They stand a little backward from the village street, with verdant orchards stretching behind them, and scarlet geraniums flaming in their sleepy old windows. Or it may be that one stands lonely and venerable on a town Platz, surrounded by newer and flimsier constructions, and offers to the passer-by a tempting depth of cool shadow beneath its beetle-browed portal. Or, again, you may find such a one solidly defying wind and weather in some mountain solitude: a very patriarch of a house, with a numerous family of barns, out-houses, stables, and peasants' cottages, grouped around him. A great dog, sleek and well fed, as all dumb beasts seem to be among German folk, blinks in the sunshine before the door. Poultry cluck and flutter around the barn, whence comes a fragrant smell of grain and spicy hay. The cattle-bells clink and tinkle from the green, green pastures down by the stream. Even the great stern mountains seem to shimmer and grow soft in the warm autumn air. Only two or three wooden sledges and a snow-plough piled up beside the stable-door remind us that in a month or two bitter winds will blow through the gorge, that the peaks yonder, which pierce the blue, will pour down their dread artillery of hail and stones and torrents and cold, cruel avalanches, and that the old house needs all his strength of wall and roof to resist the assaults of King Winter and his army.

And there on the house-front, whether it be in village, town, or mountain valley, you may read some pious prayer, or pithy sentence, or worldly-wise saw carved in quaint German for the edification of those who pass by. The same thing is common in Switzerland and in many parts of Germany. But our business now is with the Tyrolese inscriptions. More than one collection of these has been made and published by native Tyrolese. But I have met with no volume in which the inscriptions are classified or commented on. They are simply jotted down literally, as

one might write them in one's note-book. But even thus barely and simply presented, they are full of interest for the observer of national manners and characteristics. They are gradually and not very slowly disappearing. If by time or accident a motto becomes effaced, it is scarcely ever replaced by the owner of the house. Such things are old-fashioned, — *zopfig*, as the Germans have it (that is to say, literally, *pigtailish*: an expression to which our "square-toed" may answer), and few persons choose to brave the ridicule of their modern-minded neighbors by carving again the old inscription, with its rude spelling and antique phrase.

It is curious to conjecture how far, and in what manner, new mottoes would differ from the old, if Fashion suddenly took it into her light head to patronize the writing of them up *pro bono publico*! The religious inscriptions, which are very numerous, would surely change their tone very considerably. They would probably become more or less controversial. And, instead of the comfortable, confident, easy-going kind of piety which seems to take for granted all men's assent to its postulates, we should probably have a taste of the defiant spirit which is aware that its dicta may, likely enough, be contradicted, and therefore utters them with tenfold zeal and emphasis. Nay, in these times of strife and upheaval, it might be that the concoctors or choosers of religious mottoes in the Tyrol should rather seek such words as might serve for missiles against their enemies than pour out thanksgiving and prayer and blessing in the antique fashion.

The most purse-proud and prosperous farmer or merchant would scarcely announce nowadays to all the world, in letters calculated to last some centuries, that he was "a man of good repute, and with well-filled hands," as a certain Hans Stoffner did, who built in the year 1547. And an innkeeper would think twice before he so wore his heart upon his sleeve as to write up in his tap-room, "Come hither and sit down; but if your purse be light, make off again at once. Come hither, my dear guest, if only you have money in your purse!" which sincere invitation exists in an inn at Klausenbach.

Many causes, doubtless, coöperate to change all that. But amongst them all perhaps increased intercommunication between distant communities is the most active. It is, in fact, in some sense equivalent to Nathan's "reading of many books." It brings men in contact with other minds. It reveals to them what is thought and said by that mysterious authority, "other people," of whose existence outside his or her own village the Tyrolese peasant could form but a dim conception eighty or a hundred years ago. Meanwhile there still remains a sufficiently copious store of old mottoes — pious, comic, simple, and cynical — from which to offer a selection to the reader, which may not be without interest and amusement.

The inscriptions dedicating the house to God, to the Virgin, or to some favorite saint, are naturally the most numerous. They frequently consist of but two lines roughly rhymed. Sometimes they extend to four, or even six lines. In the following translations care has been taken to give the *measure* of the lines, which, as will be seen, is frequently halting and unsymmetrical, and to preserve, as far as possible, the rude unsophisticated simplicity of the original. Take this one from Jochberg: —

The Lord this dwelling be about,
And bless all who go in and out.

Another: —

Mother of God, with gracious arm
Protect our beasts and us from harm.

Here the supplication for the cattle — who are, it will be observed, put before the inhabitants of the house — speaks as eloquently as a long description could do, of the pastoral character of the country; of green Alp pastures, and the importance to the peasant of his milky herd.

All travellers in the Tyrol will remember to have seen images of St. Florian on many a village house and above many a village well. The latter, indeed, is a favorite po-

sition for the figure of the saint. His especial vocation is to ward off fire from dwelling-houses, or to extinguish it should it break out. In a country where so large a proportion of the dwellings is built of wood, fire is a frequent and terrible scourge. And consequently the good offices of St. Florian are in very general request. There stands the little wooden image, painted in flaring colors, and, if possible, gilded into the bargain, above the cool well, and looks down majestically upon generation after generation of village damsels washing or drawing water. St. Florian is represented as a warrior, with sword and helmet, and scarlet drapery, and cheeks almost as scarlet, and a black truculent-looking beard. Often he is painted in fresco, on a house-front, in the act of pouring a bucket of water over a burning house; which house is usually represented as reaching up to the calf of his leg, or thereabouts.

Here is a double dedication to this saint and another, from Terfens:—

Holy Sebastian and Florian
Be our *patrian*! (*sic*)

The German word "patron" is quietly turned into "patrian" in order to rhyme with Florian; which example I have taken the liberty to follow.

Another has a strong flavor of feudality, and the homage due to good birth:—

Thou of Austrian knightly race,
Keep fire and danger from this place.
At Tramin, under a picture of St. Florian.

There are other inscriptions to St. George, St. Martin, etc.; and a very large number inculcate trust in God as the only sure hold-fast on earth. For example:—

The love of God's the fairest thing,
The loveliest this world can bring.
Who sets his heart elsewhere, in vain
Hath lived; nor may to Heaven attain.
Rinn.

Another:—

The help of man is small,
Trust God alone for all.
Lermos.

The following from Matrei, in the Pusterthal, sums up the principal evils which the inhabitants of that village considered they had to fear a century or so ago. The bold conceit of the enemy "lightening" against them is literally rendered:—

O Lord, protect this house,
And all the dwellers there!
Four gracious blessings out,
From flood and fire us spare.
He whom Thy hand protects no ill shall frighten,
Though foes and thunder-clouds may lighten.

Apropos of Matrei, here is another inscription from that often burned-down village, which has something touching in its quaint simplicity of trust:—

In thirty years completed by God's grace,
Burnt down four times upon the self-same place,
To Jesus' and to Mary's mercy then
In faith entrusted, and built up again.

This one, from Wennis in the Pitzthal, is amusing, from the emphatic way in which the change is men-tioned to St. Florian from a higher patron:—

This house in God's hand I did lay,
Three times the fire burned all away,
A fourth time I have built it up again,
And now 'tis dedicated to Saint Florian.

One seems to hear the worthy peasant add, *sotto voce*, "Let's see what he'll do for us!"

The following is found in at least half a dozen villages of North Tyrol:—

We build us houses strong and wide,
Though here we may not long abide;
But for the great, eternal rest,
We take no thought to build a nest.

This, too, from Schu, is in the same spirit:—

This house mine own I may not call,
Nor is it his who follows me;
A third is borne from out its hall—
O God! whose may this dwelling be?

It would be hard to put more dreamy melancholy into four lines than is expressed by the following inscription on the Domanig inn, at Telfes, in the Stubay valley:—

I live,—how long I trow not.
I die,—but when I know not.
I journey,—whither I cannot see.
'Tis strange that I should merry be!

The following, also from Telfes, is not without pith:—

When the will of God I do,
Then what I will God does too.
But if I cross His holy will,
God follows His own counsel still.

But all the inscriptions are by no means tinged with this tone of sadness. Many of them express the writer's satisfaction with life in general, and with himself in particular. Take that one of the sixteenth century, alluded to above:—

Zum Stainer this house we call.
He who built it, roof and wall,
Is Hans Stoffner by name,
Full-handed, and of worthy fame.
Sarnthal, 1547.

The builder of a dwelling in Huben, in the Oetzthal, seems to have looked upon things in general with a good deal of cheerful philosophy. The assurance of his ability to pay, "be the cost great or small," has a touch of ostentation in it, and perhaps accounts for his pleasant frame of mind! The lines and rhymes of this inscription are rougher than usual:—

The house is built,
Whate'er may befall.
Be the cost great or small,
The masters and workmen I pay.
So oft as I go in and out the door,
The name of Jesus shall be praised therefor.

Honest John Hartler, of Ambras, does not lose heart either; but his purse is evidently not quite so deep as that of the Huben man, and he seems to have felt a twinge of dismay when the bill was presented. This is his inscription:—

Johannes Hartler quietly
Lets all folks talk, whoe'er they be.
Building's a sport that pleased me well,
But that the cost would be so great,—
Why that, my friends, I could not tell!

Here is a queer patchwork of language, from a house in Pfunds:—

Qui ædificaturus est
On the highway
Debet stultum dicere
Let as he may.
Optat mihi omnis
What he will, I don't care,
Opto ei
Just the same to a hair.

There is no lack of pessimism amongst these very various utterances of human sentiment and opinion; but it is not of a very biting or tragic sort. Here are some specimens:—

Whilst the world went well with me,
Every man my friend would be.
But when I needed help or loan,
All my friends were dead and gone.

Vulpmes.

Integrity has travelled away from the world,
Sincerity has fallen asleep,
Piety has hidden herself,
Justice has lost her way,

Ready Help is not at home,
Love lies sick,
Benevolence is in prison,
Faith is nearly extinguished,
Arts and Virtues go a-begging,
Truth has long been dead,
Oaths are lightly broken,
Loyalty is disregarded,
Credit has gone mad,
And Conscience hangs upon the wall,
Only Patience conquers all!

Meran.

The old folks to me they say
The times grow worse from day to day.
But I say no!
I put it so:
The times are just the times we've always had,
It is the people who have grown so bad!

Seefeld.

To please all men's a vain endeavor,
And so it must remain forever.
The reason true,
I'll tell to you;
The heads are far too many,
The brains are far too few.

Kirchdorf.

The following preaches very comfortable doctrine, and must have been originally invented by a jolly landlord. It is to be found in three or four Tyrolese villages:—

The love of God will make us blessed,
Wine fills with mirth and joy the breast;
Then love the Lord, and drink good wine,
Earth's joys and Heaven's shall both be thine.

The inn landlords express their sentiments with naïve freedom: witness the following:—

Come within, and sit thee down:
Hast no cash? be off full soon!
Come within, dear guest, I pray,
If thou hast wherewithal to pay.

Klausenbach.

That guest shall be well prized by me,
Who spends his money cheerfully,
Who makes no haggling, nor riot,
But pays his bill in peace and quiet.

Kramsach.

The kind of guest that I love best,
Will have a friendly talk,
Will eat and drink and pay his score,
And then away will walk!

Ehrwald.

Here is an odd one:—

Landlord, bring wine,
Pour out, maiden mine,
Courtier, drink away,
Thou, peasant—pay!

Oberlängenfeld, on a tavern.

This is significant enough, and reminds one of the spirit of an ancient inn sign in England, called, "The Five Alls." There was the figure of the king, with the motto, "I govern all;" of the priest, "I pray for all;" of the soldier, "I fight for all;" the fourth figure I have forgotten, but the fifth was that of a peasant, with the pregnant words, "I pay for all!"

Here is a curious attempt to reconcile piety with glutony:—

Antidotum Nazareni aufert necem intoxicationis,
Santificet alimenta (alimenta) poculaque Trinitas alma!

It is taken from a princely chamber in Meran.

A hatter in Kitzbühl advertises himself on his shop-sign with the following somewhat incoherent, but highly orthodox motto:—

I love the Lord, and trust his promise true,
I make new hats, and dye the old ones too.

The writer of this inscription, at Imst, is severe and sarcastic:—

'Tis well that in this world of evil
You cannot bribe Death or the Devil;
Else would the poor man, trust me well,
Be for the rich one sent to hell!

The following lines, from a house-front in Inzing, are more philosophical than any other I have met with; and, it will be observed, contain no technical religious phrases. They breathe a spirit of cheerfulness and liberality surprising under the conditions of Tyrol, especially some years ago. The very proposition with which they start might be open to contradiction from such of the orthodox as look upon this world as a mere antechamber to Purgatory. And the allusion to the guidance to be had from "reason" and "conscience," without any mention of Our Lady or St. Florian, is worth noting:—

God meant us to be happy here,
And gave us laws to guide,
Laws which the heart of man should cheer
More than all goods beside;
He teaches us through reason's light,
And conscience whispers plain,
What things we, creatures of his hand,
Should do; from what refrain.

Year by year the old inscriptions are disappearing, as I have said. The new pushes out the old, only to grow old in its turn. So it always was and will be in *sæcula sæculorum*. Much that is quaint, interesting, and picturesque, is vanishing from our eyes; and it may be well to preserve here and there some record of what men said and thought in our grandfathers' days, and "in the old time before them." But whilst from a picturesque and artistic point of view there may be cause for regret, we cannot believe that our Tyrolese fellow-creatures will be worse off in body or soul for the changes that are finding out even them, in their Alpine fastnesses and secluded valleys. A square brick or stone house with a tiled roof is certainly not that delight to the eyes which an old-fashioned, many-gabled farmstead, more than three parts timber, and roofed with thatch or wooden shingles, afforded. But let the record of numerous and disastrous fires in nearly every village throughout the land reconcile us to the safer ugliness.

Truly a group of Tyrolese peasants, male and female, dressed in the costumes which had descended to them from generation to generation, was more picturesque than the same people attired as one often sees them now, in cosmopolitan coats and wideawake hats, or wearing bunched-up gowns and chignons. Still, one would not wish to buy the artistic advantages of the garb which distinguished class from class, at the price of returning to the good old times epigrammatically portrayed in the rude rhyme—

Courtier, drink away,
Thou, peasant—pay!

THE MISSING BILLS: AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

THE death, last autumn, of a distant relation of the writer, leaves him free to publish the curious facts which are noted below. He has known them long, and often wished that, in these days when phenomena which were formerly termed supernatural are submitted to scientific and patient investigation, instead of being superciliously dismissed or weakly shuddered at, they might receive the attention of persons qualified to weigh and utilize, or possibly to explain them. But the witnesses felt a great—it ought, perhaps, to be said, a morbid—objection to the discussion of the story outside the family circle, and thus it has been kept comparatively secret for more than half a century. Care was, however, taken to procure their written testimony, so that the narrative is supported by evidence as clear and positive as purely documentary evidence can be. The writer has frequently heard from the lips of the actors their accounts of what happened to them, and has no hesitation in putting forward what follows as entirely credible.

Mr. Ezekiel Burdon — locally known as Zeke Burdon — was one day seated in his counting-house in Sydney, New South Wales. He had been looking over the office books, which told him a very satisfactory tale; and, after a little indulgence of elation at his success in life, he subsided into moralizing, and was trying to pick out some of the proofs that men's fortunes are the natural and legitimate consequences of their actions. And this was by no means an investigation to be simply and readily made. Mr. Burdon was now, and had been for many years, an honest, fair-dealing, liberal man, as men went; nay, he was generous. But this had not always been his character. The circumstances connected long ago with his coming to New South Wales were not such as, according to the rules of poetical justice, would have insured prosperity. But prosperity had come, and glad as he was of her presence, he would have been glad also to justify it by the discovery of some conspicuous desert of his own. Sometimes he would think of the patriarch Joseph, and say to himself that possibly he, Ezekiel Burdon, had been allowed to fall into error chiefly as a means of bringing him to wealth and ease; that he had been sold to be a bond-servant, not principally for any moral obliquity in himself, but in order that good might be done to him at the latter end. If only (he was thinking now) he had gone along in the humdrum way, as his pastors and masters would have had him, what a different lot his would have been! He would for a certainty have married Jessie Manders; they would, in respectable poverty — or, more likely, penury — have dragged up a destitute, uneducated family, and, worn out by want and care, have died or gone to the workhouse in middle age. But it had been ordained that Jessie should give him up and should marry comparatively well. She had been induced to discard him by the only cause which could have been effectual — namely, by the knowledge that he had disgraced himself: and she had afterwards married a well-to-do man, with whom she lived happily, who prospered in his calling, and who was a good husband and father. Ezekiel himself had, by force of circumstances, been guided unexpectedly, and by a leading which was still hardly intelligible, to wealth and consideration. He had married well as far as his wife and her means were concerned, — it was absurd to inquire closely about people's connections and antecedents out there, — he had been happy in his short married life, in his children, and in his business; and now, long a widower, but hearty and healthy, he was facing life's down-hill with complacency. Though these facts were so, they were not reflected on by Zeke Burdon in a cynical, dare-devil spirit; he did not in his heart of hearts say that religion and morality were names wherewith to amuse children and drivellers, and that the wise were they only who had the courage to set both at defiance. He saw plainly how, if things had taken a different and more usual turn at a point where he was wholly unable to influence them, his fate would have been most miserable; he would have preferred to disoever some relation between his desert and his lot; he was a puzzle to himself.

But when a man's own prosperity constitutes the puzzle, his mind can exercise itself thereon patiently enough; it is when things have gone crossly that he feels the wear and tear of working out the problem. And so, although Mr. Burdon never entirely saw how his fortunes harmonized with the eternal fitness of things, he did not tire of the subject, but would return to it again and again, whenever he might be disposed to contemplation. He was thinking over how the twelve months last past had been the most fortunate year that he had ever known, and wondering how it was that things prospered with him as they did, when he was aroused from his reverie by the opening of the door. A very pretty but very delicate-looking young woman stood on the threshold, apparently hesitating about advancing farther.

"Oh, Probity, is that you? Come in, my child. Is anything the matter?"

"No, father — nothing is the matter; but I thought — I thought, I should like to speak with you."

"Speak with me? Well, come and talk away then,

Probity; but we generally manage our little businesses in the house. What is it — a bonnet?"

"Nothing of that kind, father; and that is why I have come into the office to talk to you. It's something about business."

"Business, eh, you little puss? Why, what can you possibly have to say about business? Well, come then, let's have it."

Probity had seated herself by the time this was said. The excitement of going to her father at his desk, and of having to say to him something which she would rather not have been forced to say, evidently distressed her: her breathing was very agitated, and her color came and went. Ezekiel looked tenderly at her, and was conscious of a painful sensation at some association of ideas which he did not then pause to ascertain; for Probity, who wished to get her errand told, began to speak.

"Father," she said, "I heard you say this morning that you would send his money home to Robert Lathom when Mr. Waddington goes in the Kangaroo. Now the Kangaroo is a very slow vessel, as is well known. She may not get to England for many months, and in the mean time the young man may be much straitened for want of the money. There is a packet to sail to-morrow. Wouldn't it be possible to send his money by that?"

"Why, what the deuce," said Zeke Burdon, with some astonishment, but, not unkindly — "what have you to do with young men and their money, and the packets, and all that; eh, Miss?"

"Only that, as I know it never makes any difference to you, having to wait a little longer or shorter for your money, I feared you might forget that it isn't the same with Robert; and that by making him wait for Mr. Waddington, you might cause him inconvenience or loss."

"Well, that is not badly thought on, lass. Your little head has been more thoughtful than the old man's in this. We ought not to wait, and we won't. But look ye, Probity, we don't commonly send money home in coin. There's a better way than that. I shall draw bills on some English merchant who will give Lathom money for them; and to make the risk as small as possible, I can send duplicates, or even triplicates, by later ships, so that if a mischance should befall the first copy, it will be hard if the second or third does not turn up. However, what you say about delay is all right. I think I will send first copies by to-morrow's mail; Mr. Waddington may take the second; and, by the time he is ready, we shall find some means of sending the third. That will do; won't it?"

"Yes, thank you, father; I'm glad now that I spoke," said Probity, breathing freely again.

"Robert Lathom," observed Ezekiel, "is a good, industrious young man, but I have some suspicion that he employed himself in other things besides farming and commerce while he was here. What has he been saying to you, Probity?"

Again Probity showed signs of agitation, and again her color came and went. Burdon realized now why it was that her look made him feel a pang. It was the same look which her mother's face wore long years ago; and her mother never again made a return towards health or strength after he first observed that look. The girl made some confused remark in answer to her father's question, of which he did not take particular heed. He was shocked by the thought just presented to his mind of Probity's health giving way, and thinking that a change of climate and scene might possibly restore her.

"I would," said he, "that Robert Lathom or some equally respectable young man, would come and take you to the old country, where you might learn to look stout and saucy again. I don't half like these puny looks, and these pantings all about nothing at all. I can never go to England again, and I don't know that there's anybody there extremely anxious to receive any member of my family; but if now you could go home with a husband of your own (which means with another name, you know), that would be an excellent arrangement."

These words were not altogether displeasing to Probity's

ear, but they were rather plainer than she liked to listen to; so she beat a retreat from her father's presence, leaving that old gentleman rather less serene than she had found him. He repeated, as she went out, that the bills should be seen to at once, and said very reassuringly that there was nobody living whom he would more heartily welcome to his hearth than Robert Lathom, if ever he should come back again. And if words could have put life into the girl, these words would have done it, for she knew that Lathom meditated a return to Sydney some day when he should have thriven a little, and she had doubted till now as to the reception that he might meet with. If it was a relief to know that her father would not frown on Robert, that relief only intensified another affliction. Probity knew better than her father, and had been conscious for some time, that health and strength were deserting her. Her bitter thought now was, that when Robert should return, as he surely would, she might be in her grave.

As soon as his daughter had left the office, Mr. Burdon set about preparing the bills. He then wrote three copies of a letter to Mr. Lathom, and ordered that letters of advice in triplicate should be written to the firms on whom he had drawn his bills. When this was done his clerk was ordered to put up the three sets of dispatches ready for transmission; and the clerk in a short time produced three packets with a strong family likeness, each of them addressed, of course, to Mr. Robert Lathom, and each having in the left-hand lower corner the words *By favor of*, then a blank, and then, *Esq.* The cause of this last endorsement was that Ezekiel, for some reason or other — probably some prejudice of his early days — had a dislike to, and distrust of, the mail-bags: where he possibly could do so, he sent his letters by private hands. So his envelopes were always prepared for that mode of transmission. Now an acquaintance of his named Müller was about to proceed to England by the mail, *en route* to Frankfort, where his friends resided; and Mr. Burdon hoped that he would take charge of a letter, and post it in England before proceeding to the Continent. Müller did take charge of one copy: and Mr. Waddington, when he a week or two after sailed in the Kangaroo, took with him the duplicates, and promised Probity that on his arrival he would himself write to Lathom, with a view of ascertaining whether the bills had reached him by packet, and that the remittance was soon enough for his requirements. The young girl was evidently much troubled in mind about the transmission of this money; and her father, after wondering much why she fretted so, concluded that some passing fear or fancy had presented itself to her mind, and in her present low condition she had not strength to banish it. He therefore, with the hope of comforting her, would frequently calculate the progress which the packet and the Kangaroo must have made, and the probable date of the arrival of each, showing that the latter ship must even reach England before Lathom could be in need of more money. And it was one of these kind computations and assurances which one day drew from Probity the confession that she had had a dream which had greatly impressed her and raised this alarm. She said that she fancied she had made a long passage through the air to some house where she saw Robert sorely troubled and in danger, but that she could not get near him to ask the cause of his grief, and that she was consequently in great agony, when an old man with a white beard appeared to her, and in foreign accents told her that Robert's distress was caused by his having been disappointed of expected remittances of money, but that she could help him by plunging into the sea, and bringing him money from thence. She descended into the waters accordingly, and as she did so, awoke with a cold shudder. She saw Robert in the dream as plainly as she ever saw him in her life; the face and voice of the old man with the beard haunted her still, he was so life-like; she was sure that something terrible had happened or was about to happen to Robert, for the dream was not like ordinary dreams. Zeke Burdon did all he could to combat this imagination, but he confessed that the awe which had overcome his daughter in some sort affected him also, strong old fellow as he was, and

that he looked quite nervously to the time when he should get advices of the packet having arrived safely in England. That packet never did reach England, but the Kangaroo did: it will be best, however, that, before the circumstances of her arrival are mentioned, a few words should be said about Robert Lathom, so often named.

Robert Lathom, then, was no other than a son of that very Jessie Manders whom Zeke Burdon remembered as his old sweetheart. Her feelings had been cruelly wrung when Ezekiel's good name was forfeited. In misfortune, in sickness, even in death she would not have turned from him to another; but in his disgrace she had shown a spirit, and said she wished never to hear his name again. Not long after Zeke had gone abroad she married a young surgeon of the name of Lathom, making a match which all her peers considered a very exalted one, but which brought its troubles nevertheless, for her husband had some difficulty in struggling into practice. Their whole history, however, we are not concerned with, but only so much of it as relates to the sending of Robert, their second son, to New South Wales, — and this is the way in which that measure came about. Mr. Lathom, who for many years practised his profession in Liverpool, was one evening called to attend an eccentric old man, a German Jew, who, though suffering from a violent attack of illness, had made no move toward summoning assistance, until an acquaintance, having accidentally discovered his condition, brought the surgeon to his bedside. The patient seemed poverty-stricken, and almost friendless; but he managed somehow to rouse the benevolence of Lathom's nature, who not only carefully prescribed for him, but furnished him with a nurse, and many comforts which he required. When the old man recovered, Lathom refused all compensation, and persisted in doing so after the Jew assured him that he was not so poor as he appeared to be.

"All the same, I shall pay," said the Jew; "you zee."

And somehow or other he did pay very well, for he sent Lathom notices from time to time of some excellent means of employing money, and though the latter had not much to invest, the little that he had was very profitably placed. It was not, however, until Lathom had moved to a practice in Cheshire, and his family had grown up, that he began to feel how thoroughly the Jew was keeping his word about paying him. His eldest son was to follow his own profession, but for his "zecond zon, Robert," the Jew proposed emigration to New Holland, where, he said, he had relations and friends who would put him in the way of making a fortune.

A voyage to New Holland was a serious business in those days, and, as a matter of course, both Lathom and his wife hesitated before giving consent to their son's going to the other side of the world. Behrens, however (that was the Jew's name), put the whole arrangement so plainly before them, disposing of all difficulties, and setting forth the advantages of the plan, that the parents gave way, and Robert, who had always liked the thoughts of the adventure, was duly dispatched to the antipodes.

"He shall be reesh man, I promise," said Behrens.

"Well, I dare say he may," answered Lathom; "but of course he must abide his fortune as well as another."

"No, he is zure; I have bromised," repeated the Jew.

"As far as you can help him, I feel that he is sure," answered the father. "Don't imagine that I doubt your good-will. I have had too many proofs of it for that."

"Well, believe what I tell you; he will brosher. I know it for zertain."

"How can you know it?" asked Lathom, smiling; "can you see into futurity?"

"Zertainly I can," answered Behrens, with the utmost coolness. "How does any one read the zecrets of the future, and know what iz to be?"

And the old fellow stroked his white beard and looked at Lathom as if he would look through him. Beards were far less common in those days than they are now, and the surgeon felt a thrill, as if a magician were exercising his art upon him. It did, however, certainly happen that things went well with Robert Lathom. He made a quick

and pleasant voyage out, and was received with much kindness by the Messrs. Müller, the relatives to whom Behrens had consigned him. (It was one of this firm who sailed in the packet, as has been said.) His employment was partly pastoral and partly mercantile, a combination not likely to be found except in a community of early settlers; it yielded him a good maintenance, with the promise of more than a maintenance before long. This, however, was but the beginning of success. After he had made some acquaintance with his profession, business threw him into the way of Zeke Burdon, one of the leading men of the colony, who, knowing the name which his lost Jessie now bore, soon made out that this was her son. Thereupon the favor of Ezekiel was extended to Robert Lathom, and brought in its train the favor of many another colonist. The encouragement which the young man enjoyed could not be exceeded, and he showed himself to be entirely worthy of it, for he improved all his opportunities, worked hard, and became noted as very able and likely to grow wealthy. It need scarcely be added that his relations with Burdon led to the affection between him and Burdon's daughter which has been more than hinted at in the course of the story. It existed for many months before Robert went home again, and was, indeed, to a great extent, the cause of his leaving, but it was a matter about which very little had been said. Probity, who was a sort of princess out there, could hardly without presumption, or with a chance of success, be sought by a young adventurer lately come out to try his fortune (for Lathom knew nothing of Ezekiel's former acquaintance with his mother): and both Probity and Robert, though their strongest wish was to live for one another *somewhere*, thought they would prefer that that somewhere should not be in New South Wales. Now Mr. Burdon, although he did not know how things stood between the young people, had not overlooked the possibility of this attractive pair becoming attached. Callous and placid as he for the most part was, nature had thought proper to interweave with the tough fibre one silken thread of romance. The idea of Jessie's son and his daughter being united was not altogether displeasing to him, and he often and often turned the matter in his mind when he indulged himself with a reverie. But he, too, would have preferred that Probity should settle in England; he thought that Robert should acquire both experience and property before trying matrimony, and he desired that the lovers — if indeed they were lovers — should be parted for a season. "If," thought Zeke to himself, "he is fond enough of the girl, he will come for her when he is able to keep her; if not, it may be as well to separate them before she becomes too deeply attached. True, the separation may be the means of putting an end to a fancy which would otherwise ripen into love. What if it be? There is no great scheme sacrificed nor great opportunity lost; time shall settle it." And so Zeke set himself to realizing a plan which had long been sketched in his mind. He would establish at home a correspondent and agent who, though he should be in business on his own account, should nevertheless trade principally if not solely with New South Wales, and should, by his knowledge both of the colonial and the home markets, greatly assist the business at both ends, and produce a reciprocity of advantages. And thus it was that Robert found himself bound once more for England, to be settled at Liverpool, his father's old place of residence, indeed his own birthplace. The latter meetings and the last parting of the lovers were tender and sad in the extreme, but they both saw in this arrangement a way to the hitherto un hoped-for fulfillment of their dearest wishes. Each felt sure of the other's constancy, and so, full of hope in their direst distress, they separated; and Lathom, when he could collect his thoughts, found himself on the bosom of the great Pacific, the waves gently smiting the good ship's sides, and New Holland only a dark line on the horizon.

The voyage was prosperous, as most things had been with the young man. He reached Liverpool in due time, and found (what he did not expect) a house ready to receive him there; for the Jew, who had heard of his

movements, had written to tell his father that he was going to the Continent for some time, it might be for several years, and while he was absent Robert might reside in his house, and have the use of all that it contained at a very low rent. This offer had been accepted; his father had added to Behren's *supellex* what was wanted to make the place comfortable for a single man; and so, when Robert landed, he found that, instead of having to spend his time in looking out for a residence, he was able to stay a week with his parents. This visit over, he took to his business in good earnest, and did in no sort disappoint the good opinion which old Burdon had formed of him. Shrewd, diligent, and devoted, he soon found that he could give a great fillip to Zeke Burdon's business, and at the same time set himself trading in a modest but profitable way. After he became a little intimate with men of his own age, his friends used to joke him about his house, which they called a wizard's den. It was a one-storied building, standing a little way out of town; and they declared that while old Behrens lived there, it was noted for the most unearthly sights and sounds, so that few cared to go near it after dark, and that the popular belief was that ghosts and devils revelled there all night. The old fellow, they said, was quite proud of being thought a magician, and preferred to act in a mysterious manner, so as to give the appearance of supernatural intervention; and they told some stories which certainly seemed to prove that he could find out and do things in a strange way, and that he would be at pains to make it appear that he worked by some unearthly power. These gibes and reflections on his house might have made Robert uncomfortable if he had heard them in the early days of his habitation; but as he had been some time in occupation, and had never been disturbed when they first came to his ears, he only laughed and said he wondered how people could utter or listen to such nonsense. His perfect composure, and the fresh look with which he came to business in the morning — not a characteristic of all his acquaintances — soon stopped the jesting on this subject.

And so things went on as prosperously as could be desired. More than eighteen months had passed away since his return to Liverpool — months which he scored off on the calendar one after another with the utmost complacency, for did not the lapse of them bring nearer and nearer his reunion with his beloved Probity! But none of us can live in unvarying sunshine. Young Lathom, after being some time at home, and becoming acquainted with his work, had taken some steps which, although they were by no means unwarranted, made him more anxious than he had been before. To take advantage of a most favorable state of the market, he had shipped largely to Sydney on credit, calculating that his obligations would be more than met whenever he should receive from Burdon his share of farming profits from lands out there, and remittances in payment of former consignments. The money, if it should arrive in regular course, would be in his hands before it was wanted; but to obviate all risk, he wrote, urging Burdon to be punctual; and we may suppose, from the earnestness which we have seen Probity display, that he also wrote to her, although there is no evidence of this fact.

Well, the time when his payments would be due began to draw near. Neither money nor advice of it had arrived, but he felt that it could not be far distant. A packet was due even now. It was tiresome that on this important occasion she should happen to be late, but such *contretemps* were always happening. She would make her number in a day or two, and then all would be well. But a day or two and more time than that passed away, and still she did not appear. (It was the very packet which left Sydney the day after Zeke Burdon's conversation with his daughter in the office, and which never after that day was again seen.) Robert's anxiety of course increased as the hours rolled away; it became of an intensity such as he had not experienced before. He had not, however, learned to despond. He felt certain that it was only a question of time; but then the day of payment was drawing disagreeably near. When it was only three or four

days off, he had to effect some arrangement to gain time ; and this was not very easy to manage, as the amount was large in proportion to his business ; but he did, by the aid of some friends, get an extension of three weeks, which would be ample, he did not doubt. This accommodation, however, greatly increased his anxiety, as, if the payment were now to fail, his friends might suffer as well as himself. Nevertheless he would not suppose but that everything would be right. In a day or two he read a notification that the expected packet was in sight, and his heart rejoiced at the thought that his difficulty must be passed. The day after, the notice was contradicted ; it was another packet which, on a foggy day, had been mistaken for the missing one. And still the time wore on, and still he got no advice. In his extremity he wrote to Behrens, who was at Frankfort, telling him of his case, and asking if he could assist him. The friends who were sureties for him had entire faith in him, and bade him be of good cheer, for they would pull him through somehow or other ; but assurances of this kind did not relieve a mind like Robert Lathom's. His perplexity became most distressing. He determined that there should be no more suretyship or borrowing. If his money did not arrive by the 10th of October (that was the day) he would be declared a bankrupt, give up everything in the present, sacrifice position and prospects, and trust that, at the least, he might, in a very short time, reimburse those who had so kindly come to his relief. He had not formed this resolution without a bitter struggle.

On the 8th October he received the following reply from Mr. Behrens :—

Do not be sorrowful. I let myself be interested in you. The letters shall come to you in good time.

BEHRENS.

But this enigmatical epistle did not bring much comfort. It was the 9th of October. Lathom had declined the invitation of his sureties to dine together—which they had kindly given in the hope of diverting him from his chagrin—and had gone home early, taking with him some books and other documents, in order that he might prepare letters and statements, which it was now only too certain that he would require to use on the morrow.

Lathom was surprised to find what a calm was lent him by despair. He worked away the whole of that evening vigorously, and, compared with the state of mind from which he suffered while yet in doubt, cheerfully. He did not complete his labor till eleven o'clock, and when it was done he felt fatigued and drowsy, not watchful and excited as had been his wont for some nights past. When he withdrew to his bed-chamber, he locked away his books and papers, all except one large foolscap sheet containing a list or abstract, which, as he intended to put it in his note-case before going forth in the morning, he took with him, and placed on a table near the foot of his bed. He lay down with his mind cleared of figures and of much of the doubt and fear which had been oppressing it for days ; and his thought turned sadly but fondly to poor Probity Burdon, and he wondered how the reverse of fortune which he had to encounter would affect the plans which they had cherished. Happen what might, he could rely on the faith of his betrothed. It was with this comfortable thought that he fell asleep.

In the night he was awakened by the noise of unusually heavy rain descending on the roof. It has been said that the house was one-storied, and it may be added that the rooms were rather low ; so that the slates on which this downpour was coming were not much above the bed's head. Robert turned himself about, and began to think whether he had observed on the previous evening any sign of bad weather ; but in truth he had been so occupied with his affairs that he had never looked at the sky. Then he felt vexed that, as he had been lucky enough to go to sleep, he should have been thus early disturbed, for it was still pitch-dark. And after that he resolved to shut his eyes and ears, and to court sleep again. As he thus resolved, he saw a gleam of soft light in the direction of the door of his room.

He looked attentively to see what this might be, and saw a female figure, much draped, and with the head veiled or shrouded. It carried in one hand a lamp, and with the other hand shaded the light so as to throw the rays back upon itself, rather than to allow them to disperse themselves in the room. As he stared at it, simply in wonder so far, it moved without noise across the chamber, not far from the bed's foot. It was near, as he judged, the opposite wall, when the thought suddenly struck him—"One of old Behrens's ghosts, by jingo !" and thereupon he sprang out of bed and rushed towards the figure, which, however, disappeared he knew not how, and he found himself groping about in the dark among the furniture, and was fain to feel his way back to bed. As he turned to do so his foot came in contact with, and pushed along the floor, a piece of paper, which he concluded to be the abstract which he had put on the table, and which he must have brushed off it when he rushed from the bed. That he remembered this paper was proof that he had not been in a dream. He got back to bed again, and was surprised at the calm way in which he was able to think over what he had seen. From what he knew of himself, an appearance such as this should have overcome him with horror ; but here he lay, coolly thinking the matter over, and not caring if he should see the lady and her lamp reappear. She did not, however, trouble him again ; and, strange to say, he was in a short time asleep once more, and when he awoke it was broad daylight.

As he rubbed his eyes and recalled the visitation of the night, it occurred to him that he had thrown down the folded paper containing the abstract, and he looked out to see where it was lying, that he might judge where he stood when the figure eluded him. But the paper had not fallen at all. There it lay on the table, just where he had placed it ; and now he felt perplexed, for although he had no doubt about what he had seen, he felt that to others it would appear simply a dream, when the paper which he had left on the floor was admitted to have never been moved from the table. But then he would swear that his foot had come upon a paper, and he now arose to examine the room. Near the wall, and about where he thought he must have stood in the night, there lay a paper, sure enough. Nothing of the kind, so far as he could remember, was lying there when he went to bed. He picked it up and did not find its presence explained when he saw that it was a sealed packet, and that it was addressed to himself. Turning it over in astonishment, after the manner of people so surprised, he recognized the well-known seal of Ezekiel Burdon, and in the superscription the handwriting of a clerk in the office.

By favor of — — —, *Esq.*, was written beside the address. There was no postmark. After vainly puzzling himself for a few seconds as to how it had come there, Lathom broke the seal and opened the packet. In it he found bills of exchange quite sufficient to meet his necessities, also letters of advice, and a letter from Zeke Burdon to himself. One can understand how the surprise caused by the first discovery of the letter gave way to delight at its contents, and how the young man, dazed by a crowd of emotions, forgot all about his toilet, and sat rejoicing and wondering for long by his bedside. As he dressed he endeavored to put the whole occurrence into shape. The contents of the letter were certainly genuine, and certainly what he had been expecting. The bearer must have arrived by some indirect passage. He had called somewhere on his way home, and so had come in a ship not reported as from Sydney. But how the letter got into his room—well, it was a puzzle !

In answer to his questions, the servants assured him that neither the postman nor any one else had brought a packet that morning ; and indeed the postman, bearing some letters of very secondary import, made his visit afterwards. Looking a little more leisurely over Mr. Burdon's letter while he sat at breakfast, Robert noticed that the first copies of the bills were to have been sent by the packet so long overdue, and that Mr. Waddington, who had been a passenger—or at any rate had intended to be a passenger—

in the Kangaroo, was to take the second. He had never seen that ship's arrival announced, and he knew that she traded to London. Either, therefore, Mr. Waddington must at the last have proceeded by some other route, or else he had somehow been transhipped on the voyage. After all this had been put together, there remained the inexplicable problem, — How did the letter get into his chamber? Mr. Waddington not having himself written seemed also a rather strange thing, but of course it was possible that he might have dispatched the packet while too busy to write himself: an early post might bring the expected advice from him.

It will readily be believed that Robert Lathom did not on that day give himself up to wonder or conjecture. He had work to do — work far more agreeable than that which he had believed to be awaiting him. His bills, received by private hand, were accepted at once; his difficulty was at an end. The congratulations of his friends were hearty and profuse. It was quite romantic, they said, to be thus relieved at the last minute; and so it was — they didn't half know *how* romantic.

Never doubting that the whole of this mystery would be cleared up — for he was a matter-of-fact, strong-minded fellow, as has been said — Lathom, when his first duties were performed, set himself to examine shipping lists, but no notice of the Kangaroo could he see. He must wait now for Waddington's letter. He and his friends did dine together that day at the Mersey tavern, and a very pleasant evening they passed. But, now that his commercial trouble was off his mind, the young merchant was the more anxious to penetrate the mystery of the letter, and his first thought, when he got home, was to closely search the chamber again. He examined and tried the windows and door, and looked well at the low roof; then he moved the wardrobe and bed, and turned round one or two pictures, to assure himself that no secret entrance existed. Finally, he displaced, and then replaced, a cumbrous old clock which stood near to where he had found the letter. Looking up to some gilding which surmounted this piece of furniture, he saw, or fancied he saw, the very faintest outline of a face, and the mild regard of blue eyes, which called up the dear recollection of his Probity. It faded into nothing as he gazed, but then in a moment came back the recollection of his mysterious visitant, whom the change in his fortune had quite made him forget. He questioned his servants again, and more closely than before. No one had brought letters to the house on the preceding day after the morning's post; and no one had been there at all in the afternoon except a person from a German clockmaker's in the town, who came to fit a key to the old clock in Lathom's room. "I couldn't help remarking of him," said the servant, "he was such a queer looking old man, with a white beard, and such a hooked nose." Robert could make nothing of it at all.

It may have been three weeks after all this that Lathom read in a newspaper the arrival of the Kangaroo, and the same evening received a letter from Mr. Waddington, dated London, November 1, which ran as follows: —

DEAR SIR, — As I take for granted that you received advices by the last packet from Sydney, it will, I hope, have become a matter of secondary importance whether some duplicate dispatches of which I was the bearer come immediately to hand or not. I deeply regret to have to tell you that the packet intrusted to my charge has been unaccountably mislaid, and is not immediately forthcoming; and I request that you will be good enough to write at once saying whether you have received advices which ought to have reached you per mail-packet. I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,
F. WADDINGTON.

The mystery seemed only to grow deeper. Lathom did not in reply to this enter into particulars, but said that he proposed to be in London as early as possible, and would wait on Mr. Waddington. In the mean time the latter gentleman need be under no anxiety as to the packet of letters, as no inconvenience was caused by the want of it.

The next post, however, brought another letter from Mr. Waddington, who had been made miserable by the discovery that the mail-packet had not arrived. He wrote to say that the circumstances under which the dispatch had been mislaid were strange and peculiar, and that he could not enter upon them until he could sit down leisurely and collectedly to write. In the mean time he entreated Lathom to consider him and his brother as in every way answerable for any difficulty that might have occurred about money. The letter then went on to give messages, and to speak of Probity (who had written by the mail-packet), and to give some Sydney news.

Lathom and Waddington had not been very intimately acquainted before, but this letter showed so much kind feeling, that Lathom, when he got to London, met the other as an old friend. He assured him that he was quite at his ease concerning money, but did not mention the circumstances under which he had been supplied. They agreed to dine together that evening, when Waddington would have the opportunity of mentioning some matters which he longed to confide to Lathom.

"We had a terrible voyage," said Waddington, when they were quietly seated together; "driven this way and that, and sometimes in great danger. We have been at Rio, and glad enough we were to get there; but our troubles did not end with reaching that port, for when we set sail again from thence, the Atlantic seemed in a more violent mood than the other oceans had been. We were knocked about for several weeks, being often in imminent danger, and had well-nigh lost our reckoning through the thick weather, until one morning, after having had a violent thunderstorm in the night, we were delighted by a calm day and a clear sky, with land looming in the distance. We made this land out to be Cape Finisterre, and the sight of it is inseparably connected with the loss of the letter which I was bringing to you. I noted the matter carefully: it was on the 10th October that we made the land, and on the 9th I am certain that the letter was in my possession."

Lathom started at the mention of the date, but did not interrupt.

"You must know," went on Waddington, "that, before the thunderstorm, we had been much in doubt as to the ability of the ship to reach England, and there had been some talk of taking to the boats. To be prepared for such a contingency I went to my cabin, and separated from my baggage a few gold pieces which I secured in the waistband of my trousers, and some articles of value and importance, which I made up into a small package as well secured as might be from wet, and provided with straps to attach it to my person whenever it might be proposed to leave the ship. I can be on my oath that the letter for you was in this package; but though the package remained in my possession, apparently just in the condition in which I had put it, believe me that, when the fair weather and the sight of land induced me to open it again, your letter had disappeared, and I have never seen it since!"

"Nay," put in Lathom, as calmly as he could, though he felt his heart galloping under his waistcoat, "you were, of course, a good deal agitated when you were making up your parcel, and the letter may easily have dropped out, and been, by the motion of the vessel, jerked into some of the innumerable crevices and corners of the ship."

"I have a particular recollection," answered Waddington, "of having put your letter with my valuables, and I know exactly where I put it. Nevertheless, as soon as I found it wanting I made search among my baggage, and all over the cabin, without success. It was the only thing missing. Besides, there is another circumstance, which I have not liked to mention, and which I mention now with some fear that you may think me a romancer, and distrust all that I have been telling you."

"Not at all; I shall not in the least distrust you," answered Robert, whose curiosity was now painfully aroused.

"Well, then, I must tell you that on the night of the storm — which night, you will remember, succeeded the day on which I made up my parcel — I had gone to my cabin much wearied, both in body and mind. I did not

dare to undress, but threw myself into my sleeping-berth, where I lay tossed about by the motion of the vessel, and watching the flashes of light, whose brilliancy and frequency exceeded anything in my experience. Between the flashes it was so dark as to create a feeling of great horror. I could keep no account of time, but fancy it may have been midnight or thereabout when the storm began to roll away. As the lightnings moderated, I felt my eyes — which had been watching them — sore and weary, and I closed the lids from exhaustion, but not from drowsiness, which was very far from overcoming me — I was too much disturbed, both bodily and mentally. But I lay, as I was saying, with my eyes shut, noting the increased and increasing distance of the thunder, and wondering what report the captain would make of our prospects in the morning. Chancing to open my eyes as I rolled from side to side, I was sensible of a soft light in the cabin, very different from the vivid lightning, but yet a very decided change from the extreme darkness. And, surveying the cabin by this light, I was conscious of a figure, of not very distinct outline, bending over the parcel of valuables which I had packed up. My idea was that somebody who had seen me at work in the afternoon, and guessed what I was about, had now come in the dead of night to appropriate my little bundle. In this thought I scrambled out of my berth and made for the intruder; but the light now disappeared. However, I soon got a lantern from the watch on deck, and examined my cabin; but nothing was amiss there. It proved to be between two and three o'clock, so I lay down again, and know of nothing remarkable till the morning, when we heard that the land was in sight. East winds kept us from entering the Channel for a fortnight, but we got in at last, thank God!

"Should you know the envelope again, do you think?" asked Lathom, somewhat tremulously.

"That should I," replied Waddington; "the appearance of it is stamped on my brain. I don't know anything that ever gave me so much anxiety."

Then Robert took from his note-case the cover of the mysteriously found letter. Waddington turned as pale as death.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is the very thing. Where on earth did you get it?"

"I must in my turn ask your indulgent acceptance of what I have to say, for my story is no less marvellous than yours." And thereupon Lathom told how he had found the packet, how it had contained undeniable bills and other documents, and how he had seen a figure in his room on the night between the 9th and 10th of October, just before he felt a paper on the ground.

"Have mercy on us!" exclaimed the other; "I should have told you that the figure which I saw in my cabin on board the Kangaroo also held a lamp, and was habited exactly as you describe. Why, the same person — or being — that robbed me, must have taken the package straight to you."

"And pretty rapidly too. You remember that you were at the time off Cape Finisterre, and I in Liverpool. There is, however, one other point which perhaps you may be able to explain. My friend Mr. Burdon advised me that you would take a duplicate packet; now the papers which were within this mysterious cover were first copies."

"That is strange," said Waddington; "but no — not unaccountable after all. You know the way in which the clerk gets ready the two or three copies, as it may be, all at one time. It is very likely that in his hurry on the day of the packet sailing he may have handed Müller — poor fellow, his was a sad fate! — the duplicate; which would have left the original for me. I know he asked me to put my own name on the back of the envelope in the blank space which you still see, as he had omitted to do so before coming to see me off. Had I brought the letter to land, of course I should have filled in the hiatus before sending on the dispatch."

"Yes, certainly," answered Lathom, "you must have brought the original by mistake. Indeed I am truly grieved for poor Müller: the brothers were very kind to me when

first I went out. They are relatives of Mr. Behrens, an old friend of my family, now at Frankfort: Karl was going to visit the old man. It is a sad affair."

Waddington mused a long time: he was sorely astonished. At last he said, —

"It is surely the strangest thing that ever was; but what could be the object of this — this miracle, for I can call it nothing less? Only to perplex and astonish two unfortunate people, as far as I can see. The letter did but reach the person to whom it was addressed, and the same thing would have happened in due course if the documents had been left quietly in my possession. What possible difference could it have made?"

"Simply that I should have been a bankrupt on the 10th of October!"

"Good God!"

Before Robert returned to Liverpool, the two men agreed that it would be very unpleasant to have this story canvassed, to have their veracity — or perhaps their sanity — doubted by matter-of-fact prigs, or to attain to the kind of notoriety which the heroes of such adventures suffer. So they kept the circumstances very quiet.

Third copies of the triplicate bills arrived soon after the Kangaroo, and dissipated all doubt (if doubt anywhere existed) as to the genuineness of the second copy. Robert Lathom went on and prospered, and was very little troubled either by day or by night. There are, however, troubles in plenty which are unconnected with what is ordinarily called prosperity, and one of these was awaiting Robert — a trouble which, notwithstanding that he grew rich, as old Behrens said he would, cast a shadow on his life till his dying day. The winter was passed, the spring was passing, and Robert's heart rejoiced, for he had been doing so well in the past six months that the time might not be far distant when he might revisit Sydney to realize his most ardent wish. At this time he received a letter from Ezekiel Burdon which struck him down, and, as he used to say afterwards, then and there made an old man of him before he was six-and-twenty. Probity Burdon was dead. . . . Poor old Zeke wrote with much more feeling than had seemed to be in his nature, and in a strain that completely unmanned poor Robert. He knew that his child had been weak and ailing, but had never thought that she was seriously diseased. At times she would be bright and happy; and she was unusually so on the last day of her life, when she had volunteered the information that she felt quite well and strong. Three hours afterwards she had lain down and died. A letter and parcel found in her desk and addressed to Lathom were duly forwarded, and brought him probably all the comfort which he was now likely to get. It is believed that these are the same letter and parcel which by his most particular injunction were laid upon his breast in the coffin. For many weary nights he spelt over the details of Ezekiel's most sad letter, but it was not till after some time that he perceived the curious approximation of the date of poor Probity's death to that of the mysterious occurrences about the bills of exchange. She had died at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th October, only about ten hours before the letter had been spirited into his bed-chamber! Mr. Waddington was also struck with the almost coincidence, and said that, if the dates had corresponded exactly, he could not have avoided the conviction that the events were somehow intimately connected; but of course, as there was not exact correspondence, that idea might be dismissed.

It is not known in what year, but Mr. Lathom certainly did revisit Sydney, probably to look at a grave there. He never married, but he grew very rich, as the Jew had predicted that he would. For many years, it is said, he could not bear to hear any event of this story even hinted at; but towards the end of his life — the part with which the writer is personally acquainted — he conversed very freely

¹ Mr. Lathom and Mr. Waddington — indeed our contributor also — appear to have overlooked the difference of longitude. If that be taken into account, it will be seen that, as nearly as can now be ascertained, Probity Burdon's death and the apparitions to the two gentlemen must have occurred at the same time! — *Ed. Blackwood's Magazine.*

on the subject with his friends, and he at length gratified them by making a written statement. Mr. Waddington also left written testimony behind him.

It should be mentioned, as connected with this story, and as further proof of the mystery which seems to surround the whole of it, that among Mr. Lathom's papers was found a small slip cut from a German newspaper announcing the death, at Frankfort, of Karl Müller. This was enclosed in a piece of faded writing paper, whereon was noted, in Lathom's writing—

"Can this possibly have been poor Karl, thought to have been drowned? Behrens has not replied to my inquiry. I hear of three men having landed in a boat on the coast of Brittany, about the time when the packet must have foundered. The Müllers have all left Sydney. Poor Karl!"

It was only last autumn that Mr. Lathom died, a millionaire, leaving his large fortune to be curiously subdivided. His lamented decease removed the last barrier against the disclosure of the facts here narrated, which, it is hoped, will prove a valuable contribution to the science of the invisible world.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," who has not for some time appeared before the public as a novelist, has just completed a new domestic love story, entitled "My Mother and I," which will appear immediately in *Good Words*.

It has been finally arranged that there shall be an International Congress of Orientalists in London next year. The sittings of the Congress are fixed to take place in April. A large number of Continental scholars have given in their adhesion to the scheme, more than fifty from France having announced their intention of being present. The Oriental scholars of Germany do not favor the project.

THE late King of Saxony was by far the most learned of European monarchs. He twice visited Italy, and his Annotated Translation of Dante would have been creditable to a Leipzig professor. In 1824 he became the President of the Saxon Society of Antiquaries, and he more than once presided over the deliberation of the German Society of History and Antiquities; and these honors he had a claim to, apart from his birth. He was a well-informed archaeologist.

THE *London Court Journal* says: "A novel species of drink has been imported from America which is somewhat serious in its effects. Active inquiries have been set on foot, and it has been ascertained that in several places this terrible chemical combination is sold at a low price. This liquid compound has the effect of producing the most fearful and rapid brain excitement. It has the effect of not only making those who drink it demented, but also of producing temporary paralysis of the limbs and frequently utter unconsciousness." This is making a great ado over the grade of whiskey usually consumed by good Americans.

THERE are 114 cafés-concerts in Paris of various degrees of respectability and harmony-power. The artists are generally paid from three to five francs per evening. The most curious of all these is the "Bird's Concerts," because held in an out-of-the-way street of that name, and fortunately held not far from Père La Chaise cemetery. The patrons of the establishment are rag-pickers, prodigies, infant and adult, out of work, and beggars jolly and sad. For one sou customers have the use of a fire and gridiron to cook any kind of animal food—some very strange specimens of which are produced; wine is supplied at six sous the quart; bear in mind wine is prepared from everything in France, even from grapes. After dinner the guests can pass into the concert-room, where volunteers from the spectators assist the artists.

GUSTAVE DORÉ has set himself the task of illustrating Shakespeare. The plays in which he makes a commencement are to be the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Macbeth." The costume as regards the former is plain sailing, being purely of a fanciful character; but the realism of the painter finds itself somewhat embarrassed with regard to the costume of the latter. Friends have been for some time ransacking authorities here for him, without any very satisfactory result. The only thing that appears clear is that the Highland costume, as we now know it,

was not worn by Macbeth, Banquo, and the other male *dramatis personæ*. The stage costume of Macbeth represents the individual as a pleasant mixture of a conventional Highland chieftain, a Roman legionary, and a soldier of Cromwell; but this will not do for Doré.

A CURIOUS dinner was recently given at one of the principal restaurants in Paris. Thirteen covers had been laid, but to the surprise of the waiters a single guest made his appearance, who, after pushing twelve chairs close to the table, as if they were engaged, quietly sat down and dined alone. The mystery was afterwards explained. Twenty years ago thirteen friends—amongst whom were Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Count de Flehac, etc.—met at the restaurant in question, and agreed to dine together every year on the same day, keeping the places of those who had died, as if their guests were to be present. The next year they were only eleven in number, two years after ten, then seven, and so on. The last but one was Count de Flavigny, who lately departed this life. The solitary guest at present was M. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged eighty-four.

SOME curious particulars regarding the Pope's wardrobe are given by the *Neue Freie Presse*. The head of the Roman Church adheres strictly to ancient tradition in respect of the color of his attire, which consists of a white cassock with a narrow collar and wide sleeves, and a purple cloak cut in a circular shape. The material varies in thickness according to the season. In consequence of an inveterate habit of snuff taking his Holiness requires five or six white cassocks during the year, each of which costs about four hundred francs. In winter the Pope wears white silk stockings over fine thread and in summer mixed cotton and silk. These are supplied by a well-known house in Verviers which charges twenty-four francs a pair for the hose. The red mantle costs no less than eight hundred francs. The slippers, of fine red cloth embroidered with fine gold, and ornamented with a cross, are worth from one hundred and twenty francs to one hundred and forty francs. The Pope requires six of these for the year; twenty-four pairs are besides always kept in his wardrobe, and the chamberlains are forbidden to give them away when cast off, though many eagerly covet the honor of their possession.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Athenæum* says Disraeli's famous epigram upon the critics must have been suggested by a passage in one of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." The following passages occur in the first Conversation between Southey and Porson, which was published in 1824: "Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers turn reviewers." "The readiest-made critics are cut-down poets." Another correspondent writing to the same journal says: In connection with Mr. Disraeli's famous sneer at the critics, referred to in last week's *Athenæum*, it may be interesting to note a much older and more pointed parallelism than the one quoted from Balzac. In Dryden's dedicatory preface to the third volume of his *Miscellany Poems*, printed in 1693, the following epigrammatic observations occur, amid some forcible characteristic criticism: "Ill writers are usually the sharpest censors; for they (as the best poet and the best patron said),

When in the full perfection of decay,
Turn vinegar and come again in play.

Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic; I mean of a critic in the general acceptance of this age, for formerly they were quite another species of men!" It is further on in the same preface that we find, "Who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger?" If Mr. Disraeli had not read Dryden previous to the composition of "Lothair," the coincidence is certainly a curious one; if he had, it seems so much in his favor as contrasted with the apparent practice of the bulk of English readers.

SPEAKING of Gen. Lew Wallace's romance, the *London Athenæum* says: "In 'The Fair God' we have, we believe, the first work of General Lewis Wallace, known hitherto only as a dashing officer in the American war, treating in a solid fashion of the fall of the Aztec power of Montezuma at the hands of Hernan Cortes. We do not hesitate to say that 'The Fair God' is one of the most powerful historical novels that we have ever read. It is a real pleasure to us to be able to write these words after the exposures which we have lately made of the absolute worthlessness of many much belauded American novels of the last six months. Our impression is that 'The Fair God' must have taken General Wallace years to write. The elaboration here and there is almost painful; the opening, like that of most

archæological novels, is dull, but the scene where, in the sunrise, Montezuma reads his fate; the dance-scene; and the entry of the Spaniards to the capital, are drawn in a style of which we think few living writers capable; and the battles are Homeric in their grandeur. There is nothing, indeed, bad in General Wallace's book except his Preface. Cortes and Guatamozin live, and the whole of the characters breathe the spirit of ancient Mexico. As a romantic treatment of the history of a beaten cause, 'The Fair God' is equal to 'Rienzi.'

THE Volo correspondent of the *Imparcial* gives the following particulars of the death of Tako Arvanitaki, the brigand and murderer of the English travellers at Marathon. Arvanitaki, it seems, fell a victim to the treachery of an accomplice. Until recently no person would have been found daring enough to betray the haunts of the robbers who infested Thessaly. For the authorities from some inexplicable motive imprisoned all those who thought to do a service by giving information against the brigands. Their informers incurred double risk; if they escaped the vengeance of the brigands, they were safe to be arrested by the authorities. Lately, however, on the arrival of General Mehemet Ali Pasha, the singular state of affairs underwent a change. The first care of the Turkish general was to offer a handsome reward for any information which might lead to the apprehension of robbers; and it was thus that Arvanitaki was betrayed by one of the persons who had been in the habit of giving him food and shelter in his own cottage. On the brigand paying a visit to his friend the other day, the latter, who had already laid his plans, informed him that the troops were aware of his hiding-place, and were about to surround him, but added that he would lead him and his followers, sixteen in number, to a neighboring thicket, where they might lie in security till the departure of the soldiers. Having indicated to Tako the place where he was to hide, the man left him with the promise of keeping him informed as to the movement of the troops, and then went straightway and gave the alarm to a yuzbashi in command of a company of soldiers stationed in the neighborhood. The soldiers were to recognize Arvanitaki by the color of his founstannella, which was white, the robber having exchanged the gray garment usually worn by himself and his companions, and which he had torn in the bushes, with one belonging to his treacherous host. The brigands perceived the snare into which they had fallen too late to make their escape. They made a desperate resistance, but several of them were eventually killed, and Tako Arvanitaki fell pierced by nine bullets. His head was immediately hacked off by the soldiers, who in their eagerness to secure the body of the chief, allowed his surviving companions to make their escape. The head of Tako was sent to Yannina, where it was identified by many people familiar with the features of the deceased ruffian.

THE *Spectator*, in the course of an article on "Imagination in Money Matters," says: There is something very odd, almost inexplicable, about the way in which English imagination works in relation to the money market. As a rule, our countrymen are not timid about their money, are almost reckless in leaving property unguarded, and do not know how to hoard; but they are at heart wonderfully distrustful of the city, or it may be merely ignorant. The moment anything goes wrong there, they are ready to carry sacks of coin on their shoulders right through Thieves' Yard, so that they may but get out of establishments they have trusted all their lives, and trusted justifiably. They would be patient, probably, in any other case, but the thought of losing money by a bank seems to be too much for them, and they skulk just as they do before a tooth-drawer. It may be that a little vanity enters into the fear they feel, a dislike of seeming to be less far-sighted than their neighbors, less prudent and well-managing; but the main element in monetary panic, as far as it affects private persons, is fear, often the stronger the more unreasonable it is. They cannot get rid of it, trust the most exaggerated statements, and as every banker has seen, apply the big words of the city creditors, — words perfectly justified where they are intended to apply, — to affairs with which they have really not the smallest connection. Argument is perfectly useless in such cases, just as it is when a theatre is on fire. The dread spreads like a panic among a mob, as if the mere number of the people endangered increased the individual's fear of his own danger, and finally there is a stampede, with no result except an enormous number of unnecessary victims. Even their faith in the customary seems to fail. They know perfectly well that no government has ever dared to let things go too far, they know that Mr. Gladstone never himself makes financial blunders, and they know that an English panic of that kind — for the fall of a house like Overend Gurneys was quite a different matter — will last, if it comes at all, but a day

or two, and still they are as frightened as if they were bill-discounters. All reasonableness seems to desert them, and men who will stand a far heavier attack in the way of ordinary loss behave like a Southern people with the cholera among them. They all fancy they have got it, or will get it, whereas it keeps its averages as regularly as any other disease, and does not kill half as many people as malaria will. Sit still, is the best order for quiet folk in a time of city crisis, but it is given with no more effect than the same order in a fire. Everybody is blinded by that curious intellectual selfishness which is not of the heart, but of the brain, till he thinks himself the very object of the fire, and jumps out of the window, with the most total forgetfulness that his staircase is of stone.

SOME NEW POEMS BY W. W. STORY.

I. — MORNING IN SPRING.

LOVE.

How sweet is this grove,
With its delicate odors
Of earth and of air!
How soft are the shadows
That sleep on the sward!
Here, love, let us rest!

How tender the hues,
Like the bloom on the plum,
Of the far dreaming mountains,
That sleep on the sky!
How faint the dim distance,
Through long silent vistas
Of thick-thronging trees!
Look, love, as the breeze lifts
And whispers among them,
The leaves all alive
In the flickering sunlight
Stir, murmur, and talk.
List, love, how the brooklet
Is talking and telling
Its petulant troubles
Amid the lush grasses,
Around the wet stones.

How tender and dear
Is this beautiful day,
All fresh with the beauty
And grace of the spring!
None ever was like it —
None ever before,
And none ever could be
Till love lent its spell!

A spirit is moving
Around us unseen,
It haunts with its presence
This delicate air,
And draws us forever
With mystical sway,
Till sweet silent longings,
Stream forth from the heart,
As the odors that stream
From the buds and the blossoms
At touch of the spring.

Oh, lean on my breast, love!
Look into my eyes!
All nature breathes love!
O time, do not pass!
Stay with us, — stay with us,
O beautiful day!
Stay, exquisite dream!
For it is but a dream
What we feel and we see.
A hand — a rude noise
In a moment might wake us,
And drive it away.
Oh, keep us suspended
'Twixt heaven and earth,
Half soul and half sense,

And break not the dream !
For the sounds and the sights
Like our lives are ideal,
Or only half real
And half disembodied,
And under a spell.

Are all things enchanted
In life and in nature ?
Ah yes — for we love.
In the trees, in the flowers,
In the brook, in the stones,
Is a spirit imprisoned
That calls to the soul,
That prays us to free it
And longs to come forth.
Yet vainly we struggle
To break the enchantment,
And vainly we listen
To catch what it says —
Too distant, too subtle,
Too fine for our sense,
Is the music that calls us,
That haunts and torments us,
Still fleeing before us,
Still taunting us on.

Say, what can we answer ?
Oh, where is the charm
That can break the enchantment,
Unloose the bound spirit,
And give us the key
To the silence — not silence,
The beauty and grace
That keeps hiding and taunting
The innermost soul ?

O love ! in our loving
Still something we want,
For I cannot be utterly yours,
Nor you mine —
For we cannot o'erleap, love,
The bound that divides us,
And our souls and our senses
Fall back on themselves —
For we cannot express, love,
What throbs so within us,
And we sink back to silence,
So vain is our speech.

O love ! I so love you,
I would we could merge
To one spirit, one body,
With no mine and thine —
To a union so perfect,
So close and so single,
That naught could divide us
Again into two.

II. EVENING IN SUMMER.

DOUBT.

O LOVE of mine, we sit beneath this tree,
We smile, and all is exquisite to see ;
The moon, the earth, the heavens are all so fair, —
The very centre of the world are we.

And yet, 'neath all our happiness, there lie
Dim doubts and fears, forever lurking nigh ;
We are so happy now, one moment's space,
Then Love, and Life, and all take wing and fly.

Where shall we be a hundred years from now ?
Where were we but a hundred years ago ?
Behind, before, there hangs a solemn veil, —
What was, or shall be, neither do we know.

A passing gleam, called Life, is o'er us thrown,
Then swift we flit into the dark unknown ;
As we have come we go, — no voice comes back
From that deep silence where we wend alone.

Stay ! stay ! O ever-fleeing Time, thy flight !
Make this one happy moment infinite ;
Now, while we touch the heavens, and stand on earth,
And Love makes mystical all sound and sight.

No ! the sad moon, so plaintive and so fair,
Hath seen how many here as now we are,
As happy in their perfectness of love, —
And seen, unmoved, as many in despair.

She will arise, and through the darkling trees
Gaze down, as now, through countless centuries,
While other lovers here shall breathe their vows,
When we have vanished like this passing breeze.

O dreadful mystery ! Thought beats its wings,
And strains against the utmost bound of things,
And drops exhausted back to earth again, —
And moans, distressed by vague imaginings.

Each to himself, in all his hopes and dreams,
The very centre of creation seems ;
And death and blank annihilation each
As some impossible vague terror deems.

Yet, of the countless myriads that have gone,
The countless myriads that are coming on,
Are all immortal ? Ah ! the thought recoils
From that vast crowd of living, and sinks down.

But what if all in all be now and here ?
The rest, illusions shaped by hope or fear, —
And thou and I, with all our life and love,
End like this insect that is fluttering near ?

If Virtue be a cheat, a child to sooth,
And heaven a lie, invented but in rath,
To hide the horror of eternal death, —
Knowing that madness would be born of Truth ?

Who knows ? who knows ? Since God hath shut the door
That opens out into the waste before,
Vainly we peep and pry, vainly we talk,
And vain is all our logic and our lore.

What will be, will be, though we laugh or weep ;
Love is the happy dream of Life's brief sleep.
And we shall wake at last, and know — or else
In death's kind arms find slumber — dreamless — deep.

Ah, love ! what then is left to us but Trust
That somewhat in us shall survive our dust ;
That heaven shall be at last — and life and love
Be purified of all earth's dregs and must ?

Then let our life and thought no more be vexed
By this dark problem — nor our hearts perplexed
To solve the secret that torments us here ;
Love is earth's heaven — and we will wait the next.

III. TWILIGHT IN WINTER.

DESPAIR.

ONCE more I stand beneath this spreading beech,
Where talking, dreaming, loving, we have lain
So many a happy day.
Now thou art gone beyond thought's utmost reach,
Beyond the joy we knew, the love, the pain,
Out on the dim dark way.

The problem is resolved for thee, but I,
Crushed, questioning, despairing, still remain,
And nothing thou wilt say.
Is love so weak thou dost not heed my cry ?
Is memory so vanishing, so vain,
That death wipes all away ?

O cruel secret, wilt thou ne'er be told ?
 O torturing Nature, that wast once a bliss,
 Vouchsafed in love to us,
 Why hast thou kept those perished joys of old,
 Those hours and days of vanished happiness,
 To sting me with them thus ?

Let me forget ! oh, blind these eyes that look
 Forever backward to that happy past,
 Behind her grave that lies !
 Oh, hold not up that sad pathetic book
 Of love's sweet records ! In that grave be cast
 Those torturing memories.

Let me forget ! Ah, how can I forget ?
 And what were life without that tender pain,
 So deep, and oh, so sad ?
 No ; rather let these sorrowing eyes be wet
 With endless useless tears, than e'er again
 With heartless smiles be glad !

The blast among the moaning branches grieves,
 And frozen is the laughter of the brook —
 Death on the cold earth lies.
 All fallen are my joys, like these glad leaves,
 Through whose green haunts of song the summer shook
 Odors and melodies.

Let me begone ! my thoughts are wild and hard,
 By grief distracted, shivered, shattered, torn
 In struggles fierce and vain —
 And like loose strings to tones discordant jarred,
 Are all those sweet remembrances forlorn,
 That thrill through heart and brain.

Farewell ! upon this life I turn my back,
 Nothing the world can give is good to me,
 A taint on all things lies.
 Joys are all poisons — life an endless rack,
 And this fair earth, that was a heaven with thee,
 Is hideous to my eyes.

A MESSAGE.

GRAY Sea, that ripplest towards yon Kentish cliff !
 I have a message for thee, ere we part :
 Sitting off shore within this little skiff,
 I trust thee with the secret of my heart.

Crowding all sail, a gallant ship glides past ;
 Oh ! that I walked her deck, and oh ! that she
 Might still steer southwards, bringing me at last
 Unto the land-locked Mediterranean Sea.

For there, along the Algiers coast, floats fair
 A little vessel, with a freight above
 The treasures of these fleets : the gentle air
 That fans the sails is breathed by her I love.

Her pleasure-yacht glides on from bay to bay,
 Bearing her farther from me ; but still thou,
 O Sea ! art with her always on her way,
 Beside her, as thou art beside me now.

A thousand miles thy waves have parted us !
 Yet, since they roll the same from me to her,
 I love to think thou dost unite us thus ;
 And now, I charge thee, be my messenger.

Choose some sweet night-hour, when the stars are bright
 Above her head, when all thy waters round
 Are tuned and touched with music and with light, —
 Then be thy charm upon her spirit bound :

Then take her being in a tender thrall ;
 And when she, sighing, yields to its control,
 Do thou her lover to her thoughts recall :
 Speak for me to her gracious, gentle soul !

Intrude not on one bright day's happiness ;
 Sometimes at eve approach her lonely hour,
 Venturing her bosom softly to oppress
 With feelings whereof mine now owns the power.

The yearning for the one beloved and far,
 The confident hope of joy which comes not yet ;
 Yes ! set thy dark wave with a quiet star
 Of hope — that we may meet as we have met.

Tell her my heart with loss of her can know
 No loss of love ; that absence changes me
 Less than the storms and tides which come and go
 Alter the deep and everlasting sea !

MADEIRA.

How strangely on that haunted morn
 Was from the West a vision born,
 Madeira from the blue !
 Sweet heavens ! how fairy-like and fair
 Those headlands shaped themselves in air,
 That magic mountain grew !

I clomb the hills ; but where was gone
 The illusion and the joy thereon,
 The glamour and the gleam ?
 My nameless need I hardly wist,
 And missing knew not what I missed,
 Bewildered in a dream.

And then I found her ; ah, and then
 On amethystine glade and glen
 The soft light shone anew ;
 On windless labyrinths of pine,
 Seaward, and past the gray sea-line,
 To isles beyond the view.

'Twas something pensive, 'twas a sense
 Of solitude, of innocence,
 Of bliss that once had been ;
 Interpretress of earth and skies,
 She looked with visionary eyes
 The Spirit of the scene.

Oh not again, oh never more
 I must assail the enchanted shore,
 Nor these regrets destroy,
 Which still my hidden heart possess
 With dreams too dear for mournfulness,
 Too vanishing for joy.

ELODIA.

Oh sudden heaven ! superb surprise !
 Oh day to dream again !
 Oh Spanish eyebrows, Spanish eyes,
 Voice and allures of Spain !

No answering glance her glances seek,
 Her smile no suitor knows ;
 That lucid pallor of her cheek
 Is lovelier than the rose ;

But when she wakens, when she stirs,
 And life and love begin,
 How blaze those amorous eyes of hers,
 And what a god within !

I saw her heart's arising strife,
 Half eager, half afraid ;
 I paused ; I would not wake to life
 The tinted marble maid.

But starlike through my dreams shall go,
 Pale, with a fiery train,
 The Spanish glory, Spanish glow,
 The passion which is Spain.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 23.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK III. OFF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER XVI. (continued.)

"OH, if you are telling me the truth! *Mein Gott, kann es möglich seyn?* Can it be—but the way she spoke of you—and when Carol told me you were rich"—

"Carol? Then Carol lied as usual. I rich? I am as poor as you, Claudia: ask Lord Lisburn himself, who never lied, if you still doubt my word. As for how the girl spoke of me, who cares? She is a mere savage, with strange fancies, it is true, but one whom neither I nor you could understand. Will you believe foolish tales against my word—or the stage tricks of an actress against"—

"My love" I was going to add: for I should have been blind indeed not to understand with what ample cause Claudia had been deceived, and, as my misconception of her had been removed, what could hinder my heart from rushing back into its own channel? I would not love the false Claudia of my fancy; but when had I ceased to love the true Claudia of old? It was the same with her—there could be nothing between us now that our common poverty had made us of one blood even in the sight of the world. What her answer would be I knew before I could speak the magic word that was to free me and keep me from Zelda's toils and coils forever more.

But neither the word nor the answer came. Was I never, not even for this one moment, to be left free to follow the choice of my soul? Claudia suddenly started, and my eyes followed hers to the door. It had opened noiselessly to admit two men, of whom one was a constable in uniform. Under that disguise I looked on my irrepressible, invincible persecutor, Destiny, once more.

BOOK IV. PALMAM QUÆ MERUIT, FERAT.

CHAPTER I. FOR THE PROSECUTION.

I AM not about to write the history of a criminal trial. It may have surprised some that a few of the many

complexities of which I happened to be the centre were not cut through by the knife of the law. I can only say, from my personal experience and from my experience as a surgeon that the emblematic bandage of Themis typifies something more than the blindness of impartiality. I would represent law—that is to say, the science of human justice—as being near-sighted rather than blind. She sees sharply enough within her range, and her sight is strong; but her vision is bounded, not by the horizon, but by a mist that calls for the aid of spectacles which she is too vain of her personal appearance to use. Zelda and Aaron and thousands of people spend their lives and think their thoughts and do their deeds in the mist into which I myself had strayed, and the law knows no more of how they live, or what they think and what they do, than it does of the inhabitants of the moon. But in my case, who lived habitually within her range of vision, she had thought fit to don her spectacles. In a word, I stood accused before my countrymen of the murder of Margaret Goldrick, and with good and logical cause, as I myself was compelled to own.

My topic lies with lives which in a civilized country and in a civilized century lie beyond the range of law. So it is no part of my province to reproduce the story of those rapid weeks during which I was first examined before a magistrate, then had to wait in prison for my trial, and was at last tried as a prisoner at the bar. The officers of justice had quickly and easily tracked me from St. Bavons to Claudia's lodgings, and the evidence offered by the crown appeared to myself well nigh irresistible. A repetition of its leading heads will be enough to show in what a tangled maze of circumstances I was lost and snared. I had once said, "It is as impossible as that I should ever be a millionaire or a murderer"—if I had only said, "as that I should ever have a thousand pounds in my pocket or seem guilty of murder," my typical impossibilities would have become actual realities. Having been committed both by the coroner and by the city magistrate at St. Bavons, I was brought up at the assizes there, and I myself felt, as I was being tried for my life, that had I been on the jury instead of in the dock, "Guilty"

would have been my own verdict. The evidence grouped itself naturally into two divisions, the first relating to Mrs. Goldrick, the second to me.

As to Mrs. Goldrick. She had been seen alive at a certain hour on the second day before her corpse was discovered by two laborers who, in passing along the Old Wharf-Side, had watched her open her door to a well-dressed man, who might have been myself, but whom they did not pretend to identify. Her reputation as a miser, who kept hoards of money in her own house, was, in spite of much wrangling, brought out sufficiently to have an effect upon the jury, though I think they were warned by the judge to perform the impossible feat of excluding it from their minds. The body was two days afterwards discovered in a cellar, and the medical evidence conclusively proved that she had been killed by a violent blow with some heavy instrument—evidently with an iron crowbar, covered with blood and hair, that lay hard by. Three or four surgeons were examined, of whom all but one inclined to the opinion that the corpse had lain where it was found about two days; the one dissentient held, on cross-examination, that the blow must have been inflicted much more recently, but, on re-examination, fell into a confusion which did me more harm than good. Finally, high words, like quarrelling, had been heard by half a dozen witnesses through a window that looked into the lane.

As to myself. Lord Lisburn, who retained counsel for me, proved that two days before the discovery of the body I left home with the intention of starting for St. Bavons, in such want of money that he was obliged to assist me from his own purse in order to pay a very small bill at my lodgings. He was examined by a young and zealous junior, who chose to ask him from his brief whether he had observed anything strange and confused in my manner, and had answered "Yes," before he could be checked by my own counsel. He also proved that I appeared to know St. Bavons well—indeed my year's residence there needed no proof, while my bad reputation was no doubt remembered by my twelve judges, all of them once my fellow-citizens, in my disfavor. My actual journey was also matter of evidence: but this

was of little consequence, seeing that the curate of St. Catherine's—a witness of the best kind—had himself met me and directed me to Mrs. Goldrick's a few minutes before she had been seen to open her door to the visitor spoken of by the two laborers. That I knew from the positive information of Lord Lisburn and the curate of her reputation for wealth was admitted as evidence which the jury were not called upon to exclude from their attention. My former acquaintance with the old woman's scamp of a son was also proved, so as to suggest a natural inference that I was better informed even than her neighbors of her circumstances. Lastly, with regard to this division of the evidence, I myself, fully identified, was seen by three independent witnesses to leave the house about an hour and a half or two hours after the man, who might be I, was seen to enter, one of them volunteering the statement that "I walked off like a man in a daze."

Thus the two separate streams converged. Mrs. Goldrick had been murdered, and every circumstance pointed naturally to myself as her murderer. From this point ran two other chains—one confirmatory, the other—but I will touch on these in turn.

For confirmatory evidence were the facts that Mrs. Goldrick lived entirely alone, had no known visitors and no known relations, so there was no one more intimate with her than I, who could be more reasonably suspected. That the postman had brought her a letter with a London postmark, not afterwards found; so it might be inferred that she had some correspondent in London who might of course, be I. That the postman, in his ten years' experience, had never known her to receive a letter before, and that his curiosity led him to observe that the address was written in a man's hand. That I had talked of giving up a projected voyage with Lord Lisburn that I had accepted on the ground of poverty, in words that might signify a coming change of circumstances. That I was supposed by the workhouse authorities at Barnfield to be a gypsy foundling, so that a possible connection with one of the same race might be inferred. Of course much of this was incidental suggestion and guess-work; but such guess-work came with fearful force when combined with the direct evidence that had gone before.

Still, however, there was one link wanting. But it was amply supplied. The body of Mrs. Goldrick lay in front of a chest, completely empty, save that a bank-note and a sovereign had slipped into a wide crack in the side. It was clear, therefore, that her reputation for wealth had been deserved, and that she had died in guarding her treasure. The box had not been unlocked but forced

open at the hinges. But—for the last link to complete the chain, where had the money gone?

For a crushing answer, when I, whose previous poverty had been amply proved, was searched, they found concealed on my person bank-notes to the amount of a thousand pounds.

In answer to all this, I had but my plea of Not Guilty, unsupported by any circumstantial proof, and one witness—a stupid shop-boy at a small stationer's, who had sold an envelope and a postage-stamp to a woman answering Mrs. Goldrick's description later than I had been seen to leave her door. But when pressed on the matter, it appeared there was no clock in the shop, and that his only reason for his fixing on the hour was the unailing regularity with which his appetite marked the approach of dinner-time. I do not think that I ever in all my life heard so intensely fiendish a sound as the murmur of heartless laughter which ran through the magistrates' courtroom at what the bystanders thought a capital joke—all the better, perhaps, because it might have the effect of hanging a fellow-creature. He was not called by my counsel at the trial.

Lord Lisburn, as I have said, though one of the principal witnesses for the prosecution, employed his own attorney to investigate my case and to defend me. But he himself kept aloof; and I know too well that he was only trying to save the life of a murderer because that murderer had twice saved his own. I would have refused his help if I could, and have trusted to my judges and to my innocence; but I was not allowed. But though Lord Lisburn's desertion, however inevitable under such circumstances, was bitter enough, both that and my own imminent peril were swallowed up in the inexpressible pain of thinking how my fearful accusation might look in Claudia's eyes. That it should have thus fallen upon me when the words of final happiness were trembling on her lips, as I could not fail to see, was too horrible to bear, and I did her my last piece of injustice—I forgot for a whole day the distance from London to St. Bavons, her utter want of means, her father's condition, which required her incessant care, and the fact that the word had never been spoken which would have given her a right to visit me in my trouble. I did not deserve to be rewarded with the first letter that I had ever received from her hands.

"I don't know if this will be opened," it began, without preface, "so I must write as I must—not as I want to. I ask your forgiveness on my knees—for all things. Carol comes and tells me all daily. The people who write and read newspapers believe the worst of you, but if I had believed you a thousand times

guilty towards me, I will never believe you guilty of such a sin—my heart knows better than that—and it knows, too, that if you in your innocence will trust in God, the minds of men will be opened to the truth as well as mine." And then she went on to speak words of trust and courage which, as I read between the lines, ought to have been, in truth, harder for her to feel than they were for me. "I am brave for the sake of justice and of your innocence," she went on, "but I shall simply break my heart if you are not brave too. Nor have you only a woman for a friend. Carol believes in you too, and he has a true heart through all his strange ways. If I could only do something for you besides telling you that you have a friend, though friendship may be all that is left for us both now! But if this were my last word, it should be, over and over again, 'We are not made to become happy, but to grow strong'—and I will try to be so for your sake, if you will be for your own."

"CLAUDIA BRANDT."

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

BUT Mr. Krorl thought differently. The evidence was not strong, but several bank-notes had been stolen along with this one—it was in short "a great bank-note robbery"—and "Providence" was ever on the lookout to see that persons like Mr. Jiddle-dubbin should have their lost goods restored to them, no matter whether it were eighteen or eighty or eighteen hundred years after the loss. Thieves would do well to bear this in mind, and to think forever of the sure foot of justice. Accordingly, Mr. Sharpe stepped into the witness-box and had the note shown him.

Mr. Sharpe was not a man to be browbeaten by Mr. Wistle, as Mr. Wistle well knew. He turned the note over, and at once laid his finger on the flaw of the case, which nobody had done before him.

"Nothing proves," said he, "that this is note 00012345. You have been taking too much for granted. The last two figures are burned out" (this was indeed true, for the Bank of England having sent the note to a learned professor to remove the stain, that learned professor had instantly burned a hole through the stain with some acids). "My name and private marks are here," added Mr. Sharpe, using a double eyeglass to reconnoitre the back. "The marks refer to some entry in my ledgers. If your worship will allow me to send to my office, one of my clerks shall bring me the ledger

for the year in question, and we shall see at once to whom the note was given. I know nothing of Mr. Jiddle-dubbin;" saying which, Mr. Sharpe scribbled some words on a card and handed them to a policeman, then walked out of the witness-box, glancing not unkindly at Madge. Mr. Sharpe kept, from prudential motives, a minute entry of all the notes he gave away in his money-lending capacity, and none of his ledgers were ever destroyed. He guessed at first sight that Madge was not guilty of theft, and had inwardly determined that she should not be convicted, even if he himself had to provide means for her defence. It did not suit him that one about whom he knew so much as Madge, and who, by reason of those family claims which she herself ignored, could be so held up in *terrorem* over the Duke of Courthope, should be discredited by anything of a criminal nature.

But whilst the policeman was away fetching Mr. Sharpe's clerk and ledger, Mr. Wistle produced his first witness as to character—Mr. Mowledy. Now Mr. Wistle having pressed exceeding sore on Messrs. Jiddledubbin and Sloggood, it was quite natural that the counsel for the prosecution should retaliate by thrusting at Mr. Mowledy. There is not very much in a charge of theft against a peasant-woman; but there is a great deal in the vanity of two gentleman of the law arrayed against each other, and it was urgent that ambitious Mr. Rushout, who conducted the prosecution, should not let such a one as Mr. Wistle get in any way the best of him. Mr. Rushout was a young barrister just budding into Old Bailey practice, thanks to his uncle, the solicitor to Mr. Sloggood, who sent him many briefs. He was a blustering young lawyer with red whiskers, a broad chest, and lungs like leather. The better to show his great talent, it was his custom to affect at starting a tone of bluff good-humor, and his attempts to this end much resembled the efforts of an elephant trying to dance among eggs; but by and by, if thwarted, his natural ferocity came uppermost, and he would rave and blackguard, as only lawyers are privileged to do. That is an edifying tradition, one may remark, which allows the exponents of the law to adopt a language and manners which would be tolerated from no other men, either in public or private. If a person not versed in law were to speak as certain counsel do, he would be taught somewhat roughly the uses of civility; but barristers are shielded by the excellent plea that they act "professionally," in other terms, because it pays them.

"So you call yourself a clergyman of the Church of England?" roared Mr. Rushout with rasping blandness to Mr. Mowledy, after the curate's examination in chief by Mr. Wistle was finished. "May I ask, sir, when and where you were ordained, and

what proofs you can adduce that you are not here to protect the prisoner from the consequences of a felony?"

Mr. Mowledy replied that there was a gentleman there upon the bench, namely, Mr. Sharpe, who could testify to his sacred character.

"Ah!" said Mr. Rushout, somewhat put out and yet raising his voice more angrily from being compelled to change his tactics. "Well, Mr. Mowledy, I ask you to say that you know no one single act in the prisoner's life which could warrant the inference that she is now guilty. Remember, sir, that if mercy is a fine thing, truth is a better, and that you are here to speak the whole truth, without reticence or equivocation."

To the wonder of poor Madge, who had been attending to all the proceedings without understanding them, and to the utter consternation of Tom Brown, who stood ruefully near the dock, the curate hesitated at the roar of Mr. Rushout's voice, and the glare of his fierce eyes. He had eyes like those of a ferret, had Mr. Rushout, and they looked red as if on fire in certain lights. Though but fresh in practice, he had already made thieves and murderers quail beneath their baneful glance, and he now confounded the gentle soul of Mr. Mowledy.

"I ask you to state on your oath as a Christian minister, sir, that you know nothing against the character of this woman, who has been delivered over to justice by a public-spirited and highly-respected tradesman, my client, Mr. Sloggood."

Mr. Mowledy looked sadly down; he remembered the address which he had written to a letter, at Madge's request, for John Giles; but of which he afterwards discovered by accident (for there is no such thing as a secret) that John Giles had no knowledge. He recollected the sad scene by the mill-stream that night eighteen years ago, and a horrible doubt passed across his mind that Madge might be guilty.

"Can't you speak?" cried Mr. Krorl, looking surprised.

"No, no, sir; just you stand back there," bellowed Mr. Rushout violently to Mr. Wistle, whom he caught making signals. "We don't want you to prompt the witness; he is quite old enough to speak for himself. Now Mr. Mowledy, sir, am I to wait here till next Long Vacation?"

Still Mr. Mowledy was silent, and Mr. Rushout appealed to the Bench to insist upon an answer.

"I cannot reply to a question which I have no means of answering with complete truth," said Mr. Mowledy with quiet self-respect. "Still," added he, with some solemnity, "I am convinced the prisoner is innocent."

"Stand down, sir," laughed Mr. Rushout: "if that was all you had to say, Mr. Wistle need scarcely have troubled himself to bring you up from Wakefield. You have evidently something on your mind, and your face

tells a tale against the prisoner as damaging as any I could urge. You may go, sir!" And, thus contemptuously dismissed, Mr. Mowledy went, nor did Mr. Wistle try to stop him, conceiving that there must be some awkward passage in his client's history which might come out if this over-conscientious priest were allowed to tarry longer. So Mr. Mowledy slowly left the court, feeling that he had done Madge harm instead of good, and yet not perceiving what else he could have said or done consistently with his duty. He was so confused that he did not notice a hobbledehoy clerk who brushed by him, holding a folio ledger clasped to his breast as if it were a baby.

This ledger was Mr. Sharpe's, and was handed up to that gentleman in his place on the bench beside Lord Kingsear. He opened it at once, turned down a leaf, and uttered something like a whistle. "Whew, what a singular coincidence! why, I paid this note to his Grace, your lordship's father, at Newmarket, eighteen years ago!" Then beckoning to the magistrate, and speaking in a whisper: "This is a mistake, Krorl," he said. "The note was probably given to the woman when she was still a girl by the Dook of Courthope, and it won't do to let his name appear in the case. Besides, it ain't the note that was stolen; it's number 00012321—here, see the entry and the marks corresponding."

The magistrate thus enlightened brought down the book which he then held in his right hand with a loud thump on the desk.

"This turns out to be a mistake," he exclaimed. "Mr. Sharpe here proves that this note is not the one that was stolen, and Mr. Rushout, sir, I should just advise your clients to be more careful how they prefer charges another time, or maybe there'll be an action for false imprisonment lying against them some of these days. The charge of theft is dismissed."

There then remained the case of assault to be disposed of, but the complexion of this was altered by the fact that Madge was an innocent woman who had resisted an unjustified aggression. Nevertheless, as she had positively struck Policeman X 1000, who, as representing the majesty of the law, should have been sacred to her in his person and proceedings, she found herself in the same box as the Northamptonshire farmer, who had declined going patiently to the lock-up, and was fined forty shillings with costs.

On this sentence being pronounced, the Marquis of Kingsear tugged Mr. Sharpe gently by the cuff and said, "I feel much sympathy for that poor woman, Mr. Sharpe, and should like to pay her fine, as well as indemnify her relatives for the expense they have incurred in coming up to town and getting her defended. I consider myself in some way indebted to her, for

it was through a note given her by my father that she fell into this trouble. At the same time," added this young nobleman, with his grave good sense, "it is not right the policeman should suffer, so perhaps you will kindly give him five pounds without saying from whom;" and, fumbling for his pocket-book, Lord Kinsgear handed Mr. Sharpe three five-pound notes.

CHAPTER XIII. A GRAND CONNECTION.

It is a very small world we live in; and those who have once met upon it are nearly certain to meet again. They generally find that in some mysterious way their lives run in parallel grooves; and even what are called chance-meetings do not appear to be the result of accident when examined by the light which subsequent events and experience reflect upon them. On the contrary, they are almost invariably shown to be but a part of the great and awful design which formed our being and our fortunes. For three successive generations, perhaps for thirty, these Wyldwyls and Browns had always met, and there had been peril in the meeting, for the latter, and the peril had always passed away. If the Wyldwyls were the evil genii of the Browns, some more powerful influence than theirs must have been always at work to counteract and render them harmless. They always appeared in the shape of riches and pleasure; the Browns always appeared in the guise of poverty and shame. The riches and pleasure both vanished like the unsubstantial visions of a dream, so did the shame, though not the poverty: that remained. The Wyldwyls were perhaps but the eternal type of the nobles; the Browns of the people. It is always ill for the reaping-hook to cross blades with the sword, and how shall the field-flower stand up against the courser's hoof?

When Mr. Mowledy left the police court in Skinpole Street, which was presided over by Mr. Krorl, the position of the Browns seemed to his grieving mind quite desperate. He had not been in court when Mr. Sharpe gave his evidence as to the note, and called attention to the doubtfulness of its number, so there seemed to him the strongest probability that Madge would be committed for trial; and considering the effect which imprisonment might have upon her, in the ailing state of her health, this committal might be tantamount to a sentence of death. Mr. Mowledy saw no hope for her, for she had—or would make—no clear defence. She did not know the name of the person who had given her the ten-pound note, and declined stating any of the circumstances connected with her possession of it. It seemed to Mr. Mowledy, when he listened to her, that there was some secret shame attached to the money. She blushed when it was

mentioned to her, and though Mr. Mowledy, thoughtfully weighing her case, did not think her guilty, yet there was a mystery in the matter which he could not fathom. Had Madge's explanations, however, been satisfactory to him, they might not have seemed so to a jury; and she had no funds to provide for a legal defence of the best sort. It is a queer truth, but it nevertheless is a truth, that if Madge had been committed on this false charge, no firm of attorneys who meant to deal fairly by her could have undertaken to see her safe through her troubles unless a sum of about one hundred guineas had been paid them for preliminary expenses, and a counsel fit to cope with Mr. Rushout might then have required fifty guineas more to tackle the jury in real earnest. This, with other expenses, such as bringing up witnesses, would soon have raised the total to two hundred guineas; and if all that Madge and her friends possessed had been sold, it would not have realized such a sum, after long delays and wearisome endeavors to dispose of it.

Mr. Mowledy mused very anxiously upon this aspect of his parishoner's predicament. He knew something about law costs, for his elder brother had been ruined by claiming an estate as heir-at-law. He was unquestionably entitled to it, but a richer claimant having started up to contest his claim, and he not having at once yielded all points at issue, because convinced that his claim was founded on right and equity, the richer claimant had ruined him by appeals in the usual way. After this Mr. Mowledy and his family had felt their faith in the law as an instrument of justice very much shaken, and although Mr. Mowledy did not for his part publish his dissent for Scriptural reasons set forth in the fifth chapter and the eighth verse of the book of Ecclesiastes, still he acted silently on his experience, which is more than most men do. So when he saw how utterly hopeless Madge's case would be from the legal point of view, he considered whether there was no friend to whom he could appeal on behalf of his parishoner, in order to save her, if, as he still hoped, she was innocent.

Mr. Mowledy had, like most of us, a grand connection. Sir Mowledy-Bagge-Dowdeswell-Mowledy was his cousin by his mother's side, and the good man had reverently preserved the genealogy of his family inscribed upon the tablets of his heart. The right honorable baronet was a member of Parliament, a cabinet minister, and a gentleman of good estate in Cheshire. He had married a daughter of Earl Lobby, the Lady Selina Welbore, whose family, having inherited considerable parliamentary influence, had opened the doors of office to him, and he lived in Hanover Square, which is a sort of border-land between rank and fashion on the one hand, and professional, not

to say commercial life, upon the other. Noblemen still live there, but so do dentists, and a few of the higher-class shopkeepers.

Mr. Mowledy easily found out the address of his relative by consulting the "Court Guide," for it was printed there as in some twenty other books. Yes, there it was; not indeed under the letter "M," as Mr. Mowledy with not unnatural pride expected, but under the letter "D," Mr. Mowledy's grand connection having taken the additional surname of Dowdeswell by royal license, and registered the Dowdeswell coat of arms, duly quartered, on his own, at some expense in the Heralds' College. His name therefore stood in the "Court Guide" and similar works of reference as "Dowdeswell, Mowledy, Right Honorable Sir Mowledy-Bagge, Bart., P. C., LL. D., F. R. S., 131, Hanover Square; Mowledy Court, Cheshire; Dowdeswell Castle, Suffolk; Bagge Hall, Cumberland. Secretary of State for Mundane Affairs, etc., etc. (£5,000)."

The curate wended his way rather sadly to the town mansion of his grand connection, and rang at the bell, because there was no knocker, a knocker being a noisy thing which might disturb ministerial reflections or repose. The door was opened by a servant of grave and decorous aspect, who gave a civil answer, not precisely because he was paid a fair wage and well kept for doing so, but because he was just then expecting a place as messenger at the Mundane Office, a sinecure much desired by persons of his class in life, and he was therefore especially anxious to give no cause of offence to his master or the public till he had got what he wanted, and would have no reason to be civil to either of them any longer.

The reply which the minister's servant gave to the curate was briefly this: "Sir Mowledy is not at home, sir." Indeed, the right honorable baronet never was at home at three o'clock in the afternoon, as the curate would have known had he been a benefited clergyman residing in London and on the lookout for a deanery.

"When is Sir Mowledy expected home?" asked the poor curate of the grave and reverent servant.

"I can't say, sir," replied the man, considering it well to practise official reserve at times.

"When am I most likely to find him at home?" the curate then inquired.

"Sir Mowledy never sees hennywun without a hinderfew, sir. You must rite for a hinderfew," replied the minister's man authoritatively.

"If you will allow me to step into the hall for a moment, I will write for an interview now," replied the curate. "My business is of a pressing nature, and I—I" (the good man blushed and paused)—"I am a connection—a distant, a very distant relative of Sir Mowledy." The curate did not look like a begging-letter writer, or an

impostor, or a person who desired to obtain admittance to the ministerial baronet's house for any felonious or improper purpose; but the dignified servant evinced no signs of letting him pass the door. The last poor relation he had seen was a distant connection of Lady Selina. He had called for a government appointment, and had made a riot in the hall because it had not been given to him there and then. The grave and reverent servant had seen several poor relations in the families which he had served, and their visits had never been welcome to his masters or mistresses. Mr. Mowledy did not appear rich. There was very little nap upon his hat, and his well-brushed black coat looked whitish at the seams. So the grave and reverent servant was about to put on a severe aspect, when the curate remembered his Oxford experience, and putting his hand into his pocket drew out half a crown, which he handed to his grand connection's porter with a short and plain order for pen and ink, which were at once brought, for the half crown now has replaced the shilling. It is the British Talisman, and sacred in the eyes of every Englishman as is the Almighty Dollar beyond the seas.

(To be continued.)

TEMPER.

THERE seems a peculiar tendency in men to change the meaning, or to abandon the use of words by which they express the more intimate relations and emotions, the events that happen to us all, or the temperament and disposition that characterizes each one of us. It matters not how fit the word is for its work, it must go when its time comes. Men no longer wed, but marry; we give up sweetheart to the vulgar without an equivalent; and that fine word humor has so changed its meaning, that when Addison says, "No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humor by any who do not wait on him for bread," the modern reader has to consider before he apprehends his exact meaning. The vocabulary of one generation does not suit the needs of the next. Sometimes we amplify and sometimes we condense. But, however the pen expresses itself, it inscribes at the same time a date to be detected by posterity. Through what a quaint series of archaisms does Anthony Wood endeavor to give variety to the announcement of death, as one after another he closes his biographical record; seeking to adapt it to the worth and character of each. The saint surrenders up his pious soul, the player makes his last exit, a clap did usher Davenant to his grave; one concludes his last day, another pays his last debt, another gives up the ghost, another yields to nature. To be born is to receive his first breath; to die, to surrender up his last,—and so on. Modern biographers, seeing that one event happens to all, give up the hope of exciting new reflections in the reader, and resign themselves to the bare record, "he died." Thus the ingenuities of composition exercise themselves by turns in different fields. We are simple where our predecessors were moral and didactic.

But it is in what concerns the inner man that we note more particularly this law of change. The complexities of the subject, the difficulties of analysis, the perversions of satire and irony, all tend to it. The term that satisfies one age, fails to say what the next wants to have said. What breadth, nobleness, and benignity, for instance, our ancestors saw in the quality, good-nature! but humanity was not amiable enough to allow of its continuance in this first meaning. It had lost it in Dryden's time, who "would fain bring back good-nature to its original signification of virtue," though the change he notices is rather an adulteration than actual change, an excellence degraded into an easiness of nature. The change in the word which heads our subject is more fundamental. Temper, familiarly used, may be said to have turned round in its meaning within the last two or three hundred years. It used to be the atmosphere of the soul, applied generally in a favorable

sense. "Restore yourselves unto your tempers," writes Ben Jonson. Nowadays when a man is in a temper, if we dare, we bid him come out of it. True, to lose temper is still to lose serenity—"Keep your temper" is still familiar counsel: we so far hold to the old turn of phrase; but now to *have* temper is to be disturbed and disturbing. But here again we condense where our forefathers amplified. By what various epithets they indicated stormy, disordered, irascible natures! They were peevish, froward, sour, petulant, waspish, angry, fuming, shrewd. They had their masculine and feminine adjectives. The men were choleric, the women were curst. The men raged, the women had their glouting humors, fits, and vapors; they were scolds, they were jades, they were shrews and vixens. For all this, whether in man or woman, we substitute, in common parlance, one generic term, temper as a possession, ill temper as its manifestation. The affix "bad" or "ill"—a bad temper, ill-tempered—is so modern, that we should scarcely find it in any book more than a hundred years old; sweet temper occurring earlier than the reverse. We say common parlance, for no doubt it was its introduction into common use which caused the change of meaning. Now, *nature* with the vulgar has never been much used in a personal sense. With them it is the nature of things or of work, not of man. The countryman understood the *nature* of all farm-labor; good food loses its *nature* under adverse condition. The cynicism of would-be wit transposed good-nature in man into a vapid quality, no vulgar handling. But with *temper* it is different. So soon as it slipped into conversational use, it altered its meaning by a sort of necessity; for the common run of people think of nothing in the abstract, and temper does not come under consideration at all with the vulgar but as a thing disturbed and causing disturbance. "Keep your temper," says mild Mrs. Lirriper to her fiery subordinate, applying the term here in its primitive sense. "I'll show them the sort of temper I keep," is the virago's reply. "All of us has our tempers," says the maid of her fellow-servants; "but I think his is the worst." "What sort of temper?" asks the lady. "Ma'am, she hasn't one," is the favorable rejoinder. We have all found that, however curious the distinctions between one form of diseased temper and another, the troublesome and vexatious qualities of one and all have a common resemblance. They all make themselves unpleasantly felt, all disturb our peace, all suggest the same precautions, all arouse, though in various degrees, a kindred irritation. Whether the man is sullen or snappish, crabbed or snarling, fretful or furious, it is equally wisdom to let the sleeping dog lie so long as sleep it will.

However, having settled for mutual convenience upon a generic term, we cannot for a moment rest in it. There are infinite varieties of bad temper, as well as shades and degrees of the same. Yet we may first define the three distinctions of temper in its primary meaning, with relation to irascibility. An ordinary temper is quiet and so far good as long as it is not provoked; a bad temper is the aggressor; a sweet temper can agree with a bad one through its own benignity. We should be careful how we call even the aggressive temper a bad one. It may arise from such purely physical causes as to be beyond the power of complete control; but it cannot exist without our being alive to it. It may be so slight an inconvenience as merely to ruffle the surface of social intercourse, and to amuse while it ruffles, or it may disturb social and domestic life to its very depths—it may be food for gentle satire or it may embitter life; but wherever it exists it is perceived, or at least felt. Anything deserving to be defined as "a temper" at all, is a presence not to be forgotten by those within its influence—a fact, though it may not be recognized by its right name. That only should be called a bad temper which needs to be calculated upon and warded against at every turn—which constitutes a recognized trial in those near enough to be subject to it—which leads those acquainted with it to ask first at every turn of affairs how Mr. M— will take it? what Mrs. N— will say to it? But every aggressive temper, compatible as it

is with a thousand excellent and charming qualities, lays itself open to certain tests. Take, for example, in any family circle, the member who has first to be considered in any plan or arrangement—apart, we mean, from natural recognized claims,—the one whom it is all important to please because he is certain to make it unpleasantly apparent that he is not pleased,—that one has the temper; though very likely the judgment would surprise himself and be excepted against by his friends, for it requires two in this state of the disorder to bring it to a head; and so long as the temper acts unconsciously and is unconsciously yielded to, it is bearable. The downward step from this stage is where the temper is brought to play as an engine—where the man makes himself “nasty” and knows it; for here is deliberate aggression which no merely ordinary temper can stand unmoved. Every degree of bad temper, even the slightest, can only relieve itself through the suffering of others. The suffering, designed whether consciously or not, may be slight—mere uneasiness; but that uneasiness is the object aimed at. The sullen look when others are gay is meant to check that gaiety. The frown or the scowl grows darker until it has effected its purpose. Somebody must share the gloom before it will pass away.

Happy the man who can honestly clear himself of all knowledge of this sour condition! Without being ill-tempered, most people have their periods of bad temper. We may all have our turns of acting *bête noir*, though our test applies to those of whom the performance is expected—to whom it comes most naturally. If we, too, share a temper of this sort, it is well that we should face it, under whatever aspect. It may be a temper that stands in the way of others’ independence of action, and innocent enjoyment; instigated by jealousy, it may interfere with friendships and intimacies; stimulated by obtrusiveness, it may exact a share in every interest or excitement; spurred by contradiction, it may quench the flow of thought and opinion; set on by egoism, it may allow no kindnesses, liberalities, affections it does not share; prompted by bile or indigestion, it may refuse to suffer alone, exacting a tribute of discomfort from all within reach of the evil influence. So blind is ill temper, that any one of these states may be the habit of the mind without a suspicion of the fact. Few people would be recognized kill-joys if they knew it. Certain it is that no study of temper in the abstract should be pursued without self-study and reference to conscience. The two pursuits have not as much in common as they seem; and ill temper may refine upon ill temper, analyze, depict with telling effect, without once consulting the inner consciousness.

No temper should be condemned as bad that is not set going by selfish considerations. Men may be vehement and passionate to any excess, on public grounds, if no personal motive mixes itself with their heat, without exciting, even in those unaccustomed to look for motives, the repugnance that bad temper must always excite. The distinction is felt before it is seen. However, it is rare to find anger without this alloy; the man in a passion is a city without gates and bars, and self very readily steps in where the spirit is off its guard. Still a man full of general interests, apt to throw himself into great questions with which he has no other personal concern than as they stir his deeper nature, may commit even outrages of temper under provocation, without earning or meriting the epithet ill-tempered; for a bad temper narrows and confines the spirit; indulged, it imprisons it within the circle of personal claims, consequence, rights, pretensions, predominance, and puts the ego foremost, however seemingly remote from the cause of irritation; and these claims must in fairness be *unreasonable* claims; for we have as much right to be angry at real injustice or wrong towards ourselves, as at that of which others are the victims.

Men are indulgent to the excesses of fire and impulse. Indeed the merely impersonal disposition that lives out of self, and is without passion of any kind, is scarcely fit for social intercourse. We are not interested in any person not to be moved by sense of wrongs to at least a spurt of anger; and, in fact, the person without a spirit that can be

roused, without the temptation to fire up at injury and injustice towards himself or others, is either broken-spirited by weight of ill-usage, or born lethargic, phlegmatic, passive, or merely frivolous and wanting in self-respect. Of the crushed spirit, which is past, and perhaps above, being stirred to any heat of indignation, Silvio Pellico is an instance, as well in the concluding tone of his pathetic narrative of suffering as in his later writings: and also many a wife, whose tale of wrong, from the bullying temper of a tyrant husband, can only be read in the blank resignation of an overtaken patience, telling upon movement, attitude, expression. “She looks as if she had been put upon all her life,” is the colloquial mode of accounting for this melancholy prostration. God tries his servants with the sharp instrument of human cruelty; some indignation at evil must and should stir the heart, so long as its mechanism remains in healthy working condition, till the tension of a protracted, severely tasked patience wears out the spring,—which it does after a time, when hopelessly exposed to the tyranny either of system and law, or, what is worse, a cruel temper.

But this word spirit has gone through as many changes as the cognate terms under discussion. To be spiritless is to be born below or beyond, or to have outlived, common sympathy; to have a spirit is often a euphemism for temper of the more violent and irrepressible kind. Persons will boast of a spirit who suppose themselves owners of a temper not worse, at least, than the average. The indulgent husband whose wife keeps him in hot water with all his old friends, and prevents his making new ones, will own, in confidence, that his wife has a spirit, while he still would not breathe the word temper even to the reeds: though the time must surely come when the admission will be made and the epithet applied in its fullest force. There is indeed so much to provoke us all, in the turn things are apt to take in this world, that temper, until we have seriously suffered from it, rather stimulates sympathy than destroys it. Nobody is liked the worse for occasionally showing other people that he has a temper; we take it as a vindication and excuse for our own lapses in kind. He is more one of us. Moreover, we are tolerant of temper as of a defect for which no one is wholly responsible. People are born of a certain composition—what the Italians call *pasta*. There is something in the passionate or sullen temper that now and then takes the reins out of the hands of reason—will he, nill he. Just as no self-discipline or training will impart a sweet temper, which is a gift of Nature, “not an acquired but a natural excellence;” so no conquest over temper can be so complete as to blot out every indication or possibility of relapse; it can be brought under, but not changed to its contrary. The victim of it is interesting as *being* a victim of some adverse power. There is always this theory of possession, of the man being got hold of by something that is not himself. When passion arrives at a certain stage, he is “driven by the furies,” no longer a free agent. But besides this, temper in others has its attractive side to strong wills, as a thing they can subdue. The high repute of Katharine’s temper was a positive attraction to Petruchio; he longed to try his hand on it. He knew he should have the best in the encounter—and the strong like to try their strength. But women are the real tolerators—more than tolerators, patrons—of ill-temper. Nothing but experience will teach them fear. The indulged daughter is attracted by indications of temper in her lover. Women are born managers, and the love of management wants something to manage. It is part of the craving for sovereignty which Chaucer attributes to the sex. We may regard it as a provision of Nature in favor of the passionate and moody that they can always find some woman willing to take them in hand; believing that it only needs judicious treatment to tame the tiger into a domestic animal, and that hers is the gift and the mission. She is so far supported in her theory that the worst tempers are generally amenable to some particular influence. The violent woman’s little daughter talks fearlessly of “mamma in one of her tantrums,” they do not touch her: the man who is a lion

in his house and frantic among his servants, never commits himself to some favorite child, or holds the demon in check in his intercourse with his wife, who, having won him, knows how to keep him, by some rare union of courage and sweetness — by never showing herself afraid, never trembling before him. Why may not *she* be like this wife, and in her turn subdue a temper to her purposes. Sometimes it answers even where the task is deliberately undertaken, but only where the temper belongs to a character of many sides. There are men whose only domestic side is ill-humor, who only soften to persuasions from without, whose home temper, from mere habit, is an abiding presence, a shadow that never gives place to the sun — the moral barometer's fluctuations ranging only from rain to storm. Women of the lower class are the bitterest sufferers from this reliance on their taming powers, as they are the most reckless in testing them. We have known a gentle creature with whom it must have constituted the sole motive. Tied to an ill-tempered brute, and sadly reflecting in after-years on how it came about, she could safely say it was not his looks that misled her; for she recalled her remonstrances to her good easy first husband, at his having such an acquaintance — “He is that *you* and that shabby that I should be ashamed to be seen speaking to him.” And yet in time she married him, and from henceforth was his slave, with no other thanks than growls and curses hurled at her by day, and muttered in his sleep; for “he never turned in bed without an oath.”

The worst victims of this hallucination have not even the compensation of those outbursts of penitence which are supposed to follow transports of rage, and which, while love lasts, are so touching and so dear; for the people who cast a permanent gloom around them don't seem to know it. The man of merely brutal temper is probably not given to scrutiny of any kind, any more than a raging bull or a vicious mule. Happy they whose own temper is not tried or exasperated by rasping contact with one of these social monsters, by no means confined to the poor, though the scandals they cause are most public where life altogether has fewest concealments. It needs a very fine nature not to be narrowed and soured under such contact, even where it is borne patiently and wisely. A daughter or wife so circumstanced sees everything through a distempered medium. Nothing can be viewed on its own merits, but primarily on its bearings with the predominant influence — the most cramping of all conditions outside the inner self. It is few indeed who can endure such bondage, though they seem to bear it well, without suffering, not only in feeling, but in character, and sinking below the level to which happiness and intercourse with just and gentle natures would have raised them.

Considering what a power ill-temper is in the world, — what engines of discomfort are even its slighter exhibitions, what a misery its serious outbreaks, and yet how gingerly it has to be touched; how careful it behooves us to be against attributing it to those with whom we have close personal contact; how material to our interests to preserve our own composure by avoiding collisions; how indispensable it is in polite society to shut our eyes to it; how incumbent on us as Christians to be lenient where it cannot be ignored, and to put favorable constructions, so long as they are possible — it is no wonder that ill-temper plays a great part in abstract speculation, where our tongues and thoughts have fair play; and a still greater in works of imagination — in whatever exhibits the passions and emotions in action. It is in this field alone that the world can avenge itself on ill-humor, at once with charity and dignity. Not of course that we need this impersonal field for the expression of our opinion — it exhales against the disturbers of our serenity at every safe opportunity: nothing is so interesting as the temper of our friends and acquaintance, nothing elicits and quickens our critical faculty so keenly. It is impossible for ordinary human nature to endure the caprices and injuries of ill-temper without some vent. No people get their deserts more surely, from some quarter or another, than the passionate or the peevish. But in discussing temper on the basis of immediate experience, some

element of humiliation will qualify our tone of superiority. We have been subservient, it may be, on the purest motives of prudence or patience; but a thorough fit of ill-temper is always the head, and those subject to it the tail. In the delineation of temper all this is reversed. A culprit is arraigned before us and we are the calm, dispassionate judges — our experience merely a witness to the truth of the picture. We are in a different atmosphere altogether from the personal one. It is from no sense of personal wrongs, from no rough experiences, that the masterly painter of the humors and passions of mankind derives his knowledge of their workings. All great artists in this field are observers rather than actors. It is not their own sufferings which inspire them, or the sufferings must be at least remote, and only severe enough to assist imagination in its perception. It is sympathy, not experience. The man sitting down under the immediate pressure of indignation to describe a passion would make rude work of it, and omit all the delicate touches. We should not know who was right and who wrong; there would be a demand for the other side of the story. The best painters of human nature in this line at least, have, as far as their biographies are to be trusted, had easy tempers, subjected to no harsh trials. Under their handling we are let into the mechanism of ill-temper, — its weak side. It is a power while we are subject to it; when we see it depicted we see it a weakness and flaw. The giant before whom the reader has trembled now makes him sport; the fretfulness which has vexed his soul now affords him an exquisite diversion. It is an exposure; but if we once suspected in the author any spirit of revenge, any indulgence of a grudge, the truth of the picture would fall under suspicion. We doubt if any one can properly appreciate the shades of imperfect ungoverned temper rendered by a fine hand, without time for experience. What seems fancy to the young reader grows into truth as his knowledge of men enlarges. Not, as we say, that the picture is a portrait — no mere reproduction stands well in a work of art — but he recognizes an artist sure of his ground: given a certain temper, circumstances would produce such and such evidences of it.

In touching upon the varieties of imperfect temper, we must, then, seek our illustrations mainly from the pages of fiction. That of real life is obviously closed to us, except as we read it in irresponsible gossiping anecdote or biography. And here a double reason prevents our finding much to our purpose. The biographer is unwilling to lower his subject in the eyes of his reader, and a passion set down in black and white has generally this consequence; and if he seeks to be true to the utmost, the materials for such truth are so evanescent that after a few years he may indeed know and therefore tell us that his subject was of a stormy or peevish temperament — this may still be notorious — but all the proofs of it may have vanished out of the world. Boswell, whose observation of human nature almost amounted to genius, gives Johnson in a passion with fine effect; but even he only succeeds by an instant record, and the self-sacrifice of a superhuman candor.

Johnson had that strong sense of personality which belongs to irritable temper. He would fly out on abstract questions, because he could not see anything without self-reference. “I can love all mankind,” says he, “except an American;” here was a relation established, and then “his inflammable corruption bursting into horrid fire, he called them rascals, robbers, pirates;” and on Miss Seaward putting in a word of mild reproof, “he roared out another tremendous volley which one might fancy could be heard across the Atlantic.” No caricature of comedy represents passion in more lively uncontrol than in the scene where his short-sightedness is alluded to. He and Dr. Percy were discussing Pennant on Scotch scenery.

Johnson. I think he describes very well.

Percy. I travelled after him.

Johnson. And I travelled after him.

Percy. But, my good friend, you are short-sighted, and do not see so well as I do.

I wondered at Dr. Percy venturing thus. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time, but inflammable particles were collecting

for a cloud to burst. In a while Dr. Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant.

Johnson. This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find everything in Northumberland.

Percy (*feeling the stroke*). Sir, you may be as rude as you please.

Johnson. Hold, sir! Don't talk of rudeness; remember, sir, you told me (*puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent*) I was short-sighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please.

Percy. Upon my honor, sir, I did not mean to be uncivil.

Johnson. I cannot say so, sir; for I did mean to be uncivil, thinking you had been uncivil.

We must give the sequel, as illustrating a temper plausible as well as soon angry.

Dr. Percy rose, ran up to him, and taking him by the hand, assured him affectionately that his meaning had been misunderstood. Upon which a reconciliation instantly took place.

Johnson. My dear sir, I am willing you shall hang Pennant.

Petulant anger is so far ungenerous that it naturally wreaks itself on the safest object. Boswell not being easily offended was not seldom a victim. Once he ventured to interpose a word for the Americans, and to regret his friend's prejudice. Johnson said nothing, but the cloud was charged with sulphurous vapor which was afterwards to burst in thunder; for presently the conversation turning on a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London, Boswell said:—

We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.

Johnson. Nay, sir, we'll send you to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.

This was a horrible shock for which there was no visible cause. I afterwards asked him why he had said so harsh a thing.

Johnson. Because, sir, you made me angry about the Americans.

Boswell. But why did you not take your revenge directly?

Johnson (*smiling*). Because, sir, I had nothing ready. A man cannot strike till he has his weapons.

This was a candid and pleasant confession.

Dr. Johnson is also an example of that quality conspicuous in "temper"—a lively sense of what is due to self. The petulant person constantly says and does disagreeable things, because he owes it to himself to take notice of certain failures of such duty in others. Beauchamp once sure of his ground ended a dispute with the hazardous remark, "This is what you don't know, and I do." Johnson owed it to himself—in the presence of strangers—to have the last word: so—

After some minutes, during which dinner and the glass went on cheerfully, he suddenly asks Mr. Beauchamp, "How came you to talk so petulantly to me, 'This is what you don't know, but what I know'? One thing I know which you don't seem to know, that you are very uncivil." And one Hackman's violent temper coming on the *tapis* he improves the occasion: "It was his duty to command his temper as my friend Mr. Beauchamp should have commanded his some time ago."

Beauchamp. I should learn of you, sir.

Johnson. Sir, you have given me opportunities of learning when I have been in your company.

A temper indulged seldom confines itself to one mode. All the terms—petulant, angry, peevish, fretful, impetuous, irritable are applied to Johnson's "unhappy temper." Gigantic in everything, his temper was of the same mould. It is no slight testimony to his character and genius, to his innate kindness of nature, that, being what it was, he does not live in men's minds associated with that one idea—that we can regard his temper as an accident, the effect of disease, not as the man himself; and a still greater testimony to the worth of his heart that he could keep his friends and yet treat them in the way he did when the fit was on him. For with more ordinary friendships it is as Cowper writes,—

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

The obvious tendency of temper is to alienate. The pain inflicted by its stings and outrages, however we may nerve ourselves to bear it, by degrees possesses the feelings and imagination to the exclusion of all other considerations. Our judgment appreciates the counterbalancing excellences; but the person whose frequent mood it is to give pain—and it is the one object of all manifestations of temper to do so—separates himself from our sympathies, when he has done it once too often, by a gap not easily bridged over.

Temper in some people does not need a personal object for its indulgence; and in this case, though we don't like him the better for it, we put up with the annoyance in a more tolerant spirit. The grumbler is of this type, who can't be put out of his way without making others uncomfortable, but does not make this his first object. The times, as they affect him, are out of joint, and he must have his fling at them. Miss Austen, whose forte is delicate touches, depicts this temper most felicitously in John Knightly, Emma's brother-in-law—clever, domestic, respectable, not so often unreasonably cross as to deserve the reproach of being ill-tempered, but capable of being sometimes out of humor, and "whose feelings must always be of great importance to his companions." These feelings were injured by having to go to a dinner-party one winter's day. His temper exhales in general principles, in a strain very familiar to many of us:—

A man must have a very good opinion of himself when he asks people to leave their own fireside and encounter such a day as this, for the sake of coming to see him. He must think himself a most agreeable fellow. I could not do such a thing. It is the greatest absurdity—actually snowing at this moment! The folly of not allowing people to be comfortable at home; and the folly of people's not staying at home comfortably when they can! If we were obliged to go out such an evening as this, by any call of duty or business, what a hardship we should deem it;—and here we are, probably with rather thinner clothing than usual, setting forward voluntarily, without excuse, in defiance of the voice of nature, which tells man, in everything given to his view or his feelings, to stay at home himself and keep all under shelter that he can; here are we setting forward to spend five dull hours in another man's house, with nothing to say or hear that was not said and heard yesterday, and may not be said and heard again to-morrow. Going in dismal weather, to return probably in worse. Four horses and four servants taken out for nothing but to convey five idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home.

But grumbling indulged, rarely ends without the craving for revenge on something more tangible than society. By the end of the evening this eloquent and reasoning grumbler finds a victim in poor helpless, nervous Mr. Woodhouse, whose temperament is too familiar to the reader for further definition. "This will prove a spirited beginning for your winter engagements, sir," he cries in inhuman banter. "I admired your resolution very much in venturing out on such weather, for of course you saw there would be snow very soon. I admired your spirit; and I dare say we shall get home very well. We are two carriages; if one is blown over in the bleak part of the common field, there will be the other at hand. I dare say we shall all be safe at home before midnight."

Grumblers, as a rule, do not need any other form of sympathy than respectful attention. They do not care to wake the spirit in others. In this they differ from the fretful temperament, which desires to irritate, and resents passive meekness. Lisbeth in "Adam Bede," "at once patient and complaining, self-renouncing and exacting," whose wail was to Adam the most irritating of all sounds, resents in her son Seth the immovable sweetness of his temper. "Thee was allays like a bag o' meal that can ne'er be bruised." She

longed for something to fret against, to hurt in its resistance, to provoke to response in kind; therefore she loved Adam best, who would give a sharp answer, and illustrate the author's observation that "we are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than the women that love us. Is it that the brutes are dumb?" and yet fretfulness is timid and cowardly, and presumes on tolerance and forbearance. Perhaps all active forms of temper that exercise themselves in devising provocations act on the expectation of an answer in kind—they wish to irritate, not merely to crush into trembling subservience. The sullen temper can nourish itself in silence—waiting to be roused. There is a sort of temper that barks out its ill-humor, and vents itself after fits of moody silence in short sharp insults and injuries, relapsing into sullenness again. We should call this the least enjoyable ill temper to its possessor, except that Charles Lamb has recorded the pleasures of a sulky fit in a way to touch every one's conscience. Sullenness is the familiar demon that has spoiled many a seeming prosperity. Self-love and morosity, says the ancient moralist, together with luxury and effeminacy, breed *long fits* of anger, which gather in the soul like a swarm of wasps. In its passive state, on the defensive, it is well rendered in the play. Sullen, after being tipsy overnight, enters on the scene.

Sullen. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sullen. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? It may do your head good.

Sullen. No.

Dorinda. Coffee, brother?

Sullen. Pshaw!

Mrs. Sullen. Will you please to dress and go to church with me? The air may help you.

Sullen. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir?

Sullen. What day of the week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sullen. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'ye hear, set out the venison pasty and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table: I'll go to breakfast.

Dorinda. Stay, stay, brother! you shan't go off so; you were very naughty last night, and must make your wife reparation. Come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sullen. For what?

Dorinda. For being drunk last night.

Sullen. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sullen. But I can't, sir.

Sullen. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sullen. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sullen. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sullen. What is the reason, sir, that you treat me thus inhumanly?

Sullen. Scrub.

Scrub. Sir.

Sullen. Get things ready to shave my head.

[*Exit.*]

This, we suspect, is the only temper which has no attractions to the female bosom,—it is chronic, and independent of provocations. It rouses to the highest pitch the temper exposed to it, but in its turn is like Lisbeth's bag of meal, when the weaker impetuous spirit hurls itself against it. More than its match in brutality, Mr. Anthony Trollope has drawn a *violent* temper, which he represents as exercising a fascination on woman. The readers of his excellent novel, "Can you Forgive Her?"—than which fiction possesses few tales more readable—will recall George Vavasor, who has power to make his heroine jilt her respectable lover, through the mere instrumentality of selfishness and ill temper, a temper that paints itself on a huge cicatrice on his cheek, turning it red like a newly-cut gash whenever passion is roused. The character is energetically drawn, and would be powerful and tragic but for a certain sense of amusement evident in the genial author at his own ogre-like creation. The secret satisfaction Vavasor finds in making calculations how to commit murder without detection, are no doubt natural; but when the City refused to discount Alice's paper, and he makes his calculations about murdering it: "Could not a river of strychnine be turned

on round the Exchange about luncheon-time?" we see Mr. Trollope's imagination revolts from horrors, and takes refuge in the burlesque, carrying the reader with him, who, in the midst of a terrible string of curses, finds himself recalling the provincial lady's report of her sporting friend who had been out *cursing* all the morning. And true enough, violent temper is ridiculous, only its terrors will not allow those who suffer from it to see and relish its real grotesqueness. It is when we survey it, caged, through the secure bars of print, with some master student of the profession for showman, that we can appreciate its absurd side. Shakespeare's old Duke of York bawling for his boots is amusing to the reader, but terrible to his old Duchess and the son he resolves to denounce. Even Lear's passion, the grandest and most eloquent that man has painted, creates a smile, as with growing rage he reverts to the indignity put on his follower: "But who put my man i' the stocks?" But it is not only the impotence of anger which strikes the mere observer with patronizing amusement. He must be a dull fellow indeed who has not something clever to say when in a passion. If a man has any wit in him, perfect unrestraint brings it out; hence comedy and farce depend much upon temper for their liveliest scenes. Passion makes a man unaffected. Nobody is more himself than when he loses himself. Sheridan makes all his people too witty for nature; but we acknowledge our kindred with Sir Anthony in a rage rather than with Acres in cool blood: his new system of oaths is beyond us, but we can at least recall occasions when we felt it easy to speak our minds, when passion gave us the feeling of something more like eloquence than we had known before, and a vocabulary became ours that in our passive moments we have sought after in vain. How readily his periods flow, how expansive his ideas! "Take care: the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! but mark, I give you six hours and a half to consider of this; if then you agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why, I may in time forgive you—if not, don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me, but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest; I'll disown you. I'll disinherit you, and hang me if I ever call you Jack again!" Nor need we consider his reference to sun and atmosphere as beyond the stretch of our imagination, if the rage be but high enough pitched. This earth seems a little spot to a man in a passion; he inevitably looks below or beyond it. "Nothing," writes Sydney Smith, "can exceed the fury of the Whigs (on being thrown out); they mean not only to change everything upon the earth, but to alter the tides, to suspend the principles of gravitation and vegetation, and to tear down the solar system."

But we have wandered into the heroics of our subject, where our experience has to strengthen itself with borrowed knowledge. Let us return to the domestic home-fireside view—to the exhibitions of temper that tease or fret without making us altogether miserable, or those who allow themselves in ill-humor monsters. Take, for example, the carping temper—the fretfulness that wears itself and those about it, yet never grows into passion, or loses self-control beyond its first stage; the dislike to acquiescence in anything, the desire to assert itself and to be prominent. There are good people even, who will make great sacrifices for others, but whose temper renders them enemies to comfort, or what is the same thing, to any comfort they have not a hand in. The eye wanders in search of a grievance or an objection, an inner splenetic humor forbids repose and ruffles the general atmosphere. This is the melancholy form. There is a sprightly habit of carping quite as irritating, and producing a wider disturbance. A thoroughly irritable temper is consistent with self-control. The wise man afflicted with it knows he cannot trust himself, and is on his guard. But there is a half-control which rushes into the arena of dispute, safe never to transgress conventional civility, but keeping others on thorns, expecting that the threatening storm will surely burst over them. Husbands

and wives sometimes treat their friends to scenes of altercation which just stop short of quarrel, like Mr. Hotspur and his lady in the *Spectator*, who in a room full of friends are ever saying something smart to each other, and that but just within rules, so that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense for fear of their falling into extremities. The complainant in this case can only wish they hated each other a little more seriously. "If they would only be so discreet as to hate from the very bottom of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for gibes every moment." It is a wonder that affection can stand the wear of two such tempers in collision. They think it does; but that is questionable love which likes to make its object feel in the wrong, and have the worst of things, though but in an argument or a question of fact.

It is not quite certain that a habit of contradiction as such comes under the description of ill temper. It is ingrained in some natures, and independent of provocation. Now we generally regard temper in its relation to others, as we excite its outbursts and experience its inconveniences. But contradiction, though it is a prominent feature, and indulged smiling and in cold blood, is akin to temper in the marked feature of being blind to reason, and therefore needing management and *finesse* in those exposed to it. We have to circumvent it by concealing our bias or the force of our opinion, recognizing an inability to agree with others, — an imperious necessity to take the opposite side, such as led Thomas Sudden to stay behind in Westminster Hall when the shake in the roof happened, because the counsel on the other side asserted it was coming down.

We feel disposed to think that women have improved in the matter of commanding their tempers since the great essayist's time. The tempers that used to explode have trained themselves into decency. The sight of a woman of birth and fashion in a downright passion must at one time have been a common one, or the sex was much maligned by poets and moralists. There must have been some ground in fact for the scene given with so much spirit by Tom Megget, the bachelor friend of henpecked Mr. Freeman, when, upon his admonitions, the pretty wife's softness turned so suddenly into rage, and "she threw the scalding tea-kettle on your humble servant," from thence flying at her husband's periwig — no doubt a very tempting and suggestive object of attack. The arguments used, though irritating to the person immediately addressed, were very likely to prove dissuatives with fair readers, if any were really disposed to such excesses. "Look you, madam," cries the exasperating Tom, "I have nothing to say in this matter; but you ought to consider you are now past a chicken. This humor, which was well enough in a girl, is insufferable in a woman of your motherly character." Well enough in a girl! this explains a good deal. All contemporary literature shows us girls of fifteen in society and encouraged in every childish caprice. Called fifteen, at any rate, by their adorers. It is these whom grave Clarissa seems to warn in her fine encomium on good-humor: —

What then remains, but well our powers to use,
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?
And, trust me, dear! good-humor can prevail
When airs and flights and screams and scoldings fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

It must have been an affair of nicety to know when to stop flying into a frenzy. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, in describing Queen Caroline at her trial, certainly does not restrict the period unduly, when she decides that no woman after fifty looks the better for being in a passion. Ungovernable tempers are probably rarer than they used to be in both sexes. For one thing, servants won't put up with what they once did, when kicks and *coups de bâton* were atoned for by a pistole or half a crown, and when we read of passionate masters whose servants used to throw themselves in their way for the sake of the liberal compensation sure to follow. But not only is the spirit of the servant-class elevated, but fidelity is not the same virtue. There was

something in having a master that *was* a master, and knew how to show it, when service was undertaken for life; and room for natural pride in understanding his humors, and knowing how to manage them, and so to protect him from less indulgent scrutiny. When Miss Bremer's fine character "Ma Chère Mère" is supposed to be dying, and her devoted maid Elsa is advised to console herself by the thought of her beloved mistress in heaven. — "But what shall I do without her?" is the reply; "and then she must have somebody in heaven to wait upon her, and be at her hand night and day." "She will be with the angels then, Elsa." "Ah, dear madam! they could not conform to her temper as I can. They have not lived with her forty years."

People complain of the growing independence of servants; but, however trying to the housekeeper, it has its moral use. Our present relation with our domestics is a training of temper which the world has wanted till the nineteenth century. Such tempers as Squire Western's, for instance, could hardly grow into what they were without dependents to kick and cuff at will from childhood upwards. Most furious tempers are what they are from having had their sway unchecked from the first — an unresisting somebody to bully. Servants, to judge from books and records, used to be the natural objects for such amenities; but now the most irritable of masters or mistresses, whomsoever else they fly out upon, learn to keep a civil tongue in their head towards the "tolerable" cook they would be at their wits' end to replace.

Another training is to be found in games and social amusements, which are growing more and more into a business of life. We give, many of us, a preposterous amount of time to sport; but being an occupation, not simply a relaxation, it has to be made a business of, and subjected to stringent rules. To fail, and lose with a good grace, is a discipline people must learn, old or young, boys or girls, when they are playing every day and all day long. For a girl to be put out at croquet is the worst breeding; and we doubt if such a schoolboy as Howley must have been would now allow himself the loser's satisfaction recorded by his adversary in the "Singleton Letters." "I was," writes Sydney Smith, "at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with a chess-board for checkmating him, and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life." It is where life is hard work and play is an eagerly snatched recreation, that the temper is off its guard and irritation shows itself. It seems so hard that the rare holiday should be spoilt — hence Uncle Kimble, who was tolerant and cheerful, let what would betide in business-hours, became intense and bitter over cards, quarrelled over the odd trick, "shuffling before his adversary's deal with a glare of suspicion, and turning up a mean trump-card with an air of inexpressible disgust, as if in a world where such things could happen one might as well enter on a course of reckless profligacy."

Few men have sweet tempers, or hold such as they possess under steady, invariable control, though there are men who, without this sweetness of nature, however much tried, never seem to lose their self-command. No public man can get on long who has not his temper well in hand; but with the same amount of inflammable particles, men differ very much on the occasions that set fire to them. Some people who are all composure when we might reasonably expect and justly excuse an explosion, will break down into peevishness or passing frenzy on slight provocations. We have known men, quite remarkable for a well-bred serenity, be unreasonably and childishly testy at some transient annoyance of a sort they are not used to. Highly sensitive organizations and intellects kept on the stretch are always irritable. De Quincey, who has no heroes, says that Wordsworth, with all his philosophy, had fits of ill temper, though the unexampled sweetness of his wife's temper made it impossible to quarrel with her. Nor does the field in which temper exercises itself make much difference. A divine defending his favorite views is as peppery as any layman; while he flushes, and his eye gleams and scintil-

lates with less consciousness of the spirit that rouses the glare, than the disputant in secular matters — the distinction between zeal and temper being more easily drawn by his opponent or observer than by himself. How often we read of meetings between religious or philanthropic leaders, looked forward to as a great occasion by their followers, leaving only painful regrets, through some accidental spark falling upon the combustible element in the composition of one or both! The two great hymn-writers and good Christians, Newton and Toplady, met but once, and but for a few minutes, yet something passed — a trifling jest — which upset Toplady's equanimity, and made his parting words, we are told by the friendly bystander, not very courteous. There are times when men think they do well to be angry, and attribute their display of ill-temper to a holy impulse, while the observer sees only a common pet — exposing itself at the most unsuitable moment — at the failure of their efforts to attract and impress, perhaps to shine. The preacher is particularly subject to the temptation of an angry remonstrance uttered in this spirit. It must be hard to feel your best passages lost through the restlessness of school children or the infectious inattention of the singing gallery; but it seldom answers to allow the chafed spirit its fling. If the interruption becomes unbearable — and in rustic or artisan congregations, where children predominate, it sometimes does so — it is better to seem at a loss for a fitting form of remonstrance, than to have it at the tongue's end. "You boys ain't still at all," said a much-tried curate; "not at all still, not still at all, you ain't." Much rather would we hear a rebuke in this plaintive, mild, hesitating key — forgetful of self and tender to human infirmities — than the most eloquent denunciation which seemed to confound the words of the preacher with the voice of the Spirit, and addressed the whisperer as a wilful hinderer of the Gospel message, or the clodhopping lout as the destroyer of souls, who but for the distraction caused by his boots might have been saved to all eternity. The parson may be in a passion without knowing it, but not without the congregation being quite alive to it, and the remembrance of a scene outliving every other effect of his discourse.

Thackeray has more than once dwelt on the advantages of a thoroughly bad temper, as securing the best of everything to its possessors, because the people about them know there will be no peace if they don't get it. Certainly a bad wilful temper does often seem favorable to health. The man who has been a Turk all his life lives long to plague all about him. But, on the other hand, the rich man's temper is often a sermon of content to his poorer neighbors. It is a false alchemy that turns his gold into stones. Would they have his money if his sourness and discontent must go along with it?

We may discuss temper with illustrations to advantage, if we do not look too near home for these illustrations, or expend our curiosity in vagrant mental inquiries among our neighbors. One thing is certain: those with whom we pass our lives had best not be subjects of too curious analysis. Nature throws a veil over loving eyes. Until affection is too sorely provoked, it is inexact at definitions, and calls ill temper a *way* — an accident for which the owner is irresponsible — a physical weakness by which he is the greatest sufferer. When husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, call ill tempers by their right names, the charm of family life is over. But questions we had better not set our judgment to solve about others are very proper concerning ourselves. In fact, the subject is very superficially gone into if we do not slip into personal applications by the way. Ill temper is malignity while it lasts, and will show signs of its working. Do quarrels gather round us? Are we "fruitful hot water," living in a commotion? Are people *solicitous* to please us, as though it were not an easy matter to do so — vigilant to see how we take things, forward with apologies, anxious in civilities? Are we bent on giving pleasure *our* way, and vexed when people prefer their own? Do we lose our friends by an exceptional inconstancy on their part? Have we a large stock of grievances? Do we find a great

many people irritable, unreasonable, disagreeable, and consider it due to ourselves to let them know our opinion? If conscience gives an affirmative answer, then we may be sure we have a temper that would come under some other denomination than sweet, or good, or even well-regulated — a temper to be mended, a task to take in hand.

MARRIED LIFE IN CHINA.

VERY little is known in this country of the married life of the Chinese, but nevertheless their habits and customs in this respect are very minute, and by no means devoid of interest. The patriarchal system of the country is exhibited, on a small scale, in all Chinese households; for as the emperor claims to be, and theoretically is, the absolute and despotic ruler of his subjects, so every father exercises a similar power over his family, even claiming the right to sell his children as slaves.

A woman in China, when once she is married, and has assumed her husband's clan-name, becomes part and parcel of his family, and henceforward she has but a slight connection with her own relations, her duty and obedience being entirely transferred to her husband and his parents, the latter of whom, sad to relate, frequently treat her with great cruelty, and more as a slave than a daughter-in-law.

The Chinese wife's great hope and ambition are that she may have male offspring to perpetuate her husband's name, to care for and support him in old age, and, after death, to watch over and offer sacrifices at his grave, and at stated periods to burn incense before his tablet. If she chance to be so unfortunate as to have no children, or only daughters, there is rarely any happiness in store for her in her married life, and her husband is very likely to take to himself a concubine, if he can afford to do so, hoping thereby to attain the darling wish of his heart.

When women have no children they supplicate the goddess Hui-fu Fujên to aid them and send them sons, for, if possible, they would rather not have daughters. If a man have no sons he is thought to "live without honor and die unhappy;" and so eager is a Chinaman for a male heir, that, failing a son of his own, he will adopt one from his brothers' families, if he can get one. Occasionally, too, from this all-absorbing desire for a son, parents will bribe a nurse to get some poor man's boy and substitute him for a newly-born daughter. In the exaggerated phraseology common to the Chinese, those who do this are said "Tou lung, huan fêng," that is, to steal a dragon and exchange it for a phoenix.

The following customs, related in the "Social Life of the Chinese," are rather amusing, and show what devices women in the Celestial Empire will resort to in the hope that they may thereby be blessed with children. Every year, between the eleventh and fifteenth day of the first and eighth Chinese moons, several of the most popular temples devoted to the worship of a goddess of children, commonly called "Mother," are frequented by married, but childless, women, for the purpose of procuring one of a kind of shoe belonging to her. Those who come for a shoe burn incense and candles before the image of "Mother," and vow that they will offer a thanksgiving, if she will aid them in bearing a male child. The shoe is taken home and placed in the niche which holds the family image of the goddess, where it is worshipped in connection with "Mother," though not separately, on the first and fifteenth days of each moon; fresh flowers are then offered up, and incense, candles, and mock-money are burned. When the child thus prayed for is born, should such a fortunate event take place, the happy mother, in accordance with her vow, causes two shoes to be made like the one obtained from the temple. These two and the original one are brought to the temple with her thank-offering, which generally consists of several plates of food. Some women, instead of asking for a shoe of the goddess, beg some of the flowers which she usually has in her hands or in a flower-vase near by. The shoe is lent, but the flowers are given. On reaching home

some women fasten the flowers thus obtained in their hair, whilst others place them in a vase near the niche mentioned above. Should the suppliants not become mothers, no thanksgiving would be expected by the goddess whose aid had been invoked.

When a son is born there are great rejoicings in a family, and shortly afterwards what is termed the "milk name" is given, which answers to "pet names" amongst ourselves. Later on the boy receives a regular name, usually of two characters, corresponding to what we call the "Christian name;" when written it is placed after the clan or surname. When grown up even, boys are often called, not by their proper names, but by their number in the family—for example, A-sze or A-woo, that is, Number Four or Number Five.

On the third day after its birth the nurse washes the child for the first time, before the family image of the goddess "Mother," who is currently believed to watch over all children till they reach their sixteenth year, and at the same time a thank-offering of meat, cakes, fruit, wine, flowers, etc., is placed before her, in recognition of her aid in the character of Lucina. As is always the case with such like oblations in China, they are afterwards consumed by the family.

The important ceremony of "binding the wrists" is now observed, and the practice in this matter differs considerably. A common plan is to tie a piece of red cotton loosely round the wrists; another is to fasten some ancient copper coins on the wrists for several days by means of red cotton. In some families this is not finally removed from the infant's wrists for several months, though it is more usual to take it off after fourteen days. The idea is that this binding of the wrists together will prevent the baby from being wicked and disobedient, not only in childhood, but also in after life. In allusion to this singular custom, when children are troublesome or naughty, they are asked if their mothers neglected to bind their wrists.

When the baby is a month old the head is shaved for the first time, and in the case of a boy this ceremony is performed before the Ancestral Tablets. A feast is also given, to which the relatives and intimate friends are invited, and it is customary for them to bring presents of toys, food, money, etc.; they also frequently club together and send the infant a silver plate, on which they inscribe three characters, meaning Longevity, Honor, and Happiness. Shortly after this, the parents make their acknowledgments to their various friends for their congratulations and for the presents which they have sent; this is commonly done by sending a small present of cakes in return. At a subsequent entertainment, which sometimes takes place when the child is four months old, the "happy father," it is said, "bows down before the goddess ('Mother'), and begs that the child may be good-natured and easy to take care of, that it may grow fat, that it may sleep well at night, and that it may not be given to crying," etc. From this we may naturally infer that the habits of Chinese babies are much the same as those of our own, and that distracted parents in China, as elsewhere, know what it is to have wakeful nights and squalling babies.

The maternal grandmother, when a boy is a year old, sends him a present of a cap and a pair of shoes, as well as some other garments, and on this occasion another family feast is held to celebrate the birthday.

English mothers, whose children are backward in walking, will be amused at the following piece of Chinese nursery superstition: "It is the custom in many families, when the child is just beginning to walk alone, for a member of the family to take a large knife, often such as is used in the kitchen to cut up vegetables, and, approaching him from behind as he is toddling along, to put it between his legs, or hold it a little way off him, with the edge downwards, and then to bring it to the ground, as if in the act of cutting something. This is called 'cutting the cords of his feet,' and the motion is repeated two or three times. It is done in order to facilitate his learning to walk, and is supposed to be of great use in keeping the child from stumbling and falling down."

After the shaving of the head at the end of the first month, it is a common practice to allow a patch of hair to grow on the top, if the child be a boy, and on both sides, if a girl; the hair is braided into tight little queues, which stick out, and give the children a very comical look in their earlier years. When a girl, however, reaches womanhood, she ceases to wear these queues, which have latterly hung down her back in glossy braids, and her hair is done up on her head in the peculiar Chinese style, which, we believe, varies but little all over the empire, and report says—though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story—that the singular edifice is very rarely taken to pieces, and that the women use a curious little cane pillow to prevent the disarrangement of their hair at night.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon of the year, the birthday of the goddess "Mother" occurs, and married women then repair to the temples, and worship her, burning incense, and having crackers let off in her honor. Of this fact we can speak from personal experience, having lived for upwards of two years within a few yards of such a temple, and having been often nearly suffocated with the smell and fumes of the burning joss-sticks; the firework part of the performance, too, was always carried on *con amore*, as we know to our cost. The din and clamor raised by the crowds of women frequenting the small temple of which we speak, on "Mother's" high festivals, will never fade from our memory, for they were truly awful, and could hardly be said to savor much of real devotion.

When a boy goes to school for the first time, he is expected to take with him two small candles, some incense-sticks, and mock-money, all of which are burned in honor of Confucius before a slip of paper bearing some such inscription as "the teacher, a pattern for ten thousand ages," or one of the great sage's other numerous titles, the new pupil bowing down and making his prostrations the while. About the end of spring in each year, schoolmasters often give their boys a treat, when very similar, though more elaborate ceremonies are performed, and it is the custom for the pupils to bring presents of money to defray the expenses.

Children of both sexes are said to "go out of childhood," when they are about sixteen years of age, as in China they are then considered to have become adults, and the event is usually celebrated by certain family observances. It must, however, be borne in mind that, though a child in China becomes of age at sixteen, he is not thereby emancipated from the control of his parents, for during their lifetime he is bound by law and custom to obey them implicitly, be he ever so old or ever so wealthy. The only exception that is made to this rule is when the child has attained to some office under government, and then he is obliged to render his obedience to the emperor, who, whilst he is in the public service, stands to him *in loco parentis*. When a son has reached his sixteenth year, he commonly assumes the direction of the business matters of the family, if his father be dead, unless, indeed, as sometimes happens, his mother have a very strong will of her own. The doctrine inculcated in the Chinese classics is that a woman has three stages of obedience: to wit, first, she must obey her father (before she marries); second, her husband (after she is married); and, third, her son (when her husband is dead), provided, of course, that the son have reached the age of manhood. In the last-named case, however, law and custom would never uphold the son in treating his mother in an unkind or unfilial manner. Filial piety is held in the highest esteem in China, even to an exaggerated extent, and it may happen that, in cases of extremely unfilial conduct, parents will bring their offspring before the district magistrate, and invoke the aid of the law in support of their rights; such instances are, however, rare, but they occasionally occur, and the only persons who have any claim to be consulted are the maternal uncles of the accused, who, if these concur with his parents in their view of his misconduct, stands a very bad chance indeed of escaping without some serious mark of indignity, if he be lucky enough to get off without severe punishment.

"Fathers have virtually the power of life and death over

their children, for even if they kill them designedly, they are subject to only the chastisement of the bamboo and a year's banishment; if struck by them, to no punishment at all. The penalty of striking parents, or for cursing them, is death, as among the Hebrews. In practice it does not appear that this absolute power bestowed on fathers is productive of evil, the natural feeling being, on the whole, a sufficient security against its abuse."¹

If a son be convicted of the murder of either of his parents, Chinese law visits the crime with awful severity, for not only is the murderer executed, but his body is cut up into small pieces, and everything possible is done to mark the enormity of the crime. On this point the following extract, from the work quoted before, describes very graphically the course that is pursued: "A man and his wife had beaten and otherwise severely ill-used the mother of the former. This being reported by the viceroy to Peking, it was determined to enforce, in a singular manner, the fundamental principles of the empire. The very place where it occurred was anathematized, as it were, and made accursed. The principal offenders were put to death; the mother of the wife was bamboozed, branded, and exiled for her daughter's crime; the scholars of the district, for three years, were not permitted to attend the public examinations, and their promotion thereby stopped; the magistrates were deprived of their office, and banished. The house in which the offenders dwelt was dug up from the foundations. 'Let the viceroy,' the edict adds, 'make known this proclamation, and let it be dispersed through the whole empire, that the people may all learn it. And if there be any rebellious children who oppose, beat, or degrade their parents, they shall be punished in like manner. If the people, indeed, know the principles of reverence, then they will fear and obey the imperial will, and not look on this as empty declamation. I instruct the magistrates of every province to warn the heads of families and elders of villages, and on the second and sixteenth of every month to read the Sacred Instructions, in order to show the importance of the relations of life, that persons may not rebel against their parents, for I intend to render the empire filial.'" The foregoing paragraph will give a very clear idea of what is universally the theory on the subject in China, but, judging from our own knowledge of their character, we much fear that in this, as well as in very many other matters, the Chinese are more perfect in their theory than in their practice.

A FAMOUS BOOK AUCTION.

AUCTIONS of private collections of books possess a peculiar interest. They speak of the upbreak of what had been a source of a life-long, or at least of many years' pleasure. Their late owner is parted from Time. The books which he collected with anxious solicitude, and according to his special tastes, are to be handled by strangers, made the subject of commercial talk, and dispersed. There is always something to sadden one at these auctions. When the deceased proprietor of the books to be sold had been what is called a bibliomaniac, a dash of entertainment mingles with the occasion. Literary treasures which had been whimsically locked up, are brought to the light of day, and become matter of eager inquiry and remark. We desire to speak of one of these extraordinary sales.

It would be difficult to point to any private collection of books sold by auction which contained more manuscript and typographical rarities of the first class than the library formed by Mr. Henry Perkins, and recently sold (June 3 to 6) at Hanworth Park, near London. His father for many years superintended Mr. Thrale's brewery, and became a partner at his death. Boswell, in his Life, tells us that Dr. Johnson esteemed him much. Mrs. Thrale asked him why he hung up a portrait of the great man in the counting-house; he answered: "Because, madam, I wish to have one wise man there." Johnson, hearing this, said:

"Sir, I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely."²

Of course there have been sales containing a vast number more books, such as the Heber sale, for example, lasting 202 days—spread over two years, from April 10, 1834, to July 9, 1836: 117,613 volumes fetched £56,775. It was this bibliomaniac who said: "No man can do comfortably without three copies of a book. One he must have for a show-copy, and will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third, at the service of his friends." Compared with such a collection as Richard Heber's, the Perkins Library was small indeed; but its 865 lots realized about £26,000, or £80 a lot, and included two books which made *six thousand pounds*. This sale only adds another to the many instances which might be brought forward of the enormous increase in the value of rare books during the last few years. We have jotted down the prices given for eleven books, and also the sums they obtained, and find that they cost Mr. Perkins £1286, and realized £8565.³ This total of £26,000 for 865 lots becomes more striking when we remember that Osborne the bookseller bought the 360,000 volumes of the Harleian collection for £30,000. Although a collector should not form a library with a view to profit, it is satisfactory to think that loss is improbable when such an assemblage is dispersed.

The Perkins sale will ever be memorable for placing upon the market two copies—one on vellum, and one on paper—of the Mazarine Bible, perhaps the rarest—as it is the most interesting—printed book in the world. These two books formed the last two lots of the fourth and last day's sale, and were both bought by London booksellers; that on vellum being knocked down to Messrs. Ellis and White for £3400; the paper copy to Mr. Quaritch for £2690. If Dr. Dibdin had lived to see this day, what an account he would have written of the sale! and especially of these lots, for we should be afraid to say how many pages of his "Bibliographical Decameron" are devoted to an account of the Roxburghe sale, where the Marquis of Blandford bought the Valdarfer Boccaccio for £2260, amid "absolutely electrified" spectators. Before this year, this was the largest price ever given for a book: £3400 seems an immense sum for a single work, but as the catalogue most correctly informs us, "It is unquestionably the most important and distinguished article in the whole annals of typography;" and goes on to denominate it in a style worthy the great chronicler of bibliomania: "a treasure which would exalt the humblest, and stamp with a due character of dignity, the proudest, collection in the world." Mr. Perkins secured it in 1825 at a cost of £504.

The Mazarine Bible is so called because a copy was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. Of the five known copies on vellum, four are in public libraries; and this, the fifth, is the most perfect copy of them all. According to the generally received statement respecting the invention of printing, Gutenberg having found a capitalist in Fust willing to advance money on such an undertaking, began this Bible soon after his return to Mentz or Mayence from Strasburg, in 1445. The early copies were probably issued before 1455, when Fust took possession of the types, as his unfortunate partner could not keep to the somewhat hard terms on which the loan had been advanced.

¹ Croker's edition, p. 426. On another occasion, Dr. Johnson, hearing Mr. Perkins was going on a long journey, wrote, July 23, 1782: "Observe these rules: 1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise. 2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost. 3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue. 4. Take now and then a day's rest. 5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can. 6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy. This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic, can be of much use."—*Ibid.* p. 708.

² It is only fair for us also to notice an example or two of depreciation, but such were very rare. The magnificent Koran (a present from Maulwa Mohammed Achmed to Nijul al Dowlah) was purchased at Prince Golownia's sale for £72 18s. 6d. It now made £70. Mr. Perkins gave £32 at the Hibbert sale for Mattaire's *Annales Typographiques*, which was now sold for £226. In 1825, at the Dent sale, the *Concordantie Magnæ Bibliorum* was knocked down for £31 10s. 6d.; it now realized a little more than as many shillings. The magnificent series of Delphin classics was also a loss.

³ *The Chinese*, by Sir John Davis.

We may therefore look on these vellum, and perhaps a few of the paper, copies as having been issued before Fust's unhandsome conduct. Messrs. Nichol obtained Mr. Perkins' vellum copy from the library of the university of Mentz. Fust and Schœffer subsequently issued an altered edition of the great work, and then an edition with new type, bearing their name and date, 1462. Of the latter, Mr. Perkins possessed a fine copy, for which he gave £173. This realized £780. This Bible is generally called the Bible of Mayence. Passing over Bibles from the presses of Ulric Zell, the first Cologne printer, Eggesleyn, Goltz, Jenson, and Koburger, we come to the first complete edition of the English Bible, or that translated by Coverdale, and printed in 1535. Mr. Perkins gave £89 5s. for this at the Dent sale, and it now realized £400. Then we have that translation said to be by Thomas Matthew (really John Rogers), dated two years afterwards, which produced £195.

One naturally looks out for Caxton's, but only two examples of our great English typographer occurred in this sale. The first of these was his edition of Gower's "Confessio Amantis," dated 1493, but really printed in 1483, and made £245. The second, "Higden's Polycricon," "conteyning the Berynges and Dedes of many Tymes," which fetched £305. The latter was printed in 1482. Of Caxton's two apprentices, Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson, we have one example of the former, and two of the latter. Wynkyn de Worde's work is "Vitas Patrum, or the Lyves of Olde Auncyent Faders Hermytes, translated out of Frenshe into Englysshe by William Caxton; empynted at Westmynstre, 1495." This is believed to be the finest copy in existence (£180). Pynson printed his Brant's "Shyp of Folyes of the Worlde" in 1509. For his copy of this curious book, Mr. Perkins gave £30 at the Dent sale; it now made £130. The other example of Pynson is the edition of "Froissart's Chronicles," printed in conjunction with Myddylton in 1525 (£96).

Of printed service-books we shall take some interesting examples. A beautiful missal on vellum, printed at Rome by Planck in 1496, and having a miniature instead of a colored wood-cut preceding the canon, was the dedication copy to Pope Alexander VI. (£375). The "Missale Mozarabicum" was so called because it was the ritual of the inhabitants of Toledo (as it had been of the ancient Spanish church before the introduction of the Roman system), who were allowed to retain their religion though governed by the Moors or Mozarabes, that is half Arabs. When Alfonso VIII. wrested the city from the Moors, he wished to introduce the Roman missal. The people preferred their old use, and the two volumes were placed in the fire. The Mozarabic being uninjured by this ordeal, was retained. The copy in the Perkins' Library was one of an edition printed at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes c. 1500 (£295).

Examples of the Junta or Giunta press at Venice on vellum are of great rarity. The two volumes of this press in the Perkins collection are extremely interesting. The first is the missal used in the monastery of Vallambrosa, in the diocese of Fiesole, compiled by its founder, Gualberti. Of this sumptuous volume, Dr. Dibdin says: "If ever the magical art of printing was calculated to produce enthusiastic sensations, such sensations cannot fail to be felt on a careful examination of this book" (£240). The other work to which we allude was a Life of Gualberti, who founded the monastery in 1038. These two examples of the Junta press were respectively printed in 1503 and 1510. The copy of the "Life" is probably the same possessed by Bandini, the historian of the Junta press.

Mr. Perkins possessed copies of the first four folios of Shakespeare. That rare book, the first edition of 1623, made the highest price ever realized, with the exception of the Daniell copy in 1864. That was purchased for £716; this — which was a perfect copy, and identical with it in measurement — was knocked down for £585. We believe Mr. Perkins only gave £110 for it. The other three editions made respectively £44, £103, and £22, which are not high prices, considering those realized at the Daniell sale.

A magnificent series of the Delphin classics — sixty vol-

umes, containing the works of thirty-nine authors — made £240. This edition is so called because printed by order of Louis XIV. for the use of the Dauphin, and the various volumes were issued between the years 1672 and 1691.

The rarer county histories command large prices. Mr. Perkins had large-paper copies of most of these. Nichol's Leicestershire realized £260, in consequence of the number of copies destroyed at the fire at Messrs. Nichol's premises. One of the six copies of Ormerod's "History of Cheshire," having the plates in various states, made £155. Other county histories sold were: Aubrey's "Surrey," £32 10s. 0d.; Dugdale's "Warwickshire," £84; Hutchin's "Dorsetshire," £47; and Nash's "Worcestershire," £50.

In the manuscripts, almost every period of illumination from the ninth or tenth to the seventeenth century was well represented. The prices realized, as might be supposed, from the great importance and superb condition of these volumes, were very high. We will notice the chief of these in chronological order. It is very seldom that a fine liturgical manuscript of so early a date as the end of the ninth, or beginning of the tenth century, is offered for sale. Hence the Evangelistarium (406) of that date, illuminated with large capital letters, curiously interlaced, some pages being stained purple with gold letters, excited great interest. It fetched £565. Next in point of date was a manuscript of the four Gospels, of the twelfth century (497); some of its pages were stained purple, which is unusual at so late a period (£185). To the next century belonged (174) the Latin Bible, embellished with a hundred and forty-six miniatures, Italian, and therefore of the period of Giotto (£230). We were much struck with the "Bible Historiée" (178), a French manuscript of a much-prized period of French art (first half of fourteenth century). This translation was made by Guyars des Moulins, and completed in 1495. For this beautiful volume — which is illuminated with a hundred and thirty miniatures — Mr. Perkins gave about £100 in 1826. It now realized £490. Though not so fine, in an art point of view, the copy (374) of Christine de Pisan's "Cent Histoires de Troye," of the latter part of the same century, is more interesting historically. It was executed for Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, son of the king of France. Christine was the most popular authoress at that period, and worked hard at her pen to support her family. It is said that she did not begin to write until 1389, and as Philip the Bold died in 1404, the date of this manuscript is ascertained with unusual exactness. As was usual with such presentation copies, the authoress is in the first illumination represented giving her book to the duke. This manuscript was knocked down for £650, and cost Mr. Perkins about £73.

The origin of 405 is given in the title, in an unusual manner in a manuscript. It was a French translation of the Epistles and Gospels, "par Frère Jehan de Vignay, de l'orde du hault pas, à la requeste de Madame la Roynne Jehanne de Bourgoigne, jadis femme de Phéliepe de Valois, Roy de France, où temps qu'il vivoit, ce fut l'an de grace MCCCXXXVI" (£120). The "Romaunt de la Rose" was perhaps the most popular work in the Middle Ages. Lot 638 was a fourteenth-century manuscript of it, with seventy-two miniatures, and richly illuminated capitals (£90).

All who have studied manuscripts know the great rarity of undoubted examples of English work, particularly if of an early period. The "Romance of Christ" (738), ornamented with one hundred and fifty drawings in outline, heightened with color, was a work of great interest, as it was unquestionably of English execution. The artist has exercised his fancy in giving us a series of scenes of the childhood and other portions of our Lord's life, selecting chiefly legendary in preference to scriptural treatment of the subjects. Mr. Perkins picked up this remarkable volume for eighteen guineas, and it now realized £400.

In the fifteenth century, the diapered backgrounds of the miniatures of an earlier period were giving way to landscape and architectural ones. The beautiful decoration called grisaille was also coming into fashion. A good example of this was 281, "Heures à l'Usage de Rome" (£92). Examples of early French poets are rare. Lot 152 was the

works of Alain Chartier, richly illuminated (£69). A very curious book was (375) "Chronique de la Boucarchardine" (a scriptural and historical chronicle, compiled by "Jehan de Coucy, Chevalier Normant," in 1416), containing many miniatures (£180).

All manuscripts of the fifteenth century, and, indeed, of any other period in the collection, were thrown into the shade by Lydgate's "Siege of Troy" — the identical book presented by the author to Henry V. Mr. Perkins bought this book for £99 15s.; and it now fetched £1320. The paintings — about seventy in number — which adorn this extraordinary example of English secular art are chiefly placed at the bottom of the pages in the broad margins, and not introduced in the text. In the first of these paintings, the author is shown presenting his book to the king. These illuminations are very valuable for the costumes, armor, etc. of the period.

Such were some of the curiosities in connection with the sale of a library which had been gathered together by one of the greatest bibliomaniacs within living memory.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

ACTING is, according to the prevalent idea, essentially a natural gift, a power that comes instinctively, and must find expression. Yet Charles Mathews, whose reputation is universal, and whose marvellous aptitude and faculty have placed him on a dramatic eminence unequalled, as yet, by any comedian of his day, was imbued with no spontaneous love for the profession — showed no taste for the stage, no ambition with regard to it, and even when every chance was afforded him of entering on a theatrical career, did not take the trouble to avail himself of those opportunities. This is a curious instance of the freaks of genius — freaks which introduce one actor to us as a raw boy, and another as a serious man laden with experience, replete with knowledge of the world, and weighing calmly the advantages and disadvantages of the step he is taking. Charles Mathews' style is not in the slightest degree suggestive of this; he seems, on the contrary, as if he were so bubbling over with good-humor, and gayety, and fun, that he had come on the stage in mere lightness of heart to give his audience the benefit of his good spirits, without any hampering details of rehearsing, learning parts, etc. Everything in him seems so natural, so untrained, so instructive, that it is difficult to remember sometimes that all his sallies are not spontaneous (though some of them are, for he adds numberless jokes of his own in most pieces in which he acts); and that he is not rattling away as the fancy seizes him.

He was born at Liverpool, in the very early years of the present century, and was the only surviving child of the celebrated comedian Charles Mathews. He was very young when he was placed, by the kindness of Sir John Silvester, the Recorder of Liverpool, at Merchant Tailors' School, in which institution he was obtaining a very high position, when his weak health and great delicacy of constitution necessitated his withdrawal. The sons of Charles Kemble, Young, Terry, and Liston were pupils under a Mr. Richardson, of the Clapham Road, and here young Charles Mathews was sent. Of course, the work was less arduous than at the Merchant Tailors' — and he was enabled slowly to complete his preparatory studies. It was his father's great ambition to place his son at one of the universities, in view of his taking Orders, but young Charles evinced such a decided repugnance to the clerical career, and at the same time showed so decided a taste for the architectural profession, that his father gave up his long-cherished designs, and established him in the office of Mr. Pugin, an architectural draughtsman. Many of Charles Mathews' drawings were exhibited at Somerset House by his master, who was proud of the ability of his pupil. The first symptom we have of theatrical aptitude was when (in 1822) young Mathews appeared in a private theatrical performance at the English Opera House. He

acted in the French Vaudeville "Comédiens d'Étampes," in imitation of the celebrated French actor Perlet, and the manager of the French theatre in London was so delighted with his performance that he offered him an engagement on the spot. Mathews, however, refused; he had no desire whatever for a theatrical career, and had only played one night as a matter of amusement.

Here began a new phase of life for Charles Mathews. Becoming connected with the Earl of Blessington, he accompanied that nobleman to Ireland, in a professional capacity, the Earl having determined on building a mansion at Mountjoy Forest, where his estates lay. However, like a true Blessington, directly he had incurred all the expense and trouble of taking an architect from England to the North of Ireland, to make plans and specifications, he gave up the idea and returned to London, *en route* for Naples! He expressed a desire to take young Mathews with him, which desire was caught at by the parents, since it offered many brilliant suggestions to an ambitious mind, and promised many advantages, though the stiff-necked, strait-laced sections of society might have made some severe objections to the moral atmosphere of the pleasant circle at the Villa Belvedere. Charles remained with the Blessingtons for one year, studying much, and fast becoming a "man of the world," that is, losing the ingenuous faith and simplicity of youth. He was excessively clever with his pencil, and, especially in architectural subjects, was remarkably quick and observant. He was very popular among the Blessingtons' friends, because of his gay spirits, his drollery, and his remarkable facility for mimicry, which he contrived to keep free from malice or ridicule, thus making no enemies by his fun. This quality he has kept up — for his humor is singularly free from the acerbity which so often accompanies that gift.

Many persons who know little of Charles Mathews' life, have heard something concerning a violent dispute with Count d'Orsay, which is by no means to the credit of the celebrated dandy. D'Orsay told Lord Blessington that young Charles Mathews was not diligent in his studies: that he always took his sketch-book on various country expeditions, but seldom sketched. Thereupon Charles Mathews thanked him in a laughing manner for his recommendation, and wished he had mentioned to him (Charles Mathews) any fault he had to find, to which D'Orsay returned, "Vous êtes un mauvais blagueur pardieu, la plus grande bête et blagueur que j'aie jamais rencontré, et la première fois que vous me parlez comme ça, je vous casserai la tête et vous jeterai par la fenêtre." This totally uncalled-for reply, naturally roused Mathews' spirit, and a challenge and preparations for a duel were the result. However, a mutual friend interposed, D'Orsay wrote a letter which might have been either an apology or a further challenge, so craftily was it worded, and with some further display of discourtesy on the part of D'Orsay, the affair was settled peacefully, and the disputants went quietly back to their respective places in the Villa Belvedere.

At the end of 1825, Charles Mathews returned to England to enter seriously on his professional career; he made his first step as an architect in 1826, in Wales, where he was appointed in his business capacity to a mining company, and superintended the construction of several important works. In 1827 he went back to Italy, accompanied this time by a professional friend, in conjunction with whom he worked hard, exhibiting architectural drawings in the celebrated galleries of Rome, Milan, and Venice. In 1829 Mathews and his friend went to Florence, where they found Lord Normanby treating the Florentines to private theatricals. His lordship specially invited Mathews to join in the festivities, and young Charles played Risk in "Love Laughs at Locksmiths;" Tony Lumpkin in "She Stoops to Conquer;" Falstaff, in "Henry the Fourth;" Dogberry, in "Much Ado about Nothing;" and other classical characters. His fellow-actors bore sounding titles, if not glorious names, and Mathews could not but have been pleased to find himself in such honorable company. While in Rome, a year later, Charles Mathews caught a

fever, which laid him up for nearly two years. He lost the use of his limbs, was taken from Italy to England in a bed, on which he was a prisoner for a year, being totally unable to exert himself in the smallest degree. In 1832 he again came forward in his architectural capacity, and was appointed district surveyor of Bow and Bethnal Green, which situation he retained till he relinquished his profession for the stage. His father died in 1835, leaving his affairs in terrible confusion, and young Charles (as he had hitherto been called) undertook the management of the Adelphi, in partnership with Yates. The venture did not succeed, however, and as a last resource, and in compliance with the general wish and advice of his friends, Charles Mathews appeared professionally on the stage in a short piece written by himself, in December, 1835, and since that night, as the public knows, has been acting perpetually.

Of his career since then, there is little that is new to say. Every one is familiar—in fact has been over-dosed, with the stories of his extravagance, coupled with that of Madame Vestris; of the uproarious supper-parties he gave after their performances; of the questionable proceedings which sometimes characterized his management. We cannot attempt to follow him from town to town, from success to success—we may merely remark that he has been enthusiastically received in America and in Australia, and in several European countries. He acted in Paris during the Exhibition of 1867, in a translation of Blanchard Jerrold's farce of "Cool as a Cucumber," and was very successful. His favorite characters on the English stage, among others, are those of Sir Charles Coldstream in "Used Up," Captain Patter, in "Patter versus Clatter," Affable Hawk, in "A Game of Speculation," Plumper, in "Cool as a Cucumber," and Puff, in "The Critic." Undoubtedly he is one of the few actors who recognize the importance of the art of concealing art; and those who do not know him personally, will be astonished to find that his manner, and voice, and gayety are the same in his own drawing-room as in that of Mr. Affable Hawk. Charles Mathews is at home in this amusing character in more ways than one; he has been making jocular allusions to his insolvency for many years; and even in 1870, on the eve of his departure for Australia, referring to the fact that the magnificent demonstration in his honor had taken place without the aid of placards or bills, he said he thought the circumstance all the more remarkable, as he remembered the time when his *bills* were flying about all over London!

In these days, however, when the degeneracy of the stage is a general subject of lament, it is pleasant to remember that the greatest comedian of our time is still among us, and that the qualities which have rendered the name of Charles Mathews universally popular, show no symptoms of weakening. The English stage can yet boast of a representative of true comedy.

PLUTARCH'S ESSAYS.

THE versatile and nimble-witted Greek readily found a home in the capital of his Roman conqueror. Rome, with the wealth and love of luxury which followed in the wake of her eastern conquests, naturally became a centre of attraction to every description of adventurer. Under the imperial rule the city swarmed with Greeks, whose multifarious accomplishments enabled them to gratify every variety of taste to which a rich and idle society would be inclined. A man who had to live by his wits could not possibly have desired to be surrounded by more favorable conditions. For artists, physicians, architects, teachers of grammar and rhetoric, there were easy and abundant openings, and into all of them the Greek stepped as a matter of course. Had journalism been a profession at Rome, Greeks, we may be sure, would have monopolized it. No event could have occurred, no subject in heaven or earth could have been propounded, on which a Greek *littérateur*

would not have written with an awful fluency. Readers of Juvenal will recall with a smile, the passage in which the "Græculus esuriens," with his wonderfully various capabilities, is held up as an object from which honest simplicity ought to recoil with horror. We can well understand that the average Roman, who was somewhat dull and matter-of-fact, would not unnaturally half dislike, half despise Greek cleverness. He would have much the same feeling towards it, as the old-fashioned country squire still has towards an artist or a man of letters. The Greek professor, as a man who lived by his wits, would have been more or less of an abomination to him. This sort of feeling, however, which though stupid had really something to say for itself, must have almost worn itself out soon after the establishment of the empire. Society frowned on it and condemned it as ignorant and unenlightened. The highest aristocratic circles had distinctly recognized the worth of Greek culture, and set the tone in its favor. The Roman youth, who in former days had learnt jurisprudence and eloquence under the care of some eminent lawyer, now attended the lectures of a Greek professor, and in this manner completed the higher part of his education. The change was in great measure due to circumstances over which parents had no control. The eloquence of the bar had languished under imperialism, and the law courts no longer supplied the intellectual training which they had formerly done. A substitute, necessarily a formal and artificial one, was sought in the classes presided over by eminent Greek grammarians and rhetoricians. Here lads were carefully taught the various arts of style, and had to discuss every imaginable topic. The great object of education seemed to be to turn out clever speakers and talkers. It must have produced a plentiful crop of conceited smatterers, whose intolerable affectation must have made them bores of the first magnitude in Roman society. You would have had not infrequently to sit next a man at dinner, who would have insisted on dragging you into some abstruse question of mythology or archaeology. Imagine being expected to discuss why the temple of Saturn had been used from time immemorial as a record office; or why the ancient coins had on one side the image of Janus, on the other the stern of a ship. The discussion of questions which could merely give scope to the exercise of intellectual ingenuity, appears to have been sedulously encouraged by the teachers of Roman youth. Among the Greek professors at Rome we can quite believe that there was a considerable sprinkling of ridiculous pedants, and probably too, for the special benefit of the rich *parvenu* class, of downright impostors, who thoroughly deserved the worst that Juvenal has said about them.

There was, however, as we have good reason for knowing, real moral worth, as well as literary merit of a high order, in this Greek society. The Roman fashionable world was, we doubt not, on the whole, decidedly a gainer by its presence. Here was at least an element which could do something to counteract the vulgarity of wealth, and the excessive love of material enjoyments. We wish we knew more of the inner life of the best of these Greek rhetoricians. We get, it is true, a few glimpses into it; and we see enough to convince us that, in marked contrast with the disreputable adventurer who could have imposed only on the rich Roman money-lender or contractor, there were men of learning and culture answering to our best university professors. Such men would of course have too much delicacy to attempt to force themselves into great social prominence; but we may be tolerably sure that the more cultivated circles at Rome felt and recognized their stimulating and refining influence. It is probable that Tacitus knew and respected many of these accomplished Greeks. The younger Pliny can hardly find language strong enough to express his admiration of them. They are singled out in his epistles, as specially distinguished representatives of the class, and are praised as much for their moral as their intellectual qualities. Of their learning and accomplishments he speaks with absolute rapture, and he adds that he finds them the most guileless and estimable set of men with whom he is acquainted. We think it highly probable

that Pliny's esteem for them was by no means undeserved. Many of them, we can well suppose, were quite as much lovers of truth and honesty as we usually find a great scholar or man of science to be in our own day.

To this class belongs a writer whom most of us, I should think, look upon as an old familiar friend. Probably no classical author is better known to the average modern reader than Plutarch. His *Lives*, I suppose, have been oftener translated than any other work of Greek or Roman antiquity. He is hardly known except as a biographer, and it is no doubt in this capacity that he chiefly deserves to be known. His age was one in which, for some reason or other, biography was a particularly popular form of literature. Perhaps this was due to the extraordinary importance with which imperialism had invested a single man. History, if not identified with, was at least of necessity closely connected with the character and habits of the reigning emperor. In the absence of the stirring associations of political life, the reading public naturally felt a keen interest in all the various gossip which centred round the court and its leading figures. Personal anecdotes were sure to be in great demand. The taste may not have been a very elevated one, but it was almost inevitable under the circumstances of the time. Hence arose a crop of biographers, of whom Plutarch was unquestionably the worthiest. He sought, naturally enough, to amuse his readers, and, to his honor be it said, he did his best to instruct and improve them.

His *Lives* are thoroughly healthy reading — the idea of comparing eminent Greeks with eminent Romans was in itself a good one, and it was specially suited to a reflective, self-conscious age which was witnessing the fusion of two such singularly contrasted worlds as the Roman and the Hellenic. It gave him an opportunity of treating his subject from a cosmopolitan point of view, and of interweaving with it a number of thoughts on the general course of human affairs. All this Plutarch does in a pleasant and sensible fashion. He does not, however, in the least come up to our modern conception of a biographer. Of the relation of the men whose lives he writes, to their age, of the social or political atmosphere by which they were surrounded, he tells us nothing. What he does, and does well and agreeably, is to illustrate in a variety of ways the characters of his heroes, and to dwell on the virtues by which they often rose superior to adverse circumstances. Hence his deserved and enduring popularity. We have heard it said that he was the Boswell of antiquity. We have seen his chatty gossiping style compared to that of Pepys' Diary. His *Lives* were beyond a doubt well known to Shakespeare. Some one went so far as to say that he would rather part with all the other remains of antiquity than with the extant works of Plutarch. It is at least certain that he has attractions for an ordinary modern reader which are not possessed by ancient authors of far higher genius. We cannot but feel that whatever may be his literary merits, he is to us a link between the ancient and modern worlds.

It is a disappointment to find that of the man himself we know but very little. The younger Pliny, one would suppose, must have been acquainted with him, and we rather wonder there is no allusion to him in his letters. Plutarch and Pliny would seem to have been in many respects very much like each other. Both were thoroughly bookish men; both, we imagine, had the same gentleness and amiability. Both, too, had a decided touch of pedantry. In Plutarch, this was no doubt partly the result of his profession, partly of his careful and reverential study of the past. He has told us a little about himself, and this is nearly all we know. It does not amount to much. It seems that he was contemporary with Nero, and was studying philosophy during his reign. He was lecturing at Rome in the time of Domitian, and it appears, from a little anecdote which he tells in one of his essays, that Pliny's friend, Arulenus Rusticus, was one of his hearers. In all probability he was banished by the tyrant, along with the other philosophers. He had been a considerable traveller, and had visited most parts of Greece, Italy, and also Egypt. The story that he was tutor to the Emperor Trajan is, I believe, now generally

rejected as utterly groundless. How long he taught and lectured at Rome we cannot say. It may be supposed that he made money by his profession, as we find him in his declining years settled down at his native place, Chaeroneia, in Boeotia, to which he was warmly attached. Here he became a local magistrate and a priest of Apollo. We may be pretty sure that he was in comfortable circumstances, and it is pleasant to picture to ourselves the cheerful old man surrounded by his guests, and entertaining them with the recollections of his life at Rome and with his rich fund of anecdotes.

We think we are right in saying that Plutarch is known to English readers almost exclusively as a biographer. This, no doubt, is the chief claim which he has on our interest, but he has also another claim which distinctly deserves to be recognized. In reading his parallel lives, one can hardly fail to notice those reflective and moralizing tendencies out of which essay-literature is naturally developed. Had he lived in the last century, we may be sure he would have contributed many a paper to the *Spectator*. Were he with us now, he would, we believe, be a rival of the charming author of "Friends in Council" and "Companions of my Solitude." To Plutarch the modern essayist owes his literary parentage. Montaigne was particularly fond of him, and says that his own essays were entirely made up of what he had borrowed from Seneca and Plutarch. A very considerable part of Plutarch's extant works, which scholars have generally agreed to call the "*Moralia*," is in fact a series of essays, which touch on nearly every conceivable subject. Some of them are on curious antiquarian matters, which, as may be supposed, often lead the writer to the most singular and uncritical conclusions. Plutarch was certainly not the man to sift such subjects to much profit; he was learned, painstaking, and very anxious to understand the general teachings of history, but he had not the vigor and the originality of a Thucydides. We must not expect very much light of the best sort from him when he handles such an obscure subject as the worship of Isis and Osiris, or the Delphic god and the oracles of the Pythia. Even here, however, we get occasionally useful hints and suitable remarks, and actual information of some value. As a philosopher, he was bound to discuss many other profound subjects for which he had no special qualification. His essays on the genius of Socrates, on the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies, on fate, on fortune, on the cessation of the oracles, present a strange and confused medley of speculations, which, for a modern reader, have little interest, and would be hardly intelligible. Even in these, however, there are, as we intend to point out, some singular lines of thought which are at least worthy of notice.

It was, after all, as a practical teacher that Plutarch must have been most esteemed. When he deals with the ordinary matters of life, he always shows good sense, and often acuteness. His moral essays constantly remind us of our excellent friend Miss Edgeworth. A pleasant and healthy tone pervades them. We can well imagine how the rich and comfortable Roman gentleman, to whom anything like subtle metaphysical speculation would have been an intense bore, must have enjoyed and appreciated these writings. Plutarch let it be clearly seen that he had a great admiration for the good side of the Roman character. He often falls into a gloomy and desponding view of the world and its prospects, but he more than once suggests that the greatness of Rome was really deserved, and that, on the whole, mankind were the better for it. We think he had tried to make up his mind that whatever is, is right. To do him justice, this was something more than a mere lazy acquiescence in the existing state of things; it was grounded on a belief that human affairs are not left to chance.

Plutarch's essays range over as wide a field as those of Montaigne or Hume. The education of children, the study of the poets, advice to married people, progress in virtue, the preservation of health, superstition, the restraint of anger, tranquillity of mind, brotherly love, the virtues of women, the avoiding of debt, false shame, the love of

riches, talkativeness, meddlesomeness, love, music, consolation for the afflicted, these are a few specimens of the many and various topics handled in what we may call his more popular essays. Before I speak of these writings more in detail, it is as well that I should describe the general impression derived from them as to the author's philosophical position. He may have little merits as an original thinker, but he had views and opinions which, taken in connection with the age in which he lived, are worth consideration.

Plutarch was neither a Stoic nor an Epicurean. He disliked the paradoxes of Stoicism, and he thought the promises of Epicureanism delusive. There was in fact too much sound common-sense in Plutarch to let him rest satisfied in any existing system of philosophy. His opinions about the divine nature and about human morality were very much those of an eighteenth-century theologian. In his caution and moderation, and indeed in his general tone of thought he was not at all unlike some of the dignitaries of the English Church in that period. Had he lived then, he might very possibly have been a bishop or a dean. In his moral essays we really find by anticipation some of Butler's and Paley's arguments. He believes in providence as something above and apart from either fate or fortune. He had a conception of a divine plan running through the world and its history. He thought that virtue on the whole secured happiness, and that it will be taught and imparted by good education. He was inclined to take a cheerful view of human nature, and to think that under judicious management it was perfectly capable of vast improvement. On the other hand, he strongly felt its frailty, and seems to have thought that the world would always present a considerable mixture of good and evil. The utopianism which we so often find in connection with great genius, was not to his taste. In free-will he was a decided believer. A future state of rewards and punishments was also a part of his creed. He had at the same time all the horror of superstition and fanaticism which belongs to a healthy and well-regulated mind. In one of his essays he ridicules people who make themselves miserable about religion. Thus far, he was really very much like an Armenian divine. But the age in which he lived, with its many strange imaginings, somewhat disturbed his intellectual equilibriums, and drew him into some curious speculations which only a Greek mind would have ever entertained. The vague word Neoplatonism conveniently describes some of the theories at which he hints. In a few of the essays attributed to him, we find physical and metaphysical lines of thought crossing each other in a singular manner. We may certainly say, that his conceptions and beliefs were distinctly tinged with Orientalism. This is amply accounted for by the fact that he had been a great traveller, that he was naturally fond of comparing nation with nation, and that the general idea of the unity of all races was one which had to a certain extent worked itself into his mind. It is rather surprising that he never alludes to Christianity, which, in his time, we know had attracted so much attention. It is perfectly impossible that it could have escaped him, and we confess we cannot in the least understand how it is that he fails to notice it. We find him occasionally plunging into speculations closely akin to the Eastern and Jewish beliefs about angels, and there are more than hints of something like the phenomena of clairvoyance and mesmerism. Plutarch's study of Plato, whom he admired and tried to imitate, along with the peculiar influence of his age, may sufficiently explain these portions of his writings. With much good sense and much sobriety of judgment, we meet occasionally with a kind of vein of mysticism for which we were hardly prepared.

His moral essays cover a very wide surface. In reading them, we seem to be surrounded with a sort of eighteenth-century atmosphere. It would be very easy to draw a comparison between Plutarch and Pope. There is hardly a sentiment in the *Essay on Man* to which a parallel might not be found in Plutarch. Many passages in his writings may strike us as trite and commonplace, but how sensibly

and judiciously he treats such a subject as the education of children. We find several of our modern views surprisingly anticipated in this essay. The evil consequences of a one-sided and of an over-indulgent education are admirably pointed out. The miserable after-life of the youth who has been left to the tender mercies of vulgar and ignorant pretenders to learning, and has never acquired moral tone or intellectual culture, is strikingly set before us. On the other hand, the man who, in his early years, enjoyed the inestimable benefit of a good education, finds that his understanding only grows youthful by age, and that time, which makes all other things decay, increases the light and knowledge of our declining years. One lesson to be impressed on the young is, that they are not to think it a fine thing to be able to talk glibly on any subject, and to covet excessively the *éclat* too often undeservedly won by the extempore speaker. To a wretched painter who once showed Apelles a picture, with the remark that he had taken a very little time to paint it, the great artist replied, "I only wonder, that in that space of time you did not produce many more such pictures." The stingy Philistine father who grudges money for education is well rebuked by a pungent anecdote. "What is your fee for the education of my son," said such a father to the philosopher Aristippus. "My fee is £50," was the reply. "Good heavens," exclaimed the parent, "I could buy a slave for £50!" "Do so, by all means," rejoined the philosopher, "and you will have a couple of slaves." In some schools it would seem athleticism was unduly cultivated. Athletic exercises, says Plutarch, are very good as laying the foundation of a vigorous old age, but they may be turned into enemies both of bodily and mental health. Corporal punishment is, on the whole, unsuitable to free-born children, as tending to destroy their self-respect, and to discourage them in the pursuit of learning, and its frequent use is an infallible sign of a clumsy teacher. Of anything like cram Plutarch has an intense horror. Education in his view is to be a very careful and gradual process, specially aiming at the formation of certain moral and mental habits. Hence parents are much to be blamed who leave the whole matter to schoolmasters and tutors. They ought themselves often to examine their children, and to see whether they are really the better for what they are taught, and then the master will do his duty with more heartiness. A parent with tact will not take note of every single fault, or scold his son violently for once in a way talking rather thick on his return from a dinner party. When the young people are old enough to marry, he should encourage them to look out for partners in their own station of life, since those marriages are the happiest in which the parties first are matched before they marry. Plutarch's views on education are decidedly enlightened, and, perhaps it may be added, eminently practical.

In one of his essays he tells us how we are to distinguish a flatterer from a friend. He begins with a bit of philosophy. Truth, he says, is a part of the divinity, and is the origin of all good to man; hence, the flatterer is an enemy to the gods. He contradicts the divine sentence, "Know thyself," by teaching every one to deceive himself. The most perilous sort of flattery is that which is grave and solemn in its deportment, and which never relaxes its attentions. There is the flatterer who will pretend that he is afflicted with the same ailments as yourself. The parasites of the blind tyrant, Dionysius, humored him by stumbling against each other, and jostling the dishes off his table. Flattery, it may be presumed, was reduced to a fine art in the ancient as well as in the modern world; and Plutarch's own age was especially one in which the parasite drove an uncommonly prosperous trade. The versatile Greek, as may be seen, was in this line as in others singularly successful. Hence, this particular essay was well suited to the time. A good saying of Diogenes is quoted in it: "That he who would be saved must have good friends or violent enemies, and it is safest for him to have both."

"Tranquillity of mind" was a subject on which every philosopher had something to say. Stoics and Epicureans both professed to make it their ultimate object; and in a

decaying age, in which political life had lost all the vividness of former days, and a healthy repose naturally seemed the best attainable result, it was sure to be much discussed. Plutarch points out what a mistake it is to suppose that persons who have the least to do are the most contented. Women, he observes, are apt to be particularly restless, and prone to violent emotions. One great cause of people's uneasiness is that they accustom themselves too much to live for other men's sakes rather than their own, and are always troubling themselves with the fancy that they are being pitied or looked down upon by others. If a man has money, he worries himself by supposing that men despise him because he is not a senator or a general. A rich landowner will make himself miserable because his horses or his dogs do not make such a fine show as those of his neighbor. Or a successful general will vex himself to death because he finds himself destitute of the gift of eloquence, instead of quietly resigning himself to Achilles' state of mind, who was content to be simply a warrior:—

"None of the Greeks for courage me excel;
Let others have the praise of speaking well."

Or a wealthy nobleman who wishes to be thought an art-critic may meet with a humiliating rebuff, like that which Apelles once administered to a Persian satrap, who came into his studio, and, after looking round, began to plunge into artistic talk. "While you held your tongue," said Apelles, "we all took you for a very great man, and were lost in admiration at the purple and gold of your attire; but as soon as you opened your mouth, the very boys who mix my colors could not help laughing at you." The various ways in which fools will persist in cutting themselves off from tranquillity of mind was very happily described by Plutarch.

We have some amusing remarks on the vice of talkativeness. A talkative physician, he says, is worse than the disease. If he praises you for obeying his directions, his praise is worse than censure. Talkative persons in general are as bad as hosts who will make their guests drink wine to excess, and show themselves just as destitute of good breeding and education. One who is prone to this fault should be shy of talking on subjects in which he has a special interest. The soldier should not be always talking of battles, or the lawyer of lawsuits; both should rather aim at conversation on subjects from which they may acquire fresh ideas. On the vice of inquisitiveness, Plutarch is particularly severe. Inquisitive people were, I have no doubt, very numerous in his time. The character of the age was particularly favorable to the development of this disagreeable quality which, it may be observed, was rather congenial to the Greek mind and disposition. Plutarch tells us that there was a host of persons to whom, we may be sure, the sensational paragraphs in our papers would have been exactly suited. These persons liked to hear of nothing so much as accidents, murders, intrigues, quarrels between relations, and were everlastingly talking of something tragical, horrible, or nasty. He compares them to fowls, because their chief delight is to scrape up the dung-hill of all the hidden evils of their neighborhood.

In one of his essays he gives advice to married people. He warns women against the various tricks connected with husband-hunting, and says that this is the way to get a sot or a fool for a husband. The wife must not even boast of her fortune or of her good looks, nor must she gad about to places of amusement. She must not wrangle with her husband when he has a dinner-party. The husband, on his side, ought to make it a practice to let his wife share in his various pleasures and amusements. Husband and wife must be of the same religion. Plutarch lays great stress on this. No sacrifice, he says, can be acceptable to the gods but such as is offered by the wife with the husband's knowledge and approval. His views about marriage have much delicacy and refinement. Souls are melted and twined together in the union which love inspires. Those who are thus united cannot look on themselves as separate persons, but live with mutual reverence and fidelity. The love which purifies and ennobles, and leads to true and

worthy companionship, is, according to Plutarch, at the root of marriage. Here, we are on the verge of sentiments which we usually think were singularly foreign to the ancient world.

It would seem that some of the philosophers and teachers of Plutarch's time, almost in anticipation of the spirit out of which monasticism was subsequently developed, set before their disciples a life of absolute retirement as the best ideal at which they could aim. "Live concealed" was the motto which they adopted. Plutarch refutes them with the argument that men can only be said truly to live when they endeavor to serve each other in a true spirit of beneficence. Life has been given us that we may have sympathy with one another; and the great reward of the good and virtuous is to be gathered together into a cultivated and sympathetic society; while the punishment of the wicked is inglorious obscurity and final extinction. Some of our best and noblest conceptions of human life are, if we mistake not, closely allied to this beautiful thought.

The peculiar circumstances of his age, and that partial disappearance of national distinctions which Roman imperialism was bringing about, fully account for Plutarch's sentiments about banishment and exile. We are not in the least surprised to find him working out in detail the growing idea that man is a citizen of the world, and that the sort of patriotism which clings to a particular state or country is unworthy of a philosopher. He mentions men of genius to whom exile had been a positive stimulus, to whom, in fact, the Muses had rendered banishment a help towards the completion of their best literary productions. He even goes so far as to suggest that while from one point of view we may claim a kind of universal citizenship, yet from another we are but strangers and exiles in this present world. This was one of those modes of thought which marked the coming in of a new set of moral forces and influences.

The death of a daughter in early childhood, gave occasion to a letter of consolation to his wife, in which he seeks to dwell on the bright side of the affliction. The child's loss was, he says, to herself nothing; indeed, it might be regarded as a blessing, inasmuch as it is the inevitable tendency of old age to stain and corrupt the soul with an excessive love of earthly things. The spirit which soon quits its imprisonment, and has scarcely had time to attach itself to the world of sense, returns naturally to its native vigor and beauty, and passes at once into the enjoyment of an exquisite and refined bliss. Here, too, we have the graceful expression of one of our most fondly cherished beliefs.

Politics were a subject with which Plutarch could not have had much practical acquaintance; and his political precepts, as he calls one of his essays, are nothing but a summary of the thoughts and opinions of others. He makes, however, one remark which will interest a modern reader. There are, he says, two ways of beginning political life. Success as an author, or as a lawyer, or as a soldier, is one way; another way is to attach one's self to some veteran statesman, and to serve under him in various offices. This latter may be the slowest, but it is, in Plutarch's opinion, the best and safest way. To govern rightly, he says, one must first learn obedience thoroughly. He observes that people in general like there to be a moderately strong opposition, otherwise they are sure to distrust the government. He seems to have had a pretty clear perception of what we speak of as government by party.

From the above specimens a fair notion may, I think, be gathered of the general style and character of Plutarch's moral essays. I now pass to his more abstruse writings, the philosophical essays. Of these, too, there is a considerable number. Some of them deal with very curious and recondite subjects, and present a strange mixture of Greek and Oriental speculation. It was the tendency of the age to blend together theology, physics, and metaphysics. These essays are chiefly interesting as illustrating this peculiar tendency, and as helping us to understand the intellectual atmosphere of a remarkable period.

Plutarch, it would seem, specially prided himself on being a theologian. For the popular worship, for the oracles, for everything in short connected with religious belief, he had much to say in the way of defence and apology; in fact, he did his best to reconcile reason and faith; and in attempting to accomplish this result he has anticipated to a surprising extent the arguments of Christian apologists. It is hardly too much to say that the current answers of modern divines to the various objections against revealed religion are to be found, almost in their present form, in the essays of Plutarch. Some of them bear a striking resemblance to Bishop Butler's "Analogy," and treat, in a precisely similar manner, the difficulties of belief in a moral government of the world. I cannot doubt that several of the early Christian writers made use of Plutarch's philosophical writings, and were the means of transmitting to our own age a tone of religious thought with which we are all familiar, and to which the divine of the eighteenth century gave particular expression. It is at the same time quite possible that Plutarch, if he knew anything of the Christian movement, and it is utterly inconceivable that he should have been wholly ignorant of it, imagined that, so far from indirectly assisting it, he was guarding the popular belief of the heathen world from its encroachments.

One of his essays, on the delay of the divine punishment of the wicked, is a learned dissertation on a subject which has long exercised the ingenuity of theologians, and it really leaves little more to be said. Plutarch starts with a belief that the Supreme Divinity is the moral governor of the world. He begins by reminding us that we must not judge the ways of Providence rashly and presumptuously. Next, he suggests that, with the design of making us less brutal in our impulses and teaching us patience and forbearance, the Deity is patient and forbearing towards evil-doers. To this he adds that, to us familiar, reflection that opportunity is thus allowed for repentance and reformation. But why is it that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children? How can this be reconcilable with a belief in moral government? To these questions Plutarch has various answers. He argues that the same instinct which leads us to honor and to reward the children of the good, ought to lead us to acquiesce in the punishment of those of the wicked. Next, he dwells on the mysterious connection of cause and effect, which, though undeniable, cannot in many cases be traced. Why is it stranger that a sin committed in one age should transmit its consequences to another, than that a plague which had its origin in Ethiopia should extend to Athens? Here we have the argument from analogy. Thirdly, he insists that the nature of the tie which links together the generations of mankind, renders this particular law of retribution both just and necessary. Each family, each community, each nation has a corporate life of its own, and a kind of personal identity, which must be rewarded or punished, honored or disgraced, according to its antecedents. Thus the social crime of one age cannot but work out its due result in another age, and to deny the justice of this, would be something like arguing that a man who owes a debt to-day is released from it to-morrow because he is no longer the same person. Fourthly, he suggests that much of the suffering which the wicked entail on their offspring, is preventive in its design, and tends to deter them from evil. The children, he observes (here we are reminded of something like the doctrine of inherited sin), often succeed to the bad qualities of their parents; hence the Deity, foreseeing the future, and understanding each man's character, interposes with the necessary discipline for counteracting this inherited tendency to evil. Instead of allowing the latent seeds of wickedness to germinate, he anticipates their development and extinguishes them. Fifthly, it is argued that this suffering of the children for their parents' sins, is the most powerful warning which can be conceived against evil-doing; for nothing distresses men more than to see their offspring visited by calamities brought on by themselves. The after consequences of an evil life, Plutarch remarks, are seen too dimly and indistinctly to produce much impression on most

men, whereas suffering which comes on children in this world, through their parents' sins, is plainly visible, and appeals to our strongest sympathies. Lastly, if the children are virtuous, they are not really in the long run, harmed by what their fathers and mothers have done. Plutarch supplements this rather weak argument by a belief in a future state, for which he pleads in the same manner as Addison in a paper of the *Spectator*. The Deity, he says, never would have lavished so much care on us if we were like the leaves which fall from the trees in autumn, or like the hothouse plant which withers and dies on the least exposure or neglect. Addison's train of thought is exactly similar. "Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can He delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings?" etc., etc. Plutarch in this essay seems to say all that can be said on an ever-recurring difficulty, and certainly helps us with some noble thoughts. In a singularly noteworthy passage he denies that punishment can be properly said to be executed by the supreme God, with whose nature and attributes such a function is incompatible; it is a work specially appointed and reserved for the Furies. We have here the suggestion of a very admirable theology. Many, indeed, of our most familiar religious sentiments are brought before us in this essay with a breadth and elevation which we have often missed in the writings of modern theologians.

Plutarch's reverence for the past led him to set a high value on the poetry of his country, and to find in it a sort of basis for his theological and philosophical systems. Great poets and lawgivers he seems to have regarded as inspired teachers of mankind, but it was needful for them to be interpreted by philosophers. In this manner he seeks to reconcile the claims of authority and reason. The poets, he says, hide their thoughts as a vine does its grapes. In interpreting them, he puts aside the physical explanations which were so current among some of the earlier Greek philosophers. This kind of rationalism was quite alien to his tastes. He preferred the ethical mode of interpretation, and connected the theological traditions handed down by the poets with the moral nature and attributes of man. These traditions were in his view the subject-matter on which enlightened reason was to work, and from which it was to draw conclusions. Revelation and reason, in fact, are both needful to man, the first being embodied in the writings of poets and the sayings of lawgivers, and the latter, when purified by philosophy, enabling us to understand them. Philosophy he calls: *μυσταγωγός*, "a guide to the mysteries," intimating, I suppose, that reason under suitable guidance could attain to a knowledge of divine truth. A blind, unthinking submission to the wisdom of the past, Plutarch certainly condemns by implication.

One of his most curious essays (its genuineness has been questioned, but it harmonizes with his general scheme of thought) deals with one of those remarkable facts of the age, which is significant of the great change then gradually stealing over men's minds. It is an attempt at an explanation of the failure or cessation of the oracles in the first century; and I imagine that it suggested the fine and well-known passage in Milton's Hymns on Christ's Nativity:—

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

In this essay Plutarch largely uses the Neoplatonic philosophy, and indulges in what must seem to us the most fanciful theological speculations. He clearly felt the subject one of great difficulty. A modern writer would seek an explanation of it in the altered spirit of the age, and refer the cessation of the oracles to much the same general causes as those to which he could trace the disappearance

of witchcraft. It is scarcely possible to define with precision the various influences which from time to time produce a change in the attitude of the human mind in regard to certain ideas and beliefs. We cannot, so to speak, put our finger on the exact causes and circumstances of these mental revolutions, but are obliged to rest in partial explanations. Of this special phenomenon, the failure of the oracles in the first century, we can no doubt give some respectable account, though it would be too much to say that we can explain it fully. One great cause is no doubt to be sought in the extinction of separate nationalities and the consequent absence of political life and activity under the Roman empire. The growing prevalence of cosmopolitan ideas may have been too much for the local and national associations which necessarily attached themselves to oracles. The subject presents a wide and interesting field of speculation. It is suggested in Plutarch's essay that the wickedness of mankind may be the chief and principal cause of this withdrawal of divine direction. "There was no open vision," it is said in the First Book of Samuel, of a disorderly and anarchical time in the history of the Jews. But Plutarch cannot allow this explanation, as he thinks that it attributes unworthy feelings and emotions to the Divinity. Could it then be due, he asks, to the depopulated condition of the world and of Greece particularly, which he seems to have looked upon as one of the marked features of his age? The country districts of both Greece and Italy were no doubt, from various causes, much less populous than they had been in former times. Population was aggregated into great cities, some of which were probably crowded to a degree never before known. But the real cause of the failure of the oracles, Plutarch traces to a sort of temporary break-down in the supernatural machinery which regulates human affairs. The gifts of the gods to mankind are, he thinks, in their nature transitory; and it is moreover very hard to define how far the supreme providence extends, and whether it is strictly the cause and origin of all things. Many things, among them the oracles, may be left by the gods to subordinate beings or dæmons, who themselves, from time to time, fail and perish, and are succeeded by others. This strange notion he confirms by a singular story of an occurrence which is said to have happened during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and to have been reported to him.

A ship, on its way from Greece to Italy, was becalmed near the Echinades Islands, off the coast of Acarnania, and a voice was heard by the passengers calling on one Thamus by name, who, it appears, was an Egyptian sailor on board the vessel, but scarcely known to any one. To the third call he replied, "Here, I am the man." The voice then directed him, on the ship's arrival at a particular place, to make known that the great god Pan was dead. The passengers were much astonished and perplexed, and there was a warm discussion as to whether the voice should be obeyed or disregarded. Thamus made up his mind, in the event of a calm, to do as he was bid, and as the wind was perfectly still and the sea smooth, on their reaching the place in question, he stood on the deck, and with his face towards the land, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "The great Pan is dead." Then followed a dismal noise of groaning and lamentation, which was heard by all the passengers, who on their arrival at Rome reported this marvellous incident. This story is told by Plutarch in proof and illustration of his theory, that the dæmons or subordinate divinities are themselves mortal, and he thus suggests that the cessation of the oracles may be compared to that of music in the absence of the musician. This, however, is not all he has to say in explanation. He goes on to mix together theological and physical speculations in a strange compound. Although the earth is itself indestructible, yet its virtues and properties are liable to decay. Inspiration itself may be partly the result of physical or natural causes. The prophetic faculty on which oracular responses depend, may remain dormant from never having been brought into contact with the proper object which can alone stimulate it and call out its activity. Vapors and exhalations may thus have their part in producing the

conditions under which oracles are given. Hence any physical changes in the earth may conspire with the decay and failure of supernatural powers in bringing about this temporary failure of the oracles. We are here in a curious, perhaps a barren field of thought. Yet these speculations of Plutarch and the Neoplatonists have had their counterpart in modern times. They are, at least, a remarkable chapter in the history of human thought, and cannot be ignored by those who wish to understand the mental characteristics of the first and second centuries.

It is not easy to understand why a man of so speculative a mind as Plutarch should have taken no notice of Christianity. Occasionally, his language reminds us of some of St. Paul's phrases. The "principalities and powers" of which the Christian apostle speaks, would seem to belong to much the same atmosphere of thought as that in which Plutarch moved. There is an allusion in one of his writings to some philosophers, known as, *επισημοί*, a name which probably implied that they made hope their *summum bonum*. It has been thought that Plutarch may have been glancing at the Christian community. This I believe to be the merest conjecture. The early Christians could hardly have been described as a sect of philosophers. The title was one which, as far as we know, was never applied to them, and it was one which, I imagine, they did not claim or covet. Possibly, Plutarch's veneration for antiquity may have led him to pass by unnoticed a sect which professed an entirely new religious belief, and was at the same time averse to all philosophical speculation. He would have been quite out of sympathy with many of the peculiarly distinctive Christian doctrines, though there are, as I have shown, several points of contact between his ideas and those which we commonly associate with Christianity. To those who feel that it is interesting to trace such connections, and to find much of our modern thought anticipated in curious and unexpected ways, his essays will be by no means an unattractive study.

PERILS BY WATER.

PEOPLE who live in an island that is tolerably water-tight and very generally under cultivation, with short rivers that have their sources in small hills, have more cause for gratitude than they are apt to consider. In England we may be exposed to hazards from the elements like our neighbors. We have our conflagrations, although our cities are never consumed like Chicago, and although our damp brickwork does not catch fire and burn like the sun-dried shingles in Constantinople or Smyrna. We have gales destructive enough to our shipping, although we do not experience tropical cyclones. But as for water, though we have it in superfluity, above, beneath, and all around us, it has done us but little harm since the sea is said to have turned Earl Godwin's manors into what are now the Goodwin Sands. Fearing nothing more serious than waves washing into our cellars or setting the ground-floors afloat in the streets of some of our riparian villages, it is difficult for us to realize the perpetual imminence of such catastrophes as that which befell the capital of the Czars the other day, or to sympathize in the apprehensions of those who must exist in continual terror of submersion.

Look, for example, at our neighbors in Holland. Habit of course goes a long way, and it is lucky for them that they are constitutionally phlegmatic; otherwise the sense of living under the ocean level would be altogether too much for their nerves. Some parts of their country are more exposed than others, but all Dutchmen are in the position of passengers in a ship at sea, whose safety must depend a good deal on the chances of the weather and on other circumstances beyond their control. A leak may be sprung at any moment in those great ocean dykes which protect the islands between the Maas and the Scheldt, and stretch along the coast from opposite Alkmaar to the port of Nieuwe Diep and the Helder. A spring tide, driven on by north-west winds, might make the leak a breach which there

would be no stopping. The bulwarks that oppose themselves to the North Sea are frail barriers of sand bound together by the roots of grasses. Everything depends on unremitting attention, and when the enemy attacks them all along the line with extraordinary violence, and in the hours of darkness too, the most painstaking precautions may prove unavailing.

It is an odd reflection that so much valuable property — houses raised upon piles, the rich contents of warehouses and magazines stretching along the banks of canals, polders reclaimed at enormous expense, and covered with cattle — must be trusted to the vigilance of a line of sentinels in moments that are pregnant with danger. Nor is it only on one side and in front of them that the Dutch have to keep a lookout. If it were so, the more inland cities and those situated in the comparatively hilly country towards Utrecht might feel tolerably comfortable. But there are enemies within as well as without. The great rivers are almost as dangerous as the ocean, and must be confined within certain limits by a similar costly system of embankments. Indeed the danger from the rivers is the more constant and urgent, although the ultimate possibilities may be less terrible. Every year it is certain that the rainfall and the melting snows from Switzerland and Germany will come draining down upon the flats of Holland. The fall of the ground gradually becomes more and more gentle, until at last the waters stagnate rather than run upon a level which is almost a dead one. The mass drags itself along to the sea, through a variety of tortuous channels encumbered by sandbanks and shut in by shifting or silting bars. At Katwyk the Rhine is positively lifted out of Holland by help of powerful machinery. And while the elaborate system of dykes and locks must always be looked to and kept in repair, the pumps are constantly going all over the country. Water will leak in, and the excessive rainfall will not drain off. The whole nation has to contribute to the enormous Government insurances against the disappearance of the country under the chances of a second deluge. To say nothing of the armies of skilled workmen, common laborers, and watchmen employed on the hydraulic works, some of the most responsible and best paid posts under Government are those of the water service. We can understand familiarity with danger breeding disregard of it, and people learning to sleep unconcernedly under the brimming reservoir that is held suspended over their heads. Perhaps it is less easy to comprehend how a frugal and almost parsimonious nation has come to support habitually, with little grumbling, so exceptional a drain on its moderate resources.

We must admire the position which the Dutch have taken in the markets of the world, and think them well entitled to the money which they have succeeded in accumulating, when we remember the weight they carry in the race with their rivals. Not only is their wealthy capital set down in the most out-of-the-way corner of Europe, the way to it being through enormously expensive canals or by a most circuitous and intricate navigation, but they have to pay annually the whole cost of their hydraulic works for the bare privilege of living and trading. We should admire their position even more, and be more surprised at it, were it not for the profits which they have been drawing from their Eastern dependencies since General Van der Bosch revolutionized their colonial system. For it really is the system of labor in Java that maintains the Dutch dykes so substantially, and, should Liberal politicians be too radical in their measures of colonial reform, they may find that they have literally dragged their country under water.

The Dutch are a people apart, and live under most peculiar conditions. But there are few of the other Continental nations that have not also their perils by water. We do not talk of such backward countries as Greece and Turkey, where the arts of administration are in their infancy, and the public works in remote districts are in embryo; where water-courses which are almost dry in the summer are turned into roaring floods in the winter, and where a hot spring and a sudden melting of the snow sweeps everything away that is under high-flood mark.

The most civilized and highly cultivated countries are not secure from hazards of this kind, and their inhabitants are too often the victims of circumstances which at best they can only modify. Everything has been done to the French rivers that science and intelligence can suggest, and yet in France floods are of perpetual recurrence. It has been found impossible to bridle that "revolutionary torrent" of the Loire, and much of what ought to be the richest land in Touraine lies buried under its gravel and shingle. The soil on its banks is often so valuable that it is well worth while going to great expense in the way of clearing it after an overflow, and banking it in against another one. It is much too good to be abandoned, yet much of it is held on the precarious tenure of the caprices of the stream.

The city of Lyons, situated at the confluence of two great navigable rivers, can boast of one of the noblest sites in France. With its double water-way and its unlimited water-power, it is indicated by the nature of things as a great industrial and commercial centre, and such it must continue to be. Yet, rich as Lyons is, its riches scarcely suffice to relieve the distress created by the periodical inundation of its rivers. Frequently of late years it has thrown itself upon the charity of France and the world. No state money has been grudged there. On time-serving and lavish Governments the city has had the double claim of its wealth and its turbulence. Prefects who have had instructions to be severe in their repressive measures towards the quarter of the Croix Rousse have been told at the same time to spare nothing in the way of public works that may avert the causes of misery and consequent discontent.

Yet, so long as the Rhône rises in the snow-fields of the Alps, and drains great portions of the Jura range, no money or care can ensure the city against the chances of an occasional deluge. The Rhône and Loire are specially unmanageable, and Lyons and the towns below it suffer more than most cities; but even along the quieter German rivers the natives have their troubles. It is always a time of anxiety in places like Coblenz and Cologne where the Rhine comes down in spring with the breaking ice; the Elbe is often dangerous when it rushes out of the narrow gorge that threads the hills of Bohemia and the Saxon Switzerland, although fortunately Dresden is raised safely out of reach; while as for the Danube, the whole of the plain below Presburg is changed in the spring into a vast lake. Fortunately this is so well understood that the Hungarians take their measures accordingly, and regard the annual overflow as a means of irrigating their meadow-land.

In mountainous Spain there is much damage done annually, although rivers like the Tagus, which take the greatest liberties with their banks, run chiefly through districts that are waste or pastoral. But the citizens of Cordova and Seville too often see the Gaudalquivir do frightful damage in their corn-lands and orange-gardens, while in the latter city it sets the lower quarters adrift. It is Italy, however, that actually suffers more by water than any other European country. It cannot take immediate precautions like Holland. It is cultivated very differently from Turkey or the wilder provinces of Spain. And now that so many of its mountains have been stripped of their timber, it seems altogether impossible to break or to regulate the great rush of water that sometimes comes down. The same problem meets the engineer everywhere, although its conditions may vary. A Commission has been sitting on the embanking of the Tiber, and the one conclusion to which its members have unanimously come is that every effectual remedy must be enormously expensive. There is not a little stream that comes down from the mountain ranges anywhere between the Cornice and Calabria but becomes a local scourge in the season. The outbreaks of the Po are proverbial; along a good part of its course it runs through something like a desert of its own creating, and its tributaries that feed the irrigation system of Lombardy and Venice are almost as dangerous servants as they are useful ones.

Most of these people cannot help themselves; nor can they directly blame either themselves or their predecessors. They make the best of an inevitable state of things, or else they run certain risks on a deliberate calculation of the compensating advantages. But St. Petersburg, which has just suffered so terribly, is a strange exception. Peter the Great had all his vast empire to choose from when he decided to build a second capital; his choice seems to have been dictated by his semi-barbarian susceptibilities, and his subjects ever since have been paying the penalty of his vanity. He desired to drag his Tartar Empire into intimate relations with the old civilization of Europe, and so he stuck down his city at the least inaccessible point. The site was at the mouth of the Neva, and between the Gulf of Finland and the Lake Ladoga. Planted among the waters as the city is, its foundations are almost as artificial as those of Amsterdam. And in St. Petersburg the water, knowing no distinctions of rank, threatens indifferently aristocrats, merchants, and serfs; although the aristocratic quarter, as is befitting, stands somewhat higher than the parts of the city inhabited by the lower orders. Imagine settling with your family and property in a city where a standing code of regulations fixes the number of guns to be fired for each foot that the river rises; and in the inundation of 1824 it rose thirteen feet. This time the rise has been less severe; yet it is not difficult to picture the horrors of the other night, when a wild hurricane was blowing in the darkness, and the guns from the fortress and Admiralty were firing perpetually, announcing that the river was rising fast, while all the canals were overflowing. To the horrors of reality were added those of uncertainty, for no one could tell whether 1824 might not repeat itself in 1873. Hearing of such things, we repeat that we in England have good reason to congratulate ourselves on living in a golden mean between droughts and deluges. We may have more water in one shape and another than is altogether agreeable to us, but at least it causes inconveniences rather than calamities.

THE TODAS.

AMONG the tribes derived from the "Dravidian" stock in India, the Todas have especially been interesting to Europeans on account of their alleged moral peculiarities. Colonel Marshall vindicates the reputation of a race which undoubtedly practises infanticide and polyandry. Under his guidance, we are almost led to believe that this petty tribe of Indians, isolated in a small plateau on the Nilghiri hills, is gifted with all the virtues incidental to early undeveloped humanity. Life in the habitations of the Todas becomes to our author a fair example of what was the ordinary sequence of domestic events in the days of Adam and Eve. Beautiful photographs of these persons, as they exist at this day in the Peiki clan of Todas, are given. Looking at these photographs, which form the sixteenth plate of Colonel Marshall's work, we are unable to discern in them any other features than those of the low-caste (or no-caste) natives of Southern India.

A theory acquired a few years ago an ephemeral notoriety in England that there was some connection between the natives of the Dekhan and the Todas and the Australians. We were told that "the only people out of Australia who present the chief characteristics of Australians in a well-marked form are the so-called hill tribes, who inhabit the interior of the Dekhan, in Hindostan. An ordinary coolie, such as may be seen among the crew of any recently returned East Indiaman, if he were stripped to the skin, would pass muster very well for an Australian, though he is ordinarily less coarse in skull and jaw." The careful photographs and portraits which Colonel Marshall gives are, however, destructive of such a theory. The Todas, debased and immoral though they may be, are certainly not at all like Australians in features or skull form. Still less, when we follow the minute description of the habits and domestic customs which are given, can we im-

agine the slightest affinity between the Todas and the equally besotted savages of Australia. They seem to be merely a race speaking a Dravidian language (in which, however, a few Sanskrit words can be detected), and whose origin is probably the same as that of the other Indian hill tribes. These races appear to have been autochthonous in the world's history. There is no tradition of their migration from any known spot, and their connection with any ultra-Indian race appears to rest on the vaguest conjecture and the most feeble comprehension of elementary facts. It being clearly established that the Toda race are essentially Indian in their character, we have to inquire into their peculiar habits. The evidence of an aged Toda clearly establishes their former practice of female infanticide. Thirty years ago, it is said, it was the custom to kill children; but this unpleasant practice is alleged to have died out. The Toda said, "I do not know whether it was wrong or not to kill them, but we were very poor and could not support our children. Now every one has a mantle, but formerly there was only one for the whole family; and he who had to go out took the mantle, the rest remaining naked at home. We did not kill them to please any god, but because it was the custom." The parents never killed their own children, but an old woman who acted the part of baby-killer used to take the child immediately it was born and close its nostrils, ears, and mouth with cloth. "It would shortly droop its head and go to sleep. We then buried it in the ground." The informant went on naively to say, "I don't know if the infants thus killed go to heaven. Who can tell such a thing?" The reason why female infanticide was adopted is hardly grasped by Colonel Marshall, nor can we follow him through the statistics he gives, which, taken by themselves, appear to show that the practice is still in full vigor.

It is indeed a very doubtful matter whether the pressure which the English Government put upon the Todas in 1822 to induce them to abandon their primitive customs was attended with any practical result. Still, we must take Colonel Marshall's statement of the abrogation of the practice at its value. The practice of polyandry, on the other hand, clearly survives up to the present time, and apparently works to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. A husband and wife are betrothed, dowries being exchanged between the husband and the father of the bride. After marriage, without any rites or ceremonies, but with the approval of parents, and in full cognizance of the village community of relatives, the wife accompanies her husband to his own house. If the husband has brothers or very near relatives all living together, they may each, if both she and he consent, participate in the right to be considered her husband also, on making up a share of the dowry that has been paid. Younger brothers, as they grow up to maturity, and other brothers, as they become widowed, may each either take separate wives or purchase shares in those already in the family. Any degree of complication in perfectly lawful wedded life may now be met with; from the sample of the single man living with a single wife to that of a family of relatives married to a group of wives. All their children are held to be brothers and sisters. In poor districts several men have to be content with one wife between them; but as women become more numerous a greater proportion of men are able to procure a wife apiece.

These customs of the Todas are so peculiar, as opposed to those of the ordinary savages of Hindostan, that we are slow to accept the theory of Colonel Marshall, that they represent the condition of a nation which has only just passed out of the state of actual monkeydom, and is just adopting the habits which a later development may lead to the outcome of modern civilization. We would rather glance at the map, which indicates the isolated area of the mountain fastnesses into which the Todas have doubtless retired before stronger and more warlike conquerors. We see how large a portion of their vocabulary is formed of words which are undoubtedly derived from the Sanskrit and Kanarese. To us they merely appear as an inoffensive hill

tribe, devoid of all decency and morality, who have been driven from the lowlands by the constant wars and invasions which have desolated Southern India for three thousand years at least. To the author everything is *couleur de rose*, and we have in the Todas evidence of a primitive state of society where all seems to be pure and undefiled. That primitive state we must seek in races far lower than India shows to us. We must search for the origins of human existence in lower strata of the earth's history, and it will be well if we do not find among the low forms of human life which once existed in Tasmania, and still survive in Australia, the complications of cruelty and vice which disfigure the history of too many of the Indian hill tribes.

It is not necessary to allude to the manner in which Colonel Marshall has applied phrenological analysis to the present subject. The verdict of science has long since been passed on the effete phrenology of Gall. The researches of Professor Ferrier have recently given it a decided *coup de grace*. We regret that no statistics like those worked out by Dr. Beddoe, of the stature and complexion of the Todas, are before us. But Colonel Marshall's book is readable, though he has evidently not exhausted the facts which he has learned respecting one of the most interesting hill tribes of India.

MARJORIE DAW.¹

MR. ALDRICH the author of this little collection of novelles, stands, so the *Chicago Evening Post* informs us, "at the head of American story-writers to-day." One of his stories, according to the *Hartford Courant*, is a "thousand times wittier than the sparkling society sketches of N. P. Willis." "Our literature," adds the *Boston Daily Globe*, "can boast of nothing better in one of its highest, but most difficult departments, than these bright, fanciful, and humorous sketches." We have fairly repeated the advertisements prefixed to "Marjorie Daw," that our readers may have their expectations aroused accordingly. Are we, in fact, about to have the pleasure — one of the rarest that fall to the critic's lot — of introducing to a new world of readers a genuine and hitherto unhackneyed genius? Is the great American novelist come at last? and will he introduce us to a form of art at once original and delightful? We should be very glad, could we conscientiously do so, to answer these questions in the affirmative; and yet we must admit that our own anticipations were not of a very sanguine order after reading these flattering testimonies. Perhaps it is the narrow-minded prejudice characteristic of Englishmen which has led us to regard American superlatives with a certain degree of suspicion; but the fact certainly remains that we unconsciously make a considerable deduction from the nominal value of those tributes before accepting them for genuine currency. On the other hand, we must guard ourselves against the danger of the reaction too often due to extravagant eulogy. It would be very cruel to make poor Mr. Aldrich suffer for the excessive zeal of his friends. Accordingly, having purified our minds as carefully as possible from either kind of prejudice, we are happy to express our opinion that Mr. Aldrich writes pleasant and graceful little stories enough, and may not improbably do better in future. We fail to recognize in him an American Walter Scott, and we cannot honestly say that he is destined in our opinion to eclipse the reputation of Hawthorne. Still anybody who likes literary trifles may read him without fear of offence from bad taste, if he is not likely to be dazzled by unusual exhibition of power. If Mr. Aldrich does not aim very high, if his pathos is not very deep, and his humor not specially keen, he has got a certain gracefulness of style which is not unattractive in its way. Perhaps, however, the best way of giving some more accurate gauge of his merits than can be derived from mere general terms of commendation is to give some account of the story which gives its name to the book, and which is perhaps the most ingenious trifle.

Poor Mr. Flemming is laid up in New York by a broken leg. The weather is hot, everybody is away for the holidays, and Mr. Flemming naturally becomes extremely irritable. Books have no charm for him, except that he keeps a pile of Balzacs near his sofa to throw at his servant on the smallest provocation. His doctor begins to fear that he will fret himself into a serious illness, and writes to a common friend in the country to beg for at least some cheering letters. This friend, a Mr. Delaney, is unable to come to his friend in person, but begins as lively a correspondence as he can manage. Delaney describes the rather remote country district in which he is rusticated, but naturally is rather hard up for topics interesting enough to catch the attention of the invalid. He therefore snatches at the only approach to an incident, by describing a lovely young woman, Miss Marjorie Daw in fact, whom he can distinguish from his window swinging contemplatively on a hammock. The invalid is pleased with the description, and begs Delaney for further information. Accordingly it comes out by degrees that Delaney has made the acquaintance of the beautiful Marjorie; then he has long conversations with her, and indeed ventures to begin something like a decided flirtation. The flirtation, however, comes to little, and from an interesting cause. It appears that, although Miss Daw has never seen Mr. Flemming, she is so struck by his friend's description of his merits that she gradually refuses to talk about anything else. Mr. Delaney is puzzled by her enthusiasm; but begins to believe in theories of spiritual affinity which may bring together two distant souls without any of the usual material means of communication.

Meanwhile Flemming is naturally touched by the extraordinary interest expressed for him by the invisible beauty. He forgets his broken leg, and resolves, in spite of everything, to go into the country and there see the exquisite Marjorie face to face. His friend in vain raises difficulties, introduces an angry parent in the background, and passionately assures Flemming that his personal interference will only bring about awkward complications. Flemming, piqued and excited, finds that his leg is sufficiently cured, and in spite of mysterious telegrams of an obdurate character, rushes off to be introduced to the lady. And then — our readers have possibly anticipated the catastrophe — it turns out that Miss Marjorie Daw is a mere figment of Delaney's imagination, invented in order to draw off his attention from his broken leg. The device has been only too successful, and it is not surprising that its bold originator finds it expedient to retire for a time from the wrath of the invalid who has thus been tricked into self-forgetfulness. Some writers of a moralizing tendency might think it expedient to tack an explanatory moral to this little fable. Mr. Aldrich does not trouble himself with any such matters; and we may be grateful to him for his reticence. The story is, as it will be seen, a mere trifle; but such as it is, it is well done, and the secret upon which it depends is covered with considerable cleverness till the end. The remaining stories vary from the sentimental to the extravagant; one of them, about the accidental interment of a living man, may have been suggested by Edgar Poe, though Mr. Aldrich makes a joke of his story before reaching the conclusion; and another upon an old bachelor with a craze about a son whom he might have had if a lady had married him, and who might, in that case, have been killed by tumbling off a roof, is apparently designed after the model of Hawthorne. Neither of them can be called first-rate; but we may fairly say that they are better than the average run of magazine stories.

It will be plain from what we have said that we do not quite recognize the coming novelist in Mr. Aldrich; but we are inclined to ask, even in reading fictions of this modest order, whether it is possible as yet to discover any national American flavor distinct from that of other literatures. M. Taine, as we know, has written a book showing how completely all the characteristic qualities of English writers have been the product of three determining causes — the race, the climate, and the epoch. Our satisfaction in his brilliant explanations is a little diminished by the

¹ *Marjorie Daw* By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. London: Routledge & Sons. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1878.

recollection of the extreme facility with which events may always be explained after they have happened. Given a Shakespeare or a Byron, and it is delightfully easy to show that a Shakespeare or a Byron was the inevitable product of a given race acted upon by a given set of circumstances. It would be a more unassailable triumph of criticism if somebody would construct a theory of a literature from purely *a priori* considerations. An excellent opportunity is offered in regard to America. Let M. Taine, or any person of equal omniscience, sit down and tell us precisely what will be the characteristics of American literature when completely developed. His speculations could not be verified, it is probable, for a generation or two, but it would be extremely consolatory to his grandchildren to know that they had had so clever an ancestor. We must confess ourselves unequal to the task for the present, and indeed it is one of no little complexity. The influences noticed by M. Taine are not easily estimated in this case. The Americans are perhaps not yet acclimatized; they still have something of the constitution which they acquired in our fogs, and what remains tends to unfit them for their fiercer suns and frosts. The race, again, is exceedingly heterogeneous; and it remains to be seen what kind of amalgam will be formed, and how an infusion of Teutonic mysticism, or of the mercurial Celtic element, will act upon the substratum of Anglo-American intellect. We should only be inclined to say one thing positively—namely, that we utterly distrust any prophecy that may be made.

Meanwhile, however, if we may venture to argue from existing facts rather than from abstract speculation, we fancy that we can detect something characteristic about the tendencies of American literature, whatever may be the ultimate form of its development. Even these light stories have what may be interpreted as a stamp of nationality. We do not speak of certain Americanisms in language and style; nor even of the more external peculiarities of the writing. The difficulties, indeed, under which every American author more or less labors make themselves felt. The loss of the picturesque and the general simplification of social forms deprive our cousins of a fertile source of interest. Such characters, for example, as the stern parent or the oppressive peer of good old British fiction are fairly exiled from the country. How can parental tyranny be introduced when a young lady enjoys and exercises the privilege of seeing her own friends whenever and however she pleases, without the slightest reference to the prejudices of her family? If Americans have still a certain taint of snobishness about them, and even fall down before a lord when they are on this side of the Atlantic with as good a will as the most determined worshipper of rank in England, they cannot display their peculiarities in their own country, or, at least, not in the old way. There is, it would appear, as keen a struggle for social eminence among certain classes in New York as in England; but the idol before whom the worshippers bow is but a swollen mass of greenbacks and shoddy, and is by no means so picturesque an object as the conventional aristocrat of our native land. Driven from such forcible contrasts, the American writer who confines himself to describing his contemporaries is obliged to seek for his effects in a different order of observations. The ordinary American indulges in that peculiar humor which sometimes strikes us as cold and cynical, and sometimes as simply vulgar. The man of greater acuteness tries to make up for the want of the picturesque by greater refinement of observation. He catches something of the French neatness of construction and delicacy of insinuation, and sometimes makes us fancy that the more nervous and highly strung American will thus engraft a more delicate growth upon the rather coarse and earthly trunk of English literature.

Some of Mr. Aldrich's stories certainly show a dexterity which we should hardly expect from a writer of the same rank in England. He is writing for an audience quicker at taking a hint and less anxious for strong stimulants. On the other hand, there is a curious tendency in the American to seek for interest in queer psychological observations, such as Hawthorne adorned with admirable literary skill, or as were put to worse purposes by Edgar Poe. The story

which we have noticed about the monomaniac bachelor who weeps over a non-existent son is an example of this kind of writing; and though in weak hands it encourages that prurient love of the marvellous which expresses itself in American spiritualism, it certainly opens many resources for the genuine artist. Although we can dimly discern these tendencies, we are unable to say how they will ultimately be blended into a concrete whole; and are content for the present to watch with interest any symptoms of the growth of new forms of literary art.

INSECT CIVILIZATION.

THE newer natural science is to some extent bewildering in more ways than one. We have heard so much lately of the question concerning the origin of man, that far more curious matters have been thrown into the shade, matters which might affect, not perhaps our view of revelation, but our general view of the universe, still more seriously. The latest inquiries into the habits of the lower animals have elicited the evidence of a degree of complexity in the social institutions of some classes of animals which suggests that certain characteristics which we suppose to be purely human, might belong to tribes of animals for which we have never been accustomed to entertain much respect. Not long ago, in an article on the intellectual powers of birds, we referred to the curious evidence, which Mr. Darwin has quoted at length in his work on the origin of man, as to the gay social meetings, the elaborately decorated rendezvous, and the graceful dances, of the Bower birds; and now we have Sir John Lubbock, in the learned little book which he has just published on the origin and metamorphoses of insects, suggesting that possibly some kinds of ants may have a religious feeling towards a certain species of beetle, and that if that be not the case, they may at least be credited with having a much larger number of domesticated animals than human beings. We will quote the whole passage in which this notion is thrown out:—

“Ants are very fond of the honey-dew which is formed by the Aphides, and have been seen to tap the Aphides with their antennæ, as if to induce them to emit some of the sweet secretion. There is a species of Aphis which lives on the roots of grass, and some ants collect these into their nests, keeping them, in fact, just as we do cows. One species of red ant does no work for itself, but makes slaves of a black kind, which then do everything for their masters. Ants also keep a variety of beetles and other insects in their nests. That they have some reason for this seems clear, because they readily attack any unwelcome intruder; but what that reason is, we do not yet know. If these insects are to be regarded as the domestic animals of the ants, then we must admit that the ants possess more domestic animals than we do. But it has not been shown that the beetles produce any secretion of use to the ants; and yet there are some remarkable species, rarely, if ever, found, excepting in ants' nests, which are blind and apparently helpless, and which the ants tend with much care. M. Lespès, who regards these blind beetles as true domestic animals, has recorded some interesting observations on the relations between one of them (*Claviger Duvalii*) and the ants (*Lasius niger*) with which it lives. This species of *Claviger* is never met with except in ants' nests, though, on the other hand, there are many communities of *Lasius* which possess none of these beetles; and M. Lespès found that when he placed *Clavigers* in a nest of ants which had none of their own, the beetles were immediately killed and eaten, the ants themselves being, on the other hand, kindly received by other communities of the same species. He concludes from these observations that some communities of ants are more advanced in civilization than others: the suggestion is no doubt ingenious, and the fact curiously resembles the experience of navigators who have endeavored to introduce domestic animals among barbarous tribes; but M. Lespès has not yet, so far as I am aware, published the details of his observations, without which it is impossible to form a decided opinion. I have sometimes wondered whether the ants have any feeling of reverence for these beetles; but the whole subject is as yet very obscure, and would well repay careful study.”

Perhaps we may assume that Sir John Lubbock is having a quiet joke at the expense of the clergy, when he suggests

that perhaps a special reverence may be felt by the ants for a blind species of beetle, otherwise useless to it and helpless, which it nevertheless "tends with great care,"—in other words, we suppose, that the ants may look upon the blind beetles as domestic chaplains, or even perhaps as idols which have power to bring good or bad fortune on the families which tend them. But M. Lespès, whom he quotes, is evidently serious in thinking that certain tribes of the black ant are as much more civilized than other tribes of the same insect as certain races of men are than savages; and Sir John Lubbock, too, is evidently serious when he remarks that the conduct of the barbarous ants in killing and eating the beetles which the more civilized so carefully tend, curiously resembles the conduct of savages in killing and eating the cows or sheep which navigators introduce among them for the sake of the milk and wool, but in which savages can see nothing but an immediate supply of food. If one of the more polite ants themselves be introduced into the nests of the less civilized, its species is at once respected, and it is received with such hospitality as rude races generally showed to wandering Europeans till taught by experience to fear their unscrupulous ways; but if one of the beetles which the better educated ants have, say, domesticated, be thus introduced, instead of being treated with anything of the same respect, it is at once treated just as savages treat our imported cows or sheep, or even horses,—as material for the butcher's shop, without any appreciation of the more refined uses to which it may be put. Even this less subtle suggestion as to the varying degrees of civilization attained by various tribes of ants opens up a rather startling field of speculation. If there be insects possessing a larger number of domestic animals than man has pressed into his service, and yet if this be not a mere matter of instinct, but of acquired art, to which even other tribes of the very same species of ant have not yet attained, then there may be progress, there may be discovery, there may be inventive genius and investigation among the ants,—just as there may be artistic genius, something in the nature of the creative power which makes a salon delightful, amongst the birds whose elaborate entertainments Mr. Gould has described for us. But if so, then there must be also ants of master minds, there must be what some deep-hearted mystic among the ants, some Carlylian ant of the race *Lasius niger*, might call heroes, and declare to be worthy of hero-worship. The ant which first discovered that Aphides might be kept and milked, if such an ant there were, must have been a patriarch worthy of historic fame. Even the red ant which first introduced slavery, though we might call him worse than a Jefferson Davis among ants, would have been a great hero to the Carlylian ant aforesaid, and would very likely have been hymned by him as having deserved the gratitude of the enslaved ant, black Quashee, himself, as well as of the whole tribe of red ants who were exempted from toil and enabled to devote their learned leisure to more liberal pursuits, by the discovery. Nay, there might even be a Toussaint L'Ouverture among the black ants, to liberate them from the service of the red, and in his turn to be seized and imprisoned by the white ants. Nay, seriously, if there be real progress among ants of any race, if there be tribes of *Lasius niger* which have domesticated more kinds of insects than man has domesticated of other animals, and which have consciously improved on their ancestors in this respect, it would be impossible to deny that there must have been discoverers and reformers amongst them, and that it was not instinct, but intellect which made them so. Nor is this suggestion limited to any one region of the animal world. A French savant the other day declared that the swallows of Rouen had improved on the architecture of the ordinary swallow, by making what may be called balconies for their young ones to sit upon and breathe the air more freely before they are able to fly, and though it is possible that such cases may be explained by the mere automatic action of Mr. Darwin's principle, that a useful variation, though in some sense accidental at first, will always tend to perpetuate itself, that is not a principle which it is quite easy to apply to so elaborate an institution as the domestication

of a blind beetle, or an aphid in the capacity of milch cow, or to the artistic social amusements of the Bower birds, as quoted by Mr. Darwin from Mr. Gould. It seems to be now really contemplated as at least possible by our naturalists, that among several of the least powerful species of animals, insects certainly included, there has been at one time at all events, real progress, progress in the nature of a utilized discovery either beneficial or delightful to the whole race.

Now if this were to be ever established in relation to any one of the more insignificant animals, what a new feeling of moral embarrassment it would add to life to think that at any moment, by a careless tread, or an accident of the plough, we might be putting a term to the life of a great reformer in one of the regions of life too minute for any intelligent communication between our world and its,—that the prospects of a great race of ants, for instance, had been suddenly blighted by the untimely slaughter not merely of a "village Hampden" or an "inglorious Milton" amongst ants, but, far worse, of an active and notable personage who was leading the way in new investigation, or the new organization of discoveries already made? In that case it might even be possible that the blind and helpless beetles are tended, neither from any feeling of superstition, nor for the sake of any service that they render to the ants who tend them, but only as a recognition of the duty of compassion towards a perfectly helpless tribe,—that in fact, this tending of the beetles is of the nature of a home or orphanage for beetles, and that the ant who began the custom was a sort of Lord Shaftesbury among ants, instead of, as Sir John Lubbock hints, a kind of Ignatius Loyola, instituting a grim cultus of superstition. If that were the case, imagine the sense of dismay with which we should reflect that by any step of which we were supremely unconscious, we might have put a tragic end to a great and philanthropic career,—a career marked by the first recognition amongst insects of the principle that there should be some moral limit put upon the cruel "conflict for existence"! The ant which, without language, we suppose,—had anticipated Shakespeare's thought that,—

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies,"—

and had done more than Shakespeare, had made the thought the foundation of a domestic institution, for the humane (or rather formican) treatment of beetles, might yet be slain without the dimmest knowledge of it on our part, by some carelessly flung stone. And surely this would be a still more painful supposition than the Arabian superstition that, in pinching nutshells about, you might chance to wound an invisible génie in the eye. There would be something almost intolerable in the thought that the most unquestionable moral and intellectual advances were being made in a world not indeed absolutely invisible to us, but still so inaccessible to us in general, that we could not by any possibility take account of what was going on in it in our ordinary procedure,—that we might be murdering a whole army of industrial captains whenever we pulled up a tree, and blighting the intellectual or social prospects of a progressive race whenever we rode over an ant-hill. Yet much that we hear nowadays compels the conjecture that there may be a degree of conscious life and knowledge, not quite impossible even of moral sympathy, in some of the most insignificant, as regards size, of all our fellow-creatures. Yet there is, unquestionably, something very paralyzing to the imagination in the notion of all this possible world of wisdom in a mite or a water-drop, a world as much beyond our recognition as if it were infinitely above our apprehension. It is as if a clumsy Titan might ruin all the civilization of our earth by a tap of his fist, or even break up the earth itself by a stumble. Did such an accident to our world seem really probable, we should soon learn to make light of studies of which our hold was so precarious; and it is, therefore, nearly impossible for us to attribute sincerely to any minute world, liable thus to be ruined by our blundering, the kind of conscious progress

and growing civilization which are sometimes half-humorously ascribed to its inhabitants by the observers of insect life. Struggle as we may, we cannot divide the idea of *conscious* progress, even in mere social organization, from a moral significance which would render it impossible to believe that any superior race could overthrow it by mere clumsiness. In other words, we cannot separate conscious wisdom, even in the administration of an empire of ants, from its source in the conscious wisdom which guides that greater universe, of which we are ourselves minute parts, and cannot therefore believe that anything so great as true intellectual or moral progress can be liable to constant destruction at the hands of creatures at once capable of sympathy with it, and yet quite ignorant of what they are destroying. It would be as easy to think that the solitary wasp, which, according to Sir John Lubbock, has "the instinct" of stinging the prey destined to be the food of its young, directly they are hatched, in the centre of the nervous system, so as to render them helpless, and yet *not* to kill them (for if they were to die, they would be decomposed before the young wasp needed them for food), acts on scientific surgical principles, as to attribute the conscious life of discovery and of economic administration to creatures so much the sport of accidents as the ants. We know that human advance is liable to no really arbitrary catastrophes of this kind, and we can hardly doubt that any similar progress even in a world beneath our own, would be equally safe from it. Even an atheist could hardly be found who would consent to believe that art, intellect, and nobility greater than ours are constantly succumbing to our idlest whims,—so deeply ingrained is the faith in a moral providence, even in those who reject the faith in God. And we hold that the deep incredulity with which even the most serious naturalists obviously treat their own very plausible conjectures as to the grander possibilities of the "infinitely little" worlds into the affairs of which they inquire so acutely, is but the profound testimony of their hearts and consciences to the providence which guarantees a certain real durability to all the higher stages of intellectual and moral life. As far as we can see, but for this ineradicable faith, nothing would be more plausible than to credit the ant with a sort of Roman faculty for insect organization and empire; and if the effort to do so is a mere sign of humor, which it is impossible to regard as serious, we take it that the explanation is, not that the facts commented on forbid the inference, but that our knowledge of the subordinate and dependent place which these creatures hold in our world is inconsistent with any durability in the moral and intellectual issues to which they would in that hypothesis have attained, and that we are compelled to believe in such durability by a faith deeper than any power of observation. It is an invincible belief in Providence which makes even naturalists regard rather as a paradox of fancy, than as a scientific inference, the intellectual and moral qualities which certain phenomena would otherwise legitimately suggest as belonging to several insect tribes.

FOREIGN NOTES.

PROFESSOR JOWETT has finished his translation of Thucydides.

JOHN CORDY JEFFERSON's new novel is called "Lottie Darling."

M. THIERS is writing a history of his presidency of the French Republic.

THE author of "Olrig Grange," a poem of unusual power, has a volume of miscellaneous verses in press.

THE following piece of Oriental flattery is quoted by the *Moniteur* (Paris): "An American diplomatist, Mr. Wade, having lately died at Peking, the Chinese attributed his decease to the inexpressible emotion which he experienced at seeing the august face of the emperor."

M. FAURE, the baritone, distinguished himself by his bravery at the burning of the Paris Opera House. Some children were

asleep in the Opera House when it took fire, and the fact becoming known to M. Faure and another gentleman, at the risk of their lives they clambered through a window and extricated them.

THE practice which prevails at weddings of throwing old shoes after the carriage which bears away the bride and bridegroom is no doubt from its antiquity deserving of veneration, but it may be carried too far, and indeed is at times not only inconvenient but dangerous. At the wedding of a Staffordshire clergyman which took place recently at Leamington a serious accident occurred, and the lives of three persons were nearly sacrificed by the observance of this time-honored custom. It seems that as the bride and bridegroom were taking their departure after the wedding breakfast, a volley of old shoes was discharged at them, with the addition of a quantity of rice. This evidence of kindly feeling, however highly appreciated by the newly married couple, was unfortunately misunderstood by the horse attached to the vehicle in which they were seated, who showed his disapproval by bolting. The consequences were not such as can be said to have added much to the happiness of the occasion. The driver was thrown from his box, and the carriage passed over him. The carriage itself came in collision with a cab, was capsized and smashed to pieces. The bridegroom was pitched out of the window, received a severe scalp wound, and now lies in a precarious condition. The bride was of course terribly shaken, but happily escaped further injury. This sad affair will perhaps lead really kind-hearted people to devise some other means of displaying their good wishes for brides and bridegrooms than by pelting them with old shoes and other missiles.

ONE often hears of an article, pamphlet, or other written statement "carrying its own proof on the face of it," but the expression generally means no more than that its arguments are strikingly forcible and unanswerable. The phrase applies, however, in a new and more literal sense to the article which Dr. Hassall has communicated to the new number of *Food, Water, and Air*, on the subject of the adulteration of tea. Dr. Hassall states his belief that iron filings are added to tea less for the purpose of increasing the weight and bulk than for giving it a dark complexion; and he adds that since tea naturally contains a large quantity of tannin, there are thus brought together the two chief constituents which enter into the composition of ink. In order to place this point beyond a doubt Dr. Hassall has actually by appropriate treatment extracted a bottle of ink from the tea in question, and has written with it a portion of his article. Under these circumstances, undoubtedly, Dr. Hassall's article becomes a piece of (in every sense) powerful writing in support of the virtual identity of ink and tea, and only very determined opponents of his conclusions will venture beyond a merely superficial examination of his paper. There is, however, an unpleasant interest attaching to his further surmise that "what has been accomplished in the laboratory it is not impossible may arise in the human stomach, into which largely adulterated iron-filing tea has been received." Pending the full application of the Adulteration Act to this article, grocers might be kind enough to supply the antidote with the bane by selling us our tea wrapped up in blotting-paper.

AMONG the many interesting subjects brought forward and discussed at the Tichborne trial, that of the morality of Paul de Kock—"mio caro Paolo di Kock," as the late Pope is said to have called him—will not have been forgotten. Dr. Kenealy gave this humorist of a past generation a very much worse character than he deserved; and the Lord Chief Justice estimated him fairly enough when he said that, though "unscrupulous in his pursuit of the ridiculous," he could not be accused of writing with the view of inflaming the passions of his readers. A volume of memoirs left by Paul de Kock has recently been published; and one of the most interesting of its many interesting chapters contains an account of a meeting between the "unscrupulous pursuer of the ridiculous" and an author—M. Alexandre Dumas fils—who would scarcely be acquitted of the graver charge which, according to the Lord Chief Justice, cannot be maintained against the not unhealthy and quite unpsychological novelist whose chief object was to make his readers laugh. The interview between the two writers—as unlike one another by natural disposition and taste as are the over-refined dandy and the "unscrupulous" clown of a Christmas pantomime—is thus described by the more matter-of-fact of the two:—"Souverain [Paul de Kock's publisher, and on this occasion his host] awaited me, and M. Alexandre Dumas was not long in joining us. I omit the compliments he would bestow upon me: politeness, like wit, is in the blood of the Dumas; but what I will not omit, because it amused me extremely, was the study which M. Dumas fils was pleased to make of me at table, at the

same time I was making one of him. I have preserved up to the present time, thank Heaven, an excellent appetite, and it will be remembered that I have confessed to being somewhat a lover of good cheer. From this it results that when any one invites me to breakfast with him, I breakfast. In his character of amphitryon Souverain gave me *carte blanche* to order the menu. I ordered it to my taste: Ostend oysters, filet aux truffes, lobster salad, partridges, asparagus, the whole to be washed down with Sauterne at first, and during the repast, with whole Burgundy. But Dumas fils, who himself ate like a bird, and who soaked his wine in some sort of mineral water that he had brought in his carriage with him, stared hard at me while I was officiating, smiled, and cried from time to time, 'There he is! Just the man. There is my Paul de Kock precisely as I had imagined him. It is superb!' But when the gayety of my young friend burst out was at the moment of departure; when he, and, indeed, Souverain also, had declared themselves satisfied, I declared for my part that I could eat the least bit of something else — for instance, a good slice of plum-pudding and rum and a bit of cheese, while to make it go down easily I could drink with pleasure a glass or so of champagne. 'Champagne! — plum-pudding!' cried Alexandre Dumas; 'ah, I have my Paul de Kock complete.' I made no reply, because I was sure this was not said with malice; but, in truth, what a chance the author of the 'Dame aux Camélias' gave me for replying: 'Yes, sir, you have your Paul de Kock complete, still at seventy years, just as I have my Dumas fils complete already at forty. We are each, according to our epoch, in our real characters. I continue to eat and drink, while you eat and drink no longer. And if from physical things we pass to intellectual, if from the stomach we pass to the heart, let us bet that my old age would yet have the better of your youth, for I still believe in everything which is sweet and consoling in this world, and if I may judge by your writings, you no longer believe in anything at all that is good.'"

DE MORTUIS.

(TWO TEXTS AND A COMMENT.)

I THANK ye, O my Dead! that in my dreams
Ye still are present with me, — all my loved
And lost, not unremembered 'mid the press
And whirl of day, but ever, with the night,
Sure visitants of slumber, — mother, sire,
Brother and sister, friends, — mine own again,
The old familiar faces, — linked, perchance,
With forms and features of a younger date,
In scenes your life's experience never knew,
'Mid circumstance grotesque, ridiculous,
Impossible, — but never with a frown!
I thank ye! or — for I must speak my thought —
I thank the love I bore ye that evokes
Your pleasant phantoms: for ye come not thus
Of your own will upon the wings of sleep:
The dream is from the dreamer, not from Jove;
And save in dreams ye visit me no more.

What did he say who, twenty summers since,
Twined, o'er the tomb of one too early lost,
The saddest, sweetest posy ever culled
By poet-hands for garland to an urn?
"There must be wisdom with great Death! The Dead
Shall look me through and through!" If honestly
He spake (and he is one who speaks with show
Of meaning what he speaks), I envy him
His self-assurance, courage, confidence,
Hope, faith, — what will you? — But 'twas safely bold,
A challenge whereunto no answering trump
From the far darkness of the spirit world
Sounds faint acceptance. Else why come they thus
Mere manifest puppets, fitting o'er the stage
Of that all-shadowy theatre of dream,
Through scenes forever shifting, with no plot,
No moral in their piece, wherein ourselves
Take part, half conscious of its hollowness
Even while we seem to act, — perceived with dawn
Mere stuff that waking memory not retains,
Or but recalls to find not worth recall?

Death — "the great teacher!" — If the Dead be wise
(And none than I more firmly holds them so),
If they do see "with larger other eyes
Than ours," — their wisdom is for higher ends,

Their clearer vision for a wider sphere,
And not for us. Whate'er they did and said
Of great and good remains, our heritage
For evermore: they left us all they could
In precept and example; more than these
How should we look for? — Lazarus himself
That died, was buried, stank, and, at the call
Divine, arose, and cast corruption off,
Came forth, and lived again, — what tale had he
For Martha and for Mary? None! or none
Recorded for our profit: 'tis most strange!
Did he bring back no message from the pit?
See nothing in that travel worth report,
Worth teaching to the sons whom he begat?¹
Was't not worth while to shame the scoffing sect
That said men died and rotted and no more?
Were there no curious souls in Bethany
Eager with question, hot to probe and pierce
The awful mystery of that four days' sleep?
Which is more wonderful — that one who saw
The secret of the grave, if he had power
To speak, to warn, to comfort, to assure,
Should live, and die again, and hold his peace, —
Or, if he spake, that of such utterance
No record, no tradition keeps a word?

The dead will come no more as Lazarus came.
No! — when we see them now (I fling aside
The tales of ghosts, creations of disease,
Remorse, or superstition), 'tis ourselves
Who summon them. I see ye in my dreams,
My loved and lost, because I loved ye well;
Because your memory fills my waking hours;
Because I dwell, all lonely as I am,
Chiefly with memories, and the night returns
Blurred echoes of the day. Your images
Throng round my pillow, shift, and blend, and change
In metamorphic puzzle, — seem to be
Yourselves, yet all the while seem something else,
Seen without wonder, though most wonderful,
Void of volition as the dancing spots
That fleck with gold the turfage of a grove
Rippled by summer-breezes.

And 'tis well
For you ye come but thus. "The happy Dead
Gone to their rest — the Dead who are at peace!" —
We love to phrase it thus. Could Death be rest,
Could Death be peace, could Death be happiness,
If they who loved us so had barren power
To watch and weep without the gift to warn,
To see the sin they cannot check, to read
The shameful secret entries that defile
The tablets of our souls? That were a pang
Beyond imagining!

I love to greet
Your fleeting, shifting, pleasant shapes, — my nights
Are happy with your presence; but I look
On a mere empty pageant, purposeless,
Furnished from some dim cranny of the brain,
Its saner function dormant: but I know
That you and I have no communion more
Till the last trumpet-summons reunites
At God's right hand the souls Death sundered here,
All stain of Earthly vileness blotted out
In Heaven's great amnesty.

I trust the Dead
Yet love us, yearn for, hope for, pray for us,
Knowing what need our nature hath of prayer,
What perils block our path, how they themselves
Succumbed or conquered. But, till they can help,
Guide, counsel, rescue, for their own dear sake
I could not wish their bliss eternal vexed
With that sad gift, to know us as we are,
To "look us through and through."

It is not so!
Thy word was wiser, midnight moralist!
"Heaven's sovereign spares all beings but Himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart!"

¹ "Jallalo'ddin mentions three persons whom Christ restored to life, and who lived several years after, and had children, namely, Lazarus, the Widow's son, and the Publican's (I suppose he means the Ruler of the Synagogue's) daughter." — Note to Sale's *Koran*, chap. iii.

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ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK IV. PALMAM QUÆ MERUIT,
FERAT.

CHAPTER I. (continued.)

THESE words may read coldly: but there was no coldness in the lines to me. Some intuition had told her of my readiness to give up my unequal battle with fortune, and to drift at the caprice of the waves. What I wanted was no passionate burst of lamentation or indignation, but a few words to make me ashamed of not turning the battle of life into a Thermopylæ if it might not be a Marathon — and these she gave. But she had given more — more even, if that could be, than the assurance of her belief in me, though I might stand condemned by all the world. She had made me think of how she, a mere girl, had borne courageously and patiently a series of hopeless months, while I, who had but myself to think of and care for, had been driven into sheer fatalism. I could not look to innocence as my all-sufficient safeguard even now; my worldly wisdom was greater than hers, and I knew how often innocence is its own reward. But I had needed to be reminded by lips that I loved how innocence is not only its sole, but its best reward, and that the merit of courage lies far more in defeat than in victory.

No doubt it was largely owing to her that I bore the suspense of the weeks before the trial, to all outward appearance, as a man should do. If I was to die for the crime of another, I should not die without a heart to take my part as long as my name should be spoken of among men, and until my crime was buried in history, and only read of by generations that were nothing to me. I will not pretend to say I had no fear of death; but, though a very poor Christian, I was a good philosopher, and was able to tell myself, not in vain, that death is but death, and that to know when he is coming is not a greater evil than thousands of men and women have borne with the utmost equanimity. I would not have chosen to die on the gallows in the presence of the vilest crowds howling at me as a murderer; but what was that in comparison with dying on the very

verge of Claudia's renewed love? That contained the bitterness of death, and all the rest, I vowed to myself and to her, I would face without shame and without fear. Conscious innocence stood me in good stead, after all. From my own experience, I believe that the true pain of dying is over when a man, in solitude, makes up his mind that he is to die. When that was over, the short remainder of my life was transformed into a mere passing dramatic situation, in which I was the mere pretext for the various performances of others. I have been the spectator of many capital trials besides my own, and it has always struck me that the culprit was in a state of moral somnambulism, even when guilt ought to have made the prospect of death terrible for other reasons than those that arise from the instinctive clinging to life, or from fear of pain. The history of crime as well as of martyrdom amply proves that nothing is so easy as for a man of the most ordinary nerve to suffer the suspense of a trial and the certainty of its fatal close with fortitude. I believe that in many cases the sufferer is morally dead before he is placed in the dock, and that in many more he is mercifully paralyzed.

When, at last, I was brought up for trial, placed in the dock, and charged, I own that I felt one nervous thrill pass through me: it required an effort of nature to realize that the man charged with the murder of an old woman, was I. Then I became strangely self-conscious, and wondered what I should think of myself were I sitting on the bench as a spectator. This led my eyes to the bench itself, which I regarded with greater curiosity than the twelve jurymen, as they were called over and sworn. Most of the faces, as being those of St. Bavons people, I knew, and I allowed their eyes to meet mine without, I trust, quailing before their curiosity and their expressive looks of "I knew it all along." But there was one veiled face not belonging to St. Bavons. Next to Lord Lisburn sat my evil genius — Zelda: and I felt myself turn pale. It required all the strength Claudia had given me to look even upon her veil. I expected to see it rise every moment and to reveal the depths of her mysterious and evil eyes.

There was also another face I knew

— Carol sat next my attorney, with a look of intense anxiety on his face as he looked from me to Zelda, and from Zelda to me. I caught his eye, but he looked suddenly away and whispered excitedly to the attorney.

It is an extraordinary sensation to stand up in enforced silence and inaction among a crowd of people who are doing nothing but think of and talk of you, while you yourself are alone allowed to do nothing and not to speak a word. No wonder that the prisoner at the bar is so often impressed with the idea that the whole business is less to him than to the coatless men and tawdry, red-faced girls who line the front row of the gallery, and grin like the gods at a pantomime. It was a strange sensation, moreover, to be talked about as an unfortunate victim of error by a man whom I had never set eyes on in my life before — who spoke about me, and criticised my actions, as though he, who did not know me from Adam, knew all about me better than I. No wonder that the most intensely real of human dramas appears so often unreal and dream-like to him whom it most concerns.

I feel sure that both my attorney and the eminent Queen's counsel who defended me believed me to be guilty, but they did their work energetically and well. Not successfully, however. Every witness was cross-examined beyond the limits of human endurance, but this was no got-up case, and every one, with unimportant exceptions, stood his ground. Lord Lisburn gave his evidence with such manifest pain and sorrow that, as an unwilling witness, he was left alone, lest cross-examination should bring out more against me than he was willing to tell. As the trial proceeded, my attention was drawn to Zelda more and more. She could not keep still for a minute together: every now and then she stood up, and while Lord Lisburn was in the box she went into the back seat of the bench, where she could crush herself into a corner. There she leant with her hands clasped and hanging down before her, even after she was rejoined by Lord Lisburn. I could see him trying to persuade her to leave the court, and that she refused impatiently. A strange fancy came upon me — I thought of the raven, the demon of the gallows, who might have

taken the form of a girl-witch, and was in agony of suspense lest she might be cheated of her prey.

At last the evidence for the crown was at an end, and the court adjourned for luncheon. I spoke to the attorney.

"Well?"

"Only one last chance," he said, coldly, "and I don't think much of it, nor counsel. When the court comes back, we're going to take objections to the indictment. You'll hear what they are. I wouldn't advise you to be sanguine, though."

"I beg you will do no such thing. I must be found innocent or not innocent—I won't be let off on a quibble."

"It's just as well, then, that somebody's wiser than you—it's a bare chance, and all we can do we mean to." He left me abruptly, and went to speak to Lord Lisburn and Zelda. I wanted to exchange a word with Carol, but he was out of the way.

When the court returned, my leading counsel stood up and made an argument to the judge on the indictment, which to me was, and still is, Greek and Hebrew. Those were days when errors and informalities were more easily made than amended. When he had finished, the judge considered a moment or two, made some remark, and then called on the other side to answer the objections.

The other side was quite ready, though obviously taken by surprise. After another long argument, the judge retired to consult his brother, sitting on the civil side.

An interval of silence followed, during which the court sat as usual and whispered in a state of bewildered anxiety, lest the trial should by any chance break down. At last the judge returned, looking portentously grave. He bent down and spoke to the officer of the court sitting below him, and then silence was called.

"I have consulted with my learned brother," he said, addressing the counsel, "and we neither of us have the least doubt that the objections taken to the indictment are fatal. Gentlemen," he turned to the jury, "you will find the prisoner Not guilty."

The officer of the court repeated formally, "Gentlemen, you find the prisoner at the bar Not guilty, and that is the verdict of you all." My twelve judges assented with a silent stare—they seemed to understand their own verdict no more than I did, or do to this day.

The bystanders looked at one another in blank amaze—the counsel folded up their briefs and shuffled themselves for another deal. No one spoke a word to me. I myself felt no relief, but rather a sense that justice had miscarried.

A turnkey opened the wicket of the dock; the policeman who kept it

turned his back on me, and let me pass by. The little crowd through which I had to pass opened and fell away from me as though my touch would carry infection.

I was free, but at what a cost! After evidence that had left no moral doubt on men's minds, I was henceforth to go through life as a man who had been saved, by a legal quibble, from the gallows—as one who had cheated the hangman—as no less a murderer because he had been discharged from his punishment by an accident of law.

I was to be a Cain without the guilt. And Claudia! Nothing in the world could ever justify me in letting her even hear of my existence more. I began to understand her courage—that she might insist on sharing the fate of one whom the world styled murderer. Only one course was open to me—to hide myself, for her sake, from her untold love more than I had tried to hide myself from her imagined hate and scorn.

CHAPTER II. "SCEPTRE AND CROWN I'D LAY THEM DOWN."

LORD LISBURN had hurried Zelda from the court as soon as the prisoner was discharged. All was not smooth between them, for she had insisted upon attending the trial against his strongly expressed wishes, and, as usual, had taken her own way. As they crossed the pavement to the earl's carriage, Harold Vaughan passed by. He did not bow, and Lord Lisburn turned his face away. But Zelda broke from her lover's arm and went up to the reputed murderer before all the crowd of loiterers.

Why had she not come forward when her evidence would have led to shifting the accusation from the wrong to the right shoulders?

No one will ask that who knows the real Zelda—if indeed it be possible to know one whom no one ever quite knew. She knew that if he were found guilty—as without her evidence he might be—he would be hanged. She came into court with the set purpose of giving it, and her dramatic instinct led her to prefer the foolish course of giving it by way of a theatrical surprise, when all seemed lost but for her. There was also another feeling that induced her to put off her appearance till the last moment—things might all go well without her being compelled to commit one of the deadly sins—to betray one of her own people, though a murderer and her bitterest enemy, to the vengeance of Poknis and Chokengri—magistrates and policemen, who personified to her all forms of injustice, persecution, and capricious tyranny. Still she would have given up her enemy, let us hope, to save Harold in case of need.

The ingenuity of Harold Vaughan's

counsel, however, gave a new turn to her quick heart and quick mind. She had seen, as well as the prisoner, how the *Gorgio* world, the outer Gentile world, regarded a murderer: she knew what Lord Lisburn himself thought of it all, who repaid her reticence by a most unlimited confidence: she had seen the bystanders shrink with horror from him when he left the dock: she had heard the talk of the great people of the county and city on the bench, and, all in the flash of a moment, her impossible dream parted and displayed a vista of fulfilment. She could not grasp it for an instant, but she felt it, rather than saw it, clearly. She might have climbed eternally, from beggar to *prima donna*, from *prima donna* to countess, from countess to queen, and would never have climbed high enough to reach him whom Claudia could reach without climbing. But fortune, that forbade her to reach up to him, had now surely brought him down to her. Far be it from her to spoil the work of fortune by a single rash word of hers. She gloried in the idea of his wreck and ruin—the more utter the better, for it brought him the nearer to her. Not nearer indeed to the future Countess of Lisburn, but nearer to Zelda the thief, Zelda the beggar-girl. She was his sister, his own blood, and he should know it right soon—she was closer to him than Claudia, and she would be closer still. He could not deny her claim to a share in his life now. She alone would stand by him in his ruin, in his loss of more than life: she would throw down sceptre and crown, name and fame, at his feet, and through evil name, through sin and shame, if need be, would show him that she who had gained all things for him, would for him give up all things and cast them down under the cold sea of the whole wide world. It was therefore that she held her tongue when a word would have saved him, and it was therefore that the future countess left Lord Lisburn's arm for that of a pauper and murderer.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIV. PRIVATE INFLUENCE.

THE curate had just penned a brief and manly request for an immediate interview with his grand connection, and was about to address it, when a latch-key was put almost noiselessly into the lock of the street door, and a soft, rather weary voice, which had nevertheless a tone of command in it, said, "Have there been any calls or letters to-day, James?"

"Yes, Sir Mowledy, there has," re-

plied the servant, indicating a heap of cards and letters on the hall table by a respectful inclination of the head — and then he also indicated the curate, who looked up, and his grand connection, coloring slightly, advanced and very cordially shook hands with him.

The minister was a pale, fair, tired man, who wore his hat so far back on his head that it seemed to rest upon his shoulders, and who had a mooning, rather disconsolate gait. He was not more than five or six and thirty, but he was quite bald, and his fair delicate complexion seemed withered. He looked like a man who had been blighted, or who had never come to complete maturity. His manners were at once earnest and absent. He tried with all his strength to understand any question which was brought before him although it might be of the most serious and complicated nature. His misfortune was that he had not much strength whether of mind or body, and therefore finding it usually impossible to master the facts and circumstances submitted to him for decision, his attention wandered away, and he began to muse, poor gentleman, on what he was going to have for dinner; on his grapes and peaches, of which he grew very fine kinds at one of his country houses; or on the probability of his wife scolding him if he was not home for afternoon tea.

"Come into the library," said the minister to his kinsman, with that perfect conventional ease and simplicity which marks a gentleman. "I am glad to see you. You must dine with us on Sunday if you stay in town. It is the only day we have a family meeting." The minister was really glad to see his relation, and would, if he had had energy enough, have served him very readily: for they had been old schoolfellows at Winchester, though the curate had been on the foundation of that noble college, and the baronet's heir, as a town boy, had felt rather ashamed of him till he knew better.

The village clergyman explained his errand in the strong simple language natural to him. He told his kinsman how the physician in attendance at one of the great London hospitals had received poor Madge, when she was taken there a few weeks ago; and having found out who she was, had written to him as incumbent of her parish, and therefore her natural protector, *ex officio*. He said that he had known her and all her family for many years, and had never seen or heard any evil of them, had never suspected anything doubtful but upon two occasions many years before; and even then nothing had arisen to confirm his suspicions; that he believed Madge to be a thoroughly honest and blameless woman, who was certainly the mainstay of her humble household, and that if she were wrongfully condemned, owing to any error or miscarriage of justice, her hus-

band and children would drift away into ruin also.

It was almost touching to see how painfully the minister tried to comprehend him as he spoke. Sir Mowledy drew his chair quite close up to the curate's chair, so that their knees almost touched; and once or twice he laid his hand upon the curate's shoulder, as if to establish a more perfect magnetic current between them. It was of no use; the right honorable baronet could not change his nature, and before the curate's simple story was half told, his mind was far away on the southern wall of the Cheshire garden, where his peaches grew. Had he been a man of any strength of mind or vigor of character, of course he would not have been a minister of state in these our times. We must take people as we find them, and when we look for power in a constitutional country, where all the envies, hatreds, and jealousies of mankind conspire against wisdom and reason, we may be sure to find it very near to mediocrity. Sir Mowledy would have made an admirable gardener, he made a still better British Privy Councillor and Secretary of State. When the curate had done speaking, he looked up with that agreeable and amiable smile which had so often disarmed an adversary in the House of Commons, and said good-naturedly, "What's the matter?"

"I want your help," answered Mr. Mowledy. "I ask you as Minister for Mundane Affairs, and therefore practically invested with the crown's prerogative of mercy, to look into this case yourself, to sift the evidence thoroughly, remembering all which I, upon my honor and conscience, and between friends and kindred, have said to you; and I pray you to give such weight to my appeal as shall not suffer the innocent to be condemned, or as shall temper justice with pity."

"Of course," replied the minister, catching at words which he read in petitions at least a dozen times a day. "Appeals for justice and pity are deserving of the best consideration of the government at all times; but," he added, with an air of quiet wisdom very becoming, and which he had lately learned from an actor at Covent Garden Theatre, "I am in some doubt whether I, with the most entire desire to comply with your request, can venture so far upon my ministerial functions as to interfere in any way whatsoever in my official capacity with a business which is," he thought for a minute for a phrase in use at his office, and then added gently, "which is strictly within the competence of her Majesty's judges."

"Can you give me absolutely no hope?" asked the curate, dispirited by this new view of the case, which sounded so reasonable, and which was so heart-breaking. "I entreat you to consider this poor ignorant woman, without friends or money: and never-

theless, as I truly believe, a helpless victim, caught in a tangled web of circumstantial evidence, which cannot be unravelled without much aid and succor."

The minister shook his head with mild disapproval, to show he took an interest in the conversation, and he bent courteously forward as if to listen more intently. In fact, he was thinking whether his tea-cake that afternoon would be buttered with some Brittany butter which he had ordered as he walked down to his office in the morning.

"Let me have your promise that the magistrate's decision will, at all events, be revised by competent authority," pleaded the curate.

"Come, come up to tea, and I will present you to Lady Selina. We can talk of this melancholy business afterwards," answered the minister, bringing the interview blandly to a close, for he was hungry and really anxious about his Brittany butter. The curate's last words had, therefore, fallen on his ear like strokes of lead upon sponge, leaving no echo.

So the good clergyman, who was not a man of the world, and did not know how to force an advantage or extort a pledge, even when fortune had given him that rare and precious thing, an opportunity, followed his grand connection up the handsomely carpeted stairs which led to Lady Selina's tea-table and boudoir. There he found assembled almost all the female magpies in London whose mates or relations wanted anything from the Mundane Office. Poor magpies! Sir Mowledy could give them nothing; but they persisted in thinking otherwise, and Lady Selina was not sorry to keep up the delusion, for she had married two daughters and a niece upon it.

Her ladyship received Mr. Mowledy very graciously, being far too expert and well trained a hostess, and also too great a lady, to be ashamed of her husband's poor relation; and feeling, as all noble ladies do, a deep and sincere respect for any member of the Church, however poverty-stricken, who conducted himself decorously. She knew everything, too; all the great London ladies do; for there is assuredly a noble road to learning, which is perpetual gossip. She had heard many good accounts of Mr. Mowledy; and also the terrible story about fermented liquor, which she now saw, by one glance at that pale grand face of his, was and must be a slander. Therefore Lady Selina placed him beside her at the tea-table, and spoke, as great ladies only can speak, to him; but he soon found it was impossible for him to plead his cause with her while all those magpies were screaming and fluttering around. Presently, too, the minister, after reading a telegram from the government whip, hurried suddenly off to the House of Commons, so that the curate could not get

another word with him; and as Lady Selina asked her sister, Lady Lobby, to drive her down to Westminster to hear the great debate on the Nonending question, which was to come off that night, the curate took his departure, and found himself in the street as the sun went down, having achieved no practical result at all by the efforts he had made.

"There is nothing left but prayer," thought the good man very solemnly, and he offered up a silent supplication for help and counsel to the King of kings.

CHAPTER XV. ABADDON.

MR. MOWLEDY was not a man who could persuade his conscience to abandon a duty because difficulties came in his way while doing it. For whosoever in this world purposes to accomplish any good thing shall always find difficulties arise and confront and war with him. If we had in these times the smallest faith in that which we profess to believe, and if we were not decorous Pharisees, who take the Divine word indeed into our mouths, but put it sacrilegiously away from our hearts and understandings, we should be willing to acknowledge that the leader of the opposition, or, in other words, the devil, is a real presence upon earth, and not merely a bogey invented with horns and hoofs to frighten children. One of his names is Satan, and it signifies in the plain homely language of Holy Writ, which we find it so hard to comprehend, merely an "adversary, or an accuser in a court of justice." His more common name of devil comes from the Greek *diabolos*, which also means a calumniator, and he is called a serpent because he is exceeding wise, crafty, and subtle. He can take any shape, that of friend or foe: of friend to cajole or mislead; of foe to frighten or to fight; for the Psalms compare him to a dog, and dogs will bite. Mr. Mowledy had seen him thrice in one day—as a fowler in Mr. Rushout; as a dog in Mr. Krorl; and as an adder hidden under the kind words and inanities of his grand connection.

His title, which is the Tempter, implies his constant practice. He is forever on the watch to catch us. He is surprisingly artful, lying in wait for us, and waylaying our very virtues in unsuspected places, and whispering profit, pleasure, rest, or decency, good manners, politeness. "Hold, enough, thou well-doer! Forbear to do good—for propriety's sake!" is a frequent form of his persuasive eloquence in London society. It is related of him that once in the country of the Gadarenes he threw a young man who was bent on a good errand bodily down, and tare him. It was therefore only according to his nature that he should try to trip up Mr. Mowledy. Many, as the curate knew, he has cast into

prison, being come down to us having power; so that Madge was in no visionary danger, because, in all probability, she was innocent, and therefore had the tormentor, the prince of darkness, the very god of this world himself for an enemy.

Now Mr. Mowledy being by no means a Pharisee, but a prayerful Christian man, who saw with his eyes and heard with his ears whatsoever had been written aforetime for his instruction, had seldom any hesitation in recognizing the devil when he saw him.

He knew the evil one instantly and exorcised him silently, having specially in his mind the sixth, seventh, and eighth verses of the fourth chapter of St. Luke, as he walked meditating through the London streets in the eventide.

Having thought for some time very intently on these three verses of the Gospel according to St. Luke, he remembered the eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of St. Matthew, in which the wondrous story of a great temptation, and a greater resistance to it, is beautifully rounded off and perfected.

As he mused upon these things with a pure and single heart, taking Heaven's light only for his guide through the slough of Despond, he suddenly thought of Dr. Porteous, who had cheated him the last time they met out of some small change, and who had often defrauded or overreached him in mean and shabby ways. He wondered how the remembrance of such a man should recur to him at such a time. Was it the voice of the tempter, or was it a suggestion of economic though worldly wisdom? The extremity of the case decided him; and after a momentary hesitation, Mr. Mowledy directed his steps steadily towards Melina Place, Lambeth, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

CHAPTER XVI. A CYNIC.

THE curate found the rector of the rich hereditary benefice of Wakefield-in-the-Marsh reading the *Morning Post* newspaper in his dingy parlor within the rules of the King's Bench Prison. His attention was directed to the column of fashionable intelligence, and he was reading a grateful account of the festivities which were then celebrating the majority of his nephew by his mother's side, Minto Petty-Pells, Lord Hanaper. There was a strong smell of Hodges' cordial gin and boiling water, mingled with the odors of departed Irish stew, about the doctor's apartments, and the wife or sister he led about was now clothed, and in her right wig, drinking in the highly-titled names which Dr. Porteous pronounced aloud with much unction and some family pride. She, too, was proud of those illustrious personages, though their splendor only shed a re-

flected or second-hand light upon her; but she knew that her washerwoman who came once a fortnight, and the beer-boy who came thrice a day, and the muffin-man, and the milk-woman, would all respect her more when they read in the *Weekly Dispatch*, or the *Sunday Times*, or *Lloyd's Newspaper* how Dr. Porteous had been a guest at Minto Court, and did not read that the reverend gentleman had only obtained a day rule (by purchase from the marshal of his prison-house) to enable him to be present, and had returned to his place of durance, as in duty bound, at night. She was, therefore, upon her best behavior. She made the doctor's gin-and-water with taste and judgment; she cut just the proper quantity of lemon-peel into it; and, as she stood behind him, resting upon the back of his chair and looking down over his shoulder, a something, that had once been beauty and grace, came like the light of other days into her countenance, and lingered there—the very faded ghost of loveliness.

There was a time when she had not been a shrieking virago, hot of temper, easily provoked, and fierce of speech. A tradesman's daughter thirty years ago, she had been taught the piano and how to hold a silver fork; and in several respects had been well fitted for a fortune or a hospital. But her father had invested in a farm the savings of his business, which was that of a hatter in Bond Street, and when he died intestate, leaving only this freehold property, his son took everything, and she was left a high-spirited girl, with nothing but a taste for the piano and silver forks. By and by she went away from the old shop, where food and house-room were grudged her by her brother, who had a wife and family of his own, and a few years afterwards she was heard of as housekeeper to Dr. Porteous. The rector had long had an account for broad-brimmed hats with her father, which account her brother vowed was still unpaid; and, having met her one bleak winter's day starving in the streets, he had clothed and fed her. Henceforth she had followed his fortunes; and when poverty came upon him as one that travelleth, and want as an armed man, she had shared what he could get, giving him the better part: she had scolded and comforted him by turns, and would, if need had been, have dared to die for him. She wore a front of corkscrew curls, and a little rouge which she had put on sideways and awry, too near her nose, having an indifferent mirror and a dim light to dress by. She was very thin, poor creature, and very queerly dressed in odds and ends of trumpery, bravely patched together. She had a gallant, perhaps defiant, appearance, not unlike a house of cards built high, or a paste and paper boat about to put to sea.

(To be continued.)

ON BEING RAMSHACKLE.

SOME are born ramshackle; some achieve ramshackleness (without intending it); others have ramshackleness thrust upon them (without desiring it). I was born ramshackle. And it is a great privilege. I have heard my father say that the family arms are ermine and roses. If so, I wish it were easy to dispose the elements of the scutcheon in such a way as to symbolize that order in disorder, that "sweet disorder," as the poet says, which is the essence of ramshackleness, or, for short, we will say Ramshackle. The ermine should stand for order,—the dark cuneiform spots in regular array. If I wore an ermine tippet, like a lord chief baron or some other great personage, do you think I would wear it awry? Not I, sooth; any more than I would permit my pictures to be framed or the frames to be adjusted in my ramshackle work-room at other than true angles. But the perky roses, stuck in the three spaces of the scutcheon, I detest. These I would break up into what George Robbins called, or is said to have called, a litter of roses. True, the garter king at arms, or his deputy, or whoever it is that settles such matters, might find it difficult to represent roses in a litter; but that is his business. A coat of arms is, as one should say, a coat of arms; and heraldic painters should have their own ways and means of doing things pictorially.

There are many ways of being what is called ramshackle. Probably most persons think ramshackleness is a mere form of slovenliness; but this is not so. It would be far nearer the mark to say that ramshackleness is naturalness. It is the *manière d'être* of the noble savage in polite society. There is something of it in Gothic architecture, and it has always been present in small quantities in English society. But very seldom pure. No man can be truly ramshackle who is self-conscious in the sense,—I grant you a very odd and twisted sense, but still a sense in which the word is often applied,—in the sense of caring to attract notice. We have always had in this country a breed or several breeds of "eccentrics," as they are called. You may read of them in queer old volumes entitled "Eccentric Biographies," relating chiefly to rich men who went about in the same suit for twenty or thirty years; clever ladies who made a point of having holes in their stockings; disappointed lovers who never washed their faces or allowed their rooms to be dusted; bucks who minced, or stalked up and down Bond Street in pale scarlet or turquoise blue, or some other astounding color. But these are not true *sonderlings* or eccentrics; they are *dilettanti*; they did it in order to be stared at, or talked about, just as Abernethy made a trade of giving rough answers to fine ladies who laced tight, and false dyspeptics who might have been well if they had chosen. No born ramshackle was ever a dilettante at it. True ramshackleness is nature protesting against over-civilization.

When very young indeed, I read in the old "Mirror" of Mr. Timbs an anecdote of some man of letters or antiquarian, who, being unexpectedly visited by a prince of the blood—I think it was a royal duke—had the tea equipage placed upon a pile of books that was handy for the purpose, or something of the kind, I forget the exact circumstances. The writer who told the anecdote made a great fuss about what he considered a sad breach of good manners, and a striking example of absence of mind in the host; but, as a little boy, I used to be unspeakably puzzled by his high-polite comments. Why should the host not have put the tea-tray on the pile of books, if that was the handy and natural thing to do? The reason would not come—there was, in fact, no reason to be had for asking. If the host was natural and simple-hearted in what he did, that was an instance of the true ramshackleness, though a very trivial one. A fellow who was born ramshackle would go much farther than that, and only fools would stare or exclaim at him. Those who never in their lives had the moral courage to do an original thing, however plainly dictated by the truth of the situation, may call out, "You do it to appear singular;" but the true Ramshackle can

defy augury. There is a special providence in whatever he does under the guidance of his demon.

Ramshackleness is not more distinct from affected interruptions of customary routine than it is from slovenly or unwillingly incurred disorder. When we remove from one house to another, our things are at first—and sometimes the "at first" lasts a pretty long time—I say, our things are at first in some disorder, necessarily so. But this is not the demon; it is fate. There is no true ramshackle in disarrangements which we cannot help; much less in positive inconvenience under the same condition. Ramshackle must be with pure intent, or with felicitous absence of intention. The poet's "sweet disorder in the dress" may be beautiful and modest too, but if it is designed, it is immodest, unless, indeed, it enters into the scope of some general artistic design. Just so there is ramshackleness which is insolence; while there is ramshackle which is of the nature of true humor, even of noble or poetic humor. I call Caprera a ramshackle place; but I would black Garibaldi's boots for him, and kiss his feet when I had done.

Ramshackleness is not only not shabbiness, it is almost inconceivably remote from it. Shabby clothes, when I was forced to wear them, used to cause me the most poignant shame, and I think rightly so. It is not that they prove poverty, but that they are hideous, and inclined to be noisome. And, another thing,—to wear shabby clothes would be in my case the miserable confession of a bondage that made my heart sick. If I went along the streets in ignominiously shabby clothes, and I saw the averted eye of the acquaintance who wanted to dodge me, or the insolent glance of the "full-fed ruffian" stranger, gorgeous from his tailor's creative hand, I should burn at the ear-tips, and gnash my teeth. But if I spoke to the curled cad, it would be in terms like these: "Because I am forced to earn my living, I am forced to comply with your thick-headed notions about dress,—coat, such; trousers, such; waistcoat, such; hat, such; and the like. And when I have not money enough to renew, from time to time, the gloss and the cut of your beastly ugly inventions, I become shabby. It is my misfortune, sir; and it is my sin and shame to feel forced to wear such ugly things as these tailor's devilries are when outworn. But if you would let me have my honest way, if you would tolerate me for any social purpose (necessary in the case of a man who has to work for his clothes before he wears them) in clothes of my own choosing, I would never look shabby. You would see, sir, that I would manage to present a pleasing, or at least a not unpleasing appearance upon an income of nothing-a-year. I would, at this moment, undertake for one pound sterling to put you into a far prettier and more serviceable suit of clothes that you now wear at a cost of four or five. Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it! I am ashamed of shabbiness, because it is ugly—an affront to the sun and the sweet brows of ladies; but I will put on ramshackle attire to-morrow, if you will let me go about and earn my bread in it. But if you think I take *your* view of the shame of shabby attire, you are wrong. 'You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate, as reek o' the rotten fens,' do you think, because I retire in my enforced shabbiness, that I am allowing you to 'cut' me? Not so, I assure you; far otherwise than so. 'Go, I banish you.'"

The ramshackle spirit, so far as it relates to dress, furniture, and the like, may be read in two lights—at least: everything may be read in twenty thousand lights, if you choose. It is a form of originality; or a form of stoicism. Originality is another name for sincerity. The stoicism may have its root, or one of its roots, in the sense of the awful, or in sympathy with the masses of human suffering. A man may well be conceived as saying, "I cannot stand a noise of pottering boots around me; but then, I should be miserable if I had carpets of Turkey pile about my place, when so many of my fellow-creatures are half-starving, so I will have cocoa-nut matting." You might call such a man a fool, or even go far to prove him one; but you wouldn't alter him. If he was capable of

going that length he would also be capable of laughing at you—and no less at himself—and yet of persisting. There was a verse of a hymn familiar to me in my very, very old days, which I sadly fear was written by one of the Wesleys, and which ran thus:—

“Though ease and plenty, fruits of wealth,
And all the means of life and health,
And sweet convenience please us,
Without a house above my head,
Or feathers to make soft my bed,
My soul could”—

Now, would any sane human being guess what was coming? “My soul could get along somehow, and be pretty comfortable”—is that it? Ah me! it is nothing of the kind. It is this ridiculous climax-turned-upside-down:—

“My soul could—rest in Jesus!”

Oh, oh! how that line used to make me fume on my bed by night! Good God—said my thoughts—thou Almighty Maker of heaven and earth! With thy thunder in our ears and thy lightnings in our eyes,—with battle-fields red with blood, and the whole creation groaning and travelling in pain until now,—shall we, in a psalm of so-called praise, sung straight up into thy dreadful face,—shall we make a fuss about our lodgings and our bolsters,—the difference between a flock mattress and a feather-bed; tell thee, thou Unspeakable One, that, *although* we have not feathers to our beds we can rest in the Infinite Word? “Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father; thou hast taken upon thee to redeem man;” therefore we can do without cushions for a time. Oh, oh!

Thus it was with me, in days when I held some opinions which I do not hold now, and knew, necessarily, much less of this weary world, and all that is to be said for different ways of putting things, and especially for differences of moral dialect. Let all this be considered, and handsomely. There still remains much excuse—surely more than excuse?—for bursts of stoicism in these days—in all days, truly, but especially in these. One reads, without surprise and with a secret pleasure, that there was a certain bareness, or even sordidness, about the appointments of Wordsworth’s home; and it is surely hard to walk open-eyed through life without occasionally exclaiming, “Off, off, vile trappings! we are sophisticated!” In the dead silent midnight, when a beloved life—nay when an unbeloved life—flickers in the socket under our eyes—in the dewy chill of the “awful rose of dawn”—how paltry do the “sophistications” of our daily life appear! You need not trouble yourself to draw the line on the other side,—to imagine a death-bed in a bare stone wash-house, or a cloakless beggar on a hill-top at winter daybreak,—I have thought of all that, and it is no doubt as miserable to have too little help from art as base to rely too much upon such help. But there still remains plenty of room for the ramshackle spirit; and there is usually sufficient sense of humor in a ramshackle mind to save it from preposterousness. It is only for the sake of the women that some would desire luxury, or the means of luxury; you cannot help wanting to shield a beloved wife or daughter from the winds of heaven and all the uglyfing chances of life. But even here there are limits. Baudelaire never looks so contemptible, so disgusting, indeed, as when he prefers the curried and combed belle of the capital to the breezy, inartificial “yonge wyf” of Chaucer.

The question of sincerity or originality remains. To be ramshackle in the true sense is simply to be true. Why should every man’s chairs, and tables, and coats, and collars, and neckties, be of the same pattern as his neighbor’s? If a new notion in such matters comes quite natural to any one, why shouldn’t he work it out? “Affectation,” did you say, sir? Pardon me, the affectation is in the vain, lazy imitating of the crowd, not in any one’s originality. Till some one does what is not natural to him, he is not affected. “Originality in these matters looks singular, as if you wanted to attract attention.” Really now! But what is that to me? If you would all go and be sincere,

the whole lot of you would be original too, and then where would be the singularity? There is a young fellow who said to me one day—wasn’t it rude of him?—“I believe, dad, if you were to be set down in a splendidly-furnished, palace, you would want to turn all the furniture out of doors directly, and furnish all over again with things of your own inventing and making.” The irreverent young man is not far from the truth. I should like to keep the fairy palace for my womankind, but for myself I could *not* stand it. I should prefer to go and spend ten pounds in disused boxes, chumps of wood, hair or flock stuffing, chintzes, and other humble “orts,” and make my own furniture. I am a very Robinson Crusoe sort of fellow—no, I couldn’t have got on with only man Friday,—I’m a very Swiss Family Robinson sort of fellow—put it that way, please. I have something of Will Wimple in me, too. I never see anything that has been utterly cast off as useless, a bit of wire, a bit of iron, an old box, or what not without immediately setting my wits to work to see what can be made of it. And, trust me, I have in my time made some smart little conveniences out of dustmen’s lumber. I admire the furniture shops, but as museums of curiosities. And yet I have an eye for splendor. Gilding and gorgeous colors are quite in my line. But I like, so to speak, the death’s head at the feast, something simple and bare by the side of the ornament. In every department of life, without exception, your true Ramshackle goes in for producing his results out of small and apparently intractable material. Was it not Wollaston who, when some visitor asked to see his laboratory, produced a tea-tray, with a retort or two, a blow-pipe, and so on? Now that’s the man for my money. It is the same with books and studies. When I first saw a pair of globes, my thought was not how nice it would be to have a pair like them, but to make planispheres out of cardboard that would work the problems. It is the same with pleasures: I like the cheap and simple ones, and I like to take them in a resolutely ramshackle way. I feel affronted when any one says to me,—“Where are you going to this autumn, Mr. Fieldmouse?” It is a question which implies that I am under a sort of obligation to do as other people do “this autumn.” But why should I? Why shouldn’t I stop at home if I choose? Or why shouldn’t I take my holiday in my own way? In the same way, all questions, all compliments, all references to my affairs which imply that I live by a code, as other people do, offend me. Some of the things by which acquaintances and even friends have sought to please me have been to me as a red rag to a bull. “What do you intend to do with your son?” is surely a most impertinent and stupid question. I never allowed any one to “do” anything “with” me; I never mean to; and should I not do as I would be done by? The fact is, people seem one and all unable to conceive of any social outcome, so to speak, as desirable unless they are after the patterns they have been accustomed to. “I’d rather be a kitten and cry mew,” than be thus tied to precedent. Do you think I don’t see through this grand conspiracy of humbug? I have just been dipping into the life of a literary man who was “in society.” What a picture! what a sickening story of imitation, vanity, pretence, slander, malice, and scented huggermugger! It makes one exclaim, “Oh for a drop of [truth] in a quail, to bathe one’s eyes with!” Do you think I would put round my neck for an hour the collar that was worn by any of the fellows who allowed a beast like Rogers to insult them to their faces, as that chartered ruffian used to do in the best society? Poor country mouse that I am, I look down upon the whole concern with scornful rage, except when I laugh at it. Do you think I would put on a swallow-tail, and wear *your* yoke? No, thank you, I will sooner “swing on a gate and eat fat bacon all day long.” I do not like your fine company. How I admire Béranger, keeping himself to himself, and steadfastly refusing to be “introduced.” “Dans un grenier qu’on est bien à vingt ans!” yes, and at any age, if Lisette be there, I mean the better Lisette.

But this does not imply that your true Ramshackle is at home in the set Bohemianism of your Quartier Latin or any other rookery. That is just as offensive in its way as

the "good form" of society. I protest I know of nothing more conventional, more hollow, more intolerant, more insincere, than Bohemianism, so called, in literature. You indifferent to poverty? Ah, ah, do you think I can't see through you, gentleman of Bohemia? You despise poverty in your hearts. Your sort of ramshackle is only a convention that you use partly as a blind, partly as a coat of mail. If you were sincere, you would wear neither the mask nor the armor.

I have scarcely known anything more marked than the gradual growth of the spirit of conventional luxury or genteel propriety in recent literature, — especially in novels. Three fourths of the charm of some of the most successful novels lies in their pictures of a style of life a little above that of the majority of their readers. There are plenty of pictures of the life of the poor, as matter of humor, as matter of compassion, by way of foil, or as matter of curiosity; but the assumptions of most novels are that the reader is necessarily "in society," and utterly above all hard-working cares. Your young fellow has his club, and lunches on clear turtle soup, cold chicken aux champignons, and St. Peray or Beaune, with a cigar worth a shilling to follow. And when we come to the private life even of the virtuous young curate who retires into so-called simplicity of living with his high-bred wife, I can only say that their idea of poverty or simplicity of living is not mine. Mine would knock them both out of wind and time, and make the novelist's fine words look rather silly. Oh, these things enrage me! Why, years ago, when I was young and soft, at a time when I was forced to mend with paper my own one pair of shoes to keep my feet from the stones, I have been got to subscribe to help a "scholar in distress, — poor man, — such a dreadful case;" and I found out afterwards, that the "scholar" could ride about in a cab and wear fine kid gloves. Mean dandy, how I hated him! By poverty, I mean that of such a life as, to my certain knowledge and personal observation, Mazzini lived, — during part of his time, I hope not for long. That is what I call poverty!

We will not talk much of the ramshackle tendency to find friends in Alsatia. The most beloved of English humorists said that his intimates had always been "a ragged regiment." George Sand, speaking for herself through the mouth of one of her characters, says (I quote at random), "C'est parmi les pauvres diables que j'ai toujours trouvé mes amis." That is good, — pauvres diables is good, — to parody Polonius. I fear the true Ramshackle does not like successful people of the world. For myself, I dislike a fellow with any sort of gloss upon him, — moral, religious, intellectual, or other. I cannot — except by keeping silence, or shunning him — resist the temptation to snub a *millionnaire*: as for moral or social gloss, the following sentences from a recent story will serve my purpose for a concluding turn. The hero of the story is supposed to have got into some discredit, and this is the way in which the novelist goes on about his and his wife's position in "society": —

"The Leylands' position had been somewhat peculiar. Almost alone among the city people — the higher clerical dignitaries scarcely coming under that category — they had been freely admitted as of the 'county set.' The Homfrays and, perhaps, the Rogersons, just one here and there, enjoyed the privilege with them; but still very few in number were the favored ones. And now it seemed that by this the outer measure of Leyland's lapse was to be decreed. . . .

"Leyland's name was on the books of the very exclusive County Club; and, at quite the first of his return, there went about a steady report that a general meeting of the club was to be called to consider the propriety of removing it therefrom. . . . Leyland would long ago have voluntarily withdrawn his name, had not Mr. Rogerson, Mr. Hulyard, and other friends of his, laid it on him not to do so unless the choice came to be only between that and actual expulsion. . . . This was the state of affairs; the Rogersons, Hulyards — the city, in short — might be depended on not to further visit Leyland's offence on his head; but the greater county people were slow to give any sign, and the Banbrooks and others of that stamp

would surely enough follow them, whatever the event were."

Now this sort of thing makes me feel as if I should like to hew somebody in pieces before the Lord, as Samuel hewed Agag. And I believe the Lord would approve the action. The true Ramshackle says, "I will not have your society at the cost of the degradation and falsehood there is in all this." Society is worth nothing except in proportion to the sincerity and originality of the individuals composing it. In a state of over-civilization, sincerity and originality (by which last is meant simply what must flow out of Naturalness) will be forced into ramshackleness. In the ramshackle world, there may be the happiness and serenity that come of truthfulness. In yours, never, or only by rare chances. I like luxury now and then: —

"This jelly's rich, this malmsey healing, —
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."

Yes, for a change, fairly giving and taking, so that there shall be no favor shown and no obligation incurred on either side. But it must all come naturally, if at all; and long before

"The cat comes bouncing on the floor,"

I shall exclaim, —

"Give me again my hollow tree,
My crust of bread and liberty!"

TIMON FIELDMOUSE.

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

SEVEN-AND-TWENTY years ago a young man might be seen daily visiting the stage door of the Opéra Comique of Paris, with a roll of music under his arm. To his inquiries for the manager, the stern doorkeeper always replied, "M. le Directeur n'y est pas." The young man, undaunted, still repeated his visits, meeting invariably with the same reply. For no less than eight years this went on. The same inquiry was almost daily made, and the same uncompromising answer returned. At last the composer was determined to obtain a hearing. A concert was given at the Salle Herz, at which the famous singers, Roger, Herman, Léon, and Madame Ugalde were announced to execute some compositions by Jacques Offenbach. The concert was brought to a close by a little operetta entitled "Le Trésor de Mathurin," a work which later on was included in the *répertoire* of the Bouffes Parisiens as "Le Mariage aux Lanternes." The concert soon produced the desired result. M. Perrin, then director of the Opéra Comique, sent Offenbach a libretto by St. Georges, bearing the title of "Blanche." The opera was composed, but has, we believe, never been performed, and the career of the future prophet of Opéra Bouffe was assured.

Offenbach was born at Cologne on the 21st of June, 1819, or, according to some authorities, nearly three years later. For two years (1833 and 1834) he was a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire. In 1847 he was appointed leader of the band at the Théâtre Français in succession to Barbereau, famous both as a learned writer and as a *chef d'orchestre*, and about the same time began to be known as a composer. His first works were settings of the well-known fables of La Fontaine, such as "La Cigale et la Fourmi," "Le Corbeau," "Le Savetier," and "Le Rat." In these early compositions he showed himself possessed of a pleasant vein of melody and a respectable show of harmony. At the same time he became known as a *virtuoso* on the violoncello, an instrument for which he still retains an ardent affection, and of which he makes good use in his scores.

To Offenbach's engagement at the Théâtre Français we owe those delightful works which have made his name popular throughout Europe. The classical dramas of the stately French school, the tragedies of Racine and Corneille, representing as they did the solemn events of Greek and Roman antiquity, made more stately and solemn

still through the severe interpretation of the performers, wearied the soul of the composer, who felt the burden of conducting and occasionally composing the appropriate music. His own inclinations were towards a much lighter school of art, and, as we have seen, he made earnest and constant endeavor to obtain a hearing as a composer of those light musical farces which serve as a *lever du rideau* at all French Opera houses. Had he been successful earlier in his career, he would probably have become a composer of the type of Aimée Maillart, or Ambroise Thomas. But the strong reaction in his mind against the spirit of classicalism, of which he had had such long and tedious experience, engendered in him that peculiar state of feeling which resulted in the composition of those famous protests against classical opera, "*Orphée aux Enfers*" and "*La Belle Hélène*."

In 1855 he became director of the little theatre of the Bouffes Parisiens, where his earlier works, "*Les deux Aveugles*," "*Bataclan*," and "*Tromb-al-cazar*," were produced, and he shortly afterwards made the acquaintance of Meilhac and Halévy, then rapidly rising as dramatists, but destined to accelerate the march of their fame by the joint plays to which Offenbach's music assisted to lend life and popularity. The spirit in which the trio went to work was much the same as that which actuated Planché in England. The experiment was tried of treating the gods and heroes of old in the style of modern farce, of dethroning them from their sacred pedestals, and representing them as ordinary beings. Thus in "*Orphée*," the mythical harper, Orpheus, is transformed into a violinist who wears his wife by constant practising; in "*La Belle Hélène*," the injured husband, Menelaus, is represented as a jealous, sulky bore, and Helen, herself, is treated in exactly the same way as a runaway wife of our own times. The music which Offenbach wrote was fully in keeping with this idea. It differs very little from that of comic opera, except in being less labored and pretentious. Some of his melodies, especially those of a pastoral character, are graceful and individualized enough to have been signed by Auber. But when the ancient heroes appear, instead of solemn music and stately marches, one hears light polkas and frivolous waltzes, through which breaks an occasional fragment of pure classical writing. The procession of the Kings of Greece in "*La Belle Hélène*" is an admirable specimen of the way in which Offenbach treated such subjects.

The earliest of the famous series was "*Orphée aux Enfers*," which on its first production enjoyed a run of more than three hundred consecutive nights, and which, for brightness of melody and cleverness of writing, will always remain one of his best works. Passing over "*Le Chanson de Fortunio*" (produced January, 1861), "*Le Pont des Soupirs*" (March in the same year), and "*Un Roman Comique*," the libretto of which, and the music of "*Les Voyages de Dunaan*," formed the basis of the pasticcio of "*The Bohemians*," we come to, perhaps, the most universally popular of all Offenbach's works, "*La Belle Hélène*," which was produced at the Variétés on the 17th of December, 1864. In this, Mme. Schneider, before then known as an actress of comparatively small parts at the Palais Royal, first came into public notice. Her success, and that of the piece, were immense. Mme. Schneider fully entered into the author's conception of Helen, and, though prudish critics might object that the Spartan Queen was, after all, not a Parisian *cocotte*, and raised the cry of sacrilege, the public flocked to the theatre. "*La Belle Hélène*" was succeeded in 1866, at the same house, by "*Barbe Bleue*," which, in spite of its clever writing, suffered by the unavoidable comparison with its brilliant predecessor.

But in the next year, the year of the great Exhibition, Offenbach took his revenge by the production of the famous "*Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*," an opera which has the credit of being at the bottom of the Spanish troubles, by actually driving Queen Isabella from the throne. The petty German Court, with its miniature army, its one general, its intriguing statesmen, and its fickle and coquettish

sovereign, was a travesty of the daily life of the Court of Spain, just as "*La Belle Hélène*" was a travesty of the daily life of the Court of Sparta. All the world was assembled at Paris in 1867, every one went to see Schneider and hear Offenbach, and the *droits d'auteur* for that one year alone are said to have amounted to 240,000 francs. The music of the "*Grande Duchesse*" rapidly ran all over Europe, the opera itself was performed at one time in three-and-twenty theatres of France alone, and selections and arrangements were heard everywhere, while the names of Dupuis, Schneider, Kopp, and Grenier became household words.

Since this success Offenbach's pen has been more prolific than ever. In 1868 was produced "*La Périhole*," a Brazilian story, in which Mme. Schneider, as the wandering dancing girl, a character said to be meant for Lola Montez, failed to rival her performance of the Grand Duchess. "*La Princesse de Trebizonde*," produced at Baden in July, 1869, was followed on the 10th of December in the same year by "*Les Brigands*," a work written more in the style of comic opera than of opera bouffe, and belonging to M. Offenbach's more serious manner. "*Le Roi Carotte*," a wild political satire written by M. Sardou, was produced in 1872, but the music is not among the composer's happiest efforts. "*Les Braconniers*," his most recent work, was comparatively unsuccessful. "*La Vie Parisienne*," written for the Palais Royal theatre, and revived a few weeks ago at the Variétés, on the other hand contains many of Offenbach's best and brightest ideas, and the music, though it is sometimes fantastic and extravagant, is admirably suited to the wild farce of the piece.

M. Offenbach is now director of the Gaité at Paris, and the events of his management have already been mentioned in our pages. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1861. As a composer he is almost *sui generis*. His writing is invariably correct and musicianlike, and his orchestration is effective and brilliant. His fame will rest principally on those works in which, in conjunction with Meilhac and Halévy, he introduced so delightfully the modern spirit of humor and sense of the ridiculous into the old classical school of pomposity and pretence. His operas written for the Opera Comique ("*Barcouf*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," and "*Vert-vert*,") failed, on account of a certain flimsiness of construction, to gain the approval of an audience which delights in "*Les Dragons de Villars*" and "*Le Caid*;" and he is at his best in classical opera bouffe, or the little musical farces of the "*Bouffes Parisiens*." As a composer he was for a long time in his own line unapproached; but dangerous rivals, — M. Delibes, M. Lecocq, M. Vasseur, and M. Hervé — have arisen to dispute his preëminence. However, his personal popularity is still undiminished, and a new anecdote of Offenbach is always eagerly welcomed by the Parisian public. His appearance is better known than that of many authors, and most statesmen; and his aquiline nose, his thin face, and Hebraic features, and the double eyeglass, through which he is said to cast the *jettatura* on those who offend him, are to be seen in every photographer's window in London and Paris.

Offenbach is in many respects the typical composer of modern France, as he is undoubtedly the most popular. The lightness of his music typifies the proverbial gay carelessness of the true Frenchman. The audacity with which he has parodied and burlesqued the standard classical dramas, and the traditionally conventional forms of classical music, finds its parallel in the spirit which derides all constitutional precedent, and steadily opposes systematized government; and the feeling of repulsion which gradually transformed the staid conductor of the Théâtre Français into the rollicking composer of "*Orphée aux Enfers*" is now working in the state of political feeling in France. And it must in all fairness be added, that in the perseverance under difficulties and the steady resolution with which Offenbach gradually made his name famous may be seen an emblem of the constancy under disaster, and the wonderful recuperative power of his adopted country.

A GOSSIP ABOUT NAMES.

READERS of "The Book of Days" will remember, in the first volume, a collection of little verses brought together as illustrations of "Rythmical Puns on Names." Such a subject, to a diligent searcher, would prove almost as endless as the kindred one of epitaphs. A few more specimens gathered since the publication of the above, have been selected for insertion in these pages, together with other fantastic exemplifications of the fertile theme of nomenclature. It is, indeed, quite hopeless to be able to set down anything on such a matter which shall be quite new to all readers; still, one frequently falls into companies in which the very best, and even the very oldest of such things are unknown, and we may reasonably suppose that to some of our readers many of these will yet be new.

On Lord Rockingham's becoming minister during our disputes with America, a declaratory bill being brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party, the following distich appeared in the papers:—

You had better declare, which you may without shocking 'em,
That the nation's asleep, and the minister Rocking 'em.

An old gentleman of the name of Gould, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:—

So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould.

To which his friend replied:—

A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true;
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gold without U!

Punning upon names in epitaphs has been common enough. Here are three specimens; one on the Earl of Kildare:—

Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare, who dares kill whom he will.

On John Penny:—

Reader! of cash, if thou'rt in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a penny.

The celebrated Dr. Parr attended for a short time upon Queen Caroline, to read prayers, etc. His place was afterwards supplied by a gentleman of the name of Fellowes. Upon which the following epigram was written:—

There's a difference between
Dr. Parr and the Queen;
For the reason you need not go far;
The doctor is jealous
Of certain little Fellowes,
Whom the Queen thinks much above Par.

On being told that Bishop Goodenough was appointed to preach before the House of Lords, a wag wrote:—

'Tis well enough that Goodenough
Before the Lords should preach;
For sure enough they're bad enough
He undertakes to teach.

When the above most respectable prelate was made a bishop, a certain dignitary, whom the public had expected would get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new bishop, replied: "Because I was not Goodenough." This pun is perfect in its way.

We have somewhere met with the following, which is more in the style of word-twisting of our modern burlesque writers. It is on the bankruptcy of a person of the name of Homer:—

That Homer should a bankrupt be,
Is not so very Odd D'-ye See,
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So Ill-he-had his books conducted.

The pulpit has been not seldom occupied by confirmed punsters. The following cases may be cited without offence as instances of name punning. At Bedford election once, Mr. Whitebread and Mr. Howard were opposed by a Mr. Sparrow. The clergyman, a warm supporter of the former party, during the heat of the election, on Sunday morning took for his text: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" in order to draw from it this encouragement to his friends: "Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

A clergyman of the name of Friend, who had got possession of a living in a way that rendered it doubtful whether it might not be regarded as a simoniacal contract, was imprudent enough to ask a neighboring clergyman to preach for him on the day he was to read himself in, as it is called. This clergyman, who remonstrated with him in the course of the negotiation, being humorously inclined, to the great consternation of the new incumbent, sitting in the desk below him, chose for his text: "Friend, how camest thou in hither?"

The story of Dr. Mountain and the witty Charles II. is strongly characteristic of the times, and very applicable to our subject. A bishopric being vacant, Charles happened to ask his chaplain, Dr. Mountain, whom he should appoint. "Why, sire," says the latter, "if your Majesty had but faith, I would tell you whom." "How so," said the king, "if I had but faith?" "Why, in that case," said the doctor, "your Majesty might say to this mountain, Be thou removed into the sea."

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was, as every one knows, not remarkable for vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity, the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James, first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed.'"

The Cavaliers, during the Protectorate, were accustomed in their libations to put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it, say: "God send this Crumb-well down."

Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," cites a passage from Fuller's "Grave Thoughts," which shows that even the most solemn occasions and subjects cannot always exclude this punning propensity. "When worthy Master Hern, famous for his living, preaching, and writing, lay on his deathbed (rich only in goodness and children), his wife made such womanish lamentations, what should become of her little ones? Peace! sweet-heart, said he; that God who feedeth the ravens will not starve the herns; a speech censured as light by some, observed by others as prophetic; as indeed it came to pass that they were all well disposed of."

"The trivial prophecy which I heard," writes Lord Bacon, "when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was:—

When Hempe is spun,
England's done;

whereby it was generally conceived that after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word Hempe (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified in the change of the name; for that the king's style is now no more of England, but of Britain."

Though not perhaps to be reckoned amongst puns, yet the names of things as well as persons are liable to very odd perversion. On this account, many years ago, an anonymous writer declared his objection to our gold coin, the sovereign. "We need be careful," says he, "of not incurring the charge of high treason, by our common expressions concerning it. How strangely the following must sound to any loyal ear: 'I have got a dreadfully bad sovereign'—'I wish I could change my sovereign'—'I am sure the sovereign I have got is not worth twenty shillings.' And how many of her Majesty's most devoted

subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, must cordially and daily wish to have more sovereigns than one. And to console the friends of monarchy, we may be just as certain that every person in her Majesty's dominions would rather have one than none."

About fifty years ago, an ingenious writer contributed several stanzas to a magazine with an object thus expressed at the conclusion of them:—

Now, I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear
That surnames ever go by contraries.

The line of argument he adopts to support his somewhat fanciful theory will be sufficiently laid bare by the following specimen:—

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea;
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey;
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three;
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney;
Mr. Gardner can't tell a flower from a root;
Mr. Wilde with timidity draws back;
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot;
Mr. Foote all his journeys on horseback.

To the student of nomenclature, the following medley, condensed from an article which appeared in a weekly paper fully forty years back, will be acceptable:—

Put away chronology—"a fig for your dates," as a punster would say—and see what a pretty confusion the world would be in about the heroes and sages of antiquity, by a reference to the door-plates in the metropolis at the present time! For instance, Homer is a coal-merchant at Paddington; Cæsar, a grocer and tea-dealer in Cripple-gate; Alexander makes trumpets near Leadenhall; Regulus is a toyman in Newport-Street, Long Acre; Nero keeps a hotel at the west end of the town; and Cato the Elder makes meat-safes and wire-cages on Holborn Hill; Mars is a leather-dresser in Snowfields; and Bacchus is a manufacturer of decanters and wine-glasses in Thames Street; Thomas à Becket is an attorney in Bond Street; the Admirable Crichton is physician to the Emperor of All the Russias.

In searching after the characters immortalized by the Bard of Avon, one would perhaps be surprised to find the blind Lear an optician in Fetter Lane, while Edgar sells ale in Fenchurch Street; Macbeth and his wife are set up in a fruit stall in Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane; the melancholy Jacques is established as an apothecary in Warwick Street, Golden Square; Angelo is celebrated as a fencing-master in the Albany; Romeo, having been promoted to a captaincy, is beating up for volunteers in the cause of liberty; Paris is in full practice as a popular physician. Otway is major-general in the army; Milton breaks in horses in Piccadilly; Rowe and Waller are in partnership as stationers in Fleet Street; and Isaac Newton flourishing as a linen-draper in Leicester Square. Alexander Pope, made straight and fattened up, acts tragedy at Drury Lane; Addison sells globes in Regent Street; Richardson and Swift keep lottery-offices in the City; Congreve's pieces (which continue to go off remarkably well) are cannon, not comedies; and Farquhar, instead of a poor author, is a rich banker in St. James' Street. Gay, "in wit a man, simplicity a child," makes dolls in Goswell Street; Cowley is a blacksmith; Phillips is poetical only in his prose; Prior till very lately was an ensign of the twelfth regiment of foot; Collins, instead of odes, makes glass chandeliers; Butler grinds Greek at Harrow; and Cowper may be seen writing his Task at the table of the House of Lords any day during the sitting of parliament.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.¹

MR. CHORLEY's vocation was that of a journalist and critic, and his memoir is not without a considerable share of what may be termed professional interest. Music was

¹ Henry Fothergill Chorley; *Autobiography, Memoir and Letters*. Compiled by Henry G. Hewlett. London. 1872.

his passion, but circumstances forced him to expend his energies in a variety of directions, and his connection with the *Athenæum*, which appears from first to last to have been a pleasant one, brought him quite as much into the world of letters as into that of music and the drama. Mr. Chorley was an honest and for the most part a competent critic, in a style of criticism a little out of fashion in the present day. He was an effusive writer of occasional verses, and as a writer of words for music he was "of all Englishmen of his time the most sought after." He published a memoir of Mrs. Hemans, less interesting, to our thinking, than that written by her sister: certain volumes of tales and sketches, now forgotten; two or three three-volume novels, also forgotten, one of which was warmly praised by Charles Dickens, who "cried over it heartily;" a few unsuccessful dramas, as well as one that enjoyed a brief life upon the stage; a book entitled "Music and Manners in France and North Germany," compiled, says his biographer, "with a haste of which the tokens are only too evident in its pages;" and "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections," also marked in Mr. Hewlett's judgment by an unusual slovenliness of style. As a musical critic, Mr. Chorley won a higher position than in any other department of his multifarious labors. With many distinguished musicians he was on terms of friendship, notably with Mendelssohn, the greatest of them all, and in later life "his judgment seems to have been accepted by the first musicians of England and the Continent as that of a thoroughly competent authority, and listened to by amateurs, except in a limited circle, with more deference than that of any other contemporary critic. In many houses it has been said the *Athenæum* was habitually read solely for the sake of its musical column." Mr. Hewlett, however, does not state that Mr. Chorley has left any contribution to musical criticism that is of permanent value, and it will be seen that neither as novelist, dramatist, nor poet has he produced any work that will keep its place in literature. Why, then, it may be asked, is it deemed needful to publish his biography? The necessity of the memoir is far from obvious, but its interest for a certain section of the public is undeniable. Mr. Chorley was not in any sense great as a man of letters, but he was sympathetic and enthusiastic, and had the rare art—an art rare at all times, and especially so in an independent and fearless critic—of making friends. His acquaintances were numerous, his intimate associates included men and women illustrious for their genius, and thus in reading his biography we are brought into good society, and meet at the same time with a variety of entertaining gossip. The general reader will probably gain amusement from the "ana" here collected, and from some of Mr. Chorley's plain-spoken judgments on his contemporaries, and we may add, to the credit of the compiler, that in the selection of letters and of passages from the journals of his friend there is little, if anything, likely to give offence to living persons.

Having sufficiently explained the character of the book, a thoroughly good one of its kind, we shall without further preface turn to its pages for such characteristic passages as may seem best suited to our columns. When Mr. Chorley joined the staff of the *Athenæum*, that journal had a powerful rival in the *Literary Gazette*, which was conducted by Mr. Jerdan, who was Mr. Chorley avers, the puppet of certain booksellers, and "dispersed praise or blame at their bidding." He adds that Miss Landon was a principal agent of the editor in this demoralizing system. How far this statement of Mr. Chorley's may be true we cannot say, but if only partially correct, it reveals a lack of honorable principle which would be impossible in any high-class journal of the present day. Equally impossible, too, nowadays, as far as our experience extends, is the coarse vituperation poured upon Mr. Chorley by men who deemed themselves injured by his criticism. "Some of the specimens of abuse," he writes, "with which I was favored were diverting, rather than offensive, by their utter vulgarity. I kept by me for some years a collection of such flowers of rhetoric, the most exquisite of which was a letter written in very black ink, beginning, 'You Worm!'" Here is another specimen. "Satan" Montgomery's "Luther" had

been sharply handled in the *Athenæum*, but had never even been seen by Mr. Chorley, when he received the following note, accompanied by a third edition of a preface to the poem: "Be sure your sin will find you out! One who is well acquainted with Mr. Chorley's infamous trade of defamation and envy against his betters, in the *Athenæum* commends the enclosed to his conscience. If not yet too indurated, it will suggest moral justice to a mean and malignant trader in literature!"

Mr. Chorley's small gifts as a poet brought, nevertheless, a rich reward. A sonnet obtained for him the friendship of Barry Cornwall, and through him of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu, and thus he was brought into a friendly and pleasant literary circle. Another piece of good fortune, too, was his acquaintance with Mr. Henry Roscoe, of whom he formed a very high estimate:—

"His accomplishments," he writes, "were many and real; his solidity of judgment was as great as his quickness of sympathy. Like all the first-class persons I have known, his patience with those inferior to himself—patience entirely clear of painful condescension—was great and genuine. Every one was seen to the best possible advantage when beside Henry Roscoe. He could listen and encourage, as well as talk with a natural and flowing brilliancy which I have never heard exceeded,—not three times in my life equalled."

Mr. Chorley enjoyed society, and appears to have lived much in it. At Lady Blessington's he was a constant guest, and he returned her hospitality by generous praise. A sunny nature, full of sympathy and sweet cheerfulness, a faithfulness towards those for whom she professed friendship, an abounding and inconsiderate liberality even to those who misrepresented and maligned her,—these are some of the traits of character affectionately noted down by Mr. Chorley, who admits, at the same time, that he has heard some who professed an intimate acquaintance with Lady Blessington's career attack her with a bitterness which left her without a single redeeming quality. In Lady Blessington's circle Mr. Chorley heard many good stories or witticisms, and some of these he transferred to his journal. Two or three may be given here: Hook was once at a large party, "where the lady of the house was more than usually coarsely anxious to get him to make sport for her guests. A ring formed round him of people, only wanting a word's encouragement to burst out into a violent laugh. 'Do, Mr. Hook; do favor us!' said the lady, for the hundredth time. 'Indeed, madam, I can't; I can't, indeed! I am like that little bird the canary; can't lay my eggs when any one is looking at me.'"

Of Landor, who visited frequently at Gore House, Mr. Chorley observes that he had the very finest man's head he had ever seen. There, too, he met Lord Lytton, then Mr. Bulwer, and received an unfavorable impression of his character, which was marked, as he thought, by egotism and vanity. "It is infinitely amusing," he writes, "to discover what there is no escaping from, that he makes personal appearance his idol, and values Voltaire as much on being a tall man as on his satires or essays." At that time, Lady Holland and Lady Blessington were the leaders of two rival circles, and Sydney Smith was one of Lady Holland's "court-cards," yet he proved a genuine friend to Mr. Chorley, and gave him the praise, not valueless, surely, of being a gentleman. A similar judgment was passed by Miss Mitford, who considered him one of the most perfectly right-minded and high-minded persons she had ever known. One good friend makes others, and through the author of "Our Village" Mr. Chorley gained the friendship of John Kenyon, Harness, Talfourd, and the Brownings. With Grote, too, he formed a close acquaintance, and his estimate of the character of the great historian deserves to be inserted in the next edition of Mrs. Grote's "Personal Life." We must find space for a portion of it:—

"He was a sceptic as regards matters of religious faith, to the very core. But he was keenly alive to the truth that to force extreme opinions not called forth on those having other convictions is an abuse of freedom of thought and of speech which no large-minded man will permit himself. There was neither craft nor cowardice in his reticence. Had fortune, or worldly position, or

life, depended on his falsifying his opinions, he is the last man I have ever known who would have done so. . . . In everything he undertook, whether it was of grave importance or of slighter pastime, his modesty was as remarkable as his earnestness and his courtesy. The completeness of the scholar and the gentleman strikes me more forcibly on retrospect than it did at the time when I was frequently in his society."

Of the banker and poet, Samuel Rogers, who said perhaps more bitter things in his day—and it was a long one—than any one of his contemporaries, Mr. Chorley writes severely. Nor is this to be wondered at, for Rogers seems to have disliked him from the first, and showed his dislike very distinctly. "He did his best," writes the critic, "to make me uncomfortable, and it was often done by repeating the same discouragement:—"

"The scene would be a dinner of eight, at which he would say, loud enough to be heard, 'Who is that young man with red hair?' (meaning me). The answer would be, 'Mr. Chorley,' et cætera, et cætera. 'Never heard of him before,' was the rejoinder; after which Rogers would turn to his dinner, like one who, having disposed of a nuisance, might unfold his napkin and eat his soup in peace."

On one occasion, at a concert, Mr. Chorley was seated by the side of the Dowager Lady Essex, one of Rogers' prime favorites. When the old man sought about for a seat, Mr. Chorley rose to give him his. "While I was stooping for my hat, 'Come,' said she, in her cordial way, 'come, Mr. Rogers, here is a seat for you by me.' 'Thank you,' said the civil old gentleman, fixing his dead eyes on me, as I was doing my best to get out of the way, 'thank you, but I don't like your company.'" Yet Mr. Chorley adds, and after this specimen of intolerable rudeness the admission does him honor, that so generous was Rogers at all times to those needing aid, that when his antipathy to him was most rancorously expressed, he should not have feared presenting the case of poor painter, poor poet, poor musician, or poor governess. "Though I never did apply to Rogers," he observes, "for aid to others, I am personally cognizant of too many acts of munificence quietly done by him, and of which no trumpeting was or is possible, not to dwell on the good as warmly as I talk about the mischief unservedly." And yet all the while Rogers was using his tongue with the utmost perverseness and cruelty, and Mr. Chorley gives it as his judgment that no old poet was ever so inhuman in sitting in judgment on the works of young poets.

There are some good stories here about Lady Morgan, who had the aptitude of a Frenchwoman for making a blunder and getting out of the difficulty with ease and grace. When pressed too closely on the subject, Lady Morgan used to say that she was born on the sea between Ireland and England. The bubble reputation when sought after in literature is often scarcely more enduring than in other fields. Lady Morgan, who is here styled one of the most feather-brained, restless creatures who ever glittered in the world of female authorship, gained for the nonce a brilliant reputation both in this country and on the Continent.

After her first book on France was published, "she became," says Mr. Chorley, "the rage in Paris, and I have been told on good authority that on one occasion, at some grand reception, she had a raised seat on the dais, only a little lower than that provided for the Duchesse de Berri." This lively and unscrupulous Irishwoman enjoyed the somewhat doubtful fame she acquired, and made the most of it while it lasted. Mr. Chorley has some characteristic recollections of this dashing authoress, who is now well-nigh forgotten. He remembers how on one occasion, at a great gathering, she broke through a company of men, sat down, and cried out aloud, "Here I am, in the midst of my seraglio;" how at another time, in her delicious ignorance, she asked at a literary party, "Who was Jeremy Taylor?" and how she complimented Mrs. Sarah Austin on having written "Pride and Prejudice;" how she would declare in one breath that she had created the Irish national novel, while in another, with sublime inconsistency, she would assert that Miss Edgeworth was a grown woman

when she was yet a child, and how her resolution to assemble lions of all sorts was nothing short of dauntless. Lady Morgan's ignorance of Jane Austen is capped by an anecdote related of Miss Berry, who, long after the publication of "Gebir" and the "Imaginary Conversations," said, upon hearing the author's name mentioned, "Mr. Lander? What has he written?" Of Southey, Mr. Chorley observes that he never met with any man who so thoroughly answered his expectations. "His face is at once shrewd, thoughtful, and quick, if not irritable in its expression; a singular deficiency of space in its lower portion, but no deficiency of feature or expression; his manner cold, but still, in conversation bland and gentle, and not nearly so dogmatic as his writings would lead one to imagine." Sketches such as this of face and manner abound in these volumes, and are in general, we imagine, true to the life. Especially interesting to the admirers of Mrs. Browning, are the impressions of that true poet and woman recorded by Mr. Chorley, who writes that he has never seen a woman "more nobly simple, more entirely guiltless of the feminine propensity of talking for effect; more earnest in assertion, more gentle, yet pertinacious in difference, than she was." Amongst the critic's early acquaintances was the poet Campbell, the splendid promise of whose youth was so painfully disappointed in later life. He describes him when they first met in 1837 as "a little man with a shrewd eye, and a sort of pedagoguish, par-boiled voice; plenty to say for himself, especially about other people, and not restrained from saying whatever seemed good to him by any caution." Mr. Chorley knew the poet when he had become gross and sensual, enfeebled in intellect and well-nigh lost to all sense of what is noble and pure. He could scarcely credit the possibility of there having been much better days, and remarks, "I can hardly describe how painful it was to be sought by one whose notice should have been such an honor, but whom it was hardly possible for youthful fastidiousness and want of charity to endure as a companion."

Chief amongst Mr. Chorley's friends in the later life of both men, was Charles Dickens, and it is pleasant to read that on no occasion, great or small, when Mr. Chorley needed consolation or advice, did the great novelist fail to render it. At Gad's Hill he was a frequent guest, and there is an appreciative letter written to the biographer by Miss Dickens, which shows very happily how thoroughly Mr. Chorley deserved and responded to the affection showed to him by her father. We cannot close these volumes without a word in praise of the taste and judgment evinced throughout by the compiler. Mr. Hewlett has done his task well, and Mr. Chorley, who selected him for his chronicler, could hardly have made a better choice.

THE ODD TEN MINUTES.

BY MATTHEW BROWNE.

TESTS OF GREATNESS.

If all the untested generalizations and connotations that are accepted in the world were brought to book, and, when found wanting, ordered to execution, there would be much slaughter. Only platoon firing on a large scale would meet the case. When we use the words, "a great man," have we any definite idea of what we mean? Here, I foresee somebody will make answer, "No, not a definite idea; but a workable one." Now, fine words are all very well, but not if they help us to err and go astray like lost sheep, when we might do better.

I remember reading that all great men are great eaters. Does anybody believe this? Yet there is a share of sense in it. In human beings who do much work, there must be great vital force; the furnace must burn well; and it seems to follow that it must take in plenty of fuel. But after all, that does not follow; for it is conceivable that one furnace might have greater power than another of extracting force

from the same amount of fuel. One has seen it contended that the mental power of a woman is equal to a man's, because the woman's intellect has less driving power, and works with less waste. As I sat and heard this from a lady lecturer once, I had in my mind a picture which would not have pleased her much—ladies are so serious. It was a picture of Leech's in *Punch*. The train was on the point of starting; all the passengers but two had taken their places; the wife was beckoning madly from her seat in the carriage; the guards and the husband were frantic; but nobody would induce the tall, stout nurse, baby in arms, to hurry to her place. She would give the enraged husband a leisurely explanation of the necessity she had felt under of looking after the plate, etc., etc., etc. It is certainly true that (lovable) women are deficient in "driving force;" and long may they keep so, thought I.

However, that is a digression. It has been contended that the difference between genius and ordinary faculty consists in the greater or less power of assimilating certain kinds of nutriment. This looks as if the gulf between producing beef tea and producing an Aristotle could not be very great. (Here the scientific expert turneth up his nose, snorteth, saith: "This sciolist is ill-read; knoweth not of Biology; is in the gall of ante-Evolutionary bitterness and the bond of pre-Darwinian iniquity.")

But then, every man of genius is not a great man. I have read, again, that every great man is, by the definition, in harmony with the spirit of the age. But *why* is he? And how are we to know the spirit of the age? What sort of man was Spinoza, and what sort of spirit of the age was he in harmony with? I could easily, but decline at present for good reasons, make out a very puzzling list for you. And even when you had very plausibly made out your spirit of the age and your harmony of your great man with it, I should say, All this is an *ex post facto* hash of uncertainties. I repeat the question, What is the spirit of the age? You may think you have got it; and yet all the while some trifle is happening round the corner which will flood the world with quite another "spirit," before the hands have been round the clock. The stone that the builders rejected—and so forth. But I did not mean to be so serious. I was thinking, when I wrote "round the corner," of Sam Weller and Mary: "Ah, my dear, if you know'd who was here, you'd change your note; as the hawk observed to himself with a cheerful laugh, ven he heerd the nightingale a singin' round a corner" (I have not read "Pickwick" since the Deluge, and dare say that is wrong). But in one thing I am quite serious,—there is always something waiting round a corner with a cheerful laugh; all is influx and efflux; and to say that such a man is great, partly because he is in harmony with the spirit of the age, is only giving one a nut to crack which, ten to one, when cracked is empty.

The first time I ever asked myself what a great man is, was, I remember, when I read Channing on Napoleon Bonaparte. He says something like this: "It would be idle to inquire whether he was great or not; the man who, in a few years, has changed the face of Europe has taken out of our hands the question whether he shall be called great." Here, then, was a first glimmer of guidance. We call a man great primarily with reference to the force he shows. But there is necessarily great uncertainty in all such classifications. It is possible, nay, arguable, that "Watts' Divine and Moral Songs" have had as much effect on the world as Napoleon's victories, but I hope no one would call Watts a great man.

And I also hope no one will take this playful chatter of mine for more than it is meant for.

CHARLES LAMB'S LEISURE.

It is good for us to know and admire the beautiful heroism of Lamb's life: but it is also good to recognize openly that he partly broke down under the strain of the situation. His elder and more selfish brother John wanted to put poor Mary in a madhouse; and it is conceivable (I do not say probable) that this might have been better for her, and for

Lamb too, if he would have acquiesced in it. But, if he had done so, he would not have been Charles Lamb. The capacity for the self-devotion which he showed towards his sister was part of his choice nature, and the fact that he had it is a permanent possession for us all.

But what an awful strain there must have been upon him all those years! And he not only kept, unto the end, the vow he made in Mary's behalf, he kept the vow he made concerning his own name—"I will not shame thee, gentle name!"—that is, he kept it with an approach to complete fidelity. He sometimes frets and is miserable,—very; and no wonder. Once, at least, he says he thinks it would be better if Mary were dead; and it was a shockingly plausible thing to say; *from the first* there are lines of irritability—and worse—about Lamb's mouth, and he could bite, upon occasion. A very few of his witticisms were cruel. But it is not until quite late in his mournful life that we arrive at the lesson that we must not expect too much of each other.

Considering how he had longed for leisure, considering his rapture when set free, yet in the full vigor of maturity and producing-power so far as dates show; considering his mental resources; considering his friendships, and what men his friends were—the picture his own words give one of his manner of life in his later days is surely one of the most mournful ever drawn. We must, indeed, remember that there was a suspicion of madness in him, too; and that he could not (as he says) sit down and think for long together. This is much, but more must be laid to the fact that he had been overworked and had borne so much. His leisure came too late. I do not wish to imitate the man who wrote an essay on "What Lady Macbeth might have been had her Energies been properly Directed;" and it is probable that there was some want of self-directing power in Lamb. But that a scholar, a humorist, a poet, an art-critic, a good man rich in choice friends, should find his leisure a burden, should even misemploy it,—seems incredible (in spite of perhaps other examples of the kind). When I call Lamb a scholar, I do it knowing very well that his attainments were limited. But, for all that, he was a scholar; his range of knowledge was evidently great (in spite of Coleridge's rude jest and his own banter). There was no door of acquisition shut upon him, and he was really a thinker. Leigh Hunt might well say his head was worthy of Aristotle or Bacon; and Mr. Forster may well add that there is scarcely a sentence of his which cannot be proved to be crammed with thought. And yet he goes and dies of the miseries, pining for a return to his Leadenhall Street bondage, and getting up the steam on "Dutch courage" a great deal too often.

It is a spectacle to humble us. The moral present to my mind is that we make woful mistakes by habitually thinking of a man as made of soul and body in such a way that the soul has unlimited power over the other, if he only *wills* it so. But I shall get at loggerheads with the Right and the Left, and the Left Centre, and the Right Centre, and the whole lot, if I pursue *that* in this vein.

AND COLERIDGE THEN?

I think I overhear some one saying, "And how about Coleridge? Don't you wonder even more at *him*?" Well, no, I can't say I do. He had not Lamb's moral fibre; he had not proved his strength as Lamb had proved his. And, on the whole, Coleridge has always struck me as a man of genius who pretty well fulfilled the indications of his own nature. Not so with Lamb. I think if you had at any time put before me Coleridge's works, and also a few anecdotes of him *accompanied by a portrait*, I should have said, "Very good, what did you expect? This prose is just what you might have looked for. And these incoherent self-reproaches, also. And 'Christabel' is all the better unfinished. And the refuge at Highgate was just what Coleridge wanted, and just what the Gillmans were, you may say, bound to offer." Lamb's story impresses one very differently. And sometimes one cannot help feeling, for a moment, as if his friends must have been wanting to him.

He needed no Gillmans to clothe and feed him, and no Southey's to look after his belongings. But could nothing have been done to occupy him and draw him out? However, we must not forget how difficult it must have been to visit at a house in which there was a mad woman—the uncertainties and perplexities that this must have thrown over all frank intercourse with the world without.

FILOUBON, AND THE LITTLE MARIE.

MONSIEUR TROMBONE was a fine picturesque old soldier. He had lost a leg in the service of his country, and acquired a strategic ability worthy of the great general under whom he had fought. That general was Turenne, as every one in Gomariche had reason to know—for every one went at some time of the day to the Soleil d'Or, and never without hearing Monsieur Trombone parade that one memorable fact of his existence. He was a man of great imaginative and inventive powers; but though vain, he disguised his poetical accomplishments under the sober garb of reality, and in recounting his adventures mingled facts with his fictions so judiciously as to arouse the suspicion that he was not altogether a liar. Apart from his intellectual occupation, he was nominally a clockmaker; really he did nothing but talk and drink. In the winter he sat in the chimney of the Soleil d'Or, and looked after the fire; in the summer he sat in the porch of the Soleil d'Or, and looked after the honeysuckle; at the same time, in both seasons he looked after himself.

Madame Trombone, in conformity with that great law of nature which mercifully provides that nothing perfectly useless shall live upon this earth, died when Trombone returned from the wars with his wooden leg and his pension. In his absence she had sustained his reputation—for she was as voluble and inventive as he—and with the assistance of an apprentice made a very snug and reliable business. So far she was useful, and lived. When Trombone returned he could sustain his own reputation, and the business required no more making; then Madame Trombone was perfectly useless. Moreover, she was ugly. So she died—poor thing!—and her widower devoutly thanked his saint and Providence for the mercies that are inscrutable.

It was a marvel to the few ignorant of Trombone's strategical attainments how he, sitting all day in the Soleil d'Or, could manage his business on the other side of the Place. But he did manage it, and in this wise.

First, however, suffer me to parenthesize that parental prerogative—a faint semblance and simulacrum of which still lingers in France—which obtained to a very great degree a century and a half ago. Then in that paradise there was marriage and giving in marriage, and also, it is necessary to add, there was selling in marriage. A father's care was less engaged as to what he should make of his daughters than as to what he might make *by* them. Trombone contrived to make a very pretty two sous by his child.

It has been said that Madame Trombone made a business with the assistance of an apprentice. Now Pepin, the apprentice, in the earlier part of his time, was simply engaged in selling the cheap jewelry forming Madame's stock-in-trade, whilst the good woman did the household duties or sounded her husband's clarion in the ears of her friends. For the sake of variety she sometimes sat in the shop with her knitting, and set Pepin to make the beds and boil the soup. At this time he was fifteen, bright, and ingenious. It was with the view of exercising his ingenuity that he elected to be a jeweller's apprentice; little scope did he find in Madame's establishment. Still, there were tools and appliances for repairing, and the like, exhibited in the window as a bait, and with these the lad amused himself in leisure moments.

One day a glorious flunkey made his appearance in the shop; he was come from the château of Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée to bid Madame Trombone send a workman up to the château instantly. Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée's clock was suffering from an

internal disarrangement. Pepin was dispatched on a forlorn hope. He had seen but one clock before in his lifetime. The lame clock was put before him. He declared he could do nothing without his tools, and took the wondrous piece of mechanism home with him. He studied it for a whole day, and lay awake thinking about it the whole night. The following evening he returned the clock to the marquis, mended and in complete going order. From that time Madame Trombone was a clockmaker, and Pepin was continually making and repairing works of this kind. At eighteen he made a clock with a sentry-box on the top, from which an effigy of M. Trombone emerged, and saluted as many times as denoted the hour of the day. It was the marvel of the province, and brought customers from far and wide. Pepin was bound for seven years, and when Trombone returned from the wars, three years of the apprenticeship were unexpired. As one in some way connected with the State, the old soldier felt bound to act up to the letter of the law; so he gave Pepin six sous per diem with bed and board, as the articles stipulated, and he gave him no more. And now Pepin's time was up; but still he stayed at the little shop, taking his six sous, and Trombone was not distressed with anxiety for the things of the morrow. He toiled not, neither did he mend clocks. For Monsieur had a daughter, and she kept Pepin in his place.

Ye who have seen a vinegar-faced old maid snubbing a meek domestic, think not that Pepin was "kept in his place" by any such means, or by any such maid. The little Marie—Trombone's offspring—was ten years old when Pepin first saw her, and they had kissed each other morning and night, with no single interruption, ever since. Until she was fifteen she used to sit on his knee. With her arm round his neck, she would try to comprehend the great schemes he had for making clocks of marvellous construction; clocks without wheels, clocks without pendulums, clocks small enough to go in one's pocket, the weights whereof she innocently conceived were to be artfully concealed *dans les pantalons*. He made the prettiest trinkets for her ears and fingers. Neither did anything without the knowledge of the other. They loved with the truest, simplest affection, and were inseparable. And Pepin was content to provide for M. Trombone's bodily and spiritual wants for six sous a day rather than part from his sister, so he called the little Marie; an arrangement with which her papa did not interfere. And this was how Monsieur Trombone managed his business.

Marie was returning from the market one day when the state-coach of Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée met and passed her. The marquis was looking from the window, and seeing pretty Marie, he puckered the wrinkles of his wicked old face into a ravishing leer. Marie flushed and laughed. This marquis looked so droll—exactly like Pierot in Filoubon's fantoccini show. Perhaps a little color was in her cheeks, and the smile yet lingered in her eyes as she turned round to look after the lumbering equipage. The marquis was hanging out of the window, and appeared still more like Pierot as he kissed his hand to her. She laughed outright and ran home to tell Pepin. Pepin was sitting at his bench. He must have had a very troublesome job in hand, for he never looked up during the recital of this comic incident, and never smiled at what had amused Marie so mightily.

"I wonder what he meant by smiling at me?" Marie said naively, looking sideways at Pepin.

"He doesn't know himself. Those rich folks always are fools," said Pepin. The answer was not complimentary, and for that reason probably not satisfactory. For Marie left Pepin, and presently put the same question to the pretty little body she found reflected in her mirror. The reflection shook its bright little head at her, and seemed to say, "There's no doubt about it, Marie, you're the prettiest girl in Gomarche, and that's why the marquis made himself so ridiculous." She twisted herself sideways, holding up her round arms, better to see her figure; that inspection was satisfactory. Then, as she couldn't twist the glass low enough, she pulled her short petticoats

on one side, and looked at her ankles; those, and her feet as well, were worthy of her new clocked stockings and her best high-heeled shoes. For the first time in her life she disagreed with Pepin's radical idea of aristocratic imbecility. Perhaps, after all, M. le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée was not such a fool as he looked. Pepin was certainly very cross all the morning, and quiet to an unusual degree; and Marie felt, though she hardly knew why, that she was in some way concerned. Any doubt she had was dispelled in the afternoon. She was sitting with her work at the shop-door, when Pepin came and leant against the door-post.

"Marie, when the marquis smiled at you, did you smile at him?"

"Yes."

"Did he see you smile?"

"Yes."

"And what did he do then?"

"Why, he—he—he kissed his hand to me."

Marie flushed. She had left this detail out of her former narration. Pepin said nothing but looked as black as a thundercloud. Marie made a feeble attempt at indifference, and began to hum; but she broke off suddenly in the first bar.

"I don't know why you should look angry, Pepin. There's no harm in laughing, is there?"

"Yes, there is."

Marie rose immediately, and went to the door of the stairs.

"Why are you going?" asked Pepin.

"To avoid your displeasure, Monsieur. I cannot help laughing when people make themselves ridiculous."

Marie made a saucy courtesy, and ran up-stairs, laughing sufficiently loud for Pepin to hear, and with what earnestness may be imagined by the fact that ten minutes afterwards she ran down in tears, and throwing her arms about Pepin's neck, begged him to forgive his naughty little Marie. But though they were quite good friends again, they found that the old link of brotherly and sisterly love had been broken and was not restored; but in its place what sweeter tie it was that bound them together they yet hardly knew. Already they had felt the thorn concealed within the rosy wreath, and breathed its honey odor.

In the evening, as they walked through the meadow, they were very silent; and when, resting their arms upon the rail, they leant over the bridge looking into the water flowing down the mill-stream, they spoke not a word. The silence touched their hearts as never had their pleasantest conversations. Once, as Marie looked sideways at Pepin, she found him looking sideways at her. They both colored, and resumed their study of the gudgeons struggling against the current in the stream beneath them. The gudgeons, influenced by Heaven knows what, turned tail, and scuttled down with the stream. Pepin shifted a little nearer to Marie, and presently she felt his arm slide round her waist. He had never hesitated in doing this before; and she had never until now noticed the pleasantness of this kind of warm close girdle. She felt constrained to yield to its pressure; and so the two young heads met, and their glowing cheeks touched, while both looked happy enough and pretty enough for a picture. And if a pre-Raphaelite should attempt this picture, I would have him depict the gudgeons carried away and tumbling head-over-heels under the mill-wheel.

There are certain people who, like certain insects, seem to have been sent on purpose to prevent our staying too long in the pleasant place they get into. M. le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée was of this kind of people, and a lovers' elysium was the pleasant place into which he crept. Pepin was gone to fit a lock at the other end of the village, and the little Marie was as usual sitting with her work at the door, when the awful Grenouillegonflée equipage made its appearance on the Plage, and drew up before the clockmaker's shop. Marie flew to the door at the back of the shop, and waited with a palpitating heart in the passage; but presently she was compelled to emerge from her refuge,

for the dreadful old marquis was thumping the floor with his crutch with what vehemence his withered old muscles could command. Pale as a shade, and with not the vestige of a smile on her face, Marie stood before him, whilst he leered and gabbled and chuckled over the confusion he saw in the poor girl's face. At length he professed to want a ring. Marie laid some before him, from which he selected one, and fumbled it about upon his finger.

"See, my pretty, pretty, pretty, how love affects me, even to my finger-tips. Prithee do with your fair fingers what Cupid will not permit mine to do." The marquis stretched out his palsied hand.

Marie hesitated. If she did not put the ring on, this dreadful old man would make it an excuse for staying ever so much longer; if she did put it on, she would have to tell Pepin, and perhaps that would make him jealous. She was perplexed. The marquis had been in the shop ten minutes, and Madame Lechat, the village gossip, had already passed thrice. Madame Lechat with her long nose, passing for the fourth time, decided her; she pushed the ring down the marquis's finger. The old sinner clasped her hand in his, and drew it to his lips; she snatched it away, and looked to the door to see if Madame Lechat had seen this. In the doorway stood Pepin.

The following morning, as M. Trombone was preparing to get a little fresh air, as he was pleased to term his diurnal visit to the Soleil d'Or, Pepin touched his arm and said:—

"Monsieur, may I speak one word with you?"

"Why not, my good Pepin? Turenne has listened to Turenne's Trombone; why should not Trombone listen to Trombone's Pepin?"

"Monsieur, my term of service has expired."

"M-o-n Dieu!"

"I am anxious for the future."

"Be tranquil, my child. Fear not. You are a good boy, and Turenne's Trombone suffers not merit to remain unrecognized. You shall go on as if your indentures were binding on me forever, my little cabbage!"

"Monsieur, I desire to wed the little Marie."

"My God! I am electrified!"

"Monsieur, we love each other."

"What money have you saved from your income?"

asked M. Trombone, after vainly struggling to multiply six sous a day by seven years.

"None."

"Peste!"

"It costs me all for clothes."

"You must be less extravagant. You must save, my good Pepin, and then, in about five or six years, we shall see, we shall see. Good morning, my good"—

"But, Monsieur, one moment. I have other views."

"It is impossible!"

"I desire to wed Marie next Sunday."

M. Trombone's leg gave under him. He would have sunk to the earth but for the rigidity of his wooden limb. Pepin continued:—

"When we are married we shall go to Paris."

"This infant is insane," said Trombone to himself.

"Who will pay for the journey?" he added to Pepin.

"We shall walk!"

"A million leagues! My God, a fine marriage trip!"

"I shall pay expenses by working on the way."

"How much will there be left for Turenne's Trombone? And between us, my charming little butterfly, when do you think of returning?"

"When my fortune is made."

"Ah, poor babe, these detestable clocks have softened his brain. The devil, though; it is inconvenient for me," thought the old soldier. "Pepin, suppose I say this is unwise; I cannot suffer my daughter to marry you; what then?"

"Monsieur, I shall walk to Paris by myself."

"But suppose I say, Pepin, you shall marry the little Marie provided that you take her not from beneath the roof of her fond father, nor her fond father from beneath the roof of the Soleil d'Or?"

"I will answer to-morrow."

"And I, my Pepin, shall be prepared to offer—or not—to-morrow. And now, for the sake of St. Cécile, suffer me to get a breath of fresh air. I choke, I burn; my vitals are like brier-stems within me. *Allons!*"

During the day M. Trombone was inspired; and the next morning met Pepin with the face of a fat lamb and the eyes of a fox.

"Pepin!"

"Monsieur."

"What is my daughter, my sweet, my angelic Marie—what is she worth?"

"Ten million worlds!"

M. Trombone embraced Pepin with tears in his eyes.

"Pepin, although Turenne's right hand, I am no scholar, but reckoning a world to be worth two sous, would ten million be equivalent to a thousand livres, think you?"

"Truly."

"Then go, my spiritual infant, and bring me which you choose, the worlds or the livres, and then the little Marie shall be yours."

"How long will you give me to procure them?"

"One year."

"Monsieur, it shall be done. A notary shall make out the agreement."

Pepin made up his bundle, and the little Marie helped him—that is, she increased its bulk with innumerable useless things that might serve him in some remote emergency, and refreshed him in his labors with tender kisses and caresses. She bore up bravely during the day, her eyes only twinkling now and then, which they will do as well with a smile as with a tear. Why should she cry when her own brave good Pepin was going to earn fame, and bring back money enough to make her his wife? This was the question she repeated to herself again and again and again, until Nature answered, telling her that she was a foolish little woman, with a heart even softer than her head. Then her head gave up the contest, and her heart had it all its own way, and sufficient ado had Pepin to kiss her tears away after that.

M. Trombone never rose before the Soleil d'Or; and as Pepin was to rise the next day with the other and earlier rising sun, the parting between Turenne's Trombone and Trombone's Pepin took place over night. M. Trombone was dramatically pathetic, and his feelings were considerably intensified by his being in liquor at the time.

When Pepin opened his door the next morning, he found sitting there fast asleep the little Marie. The poor girl had tossed about in her bed for an hour after parting with her lover, and then it seemed to her that the morning must be close at hand, and that she had been lying there the whole night. How terrible it would be if the fatigue should overcome her, and she should be asleep when Pepin departed! She rose and dressed herself in the dark, and crept along to Pepin's door. He was not stirring yet; but her mind was infinitely relieved. It was so pleasant to be near the one she loved so much. She looked from the window; but no light streaks told of the approaching morning. She sat down by the door, and thought about Pepin for hours, until at last when the morning light touched the horizon, sleep closed the eyelids of Pepin's watching angel, and she slept.

Pepin hesitated. Should he leave without awakening her, and spare her the pain of separation? A suspicion of the truth decided him not to do this. When, taking her head between his hands he kissed it, she said hastily, whilst her hands clutched his nervously,—

"Yes, yes, my dearie, I am awake—I am awake!"

She was not pretty this morning, for her face was swollen and distorted with fatigue and grief; and she was not smart as she was wont to be. She used to wear a little finery at every available point of her person—she being one of those pretty, gay creatures who can wear, without looking vulgar, any quantity of ornament. This morning not even her ear-rings were graced by being worn. It seemed as though she were mourning already for the lover she was to lose.

Pepin walked ten miles and began to feel hungry. He sat beneath an apple-tree by the wayside, and opened his bundle. He took out the embroidered handkerchief that Marie had insisted upon his taking, and which she prized as the most costly article of her wardrobe. Apparently kissing it gave him appetite, for he presently turned his attention to a loaf with avidity: that, too, Marie had put in. He broke it in half, but hungry as he was he did not eat. For there, in the middle of the loaf, lay Marie's ear-rings and her brooch and her three rings, and every gimcrack she possessed except the watch Pepin made and had given her the day before. Perhaps altogether these things were worth twelvence; but the dear little soul, when she put them there, thought she was providing against the greatest poverty that might come to her sweetheart. Would any degree of want and privation induce him to part with them?

Pepin found work pretty readily in the villages on his route, and entered Rouen with sixty sous in his pocket. But in the city he found no work, for the citizens had plenty of resident clockmakers, and the clockmakers had plenty of workmen. So he went out of Rouen with a heavier heart and a lighter pocket. At length he reached Paris, and presenting himself before the chief watchmaker, asked for employment.

"What can you do?" asked M. Pendule.

"Anything," answered modest Pepin.

M. Pendule was a Frenchman, and tolerant of bumptiousness. He was himself bumptious.

"I will give you a chance, young man. I myself am risen from nothing. I had a chance. Regard this clock: it is the most perfect in the world. I made it. It has only one fault—it will not go. Remedy the defect, and I engage you at two livres a week."

That evening the clock acted superbly, and Pepin was engaged. The letter conveying this intelligence to the little Marie was read with joyful emotion by the faithful girl; and Turenne's Trombone systematically intoxicated himself. In nine months Pepin saved sixty-eight livres; thus he had but to get nine hundred and thirty-two in the following two months. Some would have despaired. Pepin was young; more than that, he was French: he did not despair.

At that time there were in Paris two eccentric English virtuosos—collectors of curiosities—a M. Smisse and a M. Jaunez. These hated each other as only insulars can. One day M. Jaunez had bought, at the market of Smiffel, a quadron wife; she was almost black. The next day M. Smisse bought a negress; she was quite black. These men had come to Paris and brought with them their rivalry; also they brought with them their gold. M. Jaunez purchased a Strasbourg clock. Its top was adorned with a stage. On this, at every hour, a garden sprang up, in which, half concealed by a bush stood Adam and Eve. Various beasts then crossed, and Adam nodded his head as if in the act of naming them. When the beasts had passed, the whole sank beneath the stage. It was a marvel of workmanship.

M. Smisse was insane when he heard of M. Jaunez's treasure. One morning he was attracted to a window by a curious piece of clock-work. On the top of the clock was a sentry-box; at the hour the door opened, a sentry issued, cocked, presented, and fired his musket, shouldered it, and returned within his sentry-box, the door of which immediately closed. This work was Pepin's. The insular rushed into the shop. M. Pendule was composing a sonnet. He was a poet. A poet can do anything. M. Pendule made clocks that did everything but go, and sonnets that did anything but sell. What matter? He still made clocks and sonnets. Giants regardlessly step over obstacles that pigmies never surmount. To return.

M. Smisse with difficulty made himself understood. M. Pendule saw what was wanted instantaneously.

"You desire a machine that shall eclipse the affair of M. Jaunez?"

"Entirely," said M. Smisse. "His beasts only slide over, and Adam merely turns his head half round. Now,

if you could make my Adam's head turn round completely, and my beasts *walk* across"—

"Wagging their tails," suggested M. Pendule.

"That would be perfection truly," replied the Englishman with enthusiasm. "Can you achieve this?"

"This and more, monsieur."

"And the price?"

"I will tell you to-morrow."

M. Smisse departed in an ecstasy of joy, and M. Pendule called to him Pepin.

"Pepin!"

"Monsieur."

"I desire a clock. Upon it grows a flowering plain. On one side stands M. Noah beside his ark. Across the flowery mead there winds a procession of beasts and of birds and of fishes. They enter the ark walking and gracefully waving their tails. M. Noah follows and shuts the door. The rain descends, and waters cover the surface of the stage. The ark rocks upon the waves. M. Noah opens a window, waving his handkerchief, and revolving his head as the curtain falls upon the interesting tableau."

"Monsieur, I will do this."

"And the cost, Pepin?"

"One thousand livres, independent of assistants and material—these to be furnished by you."

"Pepin, do you know what you say?"

"Monsieur, as well as what you ask."

Upon these terms Pepin commenced his labors the following morning. M. Smisse was willing to pay two thousand livres to enrage the soul of M. Jaunez.

One night as Pepin was returning from his work he observed a crowd, and discovered that the object of their curiosity was a mountebank, who was playing the tabor, while six young girls upon stilts went through their curious evolutions. The mountebank, whose eye was continually roving round the crowd to see if any new-comer was desirous of contributing to his support, no sooner beheld Pepin than he terminated his performance, and threw himself into the arms of the young mechanic. The mountebank was Filoubon—one of the cleverest, pleasantest, most unprincipled rascals in the world. He was known and welcomed in every village of France. He was trusted in none. He robbed one place and spent the plunder in the next. The talented Filoubon family consisted of six charming young ladies. In all probability these pretty girls, like Filoubon's respectable breeches, had been stolen, and were for sale. For the past ten years not one of the Mesdemoiselles Filoubon had been younger than fifteen years, and not one older than eighteen. No one seeing the family one year would recognize them the next but for the presence of Filoubon and his assertion of paternal rights.

Besides these, there were in many villages many girls both old and young whom Filoubon might lawfully have affiliated. Their features would have proved the equity of his claim: this was partly why he did not claim them. Filoubon was not what one may call pretty or handsome. Again, some were too young and some were too old for professional purposes, and to avoid invidious distinction, he relinquished the charming creatures to the villages he honored by populating. Again, my faith, how could one man have reconciled those mothers?

With all this, there was not a soul from Lorraine to Gascony who would have prosecuted merry Filoubon. What girl will give a kiss, and what girl resent one being taken by a merry fellow? He had robbed Pepin, and now he threw his arms about his neck, embracing him affectionately. A Frenchman can be grateful under any circumstances.

"M. Filoubon, where is the watch you stole from me?"

"M. Pepin, where is the perfume of the autumn's rose?"

"Filoubon, it is wrong."

"Pepin, I will make it all right. Have you dined?"

"No."

"Be of my company. We dine here—at once."

"I will."

"Come, then." Filoubon then introduced Pepin to his family and the chief room in the *L'Oie Verte*.

"M. Pepin, what shall it be?—vermicelli, to follow with turbot, and duck with"—

"What you will."

"Nay, you are my guest. Here is the *garçon*; order what you will."

After the dinner followed dessert, with wines of superb quality, and sprightly conversation, in which the *Mesdemoiselles Filoubon* shone greatly.

"This is reparation!" thought Pepin; and, elated, he became garrulous. He told of his wonderful clock, and the reward in store for him. Filoubon could hardly credit the wonders he heard.

"I will show to you a part of it," said Pepin.

"You are too good," said Filoubon.

"I will show you the figure of Monsieur Noah, with the revolving head. But, ah, you rogue, you will rob me of it."

"If I lay my finger upon it, may I expire!"

"I will fetch it. Pardon me; I will be absent but five minutes."

Pepin ran to his workshop, and speedily returned with the admirable figure of Noah. The Filoubon family was not in the dining-room. He hastened down-stairs to make inquiries, and was met by the *garçon*.

"Monsieur Pepin!"

"I am he."

"The bill."

"For what!"

"Dinner of eight parties, with dessert and superb wines."

"But Filoubon!"

"Commanded me to beg your excuse of him. He has an appointment at the hour."

Whilst Filoubon was robbing Pepin in Paris, M. le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée was doing his utmost to rob him in Gomarche.

After Pepin's departure M. Trombone's best customer was M. Trombone. He drew the most valuable articles from his stock-in-trade, and through the mediation of a carrier who went once a month to Rouen, procured from a Jew in that city sufficient money to supply his daughter with bread and himself with liquor. Other customers had he none. In this he presently saw the hand of Providence; for had customers come he should have been able to sell them nothing. Literally his business was going to rack and Rouen. He hoped for better things. Every day the Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée spent an hour in his shop, turning over the emaciated stock and talking to little Marie, and every day Trombone said to himself, "Truly Monsieur le Marquis will buy now;" and, going over the few articles, he put such prices on them as would remunerate him for the trouble inflicted on his daughter. But M. le Marquis never saw any necessity to buy, and, which was more, never laid out a sou. His visits were an ordeal to the little Marie, and once she thought of writing of her troubles to Pepin; but the thought that he was battling for her inspired her with courage to fight for him, and she wrote not a word that could dishearten him. The day before he left he arranged a counter, with a hidden bolt, behind which Marie could sit secure from any personal advances of the marquis, and she tried to make indifference a bar between her ears and his tongue. Despite all which, the marquis contrived to give her endless annoyance. Frequently she complained to her father, and he, whilst there was a faint hope that the wealthy old brute would spend something, lent a deaf ear to these complaints, and bade his daughter remember that deference and submission to the noble were the primal duties of the lowly. But when in course of time this faint hope expired of inanition, M. Trombone cursed the aristocracy, and bade his daughter wait until he had matured a plan by which to thwart this arrogant villain, and revenge the foul insult offered to the child of Turenne's poor but virtuous Trombone.

Very often, when one is looking for wild strawberries, one finds a nettle. Inversely something like this happened to M. Trombone. Whilst cogitating as to how he might best punish the marquis for insulting Marie and buying nothing, it occurred to him that a more amiable policy might be more remunerative.

"My child," he said to the little Marie one morning, "you shall not be subjected to Monsieur le Marquis's blandishments this day. Betake yourself for a walk. I will superintend the establishment."

After Trombone had sat for some time on the watch—a term not to be misunderstood, every article of clock-work having long since disappeared from the shop—his perseverance was rewarded by the appearance of M. le Marquis. The terrible Trombone saluted him à la militaire. The venerable villain was at first disconcerted in finding the lion where he looked for a lamb; but the lion was so bland and amiable that the wolf presently regained his equanimity, and asked to see some rings.

"Monseigneur, my rings are unworthy of your finger. Spare me the humiliation of seeing my own poor diamonds eclipsed by the magnificent lustre of your resplendent knuckles."

"I will purchase one for my lacquey."

M. Trombone cursed himself for having sent away the last gimmerack that very morning.

"Monseigneur, I expire with regard! They are locked up, and my daughter"—

"The little Marie—the lovely Marie!"

"Maman de Moïse! Is my child deserving of monseigneur's notice? Would she were here now! But, alas, she has gone to get Father Pierre to write a letter to her intended."

"Her intended!"

"The worthy, the respectable Pepin, monseigneur."

"Hélas!"

"The dear boy is in Paris, commanding his own terms. He will return in two months."

"Monsieur Trombone, your lovely child should aspire to one higher than a mechanic."

"Monseigneur, the child is lovely, I admit; and she is good and young and innocent."

"Ha!"

"Good also is Pepin. What should I say against him? The noble infant will give me one thousand livres to compensate me for the loss of my little Marie."

"A thousand livres! My God!" said the marquis; and without another word he shuffled off to his carriage.

In Butter's or Mavor's spelling-book is an instructive story of a young and foolish fish who, after wisely leaving the hook, unwisely returns to bolt the bait. Unfortunately the marquis and Butter or Mavor were unacquainted, or he might have profited by the story, and kept clear of that artful angler, M. Trombone, so saving himself much subsequent pain.

One may see right into the jeweller's shop from the porch of the *Soleil d'Or*, so there sat Trombone dreamily smoking his pipe, yet keenly alive to sport. He was hopeful, as anglers are. He knew the tempting nature of his daughter, and the fishy nature of the marquis. He was not surprised when the familiar vehicle appeared; only his eye brightened, and he puffed a little quicker. For several days he suffered his victim to nibble, and then he struck. Having polished his buttons and his wooden leg, and powdered his wig, he presented himself at the *Château de la Grenouillegonflée*.

"Monseigneur! Behold before you the proudest, humblest, happiest, and most wretched man in Gomarche!"

M. le Marquis raised his eyebrows.

"Monseigneur! The great Turenne's Trombone has heard of your frequent visits to his humble establishment, and of the attentions you pay his daughter, and he is overpowered with joy and pride at so great an honor. But Gomarche is censorious, and circumstances over which the veteran has no control forbid the continuance of such perfect felicity. Monseigneur! Shortly my unfortunate daughter's betrothed will return with the thousand livres

that shall save Turenne's Trombone from annihilation by the merciless *maitre* of the *Soleil d'Or*. Reflect that if he finds the little Marie's heart estranged, he will renounce her, and that then my ruin will be complete. I pray you, for my sake, to forego the honors you are diurnally heaping upon my miserable head." Trombone wept; but the marquis remained unmoved. "Let me entreat you, moreover, for my child's sake. In mercy to her forbear to dazzle her eyes with the majesty of your condition, and to break her heart with a futile passion inspired by your wit and personal attractions."

"What—what—what say you? She loves me! Does she love me?"

"Oh, *monseigneur*, force me not to betray a secret she struggles so fearfully to conceal."

"Oh, the angel, the divinity, the little cat!"

"*Monseigneur*! Calm yourself. Remember you speak to the father of my future son-in-law's wife."

"The wife of another—never! She shall be mine!"

"But I cannot part with my child and the *livres* at the same time."

"I will double the amount Pepin offers. Now will you have her or leave her?"

"Have her or *liv-res*? Oh, the latter, if you please," replied Trombone.

He was bad enough even for a joke of this kind. As both understood each other, they quickly settled the terms of agreement. Trombone, to make matters perfectly comfortable, arranged with M. Rouge and M. Noir, two intimate friends, to waylay Pepin on his return from Paris and rob him of his money. By this means Pepin, by inability to fulfil his part of the contract, would have no claim on the hand of the little Marie. Trombone was so certain of success, that he would have married his daughter to the marquis there and then but for one difficulty, and this was, that Marie declared she would have nothing to do with the scheme, further than marring it to the best of her ability. The bond between Trombone and Pepin was an impediment to a marriage within the year, which Marie vowed to declare if a notary were brought before her for hymeneal purposes. It was determined therefore to postpone the ceremony until after Pepin's discomfiture, and meanwhile, as fears were entertained that Marie would be found wanting in filial respect, and not found when wanting in another respect, she was privately removed from the insecurity of the paternal roof to the *Château de la Grenouillegonflée*, in which were several apartments where a young lady might be put under lock-and-key, and kept in that condition until required.

Now Filoubon, who was then in Gomarche, and the two vagabonds engaged to burke Pepin, had a mutual friend. This common *fidus* obtained the favor of each by imparting to one the secrets entrusted to him by the other. If two of a trade cannot agree, far less can three; so when Filoubon heard of the commission received by Messrs. Rouge and Noir he hated them with a good hate. Also he hated Trombone, for he was piqued at this preference given to rascals whom he knew to be his inferiors under Mercury. Forthwith he departed from Gomarche with his troupe, and a full determination to frustrate his enemies.

Behold now M. Smisse with the most wonderful clock in Paris, M. Jaunez with the spleen, Pepin with a girlfied of gold on his way to Gomarche, Messrs. Rouge and Noir hastily preceding him—Noir with no visible eyes, and Rouge with no visible nose—and Filoubon once more delighting the village with his merry quips.

When the two vagabonds made their deplorable appearance in Gomarche, Filoubon became merrier than ever; whilst Trombone, hearing of their defeat and the near approach of Pepin, was at his wits' end for an expedient to avoid the impending catastrophe. Nothing but a miracle could save him from exposure and infamy. Happily a thaumaturgist was at hand in the person of Filoubon, and to him he applied in his strait. The difficulty he might have experienced in exposing his villainy to Filoubon, Filoubon himself removed.

"Monsieur," he said, before Turenne's Trombone had tattered out half a dozen words—"Monsieur, you have sold your daughter and yourself. You trusted your little affair to two impostors; they professed to be rogues, whereas they were simply fools. Trust now to me—I am no impostor. Maintenance, suppose I arrange matters so pleasantly that you shall get two thousand *livres* from M. le Marquis and another thousand from M. Pepin, at the same time satisfying both parties—what would you do for your benefactor?"

"Give you half the plunder."

"Fifteen hundred *livres*—agreed. Now, Trombone, to business. I will be bound some of the villagers, Madame Lechat and others, have asked what has become of the little Marie?"

"They have, truly."

"And you said—what did you say?"

"I said she was ill, and visiting my sister at Les Audelles."

"Good! Say now that she is convalescent and will return. You must bid adieu to the *Soleil d'Or* for a few days."

"For what?"

"To fetch your daughter."

"But the marquis has her locked up in his inaccessible *château*!"

"That is the two thousand *livres* daughter. The one you will fetch is the one thousand *livres* child."

"I am bewildered!"

"Look here, my poor Trombone. I have children in every village—more than I know what to do with. You shall come with me and select one that shall suit our Pepin, and you shall adopt her, eh?"

"But the girl?"

"We will make her understand. My faith! nice little husbands are not so plentiful that the girls should be scrupulous as to how they get them."

It has been said and shown that this Filoubon had no principle, and his present nefarious scheme was quite consistent with his practice, cheating every one fairly alike. If he plundered a man, would it not be equity to restore? By the same rule, if he saved Pepin from the hands of thieves one day, would he not be justified in robbing him the next? Thus he reasoned.

The day following Pepin's arrival in Gomarche, M. Trombone returned with his daughter. Next to Pepin the person most eager to see "the little Marie" was Madame Lechat. No sooner had she cast eyes on the girl than she was off round the village like a cricket, poking her long nose in at every door, and saying,—

"I told you so! That barefaced old impostor, that villain Trombone, has brought home a girl to palm on poor Pepin that's no more like the little Marie than I am. She's artfully made-up enough; but one can see the rouge on her cheeks and the dye in her hair with half an eye."

Pepin appeared greatly shocked by the altered appearance of his sweetheart. She was thin, and her beautiful hair was short. The doctor had cut it, Trombone said, because of her fever. But the most distressing result of her illness was that her musical voice and her power of speech had entirely left her. For some time Pepin refused to believe that this was his little Marie, although M. Trombone swore by the honor of a soldier that it was, and vowed he would first thrash Pepin and then imprison him if he dared doubt the veracity of Turenne's Trombone. These threats and protestations Pepin quietly disregarded, declaring that the girl was not Marie, and that he would have nothing to do with her; but when the girl burst into tears, and held out her arms to him, his incredulity vanished, and he nursed her against his breast, soothing her with kind remorseful words until she smiled again.

Trombone insisted upon the marriage taking place at once; so the young people went before the notary and were made man and wife. Pepin begged his and his wife's friends to accompany him to a house he had engaged in the neighborhood, and spend the remainder of the day in appropriate festivities. The invitation did not extend to

M. Trombone. He, however, had a house of his own and festivities too, and the friends who were to participate therein were M. Filoubon and the Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée. Ah, how the three wicked vagabonds chuckled and roared as the bridegroom crossed the Place with the precious bride they had foisted on him! All were particularly pleased. There was now no bar to the marquis's nuptials with the little Marie; so having paid his two thousand livres, as agreed, he took his departure, bidding Trombone come to the château on the morrow, when the notary would attend to settle the business. When he was gone, Filoubon took his share of the money that had been made by these transactions, and then left Trombone, who immediately went over to the Soleil d'Or to begin spending his.

He was not more than three parts inebriated when two lacqueys from the Château de la Grenouillegonflée entered the inn and attached themselves to the happy veteran. The marquis desired Trombone's attendance at the château instantly. Trombone pleaded in vain to be left in the Soleil d'Or; the lacqueys had their orders, and seeing the state which their guest was in, without more ado they took him between them, from the cool retreat and the urgent business he was engaged in, out into the broiling heat of the afternoon. The château was well supplied with pumps, and beneath one of these the lacqueys placed Trombone, pumping on him with such energy as they possessed. After spending a delicious quarter of an hour here, Trombone rose cool-headed and sober, and was ushered immediately into the presence of the marquis. M. le Marquis was stamping up and down the magnificent apartment, ringing the bells, and smashing the china—it was the custom of the infuriated in the last century. When he had broken all the bell-wires, and there was nothing left to smash, he fell into a chair and cried. After this exhibition he called Trombone to his side, and explained the cause of his passion. The little Marie was gone! How long she had been gone he did not know; for the duenna under whose charge she had been placed could not tell. In the first paroxysm of his rage the marquis had thrown a decanter at her head, and by a pure accident hit it. This mistake he now regretted. However, he had seen Marie within a week. It was probable she had escaped that very morning, and at present was concealed in the woods adjacent to the chateau. One thing was imperatively necessary—the girl must be found at once. If she got into Gomarche, their delinquency would be discovered, and they might reasonably expect to row both in one boat, and that boat a galley. The marquis thought of a wife and liberty to smash china; Trombone thought of his unexpended livres and the Soleil d'Or. Then both rushed out into the wood as fast as a wooden leg and a gouty toe would permit them. For hours they searched the paths and alleys of the wood, tearing their clothes and hands with brier and bramble, perspiring at every pore, and aching in every joint. At length they found a fearful trace of the fugitive. By the border of the wood, near the road, was a deep shaft, which had been sunk for a well, and by its side a mound of earth, thrown up by the excavators. After digging a considerable depth they had failed to find water, and the work had been abandoned. A huge piece of timber, projecting over the mouth of the pit, had been left, and was the only intimation of danger; indeed this was partly concealed by the long grass and growth that sprang up about it. While these two miserable old men were resting their tired bodies upon this mound, they detected something fluttering upon the end of the timber. Trombone rose and made a nearer inspection. It was a long fragment of a dark dress material, and depended some way down the shaft. He stretched himself along the timber, and disengaging the piece, brought it still nearer to his eyes. He rose to his feet, and with a blanched face turned to the marquis. In a husky whisper he said,—

"It is the little Marie's!"

Poor little Marie! She bore her imprisonment patiently enough for some time. Looking across the woods she could see from the window the road winding down the hill on the other side of the valley; on this road her eyes were ever

fixed. At that distance people looked no larger than flies; yet she felt sure that when Pepin came in sight she should know him. She had little doubt that Pepin would find her. She laughed at the folly of her father and the marquis, who thought by so dull a contrivance to keep them asunder. Was it possible that locks and bolts would be of any service against one who could make a clock worth a thousand livres! M. le Marquis had paid her a visit. He said:—

"My pretty, pretty, pretty, this day week you will be no longer my sweetheart!"

"Monseigneur, you are very good to me this morning."

"This day week, my rosebud, you shall be my wife."

"I am afraid that honor is not for me. The law will not allow me to possess more than my little Pepin; it is hard—for me—is it not?"

"Oh, oh, oh! my pretty, pretty, pretty! I have provided that you shall not offend the law in that respect. I have provided for Monsieur Pepin."

"What do you mean?" said Marie, turning white, and crouching down like a panther, with her fingers prepared to gripe well the projections upon the old gentleman's countenance.

There was nothing ironical about her now. She did not appear one thing and mean another. With a rapidity scarcely to be expected in one so advanced in years and decay, the marquis skipped out of the room, and secured the door between himself and the lady he proposed making his wife. When he could muster breath, he put his vile old mouth to the keyhole, and shouted through:—

"I've sent two brigands to rob your Pepin—to kill him—to slaughter him—to jump on him. You little, little, little!"

Before he could find a word with which to express himself, Marie threw herself at the door with such force that the panels cracked, and M. le Marquis sped down the stairs to a safer refuge.

And now, Marie, where art thou? Hast thou escaped but to end thy bright short life so suddenly, so awfully? Ah, well! better that than to live and bear the weight of sorrow and disappointment that thy lover's marriage with another would have laid on thy young heart.

To return.

The two old men threw stones down the well, and listened.

"There is no sound. She is dead."

"My faith! I will have back my two thousand livres."

"And I—I will have back my daughter, monseigneur."

"What then?"

"The galleys."

"Trombone, no one must know this."

"And the livres?"

"Keep them. Sac-r-r-r-r-r-e!"

"What's to be done?"

"Return. Ah, my poor back!"

"But the body may be found!"

"No one is likely to go down there, and one can't see that depth."

"Monseigneur, sight is not the only sense, alas!"

Trombone pinched his nose expressively.

"That is a truth."

"You must fetch big stones, monseigneur, and I will drop them down."

"This heap of stones"—

"Touch them not. It would lead to our discovery."

They had to go far for stones, these two miserable old men, and the moon was high in the heavens when they desisted.

"Oh, my back! That will do."

"Oh, my leg! Yes, that will do."

"Yes, that will do," said a third voice.

The two screamed with fright, and looked at the bush from which the voice proceeded. What voice was it? Was it from the dead? It was supernatural, frightful. The leaves of the bush quivered, and from it rose a head. Was it an apparition?

No, it was Filoubon. He said:—

"You two, consider yourselves my prisoners. I am a rascal, but I will not wink at this infamy. Fratricide, consider yourself strangled! And you, marquis, as this girl is not your wife, rest assured you will not go unpunished."

"She was dead."

"How will you prove that?"

"Filoubon, dear Filoubon, I have ever been your good friend."

"Ah, how will you repay me for that injury?"

"With livres."

"Eh?"

"And I, too, will buy your friendship with livres."

"How many will you give your friend never to pollute his mouth again with your name, Monsieur Trombone?"

"Fifty."

"What? Fratricide!"

"For Heaven's sake speak lower, or not at all! Take all my fifteen hundred."

"Monsieur, I forget whom you were two seconds since; shake hands. And now, monseigneur?"

"A hundred livres."

"What?"

"I'm only a murderer."

"Yes, but this was a girl, young, prepossessing; that makes a difference, I can tell you. And you are horrid ugly; that also will make a difference with the tribunal."

"What you will."

"Monseigneur, I shall remember where you live until I have the money. Let us get it at once."

Then they returned to the chateau; and when Filoubon had filled his pockets with gold, he said to Trombone:—

"Monsieur do you not feel remorse? Do you not wish the little Marie were living?"

"Ah, me, that I do, God knows!"

"And you, marquis?"

"I coincide."

"Now, what would you give me, you two, if I could bring her to life."

"The world, Monsieur—if I only had it," said Trombone, feeling the corners of his empty pockets.

"You have been very good to me," said Filoubon, "I will be good to you—gratuitously. I will give you a joyful surprise. Prepare yourselves. The little Marie lives!"

"Heavens!" shrieked the marquis.

"The other place!" growled Trombone.

"But the piece of her dress?"

"I hung it over the well, as a caution to the unwary."

"Do you know where she is?"

"Yes, she is in the hands of a friend of mine."

"Monseigneur, we are as badly off as ever."

"She will make it unpleasant for you with the prefect, if she can get M. Pepin to help her."

"M-o-n Dieu!"

"The devil!"

"Will your friend give her up?"

"He will want a lot of money."

"Sac-r-r-e! he must have it."

"Monseigneur, what will be my commission?"

"What you will."

"That little heap of notes; they are useless to you; they will make me quite respectable."

"You shall have them when you show us the girl."

"Follow me, then, monseigneur; you also may follow, Monsieur Trombone, for the sake of our old acquaintance."

Filoubon led them for many weary miles, until at last they came to a wretched hovel, embowered in rank shrubs. Filoubon opened the door, and bade them step inside until he returned with the little Marie. When he had closed the door upon them, the marquis said:—

"This is a small house."

"Truly; I cannot stand upright."

"They have been cooking some strange pottage here."

"My faith, there is a strange odor! What is this? Oh-h, the name of heaven, it is a pigsty! Hush! there are voices."

Indeed there were voices, and lights approaching. There was also the sound of muffled laughter; and pres-

ently, the door being thrown open, the two, crouching upon the straw, beheld a group of people, in holiday dress, gathered before them. Foremost stood Pepin, and by his side the bride they had foisted upon him. Trombone and the marquis were at a loss to understand this scene, until Filoubon, stepping between, said:—

"Monsieur le Marquis de la Grenouillegonflée, permit to introduce you to the little Marie, Monsieur Pepin's bride."

"But—but—but she is the dumb girl!"

"Not a bit of it," said the little Marie, and she threw her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him before every one.

Then the two old rogues crawled out of the pigsty and walked home; that is, if they died not on the road.

THE AMERICAN BALLOON EXPEDITION.

BY HENRY COXWELL.

DURING the month of August the British public, and the world in general, became enchanted with an announcement that our American cousins were about to journey through the realms of space, and visit us in an aerial chariot which, for size and appointments, was to be of the most gigantic and elaborate character.

"Four thousand three hundred and sixteen yards of cloth known as 'Indian Orchard' were to compose a balloon requiring fourteen thousand and eighty yards of sewing, in which ten million one hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred stitches were needed. The netting was to be made of three-strand tarred rope, known as marlin, the combined strength of which was to be equal to a strain of ninety-one thousand five hundred and eighteen pounds, or nearly forty-six tons. The car was to be a combination of store-house, bedroom, workshop, and observatory. Here were to be the provisions—namely, canned food mostly—axes, hatchets, a saw, rope in coils, tarpaulin suits, guns, pistols, fish-line and tackle, lemons, the mail-bag, clothing, two sharp knives, chess, checkers, cards; everything being ballast, save the human freight. The grappling was to be a six-pronged affair, and there was to be a scientific outfit, and an electric alarm apparatus to be attached to both the mercurial and aneroid barometers; wet and dry-bulb thermometers, hydrometers, instruments for calculating the balloon astronomically, and mathematical tables."

Delighted at the prospect that our esteemed relatives would come in this imposing manner, we confess (at least British aeronauts do) that we were almost overcome and extinguished at the bare thought of such a grand interviewing, especially as the road chosen was to be a great highway two miles upwards, with the existence of which we were not practically acquainted. We knew very well that certain meteorologists and erudite men would have it that the mingling of the trade winds, the motion of the earth, and the unequal rays of the sun ought to cause a westerly wind, blowing sometimes at the rate of 150 miles an hour; but we had never yet encountered this formidable blast. However, we were quite ready and pleased at the idea of receiving the distinguished party whenever they would condescend to put in an appearance. We were animated by no jealous feelings; we knew that a cordial, fraternal interchange of good-fellowship was most desirable between our respective nations, and we were equally ready to dispense hospitality and to receive instruction.

I for one furbished up my best spy-glass, and was prepared to scan the horizon until my eyes were sore; I declined, however, to commence a gaze until the electric flash of a start had been wired.

Three weeks and more elapsed, and still our expected visitors were not even sighted. At last the news of a total collapse broke upon us. This was most disappointing. Individually, I consoled myself with the thought that, as the road was not clear and safe, the voyagers were

better in New York until further examination had been made.

In the mean time I contend that the speculation of scientific men should not run counter to the observation of old travellers; and although there may be reasons for inferring that westerly currents exert a powerful influence on the state of our atmosphere, yet I doubt whether there is evidence that regular streams of air with defined limits are uniformly to be met with. Possibly they are at very great elevations, or they may even border upon the confines of planetary space; but up to seven miles high I can speak with authority; and although I have journeyed westward in some ascents, yet whenever I have done so the wind has been west on leaving the earth.

But I would not have it inferred by these remarks that I consider it impossible to make such a transit in safety. On the contrary, I believe that a balloon might be built to make a safe voyage, provided advantage was taken of one of those strong westerly breezes which are known to prevail at certain periods of the year.

Success would depend entirely upon the generalship displayed. If properly managed, a balloon could be made to travel a much longer distance over water than land, simply because a suitable mechanical contrivance could be brought into requisition, so that by connecting it with the water great elevation could be prevented, and consequent loss of gas by expansion; as I hold that excessive altitude and a long voyage are quite incompatible with the practice of aërostation. It is to be hoped that these considerations will be duly weighed before another attempt is made, and that the complicated appendages, so minutely and ludicrously enumerated, will be almost entirely abandoned.

The problem of aerial navigation at the present moment occupies considerable attention. Those who have kept pace with the subject for the last few years must have noticed the diverse and fanciful pretensions put forth by different inventors, both as to guiding balloons and as to flying, few of which have been realized to anything like an appreciable extent. I have been accused of lukewarmness and indifference in not taking up and identifying myself with one or two movements of an impracticable kind; and yet there are few persons who have devoted more attention to the subject than myself, and who have tried, in conjunction with others, more experiments. It may be that the difficulties to be surmounted appear greater to one who is continually witnessing the effects of atmospheric force and pressure, than to the ingenious theorist who relies upon his figures; but I can conscientiously say that I have ever desired the promotion of aerial navigation, and have always been ready to coöperate in trying whatever, in my estimation, was likely to succeed.

The moment intelligence arrived of the unsuccessful inflations in New York, I decided upon making another search as to the upper currents in our own latitude. If the professors were building upon that which had no foundation, it was of the utmost importance to demonstrate the fallacy of their hopes. I should be very sorry to have it thought that I deem one or two ascents sufficient for this purpose. I have merely taken the initiative, and hope to try again. The first ascent, on September 22d, was in many respects a remarkable one. It was not entered upon as a strictly scientific affair, in which the variations of temperature, moisture, and height are systematically recorded. Yet it was satisfactory, so far as the objects contemplated were carried out, and these, I need hardly repeat, were to observe accurately the course of the balloon, and the currents of air indicated and ascertained by such means.

What induced me to select the "Nassau" in preference to either of my other large balloons, was a desire fully to test its powers as to lifting, tightness, and strength; for, although I have added about forty yards of new material, as a cap, round the valve, as well as three yards up from the neck, yet it is quite true that the original silk remains nearly wholly intact — though it is now in a very different state to what it was when Mr. Green sold it to me. For the last twenty years of the veteran's life the "Nassau" had been scarcely used. It was always scrupulously looked

after; and the only fault about it was stiffness, which was owing to the numerous coats of oil it had received.

A long time since, I tried experiments on balloon silk, with a view of removing the varnish, and I succeeded in doing so by a process which does not injure it. The "Nassau" was submitted to this cleansing ordeal, and it came out uncommonly well.

When I called Mr. Green's attention to this, shortly before his death, in the year 1870, he was agreeably surprised at what I had achieved, and observed, on handling the renovated silk, that what I had done to "Old Bess" was next to a miracle.

It will readily be seen that the pains I had taken to restore the elasticity of this old acquaintance were owing to something approaching to affection. I recollect, as a boy, seeing the first ascent of the "Nassau" in the year 1836, when, for splendor and dimensions, it was pronounced unapproachable. For the next decade I watched this balloon narrowly in all its wanderings. When it crossed over to Nassau, with Mr. Holland, Mr. Monck Mason, and Mr. Green, I happened to be in Amsterdam; but so eager was I for minute details, that I allowed no rest to my brother until he translated from Dutch an account of the voyage.

Equally exciting was the parachute descent of Mr. Cocking, in the year 1837. This, too, I witnessed; but never expected that the basket in which he was killed, as well as the balloon from which he descended, would be my property ultimately; and that although it would be as it were buried for a term of years, yet it was destined for resuscitation, and to figure once more under my own management.

When the "Nassau" was ordered out on September 22d, the associations, particularly in my own mind, were of no ordinary description. I was much pleased to find what intense interest a peep at this old public servant elicited. Although no one had the least intimation of what was about to take place, since there was really no time for that, still a goodly few congregated; and conversation naturally reverted to old times, as well as to old and modern balloons.

The inflation proceeded in the immediate vicinity of the gas-works at Hornsey, and 80,000 cubic feet of gas were supplied in less than an hour. A pipe ten inches in diameter had been specially laid on by Mr. Fish, as it was desirable to get off on that day, the sky being clear, and the wind east, which was the point I wished for.

As my companions, Mr. Philip Ashton, Dr. Irvine, and Mr. Bowdler, were already on the ground, no time was lost in adjusting the fan made by the latter gentleman, and the moment my assistant, Mr. Barker, reported that he had stowed away twenty bags of ballast, each containing fifty pounds of sand, the trigger was pulled, and we rose majestically in the direction of the Alexandra Palace. We could perceive, from an elevation of 2000 feet, clusters of moving dots as busy as bees, building up the brickwork of this structure.

On ascending, the current was east, our barometer stood at 30.50, and the thermometer at 61. At 4.40, we fell in with a northeasterly breeze; this took us in a somewhat circuitous direction round Hampstead, Kensington, and Chelsea. By 6.18 the "Nassau" was bearing nearly due south; we were then just upon 10,000 feet high. We should here have felt the famous westerly stream, and in order to keep within its prescribed range, Mr. Bowdler's fan was set to work; but at first a slight descent took place, when it was discovered that the screw was working the wrong way; directly it was reversed, a rise of 100 feet was registered by the barometer, and we then mounted higher, and continued working at the wheels whenever the least tendency to dip was manifested.

I should here explain that the fan was made with the intention of deflecting my smallest balloon (capacity 18,000 feet) from the direct course of the wind: owing to illness I have not been able to ascend so often as in former years, so that I have been prevented from personally superintending the application of this apparatus. We now brought it into operation merely to cause a gentle rise whenever there was

a downward tendency; so that it was only required for auxiliary aid, and was set for causing vertical ascent; it was not, moreover, in proportion to the size of the "Nassau," but it produced some useful effects, although I cannot speak yet of its action horizontally.

Looking up to see what indications there were as to the wind above, I noticed that the feathery cloud streamers showed a bearing from north to south; it was fair to conclude, therefore, that the atmosphere above was partaking of the same current as that in which we moved at our highest point.

The metropolis being spread out on our eastern side, a bird's-eye or rather aeronautic familiarity with the objects beneath enabled me to mark our course most distinctly. When the setting sun shed his lustrous rays on the old "Nassau," and the hum of London sounded deep and solemn, I could but reflect on the rapid increase of population, size, and activity, which was observable since first our venerable balloon passed over the chief city in the world. From Vauxhall Gardens to the green fields was, in those days, a tolerable distance; but how vast had been the increase of houses, bridges, squares, crescents, and suburban districts since the memorable maiden trip of our trusty airship! The Crystal Palace and the Alexandra were not then the great northern and southern landmarks of our metropolitan outskirts; the Victoria Docks and North Woolwich had not sprung into being; the upper ten thousand and their town residences were nearer Bow Bells; and Big Ben had not vibrated with St. Paul's the tell-tale peals of fleeting time.

After the sun had set, we watched the more sombre aspect of the distant landscape: large woods were beneath, and the shades of evening gathering fast, so that a sharp lookout for open country was necessary. There was an ample reserve of ballast; indeed, we could have kept up all night; but the object of the trip being gained, a gentle descent was made just over the range of hills between Reigate and Boxhill, near Buckland, in Surrey.

In order further to meet the arguments put forth as to a constant westerly wind at great heights, I shall supplement my previous remarks with a small array of accomplished facts, which will speak for themselves.

We will commence with two ascents made in the "Nassau" in the year 1838. Mr. Green says: "On first rising from Vauxhall Gardens, we took a northeasterly direction; the line soon changed, and we passed over Dalston, Lea Bridge, and Epping, leaving Dunmow, in Essex, on our left. At this period we had attained our greatest elevation—namely, three and a half miles." The prevailing wind must have been southwest.

In a second high ascent, made on September 10th, Mr. Green says that "the direction we took on leaving the gardens was northeast; but on reaching an elevation of 11,000 feet, another current took us, and we were driven back due south." The descent this time took place near Lewes, in Sussex. A north-north-west wind must have taken them in this direction.

In the year 1857, on June 15th, I made a balloon voyage from Woolwich to Tivistock, a distance of 250 miles, in five hours. The wind throughout was east-north-east.

The trip to Nassau was made with a northwesterly breeze; that by M. Nadar to Hanover required a southwesterly current.

On September 5th, 1862, Mr. Glaisher and I, in the highest exploration ever accomplished by nearly two miles, travelled with a northeasterly current.

On August 21st, in the same year, after keeping my balloon all night in a field at Hendon, we reascended at 4.30 A. M., and witnessed sunrise; we reached nearly three miles high, and descended near Biggleswade, so that we travelled north.

On April 17th, 1863, we started from the Crystal Palace, went up 24,000 feet, but had to drop at the rate of thirty miles an hour, near Newhaven, as a northerly wind had nearly driven us out to sea.

In one of Mr. Green's ascents with Mr. Welsh, he landed near Folkestone; at another time he came down in Cam-

bridgeshire. Now all these journeys exceeded two miles in elevation, but not one tends to corroborate the theory of a westerly zone.

On September 25th, three days after my own ascent from Hornsey, Mr. King, an American aeronaut, made an ascent three miles high from Plymouth, New Hampshire, which is fully described in the *Boston Journal* of September 29th.

"The wind was southeast at starting, but the upper air currents moved in a northeasterly direction."

We have now another link in the chain.

The veritable start of Messrs. Donaldson, Ford, and Lunt, on October 6th, "going east," was all very well for a beginning, but no sooner had the "Daily Graphic" faced the vast Atlantic than it recoiled as it were from the venture and wheeled round towards Connecticut, where a hap-hazard jump of thirty feet terminated the Great American Balloon Expedition.

ASHANTEE SUPERSTITIONS.

THE great tradition of the Ashantees refers to the Creation, and is called by travellers the Legend of the Calabash and the Book. It is of extreme antiquity, and implies a very early conviction of the intellectual inferiority of the black to the white races. They say that in the beginning of the world God created three white and three black men, with an equal number of women of each color. He then resolved, according to the best missionary version of the legend, in order that they might be left without complaint, to allow them to fix their own destiny by giving them the choice of good and evil. A large box or calabash was, in consequence, placed upon the ground, together with a sealed paper or letter. The black men had the first choice, and took the calabash, expecting that it contained all that was desirable; but, upon opening it, they found only a piece of gold, some iron, and several other metals, of which they did not know the use. The white men opened the paper or letter, and it told them everything. All this is supposed to have happened in Africa, in which country, it is believed, God left the blacks, with the choice which their avarice had prompted them to make, under the care of inferior or subordinate deities; but conducted the whites to the water-side, where He communicated with them every night, and taught them to build a small vessel, which carried them to another country, whence after a long period, they returned with various kinds of merchandise to barter with the blacks, whose perverse choice of gold, in preference to the knowledge of letters, had doomed them to inferiority.

The debased divinities worshipped by the Ashantees are called by Europeans, Fetish, from a Portuguese word for witchcraft, but the Ashantees themselves call them Bosum, Suman, or Tano, which means sacred. These fetishes seem to be worshipped from terror, and it is to avert their anger that blood is offered them in such terrible abundance. They are supposed to frequently inhabit rivers, like the Scotch kelpie, who, in his desire for victims, evidently betrays his pagan origin. The rivers Tando, Adirai, and the Prah are favorite fetishes of the Ashantees. Thus, in one of those poetical and Homeric rants which the Ashantee warriors deliver when extolling the power of their king, a chieftain, describing the impossibility of any escape for his enemies, cried: "If they run to the Adirai River it is the king's fetish, and will kill them. They cannot either pass the Tando." The Prah, another of these fetishes, is called Bosumprah,—sacred river. According to Mr. Beecham, this river gushes from a large gaping rock about halfway up the side of a mountain, near a little town called Samtasu. Here the god is supposed to specially dwell, and show his most potent influences, just as the river gods of the Greeks were worshipped at fountain heads.

It is at such places that the natives offer sacrifices. On the north bank of the Prah, at the ford where it is crossed on the road from Cape Coast Castle, there is a fetish house, where the Ashantee traveller makes oblations to the river

god before he dares to plunge into the stream. The Sakum, a small river about four miles westward from Accra, is a great fetish with the inhabitants, who ascribe to it all the blessings they obtain and all their escapes from evil. They are always singing its praises, and it is exceedingly dangerous to speak disrespectfully of it anywhere near Accra.

Lakes and pools have also their fetishes. At Coomassie they regard the Lake Echni as the guardian deity of their capital. At Cape Coast Town two ponds, named Papra-tah and Buakun, are deified, the former especially, as it has so often supplied the Fantee inhabitants with water when besieged by their enemies the Ashantees. Remarkable mountains and rocks are also worshipped by the Ashantees and their neighbors. The cliff on which Cape Coast Castle stands is supposed to be inhabited by a great fetish called Tabbil, and when the sea breaks loudly against the foot of it the natives say "The god is firing." Some kinds of trees are also regarded as fetishes, and are always left untouched by the axe, when the ground on which they stand is cleared for cultivation.

The animal creation supplies many fetishes. Leopards, panthers, wolves, and serpents, as powers of evil, and hostile to man, are especially venerated, and regarded as messengers and representatives of the gods. At Dix Cove the crocodile obtains divine honors, as it once did in Egypt. There was formerly one kept in a pond near the fort, and any traveller was allowed to see it if he would go to the expense of bringing a white fowl and a bottle of spirits. The fetishman went to the pond, and called the crocodile by a peculiar noise which he made with his mouth. The crocodile instantly ran to the fetishman, who, when the animal came within two or three feet, threw the fowl into the monster's gaping mouth, and then poured a small libation of rum upon the ground. If there was any delay on the part of the fetishman in throwing the fowl, the crocodile would instantly pursue any person present who was dressed in white, till the fowl was tossed to him.

Some years ago, the fowl having escaped into the bush, the crocodile pursued two European gentlemen who were present, and would have attacked them, had not a dog luckily crossed his path, and fallen a sacrifice to his ferocious hunger. He would frequently carry off sheep and dogs, and attack children in the neighborhood of the pond. The predecessor of this crocodile had grown so tame, that he would leave his pond and visit the houses of the fetishman and the king, to claim his white fowl for dinner.

In Fantee, the country the Ashantees have so long devastated, there is a place called Embrotan, where the inhabitants carefully preserve a number of flies in a small temple, and regard them as a fetish. The Gold Coast people worship rudely-carved idols, with tinsel eyes, and crowns of shells, and also venerate images of birds and beasts, which they smear with red ochre.

Of these fetishes some are tutelary deities of the nation, like the great fetish at Abrah, in the Braffo country. Others protect and favor particular towns. The Cape Coast people, who are peculiarly superstitious, pride themselves on being guarded by seventy-seven fetishes. Every house, indeed, has at least one small temple, built of mud or swish, in round, square, or oblong form. These round fetish houses are mere huts of poles tied together at the top, and then thatched. Like the idolaters of Canaan, the Gold Coast people never built a fetish house without at the same time planting a grove.

Every fetishman or priest, moreover, has his private fetishes in his own house. "William de Graft," says Mr. Beecham, "describes one of those private collections, which he had the opportunity of examining, as consisting of images of men, one of a bird, stones encircled with strings, large lumps of cinders from an iron furnace, calabashes, and bundles of sticks tied together with strings. All these were stained with red ochre, and rubbed over with eggs. They were placed on a square platform, and shrouded by a curtain from the vulgar gaze. Then there are the domestic fetishes, for, like the Romans, the natives have their penates, or household gods. These are, in some cases, small images; in others a stone, about a foot square, with

a bamboo string tied round it, or a calabash containing a string of beads. And, whatever may be the form or the materials, red ochre and eggs are invariably the covering. These household fetishes are sometimes placed on the outside of a house, by the door, but most frequently in the corner of the room within, covered by a curtain."

The natives, according to the missionaries, do not seem to regard these stones and cinders as gods, but only look at them as consecrated objects which spiritual and intelligent beings sometimes condescend to enter. They also believe that the fetishes frequently render themselves visible to mortals. The great fetish of Cape Coast Castle Rock is said to come forth at night in superhuman size, and dressed in white, to chase away the evil spirits. When M. Dupuis showed the King of Ashantee the moving shadows in the magic lantern, the king took them for fetishes, clutched hold of Dupuis, and was afraid to be left alone with them in the dark. How far the higher notions of the more intelligent Ashantees accord with the materialism of their more degraded countrymen we know not, but the latter certainly consider their fetishes to be of both sexes, and to require food.

The notion of a future state universally prevails. It is believed that after death the soul passes into another world, where it exists in a state of consciousness and activity. They say it is like the wind, and can come into a room when the doors are closed, and there is no visible entrance. They firmly believe that the spirits of dead persons frequently appear to the living. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, a clergyman, who spent some time on the Gold Coast more than a century ago, although evidently not disposed to be over credulous upon the subject, mentions the following circumstance, which he had from good authority: "A caboceer, walking one day to a neighboring croom or town along the sea-sands, saw a man before him coming forward in great haste, whom he was well acquainted with: and as he drew near, being still intent upon his speed, he called to him to stop a little. The other, making signs that he was in a hurry, ran past him, and continued his pace. When he came to the town, finding a concourse of people in the market-place, he asked the reason of it, and was told that such a man's head had just then been taken off. He said it could not be, for he had met him on the way, and spoken to him. But the answer was made that it was so, and if he questioned the truth of it, he might see the parts of him, and be convinced by his own eyes."

"The people believe that the spirits of their departed relatives exercise a guardian care over them, and they will frequently," says Mr. Beecham, "stand over the graves of their deceased friends, and invoke their spirits to protect them and their children from harm. It is imagined that the spirit lingers about the house some time after death. If the children be ill, the illness is ascribed to the spirit of the deceased mother having embraced them. Elderly women are often heard to offer a kind of prayer to the spirit of a departed parent, begging it either to go to its rest, or at least to protect the family by keeping off evil spirits, instead of injuring the children or other members of the family by its touch. The ghosts of departed enemies are considered by the people as bad spirits, which have power to injure them. The gloom of the forest is supposed to be the haunt or abode of the evil spirits; and travellers into the interior have mentioned that when overtaken on their journey by the night, their native attendants have manifested great fear, and have made the forest resound again with their shouts and yells, uttered with the intent to drive the evil spirits away."

One of the most degraded beliefs of the Ashantees and Fantees is the notion that the future world exactly resembles this, and that the future life is, in fact, merely the present one over again, with all its sorrows and all its animal wants. This fatal belief leads, on the death of a chief, to the wholesale murder of his wives and attendants, and is productive of ceaseless bloodshed.

The Ashantees and Fantees firmly believe in the existence of the devil, whom they call Abonsum. This evil being is supposed to be ever at hand for purposes of mis-

chief; so when a person rises from his seat, his attendants are accustomed immediately to lie down upon it, to prevent the devil from slipping into their master's place. Whatever may be the case in other parts of Africa, it does not appear that, says Beecham, the devil is worshipped by the Fantees and Ashantees; on the contrary, he is annually driven away on the Gold Coast, with great form and ceremony. This custom is observed at Cape Coast Town, about the end of August. Preparation is made for the ceremony in the course of the day; as the hour of eight o'clock in the evening draws nigh, the people are seen collecting in groups in the streets, armed with sticks, muskets, and other weapons; at the instant when the eight o'clock gun is fired from the castle, a tremendous shouting, accompanied with the firing of muskets, breaks forth from all parts of the town, and the people rush into their houses, and beat about with their sticks in every corner, shouting and hallooing with all their strength. This sudden outburst of all kinds of noises often alarms Europeans who have recently arrived, inducing them to suppose that an enemy has attacked the place. When it is imagined that the devil is excluded from all the houses, a simultaneous rush is made outside of the town, and the people in a body pursue the invisible enemy, with lighted flambeaux, shouts, and the firing of muskets, until it is concluded that he is completely routed and put to flight. After this achievement they return, and, in some of the towns, the women proceed to wash and purify their wooden and earthen vessels, to prevent the devil from returning to their houses.

To call another "devil" is a very great insult, and should the person who has thus been abused shortly after die, his death is ascribed to the influence of the evil spirit in the person who insulted him. When such a circumstance occurs, painful results generally follow, for the friends of the deceased do not fail to seek satisfaction.

The Ashantees observe a Sabbatical day, but it is not the same day observed by the neighboring nations. Along the coast, and in Ashantee, the regular fetish day is Tuesday. On this day the people wear white garments, and mark their faces, and sometimes their arms, with white clay. They also rest from labor, believing that, if they went to the plantation, the fetish would be sure to send a leopard or panther to punish them.

The Ashantees are great believers in lucky and unlucky days, and our generals would do well to remember this, and to choose ill-omened days on which to give them battle. The number of lucky days in their year they estimate at about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty. This belief should be turned into great account by our men, as on evil days the Ashantees will not hold councils, march, or engage the enemy. The preparatory religious ceremonies required before a battle can only be celebrated on auspicious days. Some months, such as September, contain more fortunate days than others.

The fetish men and women (priests and priestesses) are a numerous class. Thus at the chief Ashantee fetish house there are fifty resident priests of the superior class. There are also fetish friars, or itinerant priests, who tramp in search of employment. The priestly office is not necessarily hereditary. Children are often apprenticed to the fetishmen, and educated by them as priests. Sometimes fanatics or rogues declare that the fetish has suddenly seized them, and a series of convulsive fits proclaim them chosen for the priesthood.

The fetishmen depend upon voluntary contributions and on a share of the offerings made to the deities. These offerings are often considerable, the King of Ashantee generally giving two ounces of gold. The priests also obtain large sums by surrendering to their masters slaves who have fled for sanctuary to the fetish house. By an old custom any slave can desert his master and devote himself to the service of the fetish, and in Ashantee any master who took his runaway slave from the fetish house would consider the death of his whole family as certain. But the mercenary priests, unwilling to interfere with slavery, and greedy for gold, will surrender a slave on the pay-

ment of two ounces of gold and four sheep, and absolve the master from all evil consequences.

The Ashantees believe firmly that all evils that afflict men are produced by supernatural means, and can only be removed by supernatural agency. The fetishes, they say, send misfortunes, and the interposition of the deities must be sought through the medium of the priests, their friends and ministers. To maintain their power the fetishmen exert themselves to obtain information of all kinds. They employ spies and agents in various parts of the country, to collect news and family secrets. When a fetishman, on his travels, enters a new town, he will always shut himself up for a few days in religious seclusion, till by secret inquiries he has discovered who is sick, and what is going on among the principal inhabitants. He thus learns to astonish his dupes, and to strengthen his priestly power. The fetishmen work together and supply each other with information. They also study medicine, and their knowledge of herbs and plants tends to increase their repute for wisdom and supernatural power.

The Ashantees are strict in their daily religious observances. Every morning the master of a household takes water in a calabash, and pours it on the ground before the door of his house, praying to the fetish to wash his face that he may be the better prepared to watch over the household on that day. Sometimes an offering of a fowl is made. When Mr. Dupuis was on his journey to Coomassie, he was aroused from sleep one morning at an early hour, at the place where he had stopped for the night, by the entrance of a man, whom he discovered to be the master of the house, with a present for his tutelary god, which in this case happened to be a tree, growing at the door of the apartment where he (Dupuis) lodged. The offering, which consisted of a white and speckled fowl, and a small calabash containing a little corn and plantain, steeped in a fluid looking like blood, was, in the first instance, placed on the ground, close by the tree; but afterwards, the members of the fowl were severed from each other, and suspended by a piece of cotton-yarn upon one of the lowest branches. A blackish fluid, contained in another calabash, was then poured out at the root of the tree as a libation, during the recital of a prayer which Dupuis did not understand. The washing of the stem of the tree, with a coloring made from gray and white clay, concluded the ceremony.

Before eating or drinking by an Ashantee man, a little of the liquid and a portion of the food are thrown on the ground, as offerings to the fetish and the spirits of departed relatives. Application, says Beecham, is made to the fetishes for counsel and aid in every domestic and public emergency. When persons find occasion to consult a private fetishman they take a present of rum and gold-dust, and proceed to his house. He receives the present, and either puts a little of the rum on the heads of his various images, or pours a small quantity on the ground before the platform as an offering to the whole pantheon; then taking a brass pan with water in it, he sits down with the pan between himself and the fetishes; and the inquirers also seat themselves to await the result. Having made these preparatory arrangements, looking earnestly into the water, he begins to snap his fingers, and, addressing the fetish, extols his power, saying that people have arrived to consult him, and requesting him to come and give the desired answer. After a time the man is wrought up, like Virgil's Sibyl, into a state of fury; he shakes violently, and foams at the mouth. This is to intimate that the fetish has come upon him, and that he himself (the African spiritualist) is no longer the speaker, but that the fetish uses his mouth, and speaks by him. He growls like a tiger, and asks the worshippers for rum. After drinking he inquires what they have come for. They then tell him their sorrow; a relative is ill. They have done all they could, but in vain, and, knowing he is a great fetish, they have sought his aid. He expresses a hope that he shall be able to help them, and says, "I go up to see." The fetish is then supposed to leave the priest and ascend to Yankumpon, the Supreme Being, to intercede for the

sufferer. After a silence of a few minutes the fetishman replies to the inquiries. The popular belief is that fetishes have four eyes, and can therefore see better than mortals, and that they go up into the sky to look round and discover the cause of the disease, and the means of cure.

When a great chief is ill or a calamity has fallen on a town, all the inhabitants repair to the principal fetish house to propitiate the fetish, who is supposed to be angry at the non-presentation of offerings, and has therefore either sent the affliction, or permitted some evil spirit to inflict it upon them. The priests generally trace most misfortunes to the neglect of some religious ceremonial. On these great occasions the sacred drums are always brought out into the grove of the temple. They are made of large hollow calabashes covered with goat's skin, and are beaten with the hands.

The priest then commences a fetish song, a wild sort of incantation in which the people join, while they beat the fetish drums, and the attendant fetishmen dance frantically. The priests then become excited to frenzy, and are supposed to be inspired and capable of delivering oracles. Previous to his beginning to speak the priest lays his hand upon the drums, and silence ensues. Having ended his communication he commences another song, and the former scene is renewed. After a length of time, perhaps when fatigued, the priest dances very slowly, and delivers his oracle to the people as he passes softly by them. On some of these occasions he will rush out of the circle, and run into the house of a principal person, to tell him what to do in order to avert some evil which he foresees is coming upon the family, and for such intimations he does not fail to receive the usual present.

It has been stated, says a traveller, that some of the fetish houses are built in a conical form, with long sticks or poles placed in the ground, tied together at the top and thatched. When a fetish dance takes place before one of these, a priest places himself at the entrance to prevent the people looking in. They are told that when the fetish comes down to his temple, they will see the hut move. And, sure enough, they do. As the drumming, singing, and dancing proceed, the temple begins to rock backwards and forwards, which the people are led to believe is effected by the fetish, who has descended, and is dancing upon the temple. This palpable trick is managed by a fetishman, who, before the people arrive, hides himself on a cross seat near the top of the building, where he is able to shake the whole hut. The fetishman on guard prevents any discovery of the trick being possible.

Sometimes the priests suddenly announce that the fetish has come upon them, and rush through the town like madmen, eating raw eggs, using insane gestures, and telling the people that the fetish has a communication to make them. On this summons the people hurry to the fetish house with presents, and the oracles are delivered with the usual drumming and dances.

The oracle at Abrah used to be the great resort of the Fantees. Before the last Ashantee war, a number of aged fetishmen, who were believed to be immortal, lived in a deep and almost impervious dell, near Abrah. These old men were supposed to have intimate converse with the fetish and the departed spirits of the aged and wise. Adoko, the chief of the Braffoes, says a missionary traveller, frequently consulted them, either in his own person, or through his head fetishman; and the Fantees afterwards attributed the success of the Ashantees, and their own defeats and misfortunes, to their disregard of the injunctions of the oracle. Abrah is now in ruins; but the fetish maintains his reputation, partly by the influence of the fetishmen in the country, who advise the people to go thither in cases of great emergency, and partly by means of the information conveyed to Abrah by the agents of the oracle. Frequently, when inquirers go from a distance, they are surprised to find that the fetishmen are already acquainted with many of their own private affairs; and often it happens, that, on the strength of the secret information which they have obtained, the priests send such messages to persons living in remote places as tend to cherish and confirm

the popular impression that they possess supernatural means of obtaining information. The people throughout the country would be afraid, were they disposed, to speak disrespectfully of the Abrah fetish.

ABD-EL-KADER.

THE shadow of a great name has passed away. For more than a quarter of a century it has been no more than a shadow, and the present generation finds some difficulty in realizing the fact that Abd-el-Kader disquieted Paris and challenged all the might of France in the reign of Louis Philippe. One-and-twenty years ago, however, the state of things was already so changed that the Prince President, a few weeks before his assumption of the Imperial Crown, was able to perform a dignified act of grace without any practical risk, by decreeing the release of the once dreaded Emir. Since that time Abd-el-Kader has lived a retired and peaceful life in his Eastern exile. During his later years Abd-el-Kader enjoyed a considerable pension from the French Government, and his sympathies were understood to have turned altogether aside from his early aspirations for independence. He had, indeed, been so thoroughly converted as to feel a keen interest in the fortunes of the nation which had conquered him. When he was received as a guest in Paris, he took apparent delight in the society of his conquerors, and he is said to have been deeply moved by the calamities which overtook, three years ago, the dynasty that had given him freedom and a princely welcome. The agony of France during 1871 was complicated by an insurrection of the Kabyles, and if this movement had grown more formidable the intervention, on the side of France, of Abd-el-Kader, whose name was still a power with his countrymen, would have been probably solicited, and would have been, no doubt, as successfully as it would have been cheerfully used.

The history of the French conquest of Algeria is in substance the record of the conflict which Abd-el-Kader waged almost single-handed against the foremost military nation of Europe. Born of a family celebrated for sanctity, erudition, and illustrious descent, Abd-el-Kader was bred in all the wisdom of the "Marabouts," and inherited a potent influence, partly political and partly religious, over the hot-blooded tribes of his kindred. While he was yet a child he made the pilgrimage to the City of the Prophet which gave him a claim to the title of "Hadji." Afterwards he studied all which Arab philosophy reckons to be worth guarding of human wisdom, in the schools of Egypt and Morocco, and he had already won a high reputation when the invasion of Algiers by the French finally broke the power of the Turkish Deys and the military oligarchy which upheld them. The expulsion of the Dey and his Janissaries was not regretted by the Arab population, whom they had cruelly oppressed; but, unfortunately, "the soldiers of civilization," as an eminent French writer designated Marshal Bourmont's conquering force, wielded "the holy bayonets of France" with very little regard for justice or mercy. The Kabyles and Bedouins were irritated beyond bearing by the *espionage* and the multiplied formalities of the centralized system of administration introduced after the Revolution of July. The cry arose that the foreigners were aiming at the destruction of the Faith, and after months of spasmodic struggles Abd-el-Kader put himself openly at the head of the "Holy War" in the Province of Oran. He was then only twenty-four years of age.

The fatal ferocity and violence to which the Duke of Rovigo resorted for the suppression not only of open rebellion, but of suspected disaffection and disorder, drove the Arabs and Kabyles to madness. Abd-el-Kader in his stronghold at Mascara grew stronger every day, and even entered into a secret alliance with the Sultan of Morocco, having as its aim the complete expulsion of the French from Africa. In 1834 he had grown so strong that, after two pitched battles

in which the French suffered severely, the latter thought it expedient to recognize the Emir as an almost independent ruler in Oran. He, however, had no intention of keeping the peace, and in 1835, when his power had been acknowledged by the whole of Western Algeria, he again encountered the foreigners in the field, and compelled General Trezgel to retreat. The French, demoralized and bewildered, were surrounded by Abd-el-Kader in the plain of Makta with a whirlwind of 20,000 Arab horsemen, and suffered a shameful defeat. Immense and instant efforts to repair the disaster were undertaken by France, and Marshal Clausel with an overwhelming force marched against Mascara, the Emir's stronghold, which he burnt to the ground. But he inflicted no real loss on Abd-el-Kader, whose light-armed troopers seemed to be everywhere to strike, and yet themselves to evade every blow. Clausel was succeeded in the command by a much greater soldier, Marshal Bugeaud, who was soon compelled to admit the futility of the French tactics. A new treaty was concluded in May, 1837, by which the Emir acknowledged formally the suzerainty of France, but was, *en revanche*, recognized as ruler of all Western Algeria, except half a dozen cities and the fruitful plain of the Metidja.

For more than two years there was peace between the French and Abd-el-Kader. The former were engaged in the conquest of Constantine; the latter in the augmentation and consolidation of his military force. War broke out again in October, 1839, and Abd-el-Kader swept upon the French power with a ferocious resolution and resistless energy paralleled only by Hyder Ali's famous descent upon the Carnatic, or the revolt of the Sepoy Army in Bengal. The whole fabric of French authority was shattered in an hour, and the European population found no safety, no centre of strength, save in the walled cities and the entrenched camps. The valor of the European troops was signally displayed; but the Arabs were not driven back to their mountainous deserts till in 1841 Bugeaud returned to the seat of war with full powers, large reinforcements, and a desperate purpose. Then began that terrible warfare which has won for the Algerian veterans of France a doubtful fame. An army of 100,000 men, trained in the newest school of civilized war and armed with all the resources of modern science, flung themselves on the brave but undisciplined Arabs. Scruples of mercy and tenderness were energetically cast aside, and the determination to strike terror into the rebels at whatever cost to humanity was proclaimed by generals and eagerly accepted by soldiers. Over the darker deeds of that furious struggle history would willingly throw a veil; but justice may be done to the gallantry of Bugeaud's army and to the vigor of its commander. Abd-el-Kader fought obstinately and bravely for empire and independence, but his power was steadily beaten down. One by one his strongholds were wrested from him; his army melted, or rather was worn away, and before Bugeaud had been a twelvemonth in Algeria he had driven the Emir over the frontier into Morocco. The Moorish Sultan was jealous of the French power, and aided Abd-el-Kader to raise another army, with which he twice invaded the Algerian territory. He was defeated, however, both by General Bedeau and the Duc d'Aumale, and, though for some years he carried on a sort of guerrilla war on the borders, his hopes rapidly sank. Bugeaud resolved to put an end to the Moorish intervention, and his invading army decisively defeated the Sultan on the Isly in August, 1844. A treaty was the result, the terms including the expulsion of Abd-el-Kader from Morocco. Three years later, in spite of dauntless and desperate struggles, the troops of General Lamoricière succeeded in hunting down the fallen chief, who surrendered on the condition that he was to be allowed to retire into exile in Egypt or Syria.

The Duc d'Aumale was Governor-General of Algeria when this capture was made. It is painful to be obliged to record that the conditions conceded by General Lamoricière when Abd-el-Kader surrendered were broken by the French Government for "reasons of State." The Emir was removed with extraordinary precautions first to Toulon, thence to Fort Laimague, from that to Pau, and lastly to

the beautiful Castle of Amboise, on the Loire. In the last-mentioned fortress he remained till his release by the Prince President in 1852. Having bound himself by oath upon the Koran not to conspire against the French dominion in Africa, Abd-el-Kader was permitted to reside at Brussa in Anatolia, and since the destruction of that city by an earthquake he lived quietly at Constantinople and Damascus. He employed his influence with useful effect in mitigating the outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism in the Lebanon when the Druses burst upon their Maronite neighbors. Indeed, in his exile he showed none of the restlessness and enthusiasm which distinguished his early career, and that might, in more favorable circumstances, have made him a conqueror, a ruler, and the founder of a dynasty.

FOREIGN NOTES.

RUBINSTEIN has been playing at Milan.

THE ladies are becoming sensible at last in Paris, and are returning to their former understandings, namely, broad flat low heels for boots.

M. PALMERI has at present exhibiting at Naples a new metal thermometer provided with an alarm bell, which sounds as soon as sudden changes of temperature take place.

A NEW Swedish nightingale has been discovered — this time at Stockholm. The young lady, who is of very humble origin, and is said to possess a marvellous voice, is named Martha Ericson.

THERE is to be a grand popular concert of military bands at Rome, when the executants will number all together three thousand five hundred. With favorable winds this one concert might be made to supply the whole of Italy.

TOWARDS the close of the Empire, M. Laboulaye advocated the plebiscitum, and for his efforts was rewarded by Napoleon III. with a handsome inkstand, which often rises up in judgment against him. M. Baragnon, in complaining of the delay in presenting the Prolongation Bill, made the Chamber roar with laughter for the space of five minutes by saying that "The report is still at the bottom of M. Laboulaye's inkstand."

THE death, in a garret at Paris, is announced of a woman named Louise Birat, who, some years ago, was one of the celebrities of the public balls, under the *sobriquet* of "Queen Pomaré." Her renown commenced in 1843, when she began to distinguish herself at the Salle Valentino by the eccentricity of her dancing. At that epoch all the world was talking of the events of Tahiti and the indemnity accorded to Pritchard. That place was quite the rage, and the name was given to the Valentino ball, and as a natural consequence that of Pomaré fell to the lot of the most conspicuous of the dancers.

THE London Court Journal says: "An old war-horse that had been through the world-famous death ride at Balaklava in 1854, was presented a few weeks since to her Majesty the Queen, by the officers of the 13th Lancers. It was thought this animal must be the last of the survivors of that dreadful day, but it has a companion, for there is still living at Trodegar Park the animal which carried the Hon. Godfrey Morgan through the charge, and brought him back safely from 'the gates of death.' This horse, Sir Briggs, belonged originally to the late Sir Charles Morgan, and has been a famous steeple-chaser."

THE death of Sir Henry Holland leaves England with only one of the old worthies who rallied round Fox and exchanged wit with Sheridan. Earl Russell is the sole survivor of the brilliant gatherings of Holland House in its best days. If he has prepared an autobiography, or left material for one, it must be by far the most interesting book of the kind that has been published this century. Sir Henry Holland gave a book of "Recollections" to the world some time ago, but being of an essentially secretive turn of mind, he scarcely touched the vast and interesting field of anecdote which we should have expected in a work of the kind.

JONAH's whale has been the cause of a very lively incident in the Academy of Sciences of Brussels, which has greatly exercised the political press of Belgium. M. Von Beneden, the eminent zoölogist, had pointed out in the course of an address

to the Academy that the tradition which describes the dolphin as bringing to the shore human bodies with which it meets is very ancient and widely spread, and that it bore a resemblance to "the fable of Jonah." The inadvertent intimation on the part of the eminent zoologist, that he doubted whether a human body swallowed by a whale would be in good condition three days afterwards, has raised a theological storm. Two professors of the Catholic University of Louvain demanded in a violent letter that the Academy should formally censure M. Von Beneden, and the Academy having, with one dissident refused to do so, the two professors of Louvain have sent in their resignation.

PROFESSIONAL travellers will everywhere find something that escapes attention, especially if they possess the activity of Captain Burton. For years there have been reports of a network of ruins on the coast of Istria and at Kherso Island, locally known as Castillieri. These were supposed to be Roman, but are now found to be built upon quasi "Cyclopean foundations," and to be full of pre-historic weapons, stone axes, etc., all polished. The late Professor Kandler, of Trieste, a great local authority, believes these remains to be Celtic. Mr. Tomaso Luciani, of Albona, an ardent student of antiquities, exhibited fine specimens at the Congress at Bologna, and first proved them to be pre-historic. The fact is peculiarly interesting with reference to the speculations of Mr. Fergusson. Captain Burton is at present investigating the remains and working up the pre-historic traditions of Istria, and we doubt not that the results in his hands will be profitable to science.

A LONDON exchange says: A successful joke was the other day played upon an enthusiastic band of archaeologists who explored the quaint old town of Banbury in search of antique lore. The following was sent to the secretary as an inscription copied from the corner-stone of an old fabric that had been recently pulled down:—

"SEOGEN SREVE EREH WCISUME VAHL
LAH SEHS SE OTREH NOS LLEBDNAS
REGNI FREH NOS GNIREH ROHYER
GANOED IRYD ALE NIFAE ESOTS SORCY
RUB NABOT ES ROHK CO CAED IR."

After the learned heads of the *savans* had been puzzled for awhile, one of their number hit upon the expedient of reading the learned inscription backwards, when it was found to be an ingenious transposition of a well-known nursery rhyme—"Ride a cock-horse," etc.

A REMARKABLE and interesting monograph *etude* has recently appeared in Paris upon an original but little known painter named George Michel. The volume is beautifully printed and illustrated by the most charming etchings of Michel's landscapes. The chief interest of the text lies in a round unvarnished tale given by the artist's widow to the author of the book, M. Alfred Sensier, who has with good effect reproduced her very words. Michel was a rank Republican, and fought at the capture of the Bastille in 1789. For all that the wealthy Baron d'Ivry did not disdain the aid of his brush in the time of the Restoration. "When a man has your talent," he used to say, "one overlooks those fooleries. If you will paint before me a couple of hours I will give you two hours after to talk as much as you like of Robespierre." The Baron would smuggle the poor obscure painter into his house to touch up his lordship's pictures, and if asked about "that poor Michel" would say "he had died long ago."

GAME of all kinds is unusually abundant in the Paris markets this season. The supply of larks, too, is so large that they are to be had for less than a song. A few of them, no doubt, have fallen a victim to the unerring aim of the French "chasseur," but for one lark killed with the gun a thousand are captured in nets. The mode of procedure is very simple. The nets, generally about 15 yards long by 5 wide, are drawn across the fields at night, and two experts in the bird-catching art can capture as many as twenty dozen, if they have anything like good luck. This wholesale destruction is at its height when the nights are dark and foggy, and there is an old tradition among the lark-catchers that they are most fortunate on All Saints' and Christmas Eve, because the ringing of the church bells so annoys the birds that they do not know where they are flying. Their price varies, of course, in different seasons, for they sometimes can be had for eighteen sous a dozen, while at others they realize four or five francs. The lark patés made at Pithiviers have acquired an almost universal celebrity, being exported in large quantities to Russia and the United States. Nor is their popularity of recent date, as the trade has flourished since the fourteenth cen-

tury, and the principal manufactory has been carried on by the same family from father to son for more than 300 years.

SECTARIAN differences, so long as they are confined to home circles, however unfavorable to the peace of the household in which they exist, do not seriously affect the community. A family composed of a Dissenting father, a Roman Catholic mother, a Ritualist daughter, and a Unitarian son, no doubt have disagreeable arguments when they meet at the breakfast and dinner tables; but so long as they only quarrel among themselves, society in general has no ground of complaint. It is when family meets family that there comes "the tug of war," and a house divided against itself is far less serious than a street or square rent by divisions, in which the Joneses are pitted against the Browns, and each family, united in itself, proclaims warfare against its neighbors, until the whole neighborhood resounds with the din of religious strife. This condition of affairs exists in the Lebanon, and leads occasionally to the most serious results. Great excitement has just been caused at Barouk owing to a terrific row which has taken place there, arising out of "religious differences" that have for some time past subsisted between a Catholic and a Maronite family in that locality, and which have at last broken out into open hostilities. The other day these two families, with their partisans, numbering more than two hundred men, women, and children, met in a field, and had a pitched battle carried on with stones. Some Druses, who attempted to interfere in the cause of order, were wounded, and obliged to retire, and the belligerents were only separated by a number of officers of the Lebanese militia, who happened to be in the neighborhood, but not before one man had been killed and eight severely wounded on both sides. A detachment of troops was subsequently sent to the spot, and, with the aid of the soldiers, the *caïmaham* of the district, accompanied by a native judge, succeeded in restoring peace, and arresting twenty-eight of the rioters.

THE *Cologne Gazette* prints a list of the ironclads of the maritime Powers of Europe in 1873, which it professes to have derived from recent and trustworthy sources. England, according to this, has a war navy of 38 vessels, of 28,000 horse-power and 595 guns. Its home fleet consists of 14 large plated vessels, 4 plated batteries, and 5 plated gunboats, of more than 30,000 horse-power, and carrying 102 guns. The war navy of Russia counts 15 plated frigates and 4 cupola-vessels, of 12,000 horse-power and 154 guns. The home squadron includes 10 turreted ships and 3 plated batteries, with 2,710 horse-power, and 94 guns. Germany has a war navy composed of 3 plated frigates, of 2,900 horse-power, and 55 guns (not including 5 plated frigates and 1 plated corvette, of 5,100 horse-power, and 48 guns), now in course of construction. The German coast-guard fleet consists of 2 turreted ships, of 600 horse-power, and 7 guns. The war navy of France is composed of 16 plated frigates, and 12 plated corvettes, of 17,200 horse-power in all, and carrying 316 guns. The French home squadron contains 14 turreted vessels, 16 plated batteries, and 6 rams of 9,320 horse-power, and carrying 268 guns. Austria has a war navy of 7 plated frigates and 4 casemated ships of 8,150 horse-power, bearing 182 guns. There is no Austrian home squadron. The Italian war navy consists of 12 plated frigates, 2 plated corvettes, and 1 ram, of 9,100 horse-power, and having 168 guns. Turkey possesses a war navy of considerable strength, composed of 15 large plated war vessels, two of which have 9 inch plates, of 8,530 horse-power in all, and carrying 116 guns of the heaviest calibre. Spain has 7 plated frigates, of 5,900 horse-power, and 145 guns, while in her coast fleet there are three turreted ships, of 1,800 horse-power, and carrying 9 guns. Finally the Netherlands dispose of a coast guard fleet of 22 vessels of various kinds, of 8,800 horse-power, and bearing 114 guns.

THE *Athenæum* thus discourses on the death of Ernest Feydeau: The death of one of its members, however humble, is always a source of regret to the world of letters; but few will say that the loss of M. Feydeau is an irreparable calamity to French literature. M. Feydeau died last week, it may be said prematurely, for he had but accomplished his fifty-second year. His precise position in literature is difficult to explain. M. Feydeau was the novelist of a particular portion of Parisian society; but his name, which was locally famous, rarely reached beyond his circle of readers, except as one synonymous with all that was most immoral and corrupt among French novels of the day. He deserved his repute, for in spite of his talent, brilliancy, and imagination, he personified decadence. We do not remember who it was who said that the pages of M. Feydeau were more dangerous than all the erotic works put together of the two preceding ages; but he who made the remark was guilty of no exaggeration. M. Feydeau became known as early as 1844. As is the case with most beginners, his first production was a volume

of indifferent verses. Shortly after, his marriage with the daughter of the economist Blanqui made a speculator of the would-be poet; but he soon wearied of exchange transactions, and turned his attention to archæology. He hesitated for a long time between the different cross-roads of literature, flitting from one branch to another, more after the manner of a *dilettante* than with any settled purpose of mind. He found his true vocation under the Second Empire, whose worthy interpreter he was. In the hothouse atmosphere of the Imperial Court M. Feydeau soon developed. In 1858, "Fanny" was greeted with a burst of applause, which led to the issue of eighteen editions of the book within ten months. Now that a partial moral reaction has commenced, such books as this are in a fair way of being banished from the library, and they share with M. Adolphe Belot's productions the honor or dishonor of being read in secret; but the reckless effeminate society which thrived, in the palmy days of the third Napoleon, between the Bourse and the Tuileries, exhibited its vices with a cynicism which showed how far all moral sense was obliterated; and "Fanny" was, at one time, on the table of every *femme élégante*. Naturally, M. Feydeau persevered in the fabrication of disgusting novels; and we are sorry to say that some of the principal journals of Paris opened their columns to his prose, because their readers took more interest in the fashionable writer's lechery than in the most interesting problems of politics. Thus, in succession, were published "Sylvia," "Monsieur de Saint Bertrand," and "La Comtesse de Châlis," first produced under the auspices of M. Emile de Girardin. All these novels, and many others, — for M. Feydeau was very prolific, — were conceived in the same vein, and based on the same monstrosities. People read them from the same motives which induce them to go to La Morgue to see dead bodies. Only M. Feydeau was elegant and dainty; he could "rouge" a skeleton, glove its knuckles, and array its bones so cleverly that the illusion would last for several minutes.

His last literary effort was "L'Art de Plaire," a code of taste in feminine attire, which, if we read between the lines, was little more than a trite *réclame* for certain tradesmen of Paris. In short, M. Feydeau was an elegant counterpart of the author of "La Femme de Feu." Although nature had gifted him with considerable capacity, we doubt whether many persons will mourn his death. We speak, of course, of the writer, not of the man

THE ISLE OF LOVE

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

In the days that are no more,
In a boat without an oar,
On a sea without a breath,
Without a breeze to blow me,
I was drifting sick to death.

Though the sea was glassy fair,
Not a breath of heaven was there;
Idly, idly flapped the sail;
In the silent depths below me
I was looking snowy pale.

It was tranquil, it was still,
Yet I drifted with no will,
And the sea was as the sky —
I, a cloud upon the azure,
Drifting melancholy by

But the summer night came soon,
And I sank into a swoon;
But I heard the waters beat,
With a faint and rhythmic measure,
Round the cold moon's silvern feet.

Then I wakened! and, behold,
Dawn upheld her cup of gold
In the east, and brimming o'er,
The ruby wine, so precious,
Tinged that sea without a shore;

And, within the ruddy glow,
I upsprang from sleep; and, lo!
I beheld an island fair,
Where the fronded palms stood gracious,
With God's glory on their hair.

And even as I gazed,
On the sands my boat's keel grazed,
And I saw thee smiling stand,
With a rose upon thy bosom,
And a lily in thy hand.

And I knew thee, and the place
Was familiar as the face —
I had seen them far away,
Ere my soul began to blossom
Into form and flesh of clay.

At the waving of thy hand,
I had lightly sprung to land,
And I took thy hand in mine,
And I kissed thee, and we entered
Groves delicious and divine.

How still it was! How calm,
In those glades of pine and palm,
Paven blue and bright with flowers;
And the isle was golden-centred,
And its golden centre ours.

There we sat like marble things,
And the boughs were moved like wings
Round the silence of our throne;
In the shadow deep and dewy,
Hand in hand, we sat alone.

Save the nightingale's soft thrill,
All was peaceful, all was still;
But our hearts throbbled as we dreamed,
And the heaven's open blue eye
Through the boughs above us gleamed.

Oh, fool! why did I rest
My dark chin upon my breast,
And drop to dream again?
When I wakened I was drifting
On the melancholy main.

And I saw the isle afar,
Like the glimmer of a star;
But my boat had ne'er an oar,
And the sunset shades were shifting
On that sea without a shore.

Then I raised my hands and cried,
As the glory gleamed and died
On the dark horizon line;
And the sunset, like a lion,
Crouched down tawny by the brine.

And never since that day
Have I drifted down that way,
Where thy spirit beckoned me;
Oh, to look on — oh, to die on
That green island in the sea!

Oh, to look into thy face,
'Mid the glory of the place!
Oh, to reach that island fair,
And to see the palm-trees blowing,
With God's glory on their hair!

In the scented summer sheen
Sits the island, shadowed green,
In a sea as smooth as glass;
There the morning dew is glowing
Evermore upon the grass.

From the garish glare of day,
Sheltered sweet, the soul may stray;
But whoever there doth sleep,
Must forever and forever
Drift alone upon the deep.

Oh, the island lost of yore!
Oh, the days that are no more!
I am drifting on in pain,
And the morning dew will never
Wet my sandalled feet again.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

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[No. 25.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK IV. PALMAM QUÆ MERUIT,
FERAT.

CHAPTER II. (continued.)

SHE laid her hand on his wrist: but he shook it off, while Lord Lisburn hurried to her side.

"Zelda!" he said in a low voice, and afraid of attracting notice, "come! are you mad? What have you to do with him? Come—the train leaves in half an hour."

"Wait," she said to Harold Vaughan. "I have something to say to you that you may care to hear—that you must hear: and you, too, Frank," she added, with a half-sad smile: it had never occurred to her till that moment how she might wound him whose love she had gathered to use, and to throw away when it had served its turn.

"What is it, in Heaven's name?" the earl asked, with more impatience in his tone than had been there since he had listened to Lady Penrose's lecture. "Come—you can tell me, and if it is of consequence, of course Dr. Vaughan can know it through King. Ah, here he is," he said, as the solicitor came up, not a little surprised to see the earl, as he thought, in close and public conversation with his late client.

"But I must speak," said Zelda, "and he must hear what I have to say."

"Then for God's sake let us get away from these people. King—you know the court-house—can't you find us some corner or some room or other where we can go—we can't stand here. And you'd better come too."

"The more the better," said Zelda. The doctor followed without a word. He was still under the influence of a bewildered dream in which people are never surprised, and lose even the shadow of a will. He was not angry at Lord Lisburn's conduct, or even hurt—it was only too justifiable, according to appearances; his spirit was fairly broken by this last blow of fortune, and his despair, when he thought of Claudia, now at last lost forever, swallowed up all other things. He did not even know where he was going, though

he had some faint idea of enlisting in the army under a feigned name. Zelda was too strong for him at last, and he had fairly given in. Even Carol, in spite of Claudia's letter, had let him go without a word of her or a shake of the hand.

"Now tell me," she said to the doctor, "if I am right or wrong. You were found under a hedge at a place called Barnfield, and the work-house people gave you your name. Is that true? I am right so far, then. I am a *Romani Chil*, you know, and we know of such things. Before they found you, you were the child of a great *Gorgio* gentleman: his name was Maynard—he lived at Marshmead."

"Squire Maynard of Marshmead?" broke in the solicitor. "Yes—he did lose a son."

"And did you ever hear of another child?"

"He had a daughter, I'm certain: but after he was ruined it didn't matter what he had. The girl went to live with an old nurse, I believe—but he was no longer my client at that time: he had no affairs to manage then."

Lord Lisburn's heart sunk within him: what new mystery was he to hear?

"I am she—I am that second child. I am your sister, your *Dadeskri Tshat*—your father's girl. Your people are mine. And so," she added, turning gravely to Lord Lisburn, "good-by. I must follow him, now!"

There was a theatrical touch—a sort of stage-trick—about all she did or said deliberately. All her intentional effects were more or less borrowed from the stage. But the mannerism, the affectation of effect, covered a real, strong, passionate intention, as was evident in her blazing eyes and quivering hands. Her face did not soften even when Lord Lisburn cried out in wonder and dismay,—

"Good God, Pauline! Are you mad, or am I?"

"Neither—it is as true as I stand here. I knew it from—I knew it always."

"King—tell me, what does she mean?"

The lawyer smiled complacently—nothing could have happened more opportunely to save his client from an unworthy *mésalliance* even if it were not as true as it seemed to be.

"Well, my lord, speaking as one accustomed to deal with evidence, nothing is more likely, I should say. I remember the loss of Squire Maynard's son well, and it is clear Miss Leczinska has heard the story at first hand. It's an old story, though, and there's no property in question—I should say let it alone. Your lordship told me yourself you knew nothing about Miss Leczinska's family when you spoke to me about the settlements, and so she might just as well be Squire Maynard's child as any other man's."

But what only seemed likely enough to the lawyer was as clear as daylight to Harold Vaughan. He groaned almost aloud. The story of his own birth and childhood might have interested him once, but that his bond to Zelda was even more real than he had fancied was almost too hard to bear. It was worse than his social doom—scarcely less bitter than his hopeless estrangement from Claudia. Even if he had not had ample circumstantial evidence for believing at once in the truth of the story, he would have been inclined to take it for granted: it seemed that in spite of his struggles against destiny, in spite of Claudia, Zelda had only to will in order to be to him whatever she pleased. He felt helpless in her hands.

Lord Lisburn soon recovered himself—a young Englishman of his stamp is by temper and training as dignified under emotion as a Red Indian. He had turned very grave and pale; but he spoke in his usual quiet and straightforward tone.

"I cannot say how I admire you for wanting to do your duty, Pauline—for being willing to give up all things for one who was born your brother, whoever he may be. I am glad King and Dr. Vaughan are here, for as you proclaimed what you thought right publicly, so will I say publicly not only what I think right, but what I wish to do. Nothing that has happened is your fault—you are not responsible for—for him."

"My lord, my lord," broke in the attorney, while Harold Vaughan stood silent, "the doctor has been acquitted by a jury—is not guilty before the law."

"I think I am quite as capable of judging as a jury—pray let Dr. Vaughan fight his own battles. Pau-

line, nothing, as long as I live, can make any difference between you and me."

Zelda looked at him with surprise. Some idea that she was giving up, not only rank and wealth, but a love such as she could give, but had never thought of receiving, must at last have struggled into her heart. She turned away her eyes.

"Is it true that I bring harm to all I look on?" she spoke half aloud. "But I will do so no more. I must leave you—you love me too much, I am afraid—love means much, I fear, that I did not understand. You want all me, and I can give you none." She was not wholly false—she was really filled with dismay at the unexpected wrong she had done. But her heart never swerved. "Once more I must say good-by. My brother has no friend, and I must follow him to the world's end, even if he beats me like Aaron, or makes me creep after him on my knees. He may hate me if he likes, but he cannot prevent my following him: I have power to help him in a way you know nothing of, great and good as you are. Brother, you will not cast off a sister who leaves all that love her to be your friend?"

"Pauline—I have only heard one word: you cannot love me—it would make you miserable to be my wife?"

"It would make you miserable, and it would kill me. It is kindness to say so at once—I have chosen. Good-by."

"Zelda—Pauline—Alice—whoever you are, I must speak," at last cried out Harold Vaughan. "It is absurd you can feel any sister's affection for me, who have only known you in such a way that—that my brain reels to think of. Forget you are my sister—leave me—Lord Lisburn may rest assured that I shall never trouble either him or you. You have no duties to me. Do you leave me, and let me go."

"Never—never. I will never be the wife of any man. I will care for you, and you must care for me, unless you wish your sister to die. We both need one another, who have no friends. It is for you to lead me back into the old ways. I have done with their life forever—it has nearly killed me: and you must hate it too. It is not for us, who have free blood in our hearts. Come with me, and I will show you how to live away from the world. Are you not heart-sick of slaving and evil-speaking and having everybody's hand against you, and of everything that people say and do? Let us leave them all behind us and come."

Lord Lisburn looked at her wistfully, and his lips trembled. But still he spoke out like a brave man, though he must have suffered cruelly.

"I am not such a cad as to keep you to a promise—Pauline!" He so nearly broke down that he could

only say one other word—"Good-by." He made no complaint, nor railed against her or destiny, though the fox gnawed his heart.

"Come, King," he said suddenly, as he wrung the hand she held out to him, but not trusting himself to look at her even for the last time—"come, we shall miss the train."

And so he departed, leaving Zelda and Harold Vaughan alone in the world.

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVI.† (continued.)

SHE was exceedingly polite to the curate, for persons not habitually accustomed to good company are never quiet or easy in their manners. As soon as they see a stranger, some hidden mechanism of their being impels them into action as though they moved upon wheels and springs. They cannot help being demonstrative and oppressive. First, the poor lady blushed at the recollection of having been seen by the curate in her night-cap the last time he had paid a visit to his superior. Her feminine instinct told her that Mr. Mowledy was not the sort of person who was accustomed to partake of Irish stew and whiskey-punch at dinner. Then she resolved in a truly female spirit of kindness and perverse enterprise that she would overcome his dislike to such good things, and in her own mind determined to make him a fuller and merrier man before the afternoon was much older. She saw that he was pale and sad and tired, and all the better feelings of the woman kindled at the sight of suffering she could soothe and charm away.

"Bless my soul, reverend sir," exclaimed Dr. Porteous, rising, and making a circle with his arms, as he took off his double reading glasses to get a better view of his curate, "bless my soul, it was only yesterday that I was thinking of you, my worthy and excellent coadjutor. *Ennius recitè: Amicus certus in re incertà cernitur.* I think with Ennius, and thank you for your timely visit. How do you do, reverend sir; how do you do?"

The doctor had lost none of his grand ways, though, if the truth must be told, he reddened a little as he remembered the small change he had taken from the curate after their tavern dinner, and the recollection pricked him as though the point of a sharp needle had been thrust into the quick of one of his nails. Yet he would have done the same thing again, to-day, to-morrow, for loose habits grow upon those who have once put them on, and Dr. Porteous always wanted money so badly, that he had learned to think any means by which

it could be quietly got were not only justifiable, but necessary.

Meantime, the doctor's companion had bustled from the room, and presently returned with a very red face, as that of one who could say, "Ha! ha! I am warm, I have seen the fire;" and she sat down on the extreme edge of her chair, apparently awaiting some foreseen and prepared event. Then came a sound as of stumbling up a staircase, and something bumped, trembled, and clattered, and jingled as though crockery and glass were commixed and contending against the rickety parlor door. The good lady, on hospitable thoughts intent, hastened to open it, and in steamed the departed Irish stew, again filling the air with its fragrance, and flanked by a foaming pint of porter, which savory things hid and extinguished a small maid-of-all-work beneath them.

"You cannot refuse to dine with us, Mr. Mowledy?" said the lady, all a-blush and a-flutter with her innocent and friendly stratagem. "The rector is always saying how far it is from Wakefield, and told me to be sure and have some refreshment ready for you next time you came."

The maid-of-all-work having extricated herself from her burthen and returned to the upper world, said in a loud whisper, "Please, mum, Mister Philpotts wouldn't let me have the beer without the fawpunce, mum, he wouldn't till I toll dim as how you 'ad a strange gent kum mup from the counteree, mum."

"That will do, Susan; go down-stairs, and mind and have a tea-kettle of boiling water ready when I ring," replied the housekeeper, hastily, trying to smother the maid-of-all-work's explanations, and some further whispering between them took place in the passage, but the curate had heard enough to make him understand and forgive what had happened to the change of his five-pound note at the tavern; and he felt a strange pitying sort of kindness for his superior, who was so worthless, so generous, so courteous.

It was surely a fine kind of politeness which induced Mr. Mowledy to accept the dinner offered him without further pressing, and having silently returned thanks for it to the Giver of all good, he sat down and thanked the rector's housekeeper.

"*Deliciæ illepidæ atque inelegantes,*" observed the doctor, with cordial good humor; "but an Irish stew is among the least objectionable of our home-made dishes. It presents less resistance to the teeth than our national roast beef, which can be seldom enjoyed in perfection by a small family, and it is more savory than our famous English mutton cooked by any other method. *Plus salis quam sumptis* is sound reason in an empty purse."

"We have nothing else, but a pig-

con pie, and an apple tart, and some custards, Mr. Mowledy, so that you see your dinner," said the housekeeper, who by this time had sent the small maid-of-all-work to the neighboring pawnbroker's with her shawl, and thence to the pastrycook's for these delicacies.

"*Ἀπλὰ γὰρ ἐστὶ τῆς ἀληθείας ἐπι,*" remarked the doctor; "I was not aware there were so many good things. My dear—ehem! Mrs. Wilkins, I think I will myself taste that pigeon pie. It has an enticing aspect which I confess captivates me;" and the rector, nothing loth, sat down to a second dinner.

When it was over, the housekeeper brought a bowl of punch, which she had made with practised art downstairs, and set it on the table, after which she disappeared. The curate suffered his glass to be filled without protest, but drank nothing, and before Dr. Porteous could drink too much the humble parish priest and man of God gave out his message.

Dr. Porteous heard him to the end, and then caressed his chin with a wise look and muttered, "Hum! ha!" Having done this, he poked the fire, sat down, drank off a glass of punch, got up again, and walked about the room with his hands behind him, apparently immersed in reflections too deep for words. Suddenly he stopped short before the fire, put his hands under his coat-tails, knitted his brows, and looked down upon the carpet.

Being satisfied that he had thus composed a face and air suited to the circumstances of a doctor of divinity whose advice is required upon matters of import, a droll look came abruptly into his countenance, as who should say, "I have done enough for appearances."

"Well, now reverend sir," began Dr. Porteous, swinging his double-eyeglass in his right hand, and thrusting the other into the yellowish shirt-frill, which still preserved some equality of outline between his chest and the regions immediately beneath it—"if I were a bishop, you know, or a grave old foggy, I should be obliged to say, *Actum est*, it is all up with the poor woman, and read you a homily about submitting to the decrees of providence. But I won't do that. Perhaps we may see daylight presently, for I can generally find my way out of another man's scrape, even if I cannot out of my own. *Vivere est cogitare*. Let us think over it."

"I am anxious," said the curate, "that no time should be lost, for I much fear the effect of prison fare upon a form so frail and delicate as that of the person who is accused, wrongfully—I feel assured most wrongfully."

"*Mora omnis odio est, sed facit sapientiam*. The more haste the worse speed," answered the doctor,

who liked the sound of his own voice too well to conclude any affair hastily. "Nevertheless, *omnis nimium longa properanti mora est*, and I should be the last person to deny that delay is sometimes disagreeable, and more especially when one expects a remittance."

The curate fancied that there was acuteness and experience under the theatrical demeanor and rodomontade of his chief, so he only bowed his head and listened.

"Humph!" said the doctor, "let us set our heads together, reverend sir, since you take an interest in this accused lady. I have some knowledge of the world, which is entirely at your service; and—take another glass of punch. *Stultum est in luctu capillum sibi evellere, quasi calvitio mæror levaretur*, a wet grief is better than a dry one."

Mr. Mowledy related everything that had happened to him since he had left the police court, as far as it bore upon the point at issue, and told Dr. Porteous that under heaven his sole hope now was centred in his grand connection.

"He can't help us if he would, and would not help us if he could," said the doctor, generously making Mr. Mowledy's case his own, and identifying himself with it. "A cabinet minister never dare do anything."

"I have some knowledge," said Mr. Mowledy, "of the present Lord Chancellor. I was once present at a consultation he attended in my brother's case. We seemed to take a fancy to each other, and had some conversation upon a moot point of ecclesiastical law after the business of the consultation was over. I have considered the propriety of addressing him. Perhaps he may remember me, and duty demands that I take no rest till I have saved innocent blood."

"The Lord Chancellor is the last person in the kingdom, perhaps, who could assist you in a law case. He could get you an invitation to a ball at the French ambassador's, or to dine with the Lord Mayor; but he would as soon go into court without his robes, as interfere with a magistrate's decision upon private grounds, and in a private manner."

"Suppose," inquired Mr. Mowledy, anxiously, "I were personally to request one of the members for Dronington to ask a question to-night in the House of Commons, would that enable him to interfere publicly or call the attention of government to the subject, so that injustice could not be done in a corner?"

"Not for the world," replied Dr. Porteous. "If we want to carry your point we must be silent as mice. A single word in the House of Commons would call up the law officers of the crown. It would be regarded as an attack on government, and the poor woman would no longer have

a chance of escape. Tradesmen like this Mr. Sloggood have always some very powerful friends, too; and if they were ever so little in the wrong it might pay them to frustrate any attempt at inquiry without scruple."

"Then there remains nothing but the right of petition to the crown," sighed Mr. Mowledy.

"Fiddle-de-dee! Reverend sir, pray excuse me," said the doctor, recollecting himself and hastening to apologize for an unintentional expression of disrespect to his guest. "Petitions and all that kind of thing are merely sounding nonsense. They do no good. They mean nothing but disappointment. The sovereign has ceased to possess any sort of authority, and is nothing more than a private person like the rest of us, only more averse to anything in the shape of publicity."

"Would the press help us? The editor of the *Banner* was my college tutor," urged Mr. Mowledy.

"Ah! reverend sir, and an excellent person he is, too," said Dr. Porteous, whose eyes twinkled with a stray gleam of good-humor, which was extinguished almost as soon as it appeared. "To be sure, I knew Littleton very well. He was a Demy of Magdalen. To be sure! But he could not help us, I am afraid, just now. No sort of publicity ever does any good where lawyers are concerned. It only teaches your opponents how to frame their case most awkwardly to meet yours. Ah! reverend sir, I see you are still very young;" and Dr. Porteous smiled benevolently down upon his simple-minded curate, who felt somewhat abashed by his conspicuous want of worldly wisdom.

"Where, sir, is power to be found?" asked Mr. Mowledy sadly. "Who can and will help the oppressed, and see that right and justice are administered without respect to persons?"

"Ah!" said the doctor good-humoredly, "that is a long question, with which we have fortunately nothing to do at present; but the first part of it is easily answered. Power is to be found on an office stool, and the present King of England is King Clerk—a very despotic and absolute monarch—invisible, supreme. It is really of no use, reverend sir, of no use at all going to peers or princes if you want anything done. Secretaries, under-secretaries, assistant under-secretaries, senior clerks, those are men who hold authority; they nearly all know and trust each other; they form a curious sort of secret society, extending over the civilized world. Its rules are unwritten, but they are thoroughly understood and thoroughly binding. Nobody will admit that we live under a reign of clerks; every man of experience knows it, and acts upon it."

(To be continued.)

GIULIO VESCONA: POET AND PAINTER.
A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

In the records of History there are few things more ludicrous than the accounts of battles among the Italian States during the Middle Ages. We read of long arrays of men-at-arms, horse and foot, men armed with all known weapons of offence, cross-bow-men, men with the long-bow, lancers on horseback, pike-men on foot, halberdiers, arbalest-men, and men with battle-axes. The collision of contending forces furnished with all these destructive agencies might seem to promise a carnage absolutely terrible. Two moderately brave armies so contending must, it might be supposed, utterly annihilate each other; and so they would have, no doubt, but that the skill of men had been as busily at work to protect their own as to assail their enemies' bodies.

For the time the arts of offence and of defence were equally balanced. The knights were completely encased in steel plates, from casque, gorget, and back-piece, to steel gauntlets and jambes; squires in their coats-of-mail, with helm and beaver down; men-at-arms in steel head-piece, with breastplate and gusset; even the bowmen had the friendly *pavise* — the huge double shield, carried by an unarmed companion, and held before him as he drew his bow.

Then let the battle rage, let the knights with lance in rest spur on their ranks of heavy war-horses, and gallop to the shock of war; let bolts and arrows darken the air, let the war-cry be shouted, the clarion ring out and kettle-drum clang; let the battle-axe and halbert clash down on helmet and morion, let lances splinter, let shields be dented, let swords flash in the sun and the fire-sparks fly off everywhere, under the rain of angry blows.

Let the contending hosts fight it out from morning till sunset; and when, at nightfall, the armies shall be wearied to the death, when the bodies of horses shall be trembling under the load of steel they have carried all day, and men worn out and half smothered in their riveted armor — then will the armies draw off, and count their dead and wounded. There are none to count. A few may be missing, but of wounds and death there is nothing at all. If a horse stumbles and his heavily armed rider falls, then indeed he is a lost man, unless his own side can stay to help him into the saddle again. A man once down lies prostrate till he is pulled up: his armor weighs him to the ground; but even then he need be under no apprehension of the *coup de grace* from a hostile poignard thrust through the joints of his steel plates; it is only a question of money. He would be captured, taken to his enemy's tent, and kept in gentle durance till his friends should ransom him. True, if he fell in marshy ground he was in peril, for his own weight and his armor's might force him deep down to a muddy and inglorious death. So, it is recorded, there fell three warriors in a morass at the great battle of Zagonara, in 1423, so fell and so were drowned. These three deaths were the only casualties on either side! but as a rule, if a warrior fell, and fell on dry ground, his worst fate was capture.

In this harmless fashion were fields won in the fifteenth century in Italy. There was much of the glorious circumstance of battle, all the "pomp and prodigality of war," and none of its peril, no ghastly wounds, no groans, shrieks, and sighs. The grisly form of death did not show on these Italian battle-fields.

The two towns of Pesaro and Rosciano are but ten miles apart, and when my story opens, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, there was no very apparent reason why the inhabitants of the one town should not be on friendly terms with those of the other. True, the men of Pesaro were Guelphs, and the men of Rosciano were Ghibellines, but these German words had quite lost their original signification. They had come, at this time, to have no other meaning than Liberal and Conservative — the Guelph was

the Whig of those days, and the Ghibelline the Tory — but this constituted no reason why the Pesarites or the Rosciano men should wish to fight, even after the harmless fashion of that time. They were, however, near neighbors, and they were Italians, and a bitter feud had existed for many generations.

The men of Rosciano were staunch Ghibellines, and the staunchest among them were the old family of Vescona, which dwelt in the rambling, melancholy-looking house in the principal square of the town, half fortress, half palace; with its narrow slits of windows, its massive gateway, its battlemented roof with bartizans frowning at each corner: a house that, well provisioned, could stand a siege — that had, indeed, often stood out against risings of the multitude: for the Vesconas were the chief men of the town and district, and usually held the high offices of state. The family now consisted of but four members, the father and his three sons. They were poor; an honorable poverty, for having often held high office, the fact of their poverty was a ground of consideration from their fellow citizens.

Now, in Rosciano, the talk was of another battle. Blacksmith and armors were busy with the rivets of men's armor; horses were being looked up, cross-bows strung, lances and swords sharpened, for another ineffectual combat. The men of Pesaro had been intolerably offensive of late, and a demonstration was absolutely necessary. The fighting men on both sides were so nearly equal, that any decisive engagement was not dreamt of, and the movements of the two forces were so well known to each other that each army would leave its respective city at the same hour, and meet half way on a certain plain, where the encounter would take place.

Giulio Vescona, the youngest of the three brothers, was to wear plate armor for the first time, and ride with his elder brothers by their father's hand. This circumstance was rather a jest in the Vescona family, for in truth Giulio was not of the stalwart build of his brothers, and to ride for a whole day under the heavy panoply of steel required no boyish frame or muscle.

The day came. In the great square before the house of the Vesconas men began to gather from early dawn. The town was all afoot; colored hangings were thrust out from windows looking upon the square. The cross-bow-men were gathered in one group, the pike-men in another, horses gayly caparisoned were led about; then, as the sun grew high, the horsemen began to form in squadron. Then the gateway of the palace was thrown open, and four men were seen bearing out a great cask of wine; others followed with bread and meat; and the grateful multitude of fighting men shouted out their appreciation of this attention to their comforts on the part of their favorite leader.

Then the knights in full armor, with plumes waving, arrived in groups of three or four, by the different streets, and the bands of horsemen began to form in line. Then the great gateway of the Vescona Palace was thrown open, and the thirty or forty retainers of the house rode through — at their head old Vescona himself and his three sons — each man of the troop wearing the white plume of the Vesconas; the four leaders alone with their visors up, each of them with his white shield hanging to his shoulder, on every shield three brandons inflamed on a field sable, issuant from a bearing gules, and the device, "I burn."

The father, a white-haired old man of over sixty, a wily, wary Italian, knowing how grateful to his fellow-citizens was this pomp and show of war; the elder sons, strong, black-bearded men of forty, eager for the honor of the family; Giulio, a son by a second marriage, a slim youth, with light hair and a fair boyish face; an active, well-made young man of two or three-and-twenty, but whose frame looked like a girl's beside his broad-shouldered and strong-limbed father and brothers.

Then the banner and flag bearers fell into their places, and the little army of some fifteen hundred men defiled from the square in what we should now call columns of companies, each company under the order of its leader, and each wearing his plumes, color, or heraldic device.

Past the city gate, past the entowered barbican with its drawbridge, past the single-arched bridge over the river, where the still waters beneath caught the flash of the steel plates of the armor and reflected the gaudy coloring of the banners and forest of spears; along the rocky ground the troops went on, creeping like a long snake among the defiles of the hills, and emerging at last where the first view of the sea is got, with the broad, olive-tree covered plain of Cortona between them and the town of Pesaro. Far off, near the city, a dense column of dust moved slowly towards them on the plain, and here and there, through the smoke-like dust, practised eyes could distinguish the glimmer of spear-heads and polished armor. It was the army of Pesaro. Then the men of Rosciano hung for a space among the acclivities of the mountain, while their leaders conferred; and presently the band, reaching down into the plain, deployed in line of battle, and slowly advanced in perfect silence to the encounter of their enemies.

It was not till they were within two hundred yards of each other that the rival hosts drew up. The trumpets sounded a shrill fanfare, the knights drew down their visors, and at the same moment a cloud of arrows and cross-bow bolts started from each army. The knights tightened their reins, fixed themselves firmly in their saddles, set their lances in rest, and leaning well forward, urged their horses to a slow canter—to be quickened into a hand gallop after the first few yards. Then the crash of the onset, the splintering of spears, the shouting of war-cries, the fall of horses, the mishaps of riders, crashing blows on the helmet making the senses reel, the full impact of spear-heads against men's chests causing them to gasp for breath; but, as yet, no wounds and no prisoners.

So they fought the livelong day; both armies resting at times by mutual consent, from very weariness, for fresh breath and coolness; then, again, the fanfare, the charge, and the crash of arms. Towards evening the men of Rosciano thought they were gaining the advantage; the Pesarites have given ground more than a mile. "Let us drive the Guelphs into Pesaro!" shouted the two sons of old Vescona, and they led the charge once again, followed by the boldest among their men and among them by Giulio, into the ranks of the enemy; but the Pesarites rallied, and closed in their ranks. "Back!" shouted the leader of the Rosciano men, and his lancers backed their horses from the crowd of their assailants. Giulio heard him, but he had lost his head. His lance had long ago fallen from his unpractised hand, but with his sword he dealt, if not destruction, at least some very dangerous-looking blows among the crowd of his enemies, by whom he was being hustled, unconsciously to himself, along the road to Pesaro. The clouds of dust did what the smoke of gunpowder does in modern warfare, and not till after the retreat of his own people did they miss him from their number.

Now that he was surrounded, each Pesarite, seeing the Vescona device on his shield, disregarded the four or five cavaliers who had followed the white plume into the *mêlée*, and strove to make Giulio his prisoner; but the skilfully brandished sword kept them at a prudent distance, till one stout Pesarite warrior, backing his horse to a little distance, charged with his spear in rest, and buried it in the chest of Giulio's horse. A spurt of blood gushed out, and the horse reared high in air, and falling, horse and rider lay together—the horse dead, the rider stunned, hampered and powerless beneath him. They pulled the dead body of the horse from off Giulio, and thinking from his lying there motionless that he had fainted, they raised his visor. The stalwart knight who had unbored him lifted his own beaver, and, recognizing the pale features of Vescona's youngest son, exclaimed, "Messire Giulio Vescona, you are my prisoner—the prisoner of Francisco Ferrati, the Potter of Pesaro!"

Giulio was not a young man easily depressed by adverse circumstances. His life had, to some extent, partaken of the eventful character of his family's fortunes. His father's political status in the Commonwealth—one day the favor-

ite of the people, the next denounced as a traitor or executed as a tyrant—one day flattered, courted, and respected, the next blockaded in his own house, and with his own and his children's lives in his hand; all this had somewhat accustomed Giulio to sudden reverses of fortune. So that, feeling that on the whole he had not failed of his duty in the battle nor been captured disgracefully, he regained his usual spirits after he had been placed on a fresh horse. True, he was a captive, a foot soldier on either side of his horse, with a hand on each rein, escorting him. By his side rode the Potter, and they conversed affably and courteously as they rode into Pesaro.

That riding through the streets of the hostile city promised to be a little mortifying, but it was not so; the people were so triumphant at seeing a son of their great enemy Vescona a prisoner of war, that they could hardly contain their joy. Then the news began to spread that the prisoner was a perfect Rolando—that he had fought like a lion, and only succumbed when bruised and hampered by his dying horse; and before the party had reached the house of the Potter the acclamations of the multitude seemed as much in honor of the captive as of the capturers.

Notwithstanding the contentions between Pesaro and Rosciano, the people of either city were by no means on unfriendly terms. Frequent as were states of war, truces were still more frequent. The people of the two towns bought, sold, and even married with each other. What was gossip in Pesaro was acceptable as news in Rosciano. So that Giulio knew all about Ferrati, the Potter of Pesaro, as he delighted to style himself, before this day.

Francisco Ferrati was the younger son of a neighboring family of gentle birth. Suffering as a younger son from the prevailing impecuniosity to which noble families in Italy, and younger sons in every country, have always been subject, he had betaken himself to the trade of potter, in the which he had prospered exceedingly, and was now a rich man and the Prince of Pesaro potters—Pesaro being, at this period, the *chef lieu*, the headquarters of the potter's art in Italy, and the trade was in such estimation that, like the trade of glassmaking in France, which had its *gentilshommes verriers*—its noble glass-blowers—many scions of good families engaged in this lucrative and honorable pursuit at Pesaro.

The Potter was the richest man and the most influential citizen in Pesaro, and his house was the best house in the town, with its court-yard and interior balconies.

Arriving in the city, the Potter's band, for he too was the leader of a company of lancers, crowded into the court-yard of their chief's house: the great gates clanged behind, and the servants and ladies of the family, bearing huge bowls and beakers of wine, and great dishes piled with bread and fruit, mingled with the group of dismounting horsemen, and offered these refreshments to the returning combatants. The ladies—an elderly lady, the Potter's wife, and a young lady, his daughter—advanced towards the master of the house.

"This is our guest," said the Potter courteously. "I do not ask him for his parole."

"I accord it freely," said Giulio, looking at the young lady.

She smiled at the compliment, and her father laughed at the good spirits of his prisoner.

Giulio, however, meant as much as he said. The conversation of the Potter, interesting up to that moment, had suddenly fallen on distracted ears; even the clang of the great iron gates closing behind him, which might have seemed to shut him into this narrow court-yard and toll the knell of his parting freedom, failed to reach his senses, for at that moment Olympia Ferrati was descending the broad marble staircase of the house.

Poets have the melancholy prerogative of falling in love at first sight, and Giulio was a poet. Perhaps only a rhymester before, but a poet then and thereafter. Before Olympia, with stately and graceful movements, had reached the lowest step, she had conquered the love of Giulio Vescona. A woman of the diviner sort; taller than most of her sex, with none of the mere feminine prettiness of delicate

limb, slim figure, and affected mien and speech, but a grand, massive form, a girlish Juno, who showed in her slightest gesture the true goddess grace. Dark, wavy hair, coming down low on a broad smooth forehead; deep-set eyes, with an infinite depth and tenderness in them; a mouth with the full lips, the soft modelling round them, and that half-defiant look which the sculptors of ancient Greece gave to the Queen of Heaven. A complexion not red and white, like that of vulgar mortal beauties, but of a single pervading tone, here softening into pearly tints, and deepening there into rich amber tones; such a complexion as the great masters of old paint in beautiful women—a complexion which shows through the skin that so-called "*luce interna*," that glow of inner light, the rarest natural beauty, and which only a few of the greatest masters have transferred to their canvases.

There is, as we all know, a certain feeling of awe engendered in us when we gaze upon any being, even if it be but an animal, which represents the greatest strength, force, courage, size, or beauty, to which its race can attain. A tiger or a lion awes us, even in captivity, by its huge dormant strength, its fearful energy, underlying the perfect symmetry and grace of its form. So was Giulio's admiration tempered by a feeling almost akin to awe at the perfect majesty of beauty and grace in this woman. Her shapely limbs, deep chest, full rounded throat, and strong, supple hands, seemed to evidence an actual bodily strength under the sinuous grace of her movements; just as the repose of her features concealed a dormant intensity of some kind—perhaps, thought Giulio, of tenderness, perhaps of cruelty.

When the history of dress comes to be written in a serious and philosophical spirit, when it comes to be understood how the form and material of clothing and the manners, morals, and spirit of each age, react with most subtle and complicated force upon each other, we shall have made one more step towards the advancement of human wisdom. Probably the philosophers of the future will begin with dividing history into ages, like the stone, bronze, and iron ages of the ethnologist; so, naming each age after its predominating feature of dress, we might first have the age of ochre and woad. Following upon this will come the age of the skins of animals; then the age of woollen cloths; then that of linen cloth; following that, the age of velvets and silks, and here we should have the age of painted skins again (so strangely does history repeat itself), till, finally, we should come to the present age—the age of flimsy materials, stiffened out of all sympathy with the body they clothe; the age of muslins and starch; an age of shams, because there is often as much flour paste as material in a woman's clothing, because dress not only covers but conceals the form, and a skilful dressmaker, being granted a small waist and straight shoulders, will place deformity itself on a par with perfect symmetry. How far this vitiation of our taste—proceeding from the ingenuity of the most inartistic people in Europe—will tell, or has told, upon the spirit of the age, is the business of the future philosopher of dress, and does not become the present humble writer to inquire.

At the time of which I write it was the age of close-fitting dress for men and women; dress in which neither the withered limbs of age nor the wasted or distorted forms of disease, debility, or deformity, could pass themselves off for lusty youth or vigorous health.

If the reader will imagine a lady dressed in a modern riding habit made of pale green silk, cut square and open in the front, with a scanty skirt nearly touching the ground before and trailing some feet behind the wearer; on the upper part of each arm a sort of raised epaulette, marked by tiny slashings, showing a deep rose-colored satin lining beneath; the upper part of the dress not defined by a belt at the waist, but melting gradually into the skirt; if he can imagine this, he will have some notion of Olympia Ferrati's dress. But no mere description will give a just idea, to us moderns, of the exquisite beauty of these mediæval silks; not, like the productions of our looms, made heavy

and stiffened out with gum, and falling in ugly, angular folds, but a silk, soft, pliant, and elastic as a cobweb, enfolding the limbs like a thin, felted cloth, having gold threads running through its texture; a silk which brightened with the light and deepened into a dark glow with the shadow at each movement and gesture of the wearer, with the play and motion of some colored liquid. This was the sort of dress that the old English poet meant when he rhymed of the "sweet liquefaction" and the "brave vibration" of his mistress's dress.

Giulio lived on in the Potter's house quite happily. He and the Potter's daughter were thrown much into each other's society. There were moments when the young man was on the point of falling into the very abyss and vortex of love, so nearly irresistible was Olympia; but he reflected how absolutely impossible it would be for him to mate with Olympia Ferrati—how impossible marriage was between members of two families in such irreconcilable hostility as his father's and the Potter's. For not only did his father abhor and despise the very name of Pesarite and Guelph, but he concentrated all that contempt and hatred upon the Potter, the ruling spirit of Pesaro. Moreover, Giulio well knew that his marriage into a family so thoroughly obnoxious to all the sympathies of his fellow-townsmen would be destructive of the long prestige of his own family; and Giulio Vescona, if not a patriot, was, like all his countrymen, a violent partisan—a citizen of Rosciano, whose patriotism was concentrated into a passionate love for his native town and his own great house.

So Giulio was of a prudence exceeding the prudence of poets; he resolved not to fall in love, and he came, after a time, fully to persuade himself that he had not done so, and that he did not mean to. Still, he found that the days of his captivity passed delightfully. There was a great deal to do and see in the Potter's house. There was the business of the pottery, workmen turning plates and dishes on the wheel, other workmen cunningly compounding the glazes, mixed in great vats and looking like cream; and, finally, there were the painters, many of them men of gentle birth, who drew the designs on the plates and vases. And Olympia explaining all this to him, he was fired with a sudden ambition to be at work too.

They stopped to watch the work of an old man, one of the most expert of the painters. He had brought his easel, his painting-bench, and his twenty or thirty little pots of prepared colors into the court-yard. His brush travelled slowly and carefully over the white glazed surface of a dish, on which he was painting a landscape with a dance of nymphs and satyrs.

"It looks very easy," said Giulio Vescona.

"Ah!" said Olympia; "but first you must be a painter."

"Well," said Giulio, who had unbounded confidence in his skill with the brush, "and what more?"

"When you have learnt to paint you must forget nearly all you know. You put a color on, and when it is fired in the kiln, it changes and comes out quite a different color."

"I must try," said Giulio; so he was given a terra-cotta dish, on which a whitish glaze had been laid and the plate again fired. Then Giulio, taking up the painter's palette covered with gray mixtures, which he was told would turn into various tints with the action of the fire, proceeded, after a lecture from the artist, to dip a thick brush into the first tint that came to his hand, and, with a rapid and skilful touch, he drew all round the rim of the dish one of those flowing scroll patterns which no hand less bold and true, and no fancy less fertile than an Italian's, can compass.

"The young gentleman is a master," said the artist, lost in admiration of Giulio's singular skill with the brush.

His design finished, in a dirty gray tint, he asked what color it would turn out, and being told a dull red, he asked for the blue pigment, and dipping his brush in that, begged Olympia to let him draw her figure in the centre of the dish.

She was at that moment standing with her hand on a

rough greyhound, who had followed them through the works. He sketched in the two figures in a few minutes. The old artist, standing behind them, smiled at the blots and smudges which Giulio's inexperience of the intractable "vehicle" caused him to make, ever and anon breaking into exclamations of astonishment at the young man's quickness and dexterity, for there, on the dish, was excellently expressed, in Giulio's seemingly careless touches, Olympia's tall, majestic figure with its rare grace, her hand resting on and caressing the animal at her side, and the tall slender hound standing by her, with his snake-like head upturned to his mistress's face.

The old painter took the dish in his hands. "It is the work of a true artist," he said, looking at the gray lines on its surface. "Look at it," he said, "and look at the work I can do—I, who have been toiling at figure-painting all my life! If I draw a nymph or a Venus, she is as stiff as a pine tree; and this boy, with my own brush, in one moment gives the very air of motion to his figures. Look, Olympia, at the grace and life of this; it is yourself, your own soul breathes on this plate. By Heaven!" he exclaimed, with true artistic enthusiasm, "it lives, it moves!" Then reversing the plate, he said, "We painters always put our marks here."

Thereupon Giulio, taking up a wet brush, drew the lighted torch, or brand, the device of his family, and under it their legend, "I burn." With the same brush he drew a ribbon-like scroll above the head of Olympia, and in it wrote the words "Olympia Bella." "Otherwise," said Giulio, with a laugh, "the world might not guess that it was either Olympia or Bella!"

Pesaro was the first place where the now famous Italian earthenware known as Majolica was made, and there are modern collectors of this ware who would gladly give its full weight in silver coin for any one of the pile of painted dishes, vases, bowls, jars, and pilgrim bottles that lay in the Potter's court-yard—their weight in silver, and even more. It is known that, not very long ago, a Majolica dish was publicly sold for three times its own weight in gold, and many people thought that its beauty and rarity deserved the price.

Francisco Ferrati was not quite so bigoted in his political antipathies as the head of the Vescona family. He was a man of peace. His influence with his fellow-citizens depended a good deal upon his wealth, and the prosperity of his trade was impaired by the never-ending contentions between the two neighboring cities. He saw what he thought a growing affection between the son of the Pesaro chief and his own daughter, and he saw it without displeasure. What if a union between the two families should bring about a lasting peace between the towns? When the messenger came from Rosciano to treat for Giulio's ransom, the Potter sent back courteous messages to say that every attention was being paid to the young man; but he nevertheless fixed Giulio's ransom at such an amount as he knew would be quite beyond the means of the impoverished house of Vescona.

This project of a marriage was only a mode of bringing about that which he had already resolved to accomplish in a less peaceable manner. He had made up his mind, and persuaded his fellow-citizens, that it was essential that the aggressive spirit of the men of Rosciano should be curbed. He had induced the Pesarites to call in the assistance of a company of mercenary troops—of free-lances—whose help would enable the Pesarites to deal such a blow to Rosciano as should effectually crush all future hostilities. This project had already been carried into execution, and the free-lances had been invited to Pesaro; but, thought Ferrati, the marriage would accomplish the object as effectually, and the always perilous assistance of the mercenaries might not be required after all.

In the mean time, the influence of Olympia was growing stronger and stronger upon Giulio. He began to try to find some excuse for hoping that this beautiful and enchanting creature should become his. Could he not, he

thought, abandon his native city, and make a home and find occupation for himself in Pesaro? Might he not become a potter, like Francisco Ferrati? and, if he did, would Ferrati consent to give him his daughter? Would Olympia herself consent? He looked into her eyes; he saw no response there. There was no love for him in them, he concluded—perhaps hastily—and life got to seem gloomier as he thought so. No, he reflected, a man must not abandon his native place; it is a traitorous and dishonoring thought.

The two were sitting one afternoon in the Potter's gardens, as these thoughts passed through Giulio's mind. He was sitting listlessly on the ground, in the dense shade of the orange-trees; he held a lute, and touched a chord or two as he mused. The day was sultry; the heavy, aromatic scent of the orange flowers hung in the air about them. They did not speak, and though he was looking at her she seemed unconscious of it. His thoughts ran on; and as Giulio was a poet, he must be allowed the poet's privilege of rhapsodizing about his mistress.

"What eyes those are!" he thought; "I will so remember them that I shall be able to paint them and her face, and have it always by me. They are the pure eyes of a virgin; and her soul, too, is virgin. What a passion hers will be when once she loves! She is like a harp or lute newly made, when no hand has touched it. Some one—not I—will one day make heavenly music with it!" And musing on this thought, and extending it yet further, and being by habit a verse-maker, it ran into rhyme, following the unconscious accompaniment of the chords he was striking on his lute; but his thoughts did not shape themselves into spoken words; and Olympia, watching him with her calm eyes, wondered what were the thoughts that seemed to be stirring him in harmony with the eager music of his instrument. Thus did his thoughts run into unspoken verse:—

"Olympia, I can read the mysteries
In your pure eyes; and I hear whisperings
Like those from some untouched lute that lies
Idle, but for the wind's breath through its strings."

"What mysterious horizons of thought such a divine soul as hers must range over!" So did Giulio endow the simple maiden with absolutely divine attributes! It is the wont of poet-lovers; and thus did he versify his fancy:—

"Vague workings of a spirit fancy-free,
More frequent communings with heaven than earth."

"The time will come," thought he, "that some one will call forth your love, and then you will suffer as I suffer now;" and he went on compounding his sonnet:—

"Alas! that I should ere long have to see
Some skilful hand its utmost music forth
Call from thy soul; for the full harmony
Of love is pain."

"Yes," thought Giulio, "it is pain indeed;" and, following still further the simile taken from the art he loved, he rhymed on:—

"Its diapasons are
All sorrow laden, and bring agony
If concord."

Then, leaving his hitherto somewhat Platonic vein, he became more personal in—

"Yet, dearest, who could forbear
Such concords to provoke?"

Now, the whole question for Giulio resolved itself into the answer he should give to this question. Let us sincerely trust that he can forbear from attempting anything of the sort. Olympia Ferrati is not the woman for a poet and artist to love; nor he a man whom she can truly love. The two are meet companions, but cannot profitably be mated. He does not know her, he has clothed her with his fancy; but she knows him, her judgment can be clear in judging him. She is in love with him, of course, though

he does not perceive it; for, in truth, it is a very pale reflection of his own passion. Her nature is gently stirred in harmony with his; and she, in her innocence, persuades herself that this is the true passion of love.

There are women whose love can be reached through their ears, and who can, as it were, be fiddled into affection. Olympia was not one of them. She enjoyed all beautiful sights and sounds; she loved the music of the lute, the sweet cadence of verse, and in pictures she could intensely appreciate the concord of harmonious coloring, the subtle flow of outline and gradated tone. These things stirred her, but not to the depths of her nature; there were in her deeper, stronger, and nobler aspirations than could find a perfect response in these things. And so it came to be that esteeming Giulio for his wit, liking him for his pleasant companionship, and flattered by his love, there had been kindled in her, by the heat of his obvious passion, some slight responsive sympathy of love. No woman but is touched by intelligent flattery, and every sentence of Giulio's, unconsciously to himself, conveyed some evidence of his admiration. Water-drops hollow out the hardest stone, and Olympia's heart was not stone.

"If you were a poet, Giulio," said she, laying her palm upon the strings of his lute, to stop the resonance of the louder chord he had struck in sympathy with the last-finished couplet of his sonnet,—"if you had been a poet, I should say you were composing an ode or a sonnet. Perhaps you were rhyming in praise of some beautiful lady of Rosciano?" she asked, with a smile.

Giulio nodded, and seeing a slight look of displeasure on his companion's face, was foolishly glad. Then, in the impulse of the moment, he struck the well-known opening bars of that melody, with its pretty ritornello, with which the Italians accompanied their sonnets, and leaving it to chance how he should be inspired to answer that momentous question, as to whether he could forbear from telling Olympia of his love, he began to sing, in the accustomed plaintive recitative of the sonnet-singer to the burden of his lute:—

"Olympia, I have read the mysteries
Veiled by your eyes; and I hear whisperings
Like those from some unhandled harp that lies
Idle, but for the wind's breath through its strings:
Vague workings of a spirit fancy-free,
More frequent communings with heaven than earth.
Alas! that I shall ere long have to see
Some skilful hand its utmost music forth
Call from thy soul; for the full harmony
Of love is pain: its diapasons are
All sorrow laden, and bring agony
If concord. Yet, dearest, who could forbear
Such concords to evoke?"

Here he paused and looked at Olympia, and seeing the deep conscious blush on the young girl's face, he dulled the twang of his lute to a mere murmur, and concluded his sonnet, in a lower voice:—

"Not I, whose fires
Consume me with the heat of strong desires."

Surely never was maiden so delicately and so ingeniously made love to! She would have been adamant to resist such a declaration, for the sonnet, in the Italy of that day, was the most rare and delicate incense that a lover could offer. Few men in Italy who frequented ladies' society, but learnt to touch the lute and sing to its accompaniment; and some could even chronicle their own emotions and their mistress's charms in ballad, song, or canzonet of their own making; and some few even were skilled enough to turn a sonnet, with all its difficult intricacies of rhyme, pause, and metre.

Music in some fashion had, indeed, come to be an accomplishment, without which a lady could hardly be won, for now great feats of arms were impossible. Fighting—that is, real hard fighting, accompanied with wounds and death—was unfashionable. For the astute and somewhat effeminate Italians, it was too rough and too brutal an occupation. If such work had to be done, it was deputed to

foreign adventurers, to Germans, English, and Swiss, whose sole business and pleasure was the giving and receiving of hard knocks for pay. A fiddler is rarely a fighter, and the Italians were a nation of fiddlers and lute-players. We read, in our school histories, that for a free man in Sparta it was a liberal education to ride well, to use the bow well, and to tell the truth. The Italians rode well, but neither used the bow well nor told the truth. They were too clever. To win ladies' love at least, they thought it was not necessary to copy the Spartans too closely. Perhaps they were mistaken.

At any rate, there was a great deal more of manliness in Giulio than in the average Italian of his day. He had a strong sense of honor, a quick jealousy of his family's and his native town's good fame; and on the sole occasion of his wearing armor, he had borne himself like a man. Some of the praises Olympia had heard of his prowess on that day—praises rather lightly won perhaps—were in truth ringing in her ears with the notes of his lute, as her lover sang of his love; and perhaps they sounded as loud as that love-song itself; for there are women whom the tale of a brave deed will stir more than the sound of a trumpet.

So Giulio had declared his love, and Olympia Ferrati had accepted it. The lute was played on no more that day.

CHAPTER II.

GIULIO VESCONA resolved in good earnest to turn Majolica painter. His first attempt had been passed through the kiln. The blots of paint and smudges made by his unpractised brush had been melted by the fierce heat of the fire, and had run into and blended with the figure, giving a mellow tinge to the white ground; and while his ignorance of the colors had led him only to hazard a blue monochrome drawing of the figure, this tint, coming into harmony with the dull red of the surrounding pattern, and set off by the scroll in olive-green in which he had written Olympia's name, produced a beautiful color harmony and effect; and Giulio determined to use in his future work none but these three colors. His mistress was always by when he worked, and she it was who served as the centre of his picture. He was indefatigable; and there came, in time, to be some truth in his somewhat wild boast, that every vase and jar should be a mirror which should reflect the fair form and face of Olympia Ferrati.

If a man in that age, when to bear arms for his country still was a freeman's first duty, chose to derogate—for it was in truth derogation then to love the arts—if he did elect to enter upon some other occupation than the one most fitting, Giulio Vescona did right to choose to follow the now forgotten art of the Majolica painter.

If there is anything at all ennobling to men in cultivating the laws that concern the harmonious blending of color, or of musical sounds, or those that underlie the swell and flow of rhythmic notes, or the kindred flow and swell of contour and gradated shadow—and mankind seem to agree that there is some such ennobling element in all this—then Giulio Vescona did well to pick out from other such employments the art of transferring to vases of the Majolica ware the tints which last on them forever; for in what other production of human artifice do we find the same rich and vivid harmony of tone-coloring? Look at one of the landscape dishes of the Urbino ware, with its tones still as rich as when it left the kiln—with its depths of sapphire sky, its light blue hills, its orange tawny sands, its gray rocks, and the vivid green of foliage and of turf—or one of those *capricci* dishes of Pesaro or Deruta, where the brush has revelled in felicitous combinations of strong blues and oranges and browns, and the eye still follows with delight the grotesque ingenuity of a master's fancy; or look at a battle-piece, crowded with action, with its hardy coloring, and breadth and flow of outline; at a dance of nymphs and satyrs, and its fine contrasts of rustic feminine grace and rustic uncouthness and vigor—and compare such work as this with the effeminate and finikin performances of the potters of Sèvres and

Dresden: compare their pale and sickly tones, where, in spite of the workmen's fear of venturing upon the stronger tints, false coloring perpetually occurs; compare their feeble outlines, where, despite the timidity of their pencils, false notes in drawing are perpetually struck — with the true, manly art-work of the old Majolica painter.

Assuredly no potter's art that the world has yet known can be named with the work done by those of Medieval Italy.

Giulio entered the guild of Olympia's father, and old Ferrati gave his full approval; but it was clearly not his policy to bestow his daughter upon the young man unless the Vescona family should approve likewise. No overtures had yet been made in this direction, and the Potter, accepting his prisoner's parole, permitted Giulio to depart to Rosciano, in order that he might himself get his father's consent to his union with Olympia.

Old Vescona most emphatically refused it, and bitterly upbraided his son for his abandonment, to a degrading love, of the traditions and interests of his family and of his native town.

Giulio returned after a few days, redeeming his word to the Potter to reënter into captivity; for to break a parole, even in those degenerate days, was a thing not to be thought of, even had Giulio had no particular reason to prefer captivity in Pesaro to freedom elsewhere.

In the mean time, important affairs were taking place. The Pesarites had, as we have seen, long ago invited the chief of a company of the so-called military adventurers, or Condottieri, to help them to end the long feud with their neighbors of Rosciano; and Giulio, returning to Pesaro, heard on all sides accounts of the terrible prowess of this famous captain.

Norlano — so was his own surname, Nordlangen, Italianized — was born of German parents, and bred in the camp of his father, a soldier of fortune. He added something of Italian culture and subtlety to the fierceness partly derived from race and partly from an education among the rough free-lances of the North. Conspicuously overbearing and cruel among men whose trade was to be ruthless, Nordlangen, or Norlano, had succeeded by acclamation to the chieftainship vacant at his father's death.

The merit of these mercenary troops was, that they fought infinitely better than any armies of native soldiers.

It is a measure of the morality of those times that gain was a stronger incentive to hard fighting than love of country, and that the courage of the hireling soldier was more to be trusted in battle than that of the patriot citizen.

The Italy of those days was scoured by companies of foreign men-at-arms, who, being no better than bands of disciplined robbers, drawn from the floating scoundrelism of every European nationality, pillaged the unwarlike and distracted populations of Italy, and, when booty grew scarce, hired themselves out to fight the battles of one state against the other. Indifferent to the cause which they supported, they fought best for the highest bidder, and they fought only while pay and plunder lasted. It was their policy not to shrink from the terrorizing reputation of their evil deeds, and there was no need for them to magnify either their cruelty or their rapacity. They treated their effeminate employers with insolent contempt, and the victims of their arms they subjected to every species of outrage and infamy.

Such were the allies whom the Pesarites had invited to take their part against the men of Rosciano. When Giulio returned to Pesaro, the first news he heard was that the advanced guard of a body of three hundred horsemen were at the gates of the city. He had hardly reached the Potter's house ere the twenty troopers who composed the vanguard entered the town: large-limbed men, on strong, rough horses, with unkempt, sandy hair and beards, staring beneath red, shaggy eyebrows fiercely at men and insolently at women. They ranged the streets, and dispersed through the town to the quarters destined to the various companies of their troops who were to follow.

When the main body, an hour after, appeared, the peo-

ple of Pesaro had shut and bolted the gates and doors of their houses, and were gazing, not wholly at their ease, from windows and balconies at the serried lines of free-lances, as they defiled in order through the streets.

The clang of kettledrums and the bray of trumpets summoned the Potter's family to the balcony, and with Giulio, to see the men hired to fight against the liberties of his fellow-citizens.

As the unmusical but stirring clangor of horns and drums beat out the monotonous rhythm of a warriors' march, it seemed that horses as well as men were animated by the voice of the music, so perfect was their array, and so steady and uniform was their tread. Giulio, not unaccustomed to estimate the value of military bodies, saw at a glance that there was in these troops more fighting power than he had ever seen in any soldiery of native birth. There was much, too, that was unusual about these men. He was astonished by their great stature — giants they seemed to him, as compared with his own countrymen; he was struck by the strength of their heavy war-horses; he noticed that, unlike the Italian horse soldiers, these foreign fighting men carried only the lightest armor — a breast-plate, and a morion or light casque, without any visor. Except the cuirass on the body, and the protection to the head, the Condottieri indeed wore no armor at all; their limbs were quite free to use the lance — far heavier than those in common use — which each bore sloped upon his shoulder. Giulio appreciated at once the advantage in offence which to be so unweighted must confer on such stalwart soldiers. Besides the ponderous spear, each trooper had fixed at his saddle-bow an arm that was unknown to Giulio — a double-headed battle-axe with exceedingly long handle. The young man, noting the stern order which reigned in their ranks, the solid tread of their horses, and the gleam of ferocity which even their strict discipline could not repress, was soldier enough to perceive how surely the best Italian troops would be overborne by the shock of such men and such horses, and, how, being down, the heavy axe, with the free sweep of those brawny arms, would crash through helmet and skull.

In the midst of the procession of horsemen there passed half a dozen light field-pieces, each drawn by four horses — an arm formidable in those days, as much from its novelty and strangeness as from its actual effectiveness.

In the rear was the chief himself, riding alone.

Men and women spectators, with their memories filled with tales of the daring and cruelty of the mercenary soldiers, had let their eyes range along the ranks of these stern men, in search of a chief who should represent such an incarnation of superior fierceness as should correspond to the reputation of the famous captain whose deeds had so impressed them. The marvellous success which had attended the arms of Norlano was no doubt due chiefly to the discipline which he enforced upon his followers, as well as to his own great skill in tactics and manœuvring, but the qualities which most filled the popular ear were his prowess in fight, his reputed superhuman strength and activity, and his stern cruelty to the vanquished. Stories were rife of victories won under his command at fearful odds, of rallies of beaten troops, where Norlano, single-handed, had borne the brunt of a whole company in a narrow pass, till his men, having re-formed, had gained the victory. Again, it was told of him how a besieged city, refusing to surrender at discretion, was stormed and taken, and the inhabitants, men and women, deliberately put to the sword by the orders of Norlano; and how, when his men stayed their hands from very weariness, when none but a few women and children survived, the resentment of their captain was even then not appeased; and how he had sold these wretched creatures — Christian souls — into captivity to the Saracens.

It was, then, with no small astonishment that the Pesarites, gazing upon the great captain, found him no taller or bigger a man than his companions. He alone of his men bore neither arms nor armor, save only a dagger in a golden sheath by his side. A fair man, of from twenty-five to thirty, with short hair curling round his temples, his

small silky moustache, his fair skin and pleasant smile, made his appearance a singular contrast to that of his hard-featured companions, and he seemed to be a younger man than the youngest among them.

Olympia Ferrati, with her unconscious and unacknowledged admiration of the nobility that lives in daring deeds, in spite of the reflection that this man's skill and bravery and resources were to be used against her lover's native town, could not resist, even before she had seen him, some feeling of awed esteem for the renown of the Condottiere commander.

When he came into her sight, as she stood with Giulio at the balcony, when she saw how unlike he was to her ideal of such a relentless soldier as report had painted him, when he reined in his horse for an instant, and when he looked up with courteous but unfeigned admiration at the fair girl he saw at the balcony of the Potter's palace, then she turned pale suddenly, and grasped the marble top of the balustrade before her.

"These men," said Giulio, "are the scourges of our country, and the time will come when they will destroy those who hire them as well as their enemies!"

Olympia did not answer.

"All true Italians," he went on, "should see that these wolves are far greater enemies to them than any of their own countrymen can be, and it would be a good and patriotic work to slay this arch traitor and renegade — this man who has no regard for loyalty and honor, who laughs at any faith between man and man, and cares only to enrich himself with the gold of our slaughtered people."

"He is wonderfully handsome," said Olympia, not having attended to Giulio's tirade, nor, indeed, sufficiently reflecting to whom her remark was addressed.

Giulio Vescona was again entrusted with a mission to his father. It was to bear to Rosciano the ultimatum of the people of Pesaro. Certain strong places, commanding forts and passes, certain privileges to levy bridge and market tolls — rights in truth originally appertaining to the city of Pesaro, had by the strong hand been usurped by the men of Rosciano. They were now summoned to surrender these acquisitions to the rightful owners of them, and if not restored unconditionally, Pesaro would again appeal to the fortune of war, this time reinforced by its foreign auxiliaries. It was thought that no ambassador could plead for the rights of Pesaro so eloquently as Vescona's own son, for no one could so little desire a rupture of peace as Giulio, and no one could so truly and impartially report the strength of the new allies of Pesaro; and the Potter, now by no means anxious to precipitate what he saw would be the destruction of Rosciano, so framed his demands as to make them, if possible, acceptable to the pride of his neighbor Vescona.

The young man left Pesaro with a heavy heart. Anxieties which he could not define oppressed him. Of a truth, he despaired of the issue of the forthcoming struggle. Rosciano and Pesaro had as yet contended on such equal terms that the balance had hardly ever inclined to one side or the other, and now the Pesarites, aided by such a renowned master of the art of war as Norlano, could not fail to overthrow their ancient enemies. He knew the obstinate pride of his father and brothers, and he could not but fear that any warning of his might seem to them to be dictated by his own desires. He foresaw that they would disregard the forebodings with which he himself contemplated the issue of a contest under the new conditions.

Moreover, he had other causes for anxiety. Lovers build up their jealous fears on slight foundations, and Giulio, never very trustful in the strength of Olympia's love for him, had erected an immensity of doubts and apprehensions on the sudden change of countenance in his mistress when she had encountered the admiring gaze of the young captain of the mercenary band. His subtle Italian brain was busy at work in accounting for a circumstance so seemingly insignificant. Keenly scanning the unconscious face of his mistress at that moment, he had as-

cribed her emotion to a cause not by any means reassuring to his belief in her constancy to him.

With these thoughts moving him to unwonted depression, he reached Rosciano.

Giulio had rightly apprehended the pride of his father, and he found himself, as he had expected, utterly incapable of shaking old Vescona's resolution to maintain the ancient reputation of Rosciano by force of arms. Vescona was indeed preparing for a stubborn fight; he was strengthening his strong places, barricading streets and approaches, manning the city walls, and raising the whole country side to join the citizens in defence of their lives and their liberties. He desired to gain time, and though nothing was further from his thoughts than to yield to the demands made upon him, he sent conciliatory messages to Pesaro, while for the present he detained his son in Rosciano.

Old Vescona could appreciate, far better than his boastful tone to his fellow-citizens gave token, the urgent danger which threatened his people. Giulio's reports confirmed his own private apprehensions that he had much to fear from an open contest with the new-come troops. The whole force of his mind was set to find some mode of encountering the crisis in his country's fate. He would not have hesitated at an attempt to outbribe the mercenaries hired by Pesaro to turn their arms upon their employers. He might, he thought, easily have tempted men so unconscionable to a treachery which should include the pillage of that wealthy city, but that the resources of Rosciano were insufficient for any sort of preliminary bribe. Again, he could not hope to reconcile it to the obstinacy and pride of his fellow-citizens to accept the terms of the Pesaro men and surrender the places which they had seized, with the hope of recovering them when the fortune of war should promise to be more in their favor. Plans such as these suggested themselves to him, but he rejected them in favor of one bold and crafty in conception, and by no means below the standard of the social and political morality of the period. He perceived that what was chiefly to be feared in the strangers was the tactical skill of their chief. In this and in their implicit obedience to him Vescona imagined, not without reason, that much of their superiority resided. Let their commander be removed, by means fair or foul, and he conceived the main element of danger to Rosciano would be gone. Norlano was residing, as he learnt, in the Potter's house, with whom also Giulio lived; and facilities for carrying out the deliverance of his fellow-citizens could not but be within easy reach of his son. Assassination by poison or the dagger was practised by all classes in the Italy of those days, and when the father proposed it to the son, it occurred to neither that it was disgraceful to slay an unguarded man; rather, indeed, that it was honorable to rid their fellow-citizens, by any means whatever, of an unscrupulous man, made their enemy by mercenary motives, and now incited to their utter destruction by the most dishonoring cupidity.

There was nothing in the moral code of that day to cause Giulio to shrink from his father's proposition. It had already come home to him that the destruction of such an enemy as Norlano was a citizen's duty, and he accepted his father's commission with the sense that he had before him the accomplishment of a dangerous but honorable enterprise.

Only he would not condescend to the use of poison, against the reiterated entreaties of old Vescona, who saw imminent danger to his son from an open attack on such a life as Norlano's, guarded, no doubt, at all times and at all approaches, by his troopers.

"No," said Giulio, "I will not commit so vile a desecration of the laws of hospitality. I have been well and loyally treated in the Potter's house, and I will not have it said that I was base enough to use that hospitality to plot against the life of his guest. The wolf shall die this very night by my hand, but it shall be fairly, fighting man to man."

And with this resolution, not to be shaken, Giulio departed.

Vescona did not confide to his son, whose scruples and whose loyalty to his Pesarite host he half distrusted, the whole of the plan which he was meditating. What he intended was to leave the gates of Rosciano at the head of four hundred horsemen immediately after the departure of his son, and with these men he proposed to surprise the town of Pesaro, whose walls, he rightly judged, would be slackly defended by the garrison in the security they would naturally derive from the presence of their foreign auxiliaries. A bold stroke like this was, as he reflected, the only chance of preserving the independence of his territory. Moreover, if the leader were out of the way—and Giulio promised faithfully that the attempt should be made so soon as he reached the city—if the foreign soldiers were thrown into confusion and consternation by the sudden death of their leader, the surprise would be only the more likely to be successful.

It was a desperate venture, but the fortunes of Rosciano were, as Vescona knew, utterly desperate.

While his father was, unknown to Giulio, making his preparations for a night surprise, the young man rode sadly and slowly in the moonless night towards Pesaro, threading the lanes among the orange and chestnut groves which lie on the plain country between the two cities, bearing the heavy burden of a lover's jealousy and oppressed with his resolution to commit a perilous deed of violence.

In the mean time, Olympia Ferrati and Norlano, the Potter's guest, sat together in the guest-chamber of Ferrati's house, a large and lofty room, richly furnished and richly decorated according to the ideas of those times, and as befitted Ferrati's great wealth. The floor of white marble was covered only in one or two places with small square carpets, of Persian or Syrian workmanship. The lofty walls were hung to the height of a man with tapestry, on which, embroidered in needlework, a cavalcade of knights and ladies wound in procession through a sylvan landscape. On a narrow sideboard were fruits and flowers piled in goodly heaps on dishes of the brilliant faience ware of Pesaro and Urbino, and red and golden wines filled tall flasks of Venetian glass. Curtains of thin Oriental silk kept the night air from flaring the flames of the dozen silver lamps which hung from the ceiling, and similar silken hangings of thicker material hung across the doorway of the chamber.

Olympia's favorite birds, parrots of green and rosy plumage, clawed their way uncouthly along the rods to which they were chained, and a bright-colored goldfinch—an Italian lady's commonest pet—perched on her finger. Norlano, sitting at Olympia's feet, watched her caresses of the bird.

The Condottiere commander was not a man so inured to camps but that he could adapt himself with ease to the intercourse of more refined society. Himself of gentle birth, and often passing from one to another of the Italian courts, he had of necessity seen much of the manners of the more highly born and highly bred, and had learned to like the habits of a gentler life than his own.

"No, Olympia Ferrati," he was saying, and his glance upon her, and her answering look, showed how far he had advanced in the girl's favor; "no," he said, "you little know what a life it is which you think so pleasant a one."

"But, if not pleasant, at least a noble one. To be forever stirred by the memory or the prospect of brave deeds—what could a brave man better desire than that?"

Norlano smiled, playing with the golden scabbard of his dagger, and watched admiringly the enthusiasm of his companion.

"Oh! if I were a man, it would be the life I should long to lead!" she said.

"It is a sterner one than you think, and if it were not that we are hardened to the misery we cause, even we, I suppose, could hardly bear to witness it."

"The glory of it would make me forget everything else," said Olympia.

Norlano looked curiously into her eyes. "Could the glory of it, Olympia, lead you to follow the fortunes of a free-lance?" he said in an earnest voice and a lower tone.

Olympia blushed deeply, and for a few minutes neither of the two uttered a word.

"Ah!" said he, "it is not so hard a life that we ever lack good quarters and good cheer; but, for all that, it needs no weak boy or maid to live with us and endure our ways!" Then Norlano, seeing Giulio's lute upon the table, took it up, and pinching out a few rough chords with a hand more used to the lance than so effeminate an instrument, in a deep bass voice trolled forth the following rugged stanzas, little fitted for ladies' ears and silk-tapestried rooms. As he sang, the bird on Olympia's finger, startled by the rough voice and twanging notes, fluttered up to the cornice.

Though we plant no vine, and we sow no corn;
Though we own no flock, and we till no ground;
Yet we never know want, who follow the sound
Of the drum and horn.

For us the wine-press foams with wine;
The wool is spun, the flocks are fed;
The cup is filled, the board is spread,
And maidens smile.

But, unmoved, we must fire the town, and worse—
Unmoved we must hear the captive moan,
The widow weep, and the dying groan,
And the orphan's curse.

Then, girl, do you choose with us to rove,
Content with a life in marches spent;
Content with life in a soldier's tent,
And a soldier's love?

She must learn to endure the battle-cry,
The maid who would be the warrior's bride;
To see blood flow in a crimson tide—
And the wounded die.

He laid down the instrument and took Olympia's willing hands in his, and looked to her face for the answer he expected, but he saw in it only the reflection of the sudden terror of some sight which had met her gaze. Giulio Vescona was at that moment standing in the doorway; with one hand he was holding up the silken drapery suspended before it, with the other he was loosening the dagger which hung in a sheath at his belt.

He had advanced to the middle of the room before the girl had time to cry out, and before Norlano had seen that a third person was present.

"Stand forward and defend yourself!" he cried to Norlano, as he continued to advance.

Norlano rising quickly from his seat saw the young man approaching him threateningly. With one single bound he had leaped upon Giulio, and had seized his armed and uplifted hand. He held wrist and dagger aloft, as in a vice, and then reaching his other hand, which had grasped Giulio's throat, he began with it slowly to unclasp the fingers which convulsively clutched the handle of the dagger.

"Spare him!" cried Olympia, reading her new lover's purpose in the stern light in his eyes: "Spare him!" she screamed, "he knew not what he was doing—he was mad!" She threw herself at Norlano's feet and clasped his knees. "Spare him, I have done wrong, I have betrayed him!"

But he did not heed her. Giulio's strength gave way. The dagger was in Norlano's hands and he used it.

"I never spare an assassin," he said, as Giulio sank down fainting upon the floor beside the still kneeling figure of Olympia.

It was a mortal blow, for the hand that gave it was not used to strike twice.

Ah! Olympia, kneel beside him, raise his falling head, tear open the blood-soaked clothes over his breast, and see if your strong hands can stanch the blood from that ugly wound. Kiss him once again, press your lips on those eyes that are growing dim, but which still look at nothing but you—that is the best service you can do for him now, and for that matter, it is the last you will ever render him. Do you wish to soothe his remaining moments? Tell him you

love him, swear it, and let him know his rival hears: concentrate all the embers of your forgotten love and kindle them for him into a last flame. Let the wretched boy die still believing you loved him. His ears are dull, tell it to him in the trembling of your hot lips pressed against his cold ones. Let him hear you curse his murderer, who stands looking curiously and cynically down at both of you. It will do Giulio good and Norlano no harm, for he will know how to win you back to him again when he wishes!

There came an ominous sound upon the chief's practised ear, as he stood watching this scene—the clatter of horses' hoofs down the street.

Almost as he heard the sound, the quick apprehension of the Condottiere, used to treachery in every form, connected it with the event which had just occurred, and he concluded that a surprise of the town was being made in connection with the frustrated attempt upon his life.

A company of his best troopers and all his artillerymen were quartered in the Potter's house. The half-dozen guns belonging to the band were drawn up in the court-yard, and the men themselves, gunners and troopers, were drinking together in the large hall below.

In another moment a body of fifty Rosciano horsemen were in the square in front. The heavy gate leading into the court-yard of the house was wide open, and as Norlano reached the yard, he saw that to close it at any risk was the only chance of averting the destruction of his men. A dismounted trooper was pacing backwards and forwards, sentry-wise, in the gateway, armed with the battle-axe alone. The Rosciano cavalry wheeled rapidly in the square and advanced at a trot towards the entrance to the Potter's court-yard. Norlano snatched the heavy axe from the stupefied sentry's hands, and bade him shut to the gates. He himself rushed forward upon the advancing enemy, and swinging the ponderous axe high in the air, he brought it down with a resounding crash upon the steel-plated boss on the forehead of the foremost horse. Plate and skull alike gave way, and the animal was felled to the ground as an ox is felled by the blow of a pole-axe.

The flash of the steel axe-head, the sudden unexpected assault, the fall of their leader, encumbering the passage of the column, had arrested its advance for an instant, and before it was again in motion, Norlano had darted back through the closing gates, and they were shut in the very face of the men of Rosciano.

The disciplined soldiers of Norlano, aroused by the cry of the sentinel and the noise of the affray, had already formed in line in the court-yard, and awaited the commands of their captain. He lost not a moment in ordering the horses to be saddled and the cannon to be loaded. In the mean while, the whole body of Rosciano cavalry, scattered among the streets of the city, had been attracted to the chief square by the shouts of their baffled companions. The din increased outside the court-yard with the increasing throng, and, mingled with shouts and curses, came the quick repeated blows of sledge-hammers and spear-handles on the gates.

Norlano had pointed each piece himself upon the gateway, and now the gunners stood expectant, with lighted lintstock, beside the cannon, and the thirty mounted troopers were drawn up to the right and left of the artillery.

Presently the gate hinges yielded to the rain of blows upon them, and the massive gates themselves, pushed against with lance points from the outside, fell suddenly inward. A dozen mounted spearmen pressed in, and fifty more were following them, crowding into the narrow entrance, and beginning to spread out into the space inside. Not till then did the chief give the order to fire, and the six guns, loaded to the muzzle with pieces of jagged iron, with pebbles, and with bullets, carried wounds and death into the swarming masses of the enemy. Horses mortally wounded reared and fell back upon their riders; others, untouched, but terrified at the unwonted explosion of artillery, or with wounded riders on their backs, turned and galloped back through the entry, breaking the ranks of the troops outside. Then the familiar notes of the Condottieri's charge sounded on the trumpet and kettledrum, and, headed by their chief, and armed with the battle-axes alone, the thirty troopers charged upon the armed multitude in the square. Trained men on trained horses, they swung their axes with fierce strength and deadly accuracy among the thickest of their foes, and these, armed with their unwieldy lances,—a weapon unadapted to a close medley,—were at a disadvantage in spite of their disproportionate numbers and their heavy protecting plates; for the axes of these Northern horsemen fell with such crushing force that the fine Milan plate armor crumpled like paper under them; and where the shield intervened to deaden the stroke, the rider was often pushed from the saddle by the weight of the blow, or, again, the sharp edge of the axe glancing from the polished armor, fell on the horse's neck or quarter and disabled him, and horses thus wounded, maddened by pain and fright, galloped riderless about the square, and added to the confusion and the uproar. All this time the loud monotonous "tuck" of the mercenaries' drum, and the angry braying of the horn, were calling together the various bands of the adventurer's company from their quarters, and they, coming up and seeing the flash of their comrades' axes in the indistinct light of the now rising moon, joined in the *mêlée*.

The fight continued for an hour, and by the time the moon had risen clear and full above the hills near the sea, her light fell upon the large square strewn with dead bodies of the men and horses of Rosciano—fell upon splintered lances, broken swords, and dented shields. Except a handful of men who succeeded in forcing their way out of the city, the whole of the assailing party had been cut to pieces by the free-lances.

My story is all but at an end. The annals of Pesaro, indeed, relate at full length how, a few days after the death of Vescona and his three sons, with the flower of their soldiers, in that night attack, there followed the siege, the surrender, and the cruel sack of Rosciano. The town was fired, and those of its inhabitants who could not escape into the woods were either butchered or sold into captivity. The town of Rosciano which had hitherto been the rival of Pesaro, came, with its dependencies, to be a mere appanage of that city; and it is at the present day sunk to the level of an insignificant village which the traveller does not often care to leave his road to visit.

The indignation felt by Norlano's band at the nearly successful night surprise, in which they were disposed to detect a treacherous connivance on the part of the men of Pesaro, had like to have been followed by retaliation of a stern and profitable kind upon that wealthy city itself; but their vengeance was arrested by their captain, who found his motive for doing so in the interest which he felt in the Potter's daughter.

Olympia soon forgot to reproach herself for her inconstancy to her first lover. She easily persuaded herself that his death was not brought about by her faithlessness, and she came in time to consider that even faithlessness was hardly chargeable against one who had given so little of her heart as she now discovered she had given to Giulio Vescona. With Norlano she well knew it would be different. It was no half-love that Olympia gave to the hardy chief of the company of adventurers. Her strong passionate nature found in him her true ideal. The love of such a woman as Olympia Ferrati, given to such a man as Norlano, could never turn to inconstancy.

The lives of these two persons are lost. In the confused seethe and surge of Italian history the German free-lance and the beautiful girl who gave him her love were, indeed, remarkable characters. A man eminent as he was for extraordinary daring and for many great warlike virtues, and a woman who could appreciate the nobility of these virtues and love their possessor, deserve to stand out from the historical canvas crowded with the figures of intriguers, of men and of women lost to all sense of human faith and honor, with no respect for what is noble, and no contempt for what is base; but it so happens that after the capture of Rosciano, the hitherto conspicuous name of Norlano does

not reappear in Italian chronicles. The many chances in those rough times which could make, could also mar a man; doubtless, Norlano fell a prey to some sudden violence, or died the victim of some dark and unrecorded plot.

Giulio Vescona's name still survives, though the world at large knows exceedingly little either of him or of his story. Those few princes or millionaires who happen to be at once discerning enough to care to possess, and wealthy enough to be able to acquire, the rarer works of mediæval art, know that among the very rarest and most precious of all are the plates and vases of the faience ware ascribed to Maestro Giulio Vescona. So rare, indeed, that the few existing pieces of the Vescona pottery are hardly known to ordinary collectors or connoisseurs except by name. The value attached to them by artists and collectors at the present day seems extravagant to those who do not consider their excellence and their rarity. Each jar, plate, or vase contains the portrait of a young girl—always the same face—with low brow, dark wavy hair, and a face of exquisite beauty. Only three colors are employed in the painting; an olive green, a dull red, and a blue, but these tints are harmonized with a rare and masterly subtlety, and the surface of the piece is always tinged by a mellow tint, composed of those three tones—a circumstance of itself quite sufficient to distinguish the Vescona ware from all other kinds.

On the back of each piece is written sometimes the painter's signature, sometimes the burning brandon or torch, his device; and, on three or four, where the portrait is of unusual beauty and finish, there are traced in addition to the brandon, the words "I burn," the motto of Giulio Vescona.

A NEW GUESS AT "THE IRON MASK."

THE latest contribution to the literature of the Iron Mask does not clear up the secret which so many authors—urged, we suspect, mainly by the passion for guessing by rule, which is at once the augur's secret and the secret of gamblers—have struggled in vain to disclose. The writer in the *Edinburgh* indeed contends that Th. Jung, staff officer, who claims to have made the discovery, has narrowed the question within a compass which makes discovery possible, but he denies that as yet any complete solution has been obtained. If the reviewer, however, is Mr. Twistleton, who recently placed the identity of Junius and Sir P. Francis, in our judgment, so completely beyond doubt, the secret may yet be told, for its investigation now needs only two things,—an exhaustive analysis of motive, and a complete and most expensive research among archives which a Republican Government in France would be delighted to see thoroughly ransacked.

We must confine ourselves to motive, and do so the more readily, because to us the main difficulty of the problem, which, if the Bourbon line has really lost the throne of France, can have only a literary interest, has always been that of discovering a motive strong enough to induce a hard-hearted, conscienceless tyrant, possessed of absolute power to keep alive a man the knowledge of whose existence was dangerous, for at least thirty years, from 1673 to 1703, and five of them in Paris, where the curiosity about the Bastille is known to have been insatiable. That he was so kept, that somebody in a black velvet mask with iron springs was held by Louis Quatorze in such strict ward that the greater part of the life of his most trusted jailer, M. de Saint-Mars, was devoted to the task; that his identity was known to none outside the Royal Family except Saint-Mars, unless Louvois knew it, and yet that he was treated with all honor, is established by documents past all question authentic. The difficulty, however, only begins with the establishment of that fact. Reckoning up the character of Louis XIV., and of his Minister Louvois with all the care the endless memoirs of the period enable any one to employ, there still remains a nearly insoluble problem to be determined.

We have a theory, which is not that of the reviewer,

which we will state presently, but we acknowledge that, like every other, it does not meet all the phenomena of the case. Admitting as the reviewer does M. Jung's proof of the existence and the concealment of the Iron Mask, the first point to be settled is the conceivable motive for his incarceration. Louis XIV., it is certain on the evidence, feared a prisoner in his hands, whom it was yet in his power to slay on any given day. The fear was so great, and assumed so special a form, that as we show subsequently, unheard-of precautions were taken to prevent recognition; and that in the last resort, rather than the prisoner should be recognized, his assassination was ordered in writing, yet the respect was so great that except in that event he was to be treated with every ceremony and kept carefully alive.

Now who was there in existence whom Louis XIV. could possibly fear? A man who could be demanded by a foreign Government? Certainly not, for the man once dead, no Government could have strongly pressed a demand for compensation on the master of Europe, who repeatedly during his life ran this very risk, having arrested Mattioli, an Italian noble, long supposed to be the Mask, but now shown never to have left Pignerol, and Avediek the Armenian patriarch. A favorite of the Army? Possibly, but that solution would account in part for the curious supposition which pervades all documents on the subject,—that any one who saw the prisoner would at once recognize him: but no such person disappeared, nor can there have been any reason for keeping such a person alive. An assassin? That is M. Jung's theory, who displays great research in demonstrating that in 1673 the King was in great danger from a man called the Chevalier d'Harmois, a Lorrainer, believed to be the chief of a secret society who had declared war on the Bourbons, and intended to use poison as their instrument. This society had relations among the Huguenots, and considering the enormous number of families, especially in Holland, whom Louis must have ruined, the astounding state of morals at the time, and the undoubted fact mentioned by Louis XIV. himself, that poison had removed the Queen of Spain, it is not incredible that a secret society had really been organized for vengeance on the race; but how could the detention of its chief soothe the fears of Louis XIV., deficient as he was in physical courage? Death would have been a far easier precaution, and would certainly not have affected the King's conscience, or, for that matter, anybody's else, provided the evidence of the Chevalier's purpose was sufficient. No such chiefship can account for keeping the man alive, and M. Jung's argument by itself falls to the ground.

But suppose that the plot, though undoubtedly it involved the life of the King, involved also a sub-plot infinitely grander and more subtle, a personation of the King by a man so exactly like him that he would be entirely accepted, by the populace at all events, and, as in the case of the false Dmitri in Russia some seventy years before, would have carried out the whole policy of his tutors, who may have been Jesuits, or may have been the demoralized nobles M. Jung suspects, or may have been Huguenot nobles, as we should be rather inclined to believe.

Louis, throughout the whole business, was palpably afraid of a likeness which he knew or suspected would instantly be perceived by common people, even as M. de Saint-Mars, the jailer, writes, "by the common soldiers," against whose possible curiosity he takes this extraordinary precaution. M. de Saint Mars having been appointed Governor of the Isles de Sainte Marguerite, had to convey his prisoner thither from Exiles, the little town on the frontier of Piedmont, but wanted *en route* to see the Duke of Savoy. He wrote, therefore, to Louvois, then Premier: "I will give such orders for the safe keeping of my prisoner during my absence that I shall be able, Monseigneur, to answer for him; as also that he shall not have any conversation with my lieutenant, who has been strictly forbidden to speak to him. If I take him to the islands, I think the safest mode of conveyance would be in a chair covered with waxed cloth, so that he should have enough air, and yet that no one could see or speak to him on the way, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to accompany the

chair." Louvois replied: "I beg of you to ascertain, when in the islands, what may be required for the safe custody of your prisoner. As to the mode of conducting him, the King leaves you free to make use of the movable chair you propose, but you will be responsible for him." The prisoner was thus carried for twelve days, and was so closely screened that he complained bitterly of want of air, and apparently of permanent injury to his constitution. Now is it conceivable that any danger, except a close and ineffaceable likeness to the King, could on any theory have demanded such a precaution? Whom could those private soldiers have recognized, if it were not a face like or identical with a very exceptional one they had seen on coins?

The story of the silver plate thrown out by the Iron Mask is not true, belonging really to a Huguenot pastor; but the face must have been very dangerous, to be so liable to instant recognition. But what face could have been so like the King's? Clearly either a brother's, or a face accidentally so like that it could be used against the King as the Countess de Lamotte's face was used against Marie Antoinette. The former supposition, once universal, is dismissed by the *Edinburgh Reviewer* a little too curtly. It was rumored, after the death of Louis XV., who knew the secret, that a twin brother of Louis XIV. was the Man in the Iron Mask, and was spirited away lest there should be any doubt of the succession, an act of which Mazarin was perfectly capable; and being brought up in Italy and at last discovering the secret of his birth, was arrested and confined, Louis naturally being unwilling to put him to death for no fault of his own. To this the *Reviewer* replies that the birth of an heir to a Bourbon throne is always witnessed, which is true—as witness the odd incident which is said to have occurred at the birth of the Prince of the Asturias, when witnesses not being prepared, the Queen's guard were called in—and would be final, but that a twin brother might have been born some hours afterwards. It is more probable, however, that he was a son of Anne of Austria by Mazarin, whose relations to each other were more than suspected at the time, and in consequence of his likeness in manhood to the King was equally dreaded, and more likely to have been used as an instrument by conspirators, while the reluctance to put him to death would be almost as great as in the case of the twin brother.

On the whole, however, we incline to the suspicion we first mentioned, that a grand and astute plan had been prepared among the Huguenots, or some other considerable body of men, to effect a *coup d'état* by killing Louis XIV., and substituting for him a man so like him that the people, at all events, would never be undeceived. They had probably by accident discovered the fitting man—possibly a bastard Bourbon, of whom there were dozens, possibly also not, the plot being taken, as we have said, from the false Dmitri case, managed in Russia just in that way seventy years before,—and might have carried out their scheme, but that the plot was revealed to Louvois by a priest, who wrote in these terms: "I hope with all my heart that the man who has been arrested is the execrable chief of the conspiracy, for in that case the sacred person of the King will be safe." There was no safety for the King if the betrayed man was merely the chief of a society of poisoners, while there was every safety on our theory, if he could be kept in durance, for without their substitute or double the plotters were powerless. They must have their Dmitri, and therefore special orders were issued even to conceal the place of his incarceration.

This theory, and we put it forward only as such, confirms many of M. Jung's discoveries, is unaffected by any argument of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, if we remember that Louvois in his orders would dwell on the danger to the King only, and keep the likeness religiously secret, and corresponds exactly with the only known utterances of the Bourbon family on the subject. "According to M. Dufay de l'Yonne, Louis XV. said to M. Delaborde: 'Let them go on with their disputes, they will never find out who was the Iron Mask. You would like to know something about this business; I may tell you what is more than others

know, that the imprisonment of this unhappy being did no wrong to any one but himself,'" he being a mere instrument; while "Senac de Meilhan, an *émigré* who wrote memoirs towards the close of the last century, said, 'The Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., spoke to me one day about Voltaire, and of his taste for the marvellous, which was a blot on his history. The Iron Mask, he said, has been the subject of many conjectures. I replied that this was sufficient to excite the fancies of people. "I have thought so too," said the Dauphin, "but the King told me two or three times that if you knew who the prisoner was you would see that the affair was one of very little interest." The Duke of Choiseul also told me that the King had spoken of the matter in the same way, and as if it were a thing of no importance.'" The matter in fact ceased to be of any moment with the death of the Iron Mask. There remains but one question. If he was a private person, with an accidental but dangerous likeness to a King, why not kill him? Because the priest, Father Hyacinth, who revealed the plot in fear of a Huguenot King, had heard of it first in confession from some repentant Catholic,—not the Mask,—and insisted on keeping his hands free from blood-guiltiness. It is scarcely necessary to add that Louis might remember this plot in his long subsequent action against the Huguenots.

CURIOUS WILLS.

THE liberty of making strange and unintelligible wills is allowed by English law to an extent that is not easily defensible. Granting that a testator may dispose as he pleases within wide limits of his property, it might at least be required that he should express his pleasure in unambiguous terms. If this be equivalent to saying that every testator ought to submit his will to an official or private lawyer, it is certainly not the lawyers who would chiefly benefit by the suggestion. The interpretation of obscure wills furnishes daily business to the Court of Chancery, where a judge and half a dozen counsel may be heard explaining one man's nonsense by another man's nonsense, or, in other words, endeavoring to construe a will by the light or darkness of decided cases. Where is the pale and melancholy ghost of the testator in the cause? Does he revisit earth to hear an order made for costs of all parties to be paid out of his estate? If he is doomed to expiate his other sins equally with that of making his own will, then indeed his term of purgatory suffering must be endless. We may pity those who in these dull November days are condemned to hover among the back benches of a Court of Equity, and witness the dissipation of the estate which had been so painfully accumulated. The fog which pervades the court is only too exactly typical of the mental confusion produced by arguments upon the construction of a will; and after all the elaborate attempts of learned writers to educe order out of chaos, it comes nearly to this, that an astute judge may find plausible reasons for any conclusion that he thinks proper to adopt. An argument in Westminster Hall on a question of this kind assumes almost a sporting character, because there are more judges and less knowledge of testamentary law than exists at Lincoln's Inn, and therefore the number of possible views that may be taken of the case is larger.

Conditions in restraint of marriage have been the cause of perpetual litigation, and a learned writer honestly confesses that his readers may be likely to receive with some degree of jealousy his plan for "reconciling" the reported cases on this subject, since an eminent judge has expressed the opinion that they are so contradictory as to justify the Court in coming to any decision it might think proper. According to this writer, "conditions precedent to marry with consent, unaccompanied by a bequest over in default, will be held in *terrorem*," unless in certain cases which he enumerates. As ladies are interested in this branch of law, it should be explained that a condition precedent is a condition that precedes the vesting of an estate, while a condition subsequent is one of which the non-performance di-

vests it; and a condition *in terrorem* is a sort of legal scare-crow, or dog that can bark but cannot bite. In order to explain this principle by an example, we will refer to a case where a testator inserted in his will a proviso that, if either his wife or daughter should marry a Scotchman, then his wife or daughter so marrying should forfeit all benefit under his will, and the estates given to such, his wife or daughter, as should so marry, should descend to such person or persons as would be entitled under his will in the same manner as if his wife and daughter were dead. It was held by the Court of King's Bench that such partial restraint of marriage was legal; and that the daughter having, while under age, married a Scotchman, and died, leaving a son, such son could not inherit; but that the limitation over (the testator's wife being also dead) to the two children of the testator's nephew took effect immediately on such marriage. It was argued on the one side that, though by the civil and canon laws restraints of marriage are in general discouraged and held void, yet even these laws admit of exceptions to the general rule, as, for instance, if the condition be only temporary, as not to marry before the age of twenty; or if it only exclude marriage with particular persons, as a widow, or a certain person by name, or in a particular place, as in York. But restraints of marriage have always been admitted by the law of England in devises of real estate, and *a fortiori* where there is a devise over, as in this case.

Many cases establish the distinction that restrictions of marriage upon pecuniary legacies are governed by the rules of the civil and canon law, which in general repels such restrictions; but upon devises of land, or even charges on land, they follow and are upheld by the law of England. "It cannot be said, as in some former cases, that the prohibition of marriage with a Scotchman was merely *in terrorem*, for that argument has never been admitted where there is an immediate devise over." It was not necessary to contend that a devise on condition of a general restraint of marriage was good. It was enough that all the cases agreed in support of a reasonable restriction of that kind, and there is nothing unreasonable in the restriction in question. There can be nothing unlawful in restraining the object of a testator's bounty from marrying with forbidden persons by name, or with the inhabitants of such a town, even in his own country. A restraint of marrying any foreigner of a particular country is at least as reasonable as against marrying one of a different religion; and this would apply as well to Scotland, the established religion of which is different from the Church of England, and the country is governed by a different law, although united under the same crown. It was argued, on the other side, that this is a restraint extending to a whole nation, and that too forming an integral part of the kingdom. If the restraint went to every person in England, it would clearly be void upon general principles of policy. Then why should not the same principles extend to Scotland? The fact of the testator having resided in England could not affect the question of policy. The restraints which have been supported in particular cases, such as having consent of parents or guardians, were considered more as regulations to prevent improvident marriages; but this goes to restrain marriages whether provident or improvident, which is unreasonable, and injurious to the interest of the public, which is concerned to promote provident marriages, or at least not to prohibit them. The case of restraining marriage with a person of different religion is distinguishable, not as restraint, but as regulation, of marriage. The difficulty of determining in what faith the children are to be brought up, and the domestic disputes consequent thereupon, may class this under the latter head. There may also be a distinction on the ground of public policy between prohibitions of marriage with a member of a foreign nation and with a member of a nation forming part of the kingdom.

The Court was only called upon to certify its opinion on this case without giving any reasons, so we are at liberty to conjecture how far both the will and the decision on it were influenced by the unpopularity of Scotchmen in England towards the end of the last and the beginning of the

present century. The case shows that the law is or was different according as the property is real or personal; the rules as to the former being our own, while we have borrowed the rules as to the latter from the civil law. An interesting argument might be maintained upon the question whether, if marriage with a Scotchman could not, marriage with an Irishman could, be prohibited. But the Court held that marriage with a Scotchman could be prohibited, and not only was the son of the marriage excluded from the inheritance, but also the husband was not permitted to enjoy the estate for life as tenant by what is called courtesy. Thus the case in effect decides that the courtesy of England does not extend to Scotland.

A case of great hardship occurred a few years ago where a testator, "providing that his daughter did not marry before she arrived at the age of twenty-eight," gave her £1000. A gentleman wrote to the testator asking his consent to the marriage of his daughter with the writer, and the testator wrote in answer that he gave his "qualified consent," but must hear from his daughter before he could make it absolute. The daughter wrote to her father that she had given her full consent. Then the father was taken ill and died, and a few months afterwards the daughter, who was then only twenty-one, married this gentleman, who claimed the legacy, insisting that the condition annexed by the will was waived by the consent given to the marriage. It was held that this was a valid and reasonable condition, that it had not been waived or discharged testamentarily, and that, if it could be waived or discharged otherwise than testamentarily, it had not been waived or discharged. The law would of course say that this lady of twenty-one might have waited till she was twenty-eight, and that if she could not wait, or the gentleman would not let her wait, they must content themselves with love, and give up the £1000. Another case decided, with more apparent reason, that a requisition to marry with consent, imposed by a testator on his daughters, then spinsters, did not apply to a daughter who afterwards married in the testator's lifetime, and was a widow at his death. The contrary construction would have produced the absurdity of obliging the legatee to marry again in order to provide for her children, if any, by her first husband. In an old case the devise was on condition that the devisee married the testator's granddaughter, and no doubt was entertained of the validity of it; but the judge thought that the granddaughter's refusal to marry the devisee was a dispensation of the condition, as it reasonably ought to be. A condition not to marry a papist has been held valid, but a condition not to marry a man of a particular profession, or a man who is not possessed of a landed rental of £500 a year, has been said to be too general to be legal. A gift during celibacy is good, but a general condition in restraint of marriage would be bad. A gift during widowhood is good, but a condition imposed by a testator on his widow not to marry again must be accompanied by a gift over in default of compliance with the condition, or it will be deemed to be *in terrorem* only, and the widow may disregard it if she has sufficient resolution to brave the vague fear of disobedience to a dead husband.

Many wives and a few husbands have desired their consorts to marry again after their own deaths. One of the best known instances of the kind was that of Queen Caroline. We have all heard what she said to King George IV., and what he answered to her, and she replied to him. Among some examples lately published by a contemporary of "curious wills" is that of a lady who expressed her earnest wish that her darling husband should marry "a nice pretty girl," a good housewife, and of a good temper. There are probably not many husbands who could display such anxiety for the filling of their own places. In a recent case, however, the departing husband earnestly advised his wife to unite herself again with some one who might deserve to enjoy the blessings of her society, and the lady has dutifully obeyed. But many husbands still entertain, though they do not always express, the feelings in which these gifts during widowhood, and conditions *in terrorem*, and all the curious and contradictory

decisions thereupon, originated. It is strange that such a legal chaos should have been created, and still more strange that it should continue to exist. Our system encourages testators to make fanciful and capricious dispositions, and then encourages attempts to defeat these dispositions by litigation. Some of the wills that have been most fertile in difficult questions have been made by eminent lawyers for themselves. Another class of intricacies have been produced by unlearned persons affecting to use technical terms which they do not understand. Testators who cannot or will not employ lawyers will do well to confine themselves to simple arrangements in plain English.

FIRES AND THEIR PREVENTION.

THE great fires which have so lately swept away whole cities in America have suggested this book,¹ and though we in England have not had such terrible lessons as were taught to the people of Chicago, we may profit by what Mr. Bird tells us. It is true that we have not large towns built after the pattern of Boston, with high mansard roofs, composed chiefly of light wood and tarred paper, and placed so high as to be almost inaccessible to fire-engines. But it is not long since a Select Committee reported to the House of Commons that the proportion of fires in England was unusually large, that many were caused by gross carelessness, others were owing to the thinness of modern houses and the rottenness of their materials, while incendiarianism was fearfully prevalent. We may remember that a man was tried at the Old Bailey only last year for arson, and it was shown clearly that he had set fire to a great number of houses, for the sake of the reward offered to the first person who gave the alarm. This person will, indeed, be better employed for some little time to come, and those who have heard of the sentence passed on him will not be very ready to follow his example. Yet even putting wholesale incendiarianism out of the question, there are other causes of fire which apply to England, as well as America. In both countries, judging from Mr. Bird's book as to the latter, and from the evidence produced before the Select Committee as to the former, gas, matches, and explosive oils do much mischief. In England it is said that matches alone cost one insurance office £10,000 a year. Mr. Bird traces many of the American fires to the use of dangerous oils which are largely employed in lamps. People test these oils by pouring some of the oil on a tin plate and applying a match. As the oil does not explode on the tin plate, it is considered safe to burn in a lamp; but there the vapor accumulates, makes its way up to the flame, and the whole is in a blaze. Matches thrown carelessly down on the floor are very dangerous. Not only may people tread on them, and find their clothes on fire in an instant, as was the case a few years ago with an Austrian Archduchess, but a match in the middle of a heap of rubbish may ignite from other causes. Mr. Bird tells a curious story of a gentleman who heard a sharp little cry of pain from a mouse, and saw it rush across the floor sneezing. He looked at a small pile of rubbish out of which the mouse had run, and saw a little smoke rising from the place. Carefully opening the heap, he found in the middle of it a newly-lighted match, the flame from which was already beginning to spread, and would very shortly have set the whole pile of rubbish in a blaze. The mouse had been gnawing off the phosphorus on the match when the friction of its teeth caused an explosion. The squeal and the sneeze which followed a burn in the nose saved a house from burning. A mouse's love of phosphorus is perhaps the most trivial cause of fire that can be imagined, but it was the carelessness of the person who dropped the match that led the mouse into temptation. Such an animal as that is seen to advantage when compared with people who smoke and put lighted pipes in their pocket, who

then hang their coats in a room, or even against a haystack. Mr. Bird tells us that many fires in Boston originate in hay stores. People passing along the street, especially in wet weather, will frequently take shelter in a hay store, if there is no one by, will light their pipes, and throw the match down among the loose hay.

These being among the main causes of fire, let us see what remedies Mr. Bird proposes. His chief suggestion is that all fires should be grappled with the moment they are discovered. "It is the duty," he says, "of every man or woman, boy or girl, to attack and put out fires instantly, where they are small and easily managed." He gives us several instances of the effectiveness of this method. We are told of a young lady climbing on the roof of a house with a pail of water and a mop, and mopping out a fire which had already seized on a large portion of the roof. In another case, a boy put a stop to a fire which had broken out in the basement of a large warehouse. A woman checked a fire caused by a tar-kettle boiling over in a wheelwright's shop, and communicating with a heap of chips and shavings. In each of these cases a succession of wash-bowls or pails of water poured incessantly on the fire before it had time to make head, produced the desired effect.

Mr. Bird quotes a letter from the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," showing how the Palace at Coburg was saved from the flames by the Prince himself, his brother, and one servant. When the fire was discovered no one else was at hand, and the only supply of water in the place consisted of two jugs, with another of camomile tea. However, the two princes and the servant set to work, shutting the doors, and smothering the flames with cloaks and bedding. The servant "lifted a marble table with incredible strength, and threw it against a book-case enveloped in flames, causing it to fall down." Such efforts as these overcame the intensity of the fire, and by the time the alarm was given and workmen came up with water, there were only smouldering remains to be quenched. According to Mr. Bird, the apparatus required for grappling with a fire when it is taken early is very simple. It consists of a water-pail or two, a pint pot, and an axe. "If a house takes fire around the chimney," he says, "get your axe or hatchet and a pail of water, and tell the people to bring a pint pot, and then go to work quickly, for the smoke will drive you out, if your work is not soon finished. A few blows with the axe and a pint or two of water, and so on; the axe and the water will make short work of quite a fire." All this sounds hopeful enough, but the difficulty which occurs to us is that fires are not so accommodating as to allow themselves to be generally detected when they are in their first stage. Mr. Bird seems to assume that the alarm is always given when a fire is very small, that it takes from five minutes to a quarter of an hour before one of the large fire-engines is brought to the spot, and that during that interval the fire has become unmanageable. He would therefore substitute for the large engines which take so long to get to work a number of small hand-engines, would have them more easily accessible than the large engines can be, and would have a readier supply of water. "Nothing," says an English engineer, to whom Mr. Bird refers with much respect, "is so really useful as the little hand-pump." We read that "at the great conflagration in Tooley Street in 1861, where Mr. Braidwood was killed, while the steam fire-engines were pouring tons of water per minute into the blazing buildings, and were not producing the slightest effect, Beal's wharf was saved, and the progress of the flames eastward averted, by means of a hand-pump." If this be so, and if Mr. Bird is right in saying that most of the great fires of recent times — the Tooley Street fire, the Quebec fire of 1866, when 2500 buildings were destroyed, the great fire at Boston, and the fire at Chicago — were all detected when they were comparatively small, and might have been nipped in the bud, it would be well to inquire whether our present system of protection against fire cannot be successfully remodelled.

Mr. Bird's book may be commended to those who have a practical acquaintance with fires, and who are personally

¹ *Protection against Fire, and the Best Means of Putting Out Fires in Cities, Towns, and Villages.* By Joseph Bird. London: Sampson Low and Co. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1873.

concerned in ascertaining the best means of extinguishing them. The question whether small engines, worked from some sheltered position, and keeping up a constant stream of water on the walls of all the buildings which surround a fire, or the large engines, which throw an enormous volume, but do not arrive so quickly or act with so little effort, are the more handy contrivances, must be decided by actual experience. But everybody is to a great extent interested in the fire question, and may derive valuable suggestions from Mr. Bird's volume. All might recollect with advantage the instances given of promptness in suppressing fire, and even if they are so fortunate as never to be called on to stand behind a window with the glass cracking like frost-work and the curtains within the window being toasted brown from the heat of the opposite houses, while they keep a stream from a little pipe running down the outer wall; even if they never meet with the other experiences recorded by Mr. Bird, of which we may take, as one instance, the account of raging fires being suppressed almost in an instant by the room being filled with steam, they may gain such presence of mind and readiness of resource as will stand them in good stead at the approach of danger.

RABELAIS: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

THERE are times when human wrongheadedness, prejudice, and stupidity gather in so thick a cloud that nothing but some abnormal disturbance of the moral atmosphere can clear away the darkness. At these critical times reason itself is of small avail to dissipate the accumulations of folly; and the only means of purging human minds of the long-gathered cobwebs is the hearty laugh and scathing ridicule of some great humorist—some Voltaire or Rabelais.

Never was such a cloud-compeller so urgently needed as at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The revival of ancient learning, which had begun nearly a century before, was, for a time, by no means the revival of wisdom. No folly is so excessive as learned folly. The study of Aristotle, which the schoolmen were now only beginning to read in the original, was teaching men to be as subtle, but very far from as wise, as the great Greek philosopher. For four centuries the scholastic theologians had been arguing, and disputing, and refining about the reality of universal ideas, grace, free-will, and transubstantiation. They had been wrangling with inconceivable virulence upon such matters as the nature of angels, how they conversed, what were the operations of their minds, how these operations were different at different times of the day.

So long as there were but a few scholars in the world who could amuse themselves with such disputations, and the mass of mankind, high and low, were unable to write their own names, so long were the metaphysicians of the "schools" allowed to carry on their purposeless dialectics in peace; but when there came about that singular awakening of intellectual curiosity in the fifteenth century, which with its results, and for want of a better name, we call the *Renaissance*—when this occurred, some sort of public opinion began to be brought to bear upon the pursuits of the schoolmen. It began to dawn upon men that four centuries of unintermittent discussion by these subtle dialecticians had as yet been utterly unproductive. They had solved nothing and proved nothing.

It was not enough that folly was rampant. The corruption of the hearts of men had never reached such a pitch. The brutality of wickedness, which had prevailed in high places during the darkness of the Middle Ages, was growing, with the growth of luxury and refinement of manners, into such a climax of profligacy, treachery, and cruelty as was encouraged at the Papal Court by the example of Pope Alexander VI., his son Cæsar, and his daughter Lucrezia.

The clergy had sunk to the level of the depravity prevailing among other orders of men. Benefices had become hereditary, but the holders rarely troubled themselves with

the duties of their livings, and incompetent hirelings performed the functions of the incumbents. The Mendicant orders, which had at an earlier age reformed the discipline of the church, had now usurped the privileges of the regular priests, and got into their own hands much of the management of church affairs. The worldliness and the rapacity of the Franciscans, the Dominicans, and the Augustinian Friars, got to be proverbial. They openly exchanged the consolations of religion for money. The sale of Indulgences, chiefly entrusted to them, was rapidly raising these beggar monks to the position of wealthy men, and they soon became as distinguished by their profligate lives as other churchmen.

Princes who were not leading lives of private licentiousness were doing still more to aggravate the accumulating stock of human misery by their political ambition. Francis I. of France and the Emperor Charles V. were leading great armies to the field, laying waste and desolating the fair plains and cities of France and Italy. The peasants themselves were no whit behindhand, and the wide-spread and bloody atrocities of the Anabaptists were the response of the poorer classes to the tyranny and excesses of priests and princes.

Such was the world into which was born, in the year 1483, Francis Rabelais—a man of a character as energetic and restless as that of Luther, his contemporary, but by no means possessed of the lofty zeal, the higher faith, nor made of the stern stuff of which reformers and martyrs are made. Being a monk like the great German Reformer, he had as good opportunities of acquainting himself with the iniquity and the rottenness of the Catholic Church, and even better cause for abhorring it. He perceived the evils and the errors of the Catholicism of the day, but though he used pen and tongue vigorously against both, he bowed when the storm came upon him, and let it pass by.

Rabelais, the greatest jester that the world has ever known, was the son of a tavern-keeper in the town of Chinon in Touraine. The "Lamprey"—so was the inn named—was a prosperous house with large court-yard, gardens, and trellised arbors for carousers. He often refers in his writings to these scenes of his boyhood, but there is nothing idyllic in these reminiscences. He recalls with delight the vineyard of "La Devinère" which his father possessed close to Chinon, where grew a certain famous white wine, called "Pineau," because the grape-bunches grew in shape like fir-cones. To Rabelais, who respected nothing else in the heaven above or on the earth beneath, wine was a sacred thing—the wine-bottle was "la dive bouteille," and received almost divine honors from him. All his life long wine is his darling object. He alludes to it again and again, playfully, carelessly, gives it quaint and fanciful names, such as men use to speak to the woman they love or some favorite child, and there is no particle of affectation about this—nothing in the world seemed so sweet to this man as a carouse or a feast, for eating comes next among the delights and serious pleasures of life, but at a certain interval, and his meats must be such as to lead to further drinking; they must be spiced and salted viands provocative of further consumption of "Purée Septembrale." He desires to have,

"Jambons de Mayence et de Bayonne, force langues de bœuf fumées, abondance d'andouilles en la saison, et bœuf salé à la moutarde; renfort de botargo, provision de saucisses," etc.

"Hams from Mayence and Bayonne, plenty of smoked neats' tongues, of chitterlings in their proper season, and powdered beef seasoned with mustard; good store of botargo and of sausages," etc.

The innkeeper was wealthy enough to give his son a good education. It was begun by the monks of a Benedictine abbey near his home, and continued at the monastery of Basmeite near Angers, from which he was transferred to a Franciscan convent at Fontenay-le Comte, and here he passed through the various stages of the priesthood, and attained to priest's orders in 1511, in his twenty-eighth year. His early acquired propensities were probably not curbed or thwarted by the gray friars of Fontenay-le-Comte. "Ivre comme un Cordelier," drunk as a Francis-

can, was already a common proverb. But Rabelais was something over and above an ordinary Mendicant monk. His prodigious activity of mind found food in study. By the time he had become a priest he was already one of the most learned men in France. He was a Greek scholar when to know that language was as yet a rare distinction; and it was one of the results and rewards of learning in those times that it brought a man into correspondence and communion with the more eminent men of the day of all ranks and of every country, for not easily or lightly was the reputation of scholarship won then, when books were scarce and dear, and in length interminable, and none of such helps to learning existed as we now have in encyclopædias and books of reference.¹

It is to be presumed that the genius of Rabelais for the assimilation of the huge mountains of literary matter, which the learned then called books, was, like his memory, prodigious; for it is quite certain that he did not pass all his days and nights in reading, inasmuch as he found time to get into some very serious scrapes in his convent, the cause of which has been variously reported by tradition. According to one account, he drugged the wine of his brother friars with such success as to render them very considerably ridiculous. Nothing could be more in accord with the man's humor than such a trick. According to another account, and the more persistently repeated tradition of the two, his misdemeanor was even more flagrant. He is said to have put on the robes of St. Francis, and to have placed himself, on a festival of the church, in a niche usually occupied by the statue of the saint.

Whatever may have been his crime against convent rules or convent decency, it is probable that the jealousy aroused among his brethren by his superior learning went for something in the punishment that ensued, for the convent chapter had already made an official examination of his cell, and seized and confiscated his Greek books, following up this act by still more vexatious treatment of the great humorist.

The punishment which overtook Rabelais was severe; he was condemned by the conventual authorities to remain, as they ambiguously expressed it, *in pace*—in peace; in plainer language, he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment within the convent walls. Fortunately for him, he had friends outside the convent, who, noticing the silence of their correspondent, made inquiries as to his fate. Among these was André Tiraqueau, who, holding the high office of Lieutenant-General of the ecclesiastical district, had the right of inquiry into the affairs of the convent. By his interference, and with the help of the principal personages of the neighborhood, Rabelais was set at liberty.

To have incurred the hostility of so powerful an order as that of St. Francis, even though he for a time had escaped from its grasp, was a serious matter—serious enough to have brought about ruin to an ordinary man; but Rabelais' learning and wit had won him powerful friends. Through them Pope Clement granted him an *indult*, which permitted him to enter the Benedictine order, and releasing him from his vows of poverty, enabled him to accept a canonry in the abbey of Maillezaïs; but Rabelais felt himself to be neither a good monk nor a respectable canon, and he shortly abandoned both frock and stall without leave, and entered the household of Geoffroi d'Estissac, a former friend and companion in the convent of Basmette, where Rabelais had long before received some part of his own education. D'Estissac was now Bishop of Maillezaïs; he loved letters himself, and was a patron and friend of learned men. He made Rabelais his secretary.

This was a life of comparative freedom, far better suited to the temper and desires of Rabelais than any he had yet lived. The Bishop kept a sort of court at the Château of Leguge; he was surrounded by the learned, and he enter-

tained men distinguished in the church and in letters; and Rabelais was entrusted with the task of inviting guests to the Bishop's palace—that is, it is to be presumed, he was set to write, in his capacity of secretary, the invitations to the persons designated by the Bishop.²

It is generally assumed that the acquaintance of Rabelais with many of the more remarkable men of the time was made at this period of his life; and it is worth while to notice two or three of the persons with whom he was at this period brought into contact. He was the friend of Clement Marot, the poet-soldier and favorite at the licentious courts of King Francis and Queen Margaret of Navarre. Marot is known to fame as the author of the "Roman de la Rose," and perhaps even better as the man who, having won the favor of Diane de Poitiers, is believed to have succeeded in shocking such propriety as that lady possessed.

It is a singular evidence of the divergent lines along which intellectual activity, starting from the same point, could travel in this marvellous age, that Rabelais likewise numbered among his acquaintances John Calvin, the institutor of the doctrines of predestination and irresistible grace—the real father of Methodism in all its forms, of the Scotch Kirk, and of the Puritanism of Cromwell and Ireton.

That of two men meeting on common ground in the house of a Catholic bishop, one should have come to be the favorite of the most abandoned of Royal concubines and of Margaret of Navarre, who, if not vicious herself, was at the head of a court more licentious than any except that of Rome, and the other the originator of religious sects the most austere that the Christian world has yet known—this, surely, is a fact singularly illustrative of the immense activity and immense receptivity in every direction of this period of mental ferment, when the germs of ideas³ dormant through the long ages were beginning to grow into the forms that they still retain, and the vitality they then acquired.

It was enough that men should combine extensive study with hard thought for them to perceive that a church in which the consolations of religion and promises of immunity from punishment in a future state, were sold for money, and in which priests and monks led riotous and shameful lives, was a church that needed a radical reform; and such was the belief that largely prevailed among learned men generally, and even among learned churchmen—a belief which the more zealous of what we should now call the Ultramontane party were prepared not to combat by argument or meet half-way by reform, but to stifle by persecution.

Among the earliest victims to the newly-roused intolerance was Berquin, a man distinguished in precisely such a way as Rabelais already was distinguished. "He" (Berquin) "hated," says the historian of the persecution of the reformers,⁴ "he had a mortal hatred of the stupidity of the Sorbonnists and monks, insomuch that he could not hold his tongue, even in the highest company, and spoke his mind about them quite freely."

Such was the conduct which brought Berquin to the stake. He was burnt alive in 1530. Rabelais took the alarm. He left Leguge, and he formally broke the slight tie which still bound him to the church by betaking himself to the distant and then famous medical University of Montpellier, in the south of France. He was of the ripe age of forty-seven when he began his medical studies.

The student of the various lives, all of them more or less imperfect, of Rabelais, is likely to be struck by the number of traditional tales which have come down the stream of time, without much voucher or authority indeed, yet many of them too characteristic of the man and too prob-

¹ What would modern scholars say to the lucubrations of these mediæval literati? Burning the midnight oil was indeed no hollow phrase in those days. Some marvellous particulars have come down of the industry of one particular scholar of this period—Budeus, the greatest Hellenist of the age. He himself, in one of his books, complains that on his wedding-day he was allowed but six hours for study!

² Such a letter, in verse, to his sure friend Bouchet, has been preserved, and proves clearly enough, to the least critical judgment that the claims advanced by some of Rabelais' admirers to place him among the first poets of that age are entirely unfounded.

³ I allude of course to the fact that the Calvinistic doctrines are as old at least as the time of St. Augustine; that they were then propounded, and, for the time, utterly rejected.

⁴ Simon de Guizard: *Hist. de Martigny*, etc.

able to be utterly rejected. Among these Rabelaisian legends is one connected with his matriculation at Montpellier. It is related that on the very day of his arrival he went with the crowd to hear the public discussion, as was then the custom, of some grave thesis. In the course of the debate both the audience and the speakers were attracted by the singular behavior of the new candidate for matriculation. As the argument went on, Rabelais shook his head from side to side, frowned, shrugged his shoulders, rolled his eyes, and gave various unmistakable signs of disapprobation and excitement. The president, impressed, it is stated, by the handsome countenance and fine bearing of the stranger, as well as by his unaccountable contortions, called him to the part of the hall reserved for the debaters, and invited him to take part in the argument; whereupon Rabelais at first modestly declined to speak before so learned an assembly; but being further pressed, launched forth into so eloquent an exposition of his opinions on the subject of discussion as silenced the previous speakers, and won him the enthusiastic applause of the whole audience.

He pursued his medical studies with such ardor and success, that he soon received the first degree of bachelor in medicine; but his studies were not so severe as to make him lay aside that joviality and that love of wit, of the more boisterous and rollicking kind, which were inborn and ingrained in him. A burlesque ceremony, connected with the bestowal of the degree of bachelor, retained until within the last hundred years at Montpellier, is believed to have originated with Rabelais; and he was not above taking part in a play, the "Moral Comedy of the Man who had a Mute to Wife." "I never in my life laughed so much as I did over this farce;" "Je ne rys oncques tant que je feis à ce patelinage," he says; and if we are curious to know what kind of thing it was that had power so to move this great inspirer of laughter in others, we have the means of satisfying that curiosity to some extent. Rabelais puts into the mouth of one of the characters in his great work an account of the plot of the piece.

The wife in the play was, he tells us, dumb; and her husband desired that the doctors should give her the faculty of speech, and this they accordingly proceeded to do. They succeeded perfectly, and the wife talked so much and so long that her husband had again recourse to the doctors to make her dumb. Herein they professed themselves incapable of giving relief; but, as the next best thing, they caused the husband to become deaf. Having done so they asked for their fee. The husband urged his deafness as a reason for not hearing or entertaining the demand. The doctors revenged themselves on their patient by driving him mad by means of a powerful drug. Hereupon husband and wife, joining their forces, attacked the surgeon and physician, and so belabored them as to leave the two miserable men nearly dead. "Je ne rys oncques tant que je feis à ce patelinage," says Rabelais twenty years afterwards. Have any of my readers much sympathy of merriment with him? I imagine not; and yet some of the best and liveliest scenes in the most laughter-moving farce that ever was written, "Le Médecin malgré lui," were adapted by Molière from this slight sketch left by Rabelais.

There is a curious record of the fact that his time was spent in pursuits more directly connected with his profession. He invented, says his biographers, a new fish-sauce, or rather, he re-discovered the receipt of a sauce known to the ancients. The truth is, that he did a far more important thing; and from the point of view of his contemporaries with their respect for the medical learning of the ancients, he conferred a very great boon upon medicine by discovering the lost art of making the condiment known to them as "garum." It was regarded by them at once as a food and a most valuable medicine, and is mentioned by Pliny and by Seneca, by Horace, by Martial, and by Ausonius. To have searched the ancient writers for the scattered notices of this condiment; to have collated and compared them; to have found the "scaleless fish" whose eggs form the principal ingredient of the garum, was the exploit at once of a scholar and a savant, and won him great com-

mendation, the record of which has come down in a copy of Latin verses addressed to him by the poet Marot.¹

Another of the unauthenticated legends above mentioned throws light upon his conduct, and the esteem he was held in by his fellow-collegians. He was chosen to represent the University on a mission to the government at Paris, where he was to plead their cause before the Chancellor Duprat, in the matter of certain of their privileges. The chancellor refused him a hearing; but the story goes that Rabelais adopted the following singular mode of procuring an audience. Clothing himself in a long green dress with hanging sleeves, with spectacles on his nose, a steeple hat of outlandish shape, and a huge ink-horn fastened to his girdle, he paraded in front of the residence of the chancellor. His eccentric costume very soon collected a crowd, and their cries and laughter brought the chancellor to his windows. Duprat was a man who loved such characters as Rabelais; he was himself a patron of men of wit and of learning, and liked to have them about him. He called out to know who he was. "I am," answered Rabelais, "a skinner of calves." Duprat's curiosity was aroused; he sent a page to make further inquiry; Rabelais answered him in Latin. The page came for some one who knew Latin, and Rabelais spoke Greek to him; to a third messenger who could speak Greek he replied in Hebrew, to a fourth in Spanish, then in Italian, and so on, using a fresh language to each new emissary, till finally Duprat had him brought into his own presence. The tradition goes on to say that he used his opportunity of gaining the chancellor's good graces with such effect that he won him over to grant the petition of the University.

Whether this story be true or not, the readers of Rabelais will be familiar with the similar scene between Panurge and Pantagruel, and can form their own opinion as to whether it originated the tradition, or is itself a repetition of an actual occurrence.

From the University of Montpellier he removed to Lyons, where he was connected with the publication of new editions of several works of the ancient writers on medicine. Among these was a translation of a Latin version of the Aphorisms of Galen and Hippocrates. This book found a slow sale, and the publisher complained of it to Rabelais. "Then I will bring something that shall sell!" said Rabelais, and a few days later he gave him a manuscript, entitled "The Chronicles of Gargantua," of which, says the author, long afterwards, more copies were sold in two months, than of the Bible in nine years.

This "Chronique Gargantuine" is but the first sketch which the author afterwards converted into a finished work in two parts—his *opus magnum*: the lives of Gargantua and of his son Pantagruel, a work which had no exact prototype, and has no counterpart in the whole history of literature.

If a man of genius desires to convey his ideas to his contemporaries, he must, up to a certain point, conform to the prevailing mode of literary expression. That mode may be the rude ballad of an uncultivated people, the warlike epic, the religious epic, or the romantic epic; the drama, the eclogue, the lyric poem, the history, the essay, the journal, or the novel; whatever may happen to be most popular will be chosen by the author who wishes to make his thoughts known to the greatest number of his fellow-beings.

Had Rabelais been a poet, he would assuredly have composed some such narrative and romantic poems as the Italians Pulci and Boiardo had written in the generation before him, or such as his contemporary Ariosto was writing at this very time; but beyond the mere capacity of rhyming, Rabelais possessed no single characteristic of a poet. He might have followed the example of Boccaccio, or anticipated the "picaresque" story-telling of the Spaniard Mendoza, or emulated the writer or writers of the famous Hundred Tales of the Queen of Navarre, and written

¹ "Quod medici quondam tanti fecere priores,
Ignotum nostris en tibi mitto garum."

says the poet; and then proceeds to show how it must be compounded with wine, oil, etc., and that it is sovereign in coughs and other disorders.

short narratives in prose; but here again he was wanting, for he signally failed either in constructional ability, in powers of compression, or in fancy. The most careless reader of the adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel, cannot fail to perceive that Rabelais was neither fertile in inventing adventures nor good at telling a story. He has no skill in delineating character and very little dramatic ability, but he was desirous of catching popular attention, and he had to fall in with the popular humor of the day, and the taste then was for fabulous tales of giants, monsters, peerless knights, fair ladies, enchantments, battles with the Pagan, and adventurous travel in far-off countries. He therefore chose the prose romance, and he made the groundwork of his story the adventures of the gigantic French hero, Gargantua, whose deeds had long been as familiar in French nurseries as those of the Giant Hickathrift in England, or those of Morgante in Italy.

His book begins with a circumstantial account of the genealogy, birth, and breeding of Gargantua. He is described as so huge, that to make his shirt required nine hundred ells of linen cloth of Chasteleraud; his belt was made of a piece of silk net, three hundred and a half ells in length, and in color partly white and partly blue, "and if this be not so," the author says gravely, "I have allowed myself to be strangely abused," and so he describes his hero's dress in minute detail. Gargantua is endowed with a marvellous love of drinking, inasmuch that he came into the world shouting, "à boire!" and being angry as a child could be calmed in no other way than by the offer of great draughts of wine.

As he grows up, this extravagant creation differs from the giants of popular story by his mental endowments. He surprises and pleases his father by making ribald jests, and defending the positions he takes up by quoting Duns Scotus, the most subtle of the mediæval schoolmen. His father sends him to Paris to complete his studies, together with his tutor and a page named Eudemon. Here his adventures begin. The father has received a present from the King of Numidia, of a mare six times larger than an elephant, so big indeed, that she had to be brought to France "in three carracks and a brigantine." The appearance of the monstrous Gargantua in Paris bestriding this huge animal astonishes the Parisians, and they assemble in crowds to stare at him. Annoyed by their conduct, he fixes the bells of Notre Dame to his mare's neck and rides off with them.

A sophist is sent by the University after Gargantua to beg for the restoration of the bells, and by him is Gargantua harangued in a speech mimicking the curious mixture of French and dog-Latin, the scholastic puerilities of argument, the pedantry mingled with the homely colloquialisms of the then famous preacher, Olivier Maillard. Gargantua and his companions are so moved by the fluent foolishness of the speaker that they laugh till the tears run down their faces, and the bells are restored.

The studies of Gargantua at the University are fully described, and the games wherewith he relaxes his mind are specified with minute and most tedious particularity. After he had dined, says the romancer, a green cloth was spread on the table, and cards, dice, and draught-boards brought in. He played at Flux (a game of cards used by Louis XII.), at Vole (another card game), at Prime, at Pille, and so on, to the number of about two hundred and fifteen.

This enumeration is very characteristic of Rabelais. It is, of course, contended by the more uncompromising worshippers of his genius, that there is some latent meaning, some subtle wit, and some scathing derision of vice or folly in every item of this long list; but in the present writer's opinion this is not the case. Let a man only gain a reputation for wit, and some admirer will be found ready to laugh if he but say that the day is fine. A French writer has written a learned commentary on this list of games. He would fain twist out of each item of the catalogue recondite allusions which we confess that we fail to perceive. It is certain that nine out of ten of the games were actually in use in the generation in which Rabelais lived. Some are clearly invented, and many were probably only

an emanation of Rabelais' redundant animal spirits, and a pleasurable exercise by him of his astounding memory; and such wit as these more fanciful titles of games have, is that of extravagance and farcical impossibility, which is one element of Rabelais' humor. Of such a kind, indeed, is the absurdity of giving any list at all on such a trivial matter.

It is, say what his admirers will, a peculiarity of the great French humorist, as much, perhaps, characteristic of his generation as inherent in himself, that he never knew when to leave off. He is a very German in diffuseness, and stands in singular contrast to his countrymen of later days. He was like the actors in Sheridan's farce — give him a good thing, and he never knew when to have done with it. Well might his own countryman, Voltaire, exclaim that Rabelais had written eight times more than he need to have done!

Gargantua, leaving his studies, defends the shepherds and herdsmen, his countrymen and the subjects of his father Grandgousier, against the attacks of the cake-makers of Lerne under their king, Picrochole. The wars of Picrochole and Grandgousier, and the negotiations for peace, give occasion to many covert allusions to the vanity, ambition, and pitiful intrigues of the belligerent monarchs of the time, and the character of a roystering young monk, the famous Frère Jean des Entommeurs, who takes part in these wars, is supposed to be drawn from a former convent acquaintance of Rabelais.

Gargantua celebrates the victorious termination of the campaign by founding the famous Abbey of Theleme, a sort of conventual Utopia, the laws and regulations of which are drawn up on very lax principles, the leading rule of the order being "Fays ce que voudras" — Do what you please. With this, ends the first of the five books which compose the lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

The remaining four contain the sayings and doings of Pantagruel. Like his father, Gargantua, he was a giant, and, like him, a philosopher. Both are extremely convivial, and both alike monstrously gross in speech and thought. Indeed, the reader is inclined to wonder why Rabelais was at the pains to invent two personages with so little distinct individuality, that the actions and speeches of either might, with perfect propriety, be ascribed to the other.

When Rabelais had written his "Gargantua," his reputation had become very great. It was a book that reached the sympathies of all manner of men. His gayety appealed to men of pleasure, his learning to the studious, and his denunciation of kings, priests, and monks to the liberal and the thoughtful in politics and religion; but of these classes of men, the men of the world and the men of pleasure were those whom he chiefly sought to please. He begins his second book by an address to the "Très illustres et très chevalereux champions, gentilzhommes et aultres, que voluntiers vous addonnez a toute gentillesse et honnestetez. Vous avez naguères veu, leu et sceu les grandes et inestimables chroniques de l'énorme géant Gargantua, et comme vrais fideles, les avez crues tout ainsi que texte de Bible ou du Saint Evangile, et y avez maintes fois passé vostre temps avec les honorables dames et damoiselles, leur en faisant beaulx et longs narrez, alors que estiez hors de propos." That is, "when you had nothing else to talk about."

Inconceivable as it may appear to modern readers, who cannot but be alive to the poverty and clumsiness of the narrative, the unskilful introduction of incidents which only offend us by their extravagant impossibility, it is clear that Rabelais meant his book to give the same sort of satisfaction to the general reader as his contemporaries got from the Italian story-poems of chivalry, and such as we even now get from that best of all fabulous story-books, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments;" and it is quite certain that in this design he succeeded to the full. His romance was, in the first place, exoteric — adapted for the common run of man — and esoteric, in that it had a meaning for those who could read between the lines, and who could perceive in it more than the adventures of giants, or the gross buffooneries of half-tipsy carousers.

The extraordinarily high appreciation of Rabelais' work by the more thoughtful of his contemporaries, is instanced in the following fine copy of verses by the poet Hugues Salet, upon the publication of his second book:—

"Si pour mesler prouffiet avec doul-
ceur,
On met en prix un auteur grande-
ment,
Pris s'en, de ce la tiens toi seur.
Je le congnoy, car ton enten-
tement
En ce livret sous p'aisant fondement
L'utilité ha si tresbien descripte
Qu'il m'est advis que voy un Démo-
crate,
Riant les faicts de nostre vie hu-
maine;
Or persevere, et si n'en as mérite,
En ces bas lieux, l'auras en hault do-
maine."

"If to be gay, and therewith edify,
Will bring an author to supreme re-
nown,
Thou'lt reap great glory, be thou
very sure
I know it well, for thou hast under-
stood
In this thy book, using a glibbing
speech,
To tell God's wholesome truth so
righteously
That I do read thee a Democritus,
Mocking the foolishness of human
life,
Then persevere, though here thou get
no name.
In higher realms thou'lt win immor-
tal fame."

Pantagruel is a giant even bigger than his father, but the author is forever dropping the gigantesque part of his character, and making him act like an ordinary mortal. He is a philosopher, a learned man, and a patron of learned men. At one moment he is sheltering a whole army beneath his tongue, at another he is taking a walk in Paris, and with admirable humor and good sense reproving a student for talking pedantic French. The passage is an excellent example of Rabelais' sound good sense and peculiar humor, and is, as an exception, quotable to decent readers:—

"One day Pantagruel," says the author, "took a walk with his friends toward nightfall on the road that leads to Paris. They met a smartly-dressed student. After saluting him, Pantagruel asked, 'My friend, whence come you at this time of day?' The student made answer, 'De l'alme, inclyte, et célèbre académie que l'on vocite Lutèce' (From the famous academy called Lutetia). 'What does that mean?' said Pantagruel, to one of his friends. 'He means that he has come from Paris,' says the friend. 'Well, you come from Paris,' said Pantagruel, 'and how do you pass your time there—you gentlemen of the University?' The student replied, 'Nous transférons la Sequane au dilucule et crepuscule; nous déambulons par les compies et quadrivies de l'urbe, nous dispons la verbocination latiale' (We cross the Seine morning and evening, we walk about the squares and streets of the city, and we speak Latin)—and so he goes on till Pantagruel loses patience, and the student informing him that he comes from Limoges, or, as he puts it in his jargon, 'L'origine primeve de mes ayes et ataves feut indigène des regions Lemouicques.' 'I see,' cries Pantagruel, 'Tu es Limosin, pour tout potaige; et tu veulx ici contrefaire le Parisien' (Thou art simply a Limoges man, and thou comest here to mangle good French); and, losing his temper, the giant seizes him by the throat and shakes him, on which the provincial forgets his pedantry, and cries him mercy in his own homely dialect, 'Vee dicou gentilastre, ho saint Marsault, adionda my laissas a quo au nom de Dions et ne me tougas grou!' (I entreat you, sire. Help! Saint Marcellus. Release me, sire, in the name of Heaven! and hurt me not!) 'Now,' said Pantagruel, 'I have made thee speak like a Christian!' and he let the poor wretch go."

It is not our intention to follow Pantagruel through his varied adventures, but some mention must be made of his companion, Panurge, a character that has become well nigh as famous as Gargantua and his son, and is indeed by far the most prominent personage in the latter books. Panurge is often identified with Rabelais himself, but it is to be hoped that the author aimed at a loftier standard in life than the character he has described as a wit indeed of the highest type, a man of marvellous learning and accomplishments, but also as a sot, a thief, a sharper, a low swindler, heartless, and even an assassin—a man full of "scoundrel maxims" and humorous blackguardism.

Pantagruel meets with Panurge in his walks through the city, and he is described as "un homme beau de stature et élégant en tous lineamens du corps;" such, in fact, as Rabelais himself was. It is clear enough, too, that the author dwells lovingly on the traits—even on the most abominable ones—of his creation. It is possible that he began by drawing upon his own character for the lineaments of Panurge; but it is certain that the friend of the

most learned, religious, high-stationed, and thoughtful men of the time was not a man of the rudianly and scoundrel instincts of the dependant of Pantagruel.

Panurge is often alluded to as a pedant, the forerunner of the character that we find so commonly in the comedies and romances of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—a man in whose mouth learning and science are intended to be made contemptible. This conception of Panurge's character is, we are of opinion, entirely erroneous. Nowhere in the writings of Rabelais do we find true learning held up to ridicule. Wit was for a time on the side of deep learning. To remember what a dozen obscure authors of antiquity had said on a particular subject, was to treat it exhaustively and was, in contemporary opinion, better than to be wise or witty in an original manner. No man of his time could quote the ancients so fully or so happily as Rabelais, and therefore no man was less inclined to make fun of what gained him praise and power. From the Rabelaisian point of view, it was the unlearned who were laughed at for their ignorance.

The pedant of the Spanish and French dramas was the growth of a later and a very different period. When profound learning like Rabelais' began to get rarer, and the majority of men of wit were unburdened with any load of ancient lore, it began to be asked whether an opinion was any the better for being old, and whether men who possessed no wisdom but what they had got at second-hand from the Greeks and Romans were therefore to be esteemed. The crowd of the unlearned then began to ridicule the possessors of what they had not themselves acquired, and what they could persuade themselves they were the better for being without. Thereupon Lope de Vega created the pedant of the Spanish stage, and after him Molière made the character still more famous and still more ridiculous; and from then almost to the present day the more popular kind of wit has, for the most part, kept aloof from learning, to the no small detriment of one and the other—the divorce of the two having, we may hope, reached its climax in the Hooks and Colmans, the professedly ignorant buffoons of our Regency period.

Laurence Sterne contended that no one not himself possessed of a "Shandean" humor could appreciate and sympathize with his accounts of the Shandy family, and so Rabelais—Sterne's prototype—will have it that no non-Pantagruelist should read his book. We trust that neither reader nor writer of this paper needs such a qualification; but it is true enough that many "grave and reverend" readers of Rabelais are remote enough from the Pantagruelic humor to believe the world in a conspiracy against their taste and judgment in conferring fame on an author whose wit, humor, or even meaning is quite intangible to them. Such readers—and their own printed admissions would show them to be not rare—may reflect that the lack of appreciation is in themselves, and that an author approved during his lifetime by such men as Calvin and Cardinal Du Bellay, and recognized as a genius by the acclamation of succeeding generations, cannot be contemptuously suppressed by modern purists. Some not quite universally professed aptitude is indeed required for the due appreciation of Rabelais. The obsolete language in which his wit is disguised, the "mediævalism" of his modes of thought, the obscurity and tediousness of his style, and his continual allusions to matters which no longer stir the minds of thinking men, are not the only difficulties which modern readers have to contend against; and we must, after all, to some extent consent to Rabelais' own dictum: "The man must be born a Pantagruelist who shall understand me."

No book ever yet bore so little traces of book-making about it. It is as little a literary undertaking as any written work can possibly be, and smells not at all of the "midnight oil." The author makes it his boast, "que plus en vin aye despendu qu'en huyle," that his writings have more smell of the wine-cup than the student's lamp about them—and so in truth have they. It is a book which indeed has no appearance of having been composed at leisure in the study, but reads like the utterances of a

man sitting at table with jovial boon companions. Every page brings before the reader the revelry of a carouse—he seems to hear the confused, redundant voices of brawling feasters, the clatter of wine-cups, the rough jest, the quick sally, the boisterous laugh, and, above all the noise of the revellers, the great, hearty, vociferous declamation of their acknowledged chief, this lord of misrule, this king of joyous humorists.

In the whole range of literature, no author ever so succeeded in placing such a scene of feasting before his readers: “Lors flacons d’aller, iambons de trotter, goubelletz de voler, breusses de tinter. Tire, baille, tourne, brouille. Boutte à moi sans eue; ainsi mon ami; cloquette moi ce voyrre gualentement; produitz moi du claiet, voyrre pleurant. Trèves de Soif. Ha! faulse fiebre ne t’en iras tu pas?” What life, what color, what animation in this picture! what a flow, and rush, and rustle of the tide of low, sensuous enjoyment, and how pitiful that a spirit like Rabelais’ should find in such things its highest gratification!

Rabelais was now at the height of his fame. His book, which has found in the generations that have followed him, more admirers and imitators than any work of humor of either ancient or modern times, had sprung in the very year of its publication into almost its full reputation. Among the new friends whom it procured for its author was the very celebrated Bishop of Paris, Jean Du Bellay, the foremost ecclesiastic of his day. The Bishop had returned from his embassy to King Henry VIII. of England, and was on his way to a fresh mission to Pope Clement, when he encountered Rabelais at Lyons. He invited the humorist to accompany him to Rome, and Rabelais accepted the invitation with eagerness—a strange *attaché* for a bishop on a mission to a pope; but Jean Du Bellay was not an ordinary bishop, nor at all after the common run of ambassadors. He was a practised and successful diplomat and politician; he may rank with his contemporary, Buchanan, as a writer of Latin verse; in other words, he stands after no one but the poets of the Augustan age; and his eloquence won him, in the course of the mission on which he was then bound, the title of *Galliarum Flos delibatus*—the Flower and Pink of France.

The Pope was Giulio dei Medici, who had taken the title of Clement VII. At the court of this pontiff Rabelais passed six months, and tradition has busied itself in recounting anecdotes of his audacious buffooneries at the Papal court. We might dismiss them with incredulity had not a well-known contemporary French writer¹ recounted the singular license of speech permitted by Pope Clement to a French lady; but, even though these queer stories of Rabelais’ impertinences be true, they redound but little to his fame as a wit, and are not worth repeating.

An evidence of the man’s energy of character is the list of plans he made before going to Rome. He would pursue his medical studies and researches with redoubled ardor in a country where such studies could at the time be most successfully followed; and he promised himself to bring back many sanative plants and minerals which did not exist in his own country. He is credited with having introduced into France the species of lettuce now known as *Salade Romaine*. A letter to the Bishop of Maillezaïs, his old friend, is extant, in which he mentions his sending him a present of lettuce-seed, with full directions for sowing it. Such a piece of practical wisdom stands out amid the cloudy philosophy of his age as particularly characteristic of the strong natural good sense of Rabelais. As if these pharmaceutical researches were not enough to occupy his time, he proposed to make, and actually began, a topographical survey of Rome, with plans and drawings of the ancient ruins; and he only left off when he was informed that such a survey was already nearly completed by the Italian, Marliani.

Two years later, Du Bellay was again sent to Rome, and Rabelais again accompanied him; and, as he was conscious of his many previous shortcomings as a Catholic and a

churchman, he took advantage of the high favor in which he stood with the Sacred College and the new Pope, Paul III., to petition his Holiness for a plenary absolution, *propter apostasia*, on account of his former apostasy from the faith. He asked and obtained permission to reënter the Benedictine order, and to practise the medical art. He further obtained from the Pope a bull, which assured him of protection from the ecclesiastical persecution which was now in full activity in his own country.

It was probably on the occasion of his return from Rome the second time, that the incident occurred which has given rise to the proverbial phrase, “mauvais quart-d’heure de Rabelais,” in allusion to the disagreeable interval of time between the termination of an entertainment and the settlement with one’s host. Rabelais was on his way to Paris, and stopped at Lyons, his pecuniary resources quite exhausted, when the critical quarter of an hour arrived. Many a man has been in such a dilemma before and since; certainly no one ever extricated himself by such an expedient as Rabelais employed. When the hour of reckoning was at hand, he caused an intimation to be made to the principal physicians of the city that a distinguished man of science, on his return from foreign travel, was waiting to give them an audience. They came, the story goes, in numbers; and Rabelais received them in an eccentric costume, and harangued them on the most abstruse professional points. They listened to the profoundly scientific talk of their visitor with respect, which was converted into horror when the unknown physician began to inveigh against the crimes and tyranny of the Royal Family of France. “My arts can here avail,” said the learned stranger, and he produced a flask. “This,” said he, “is a subtle poison brought by me from Italy, and I intend it for the King himself.” He proceeded to hold forth upon its deadly qualities; but the loyal doctors, looking at each other with consternation, retired silently from the room, and Rabelais was left alone. In a few minutes they had told the tale of intended treason to the city magistrates. The inn was surrounded, the intending poisoner arrested, placed in a litter, and carried, guarded by soldiers, with all dispatch and care, as a prisoner of distinction, to Paris.

There arrived, and the news conveyed to King Francis, his Majesty was moved with curiosity to see so singular and so bold a criminal, and ordered him to be brought into the royal presence. The king recognized the humorist at a glance, and at once guessed his reason for wishing to be brought to court free of expense. Turning to the Lyons doctors, who had followed the prisoner to give evidence on his prosecution, he thanked them for their loyal zeal, but assured them that he was too well satisfied of the fidelity of his subject, Rabelais, to care to listen to a charge of treason against him.

To a student of these times, when religious persecution was so active and so constant, it may seem extraordinary that a man like Rabelais, who had said and done enough against the Catholic religion to bring twenty ordinary men to the stake, should have escaped, if not threats of persecution, at least any positive molestation. He owed his safety partly to the personal favor he enjoyed with popes, kings, cardinals, bishops, statesmen, and courtiers, partly to the fact of his being a member of a profession which was beginning more and more to stand apart and hold its own against the bigotry of churchmen, and he owed a good deal of his immunity from harm to his own active and well-judged counter intrigues in opposition to those of his enemies, whereby he obtained at critical times sanctions of his works under the king’s hand, and indults and briefs from the court of Rome, which his intending persecutors were compelled to respect.

Rabelais enjoys the somewhat uncommon distinction of having been roundly abused both by Catholics and Reformers; but this was only towards the end of his life. He had begun by a leaning towards the Reformed religion, and he earned the approval, or something not far from it, of Beza and even of Calvin. What were the religious opinions of the man in such evil odor with both parties? It is a question doubly interesting; first, as concerning such

¹ Brantôme; who, in spite of his abominable book, is generally accredited in his historical capacity.

a man as Rabelais, and secondly, as concerning any prominent man, at a period the most critical in the history of the Christian religion.

When Rabelais was a young man profane learning was so greatly in the ascendant, and the corruptions of churchmen had so utterly discountenanced religion, that learned men, and men who wished to pass for such, professed to disbelieve in the main doctrines of Christianity. Luther, coming to Rome, heard priests who had just been celebrating the Mass openly deny its efficacy. A learned Italian, getting into an argument with Erasmus, attempted to convince him, out of Pliny, that the souls of men and of beasts were equally mortal, and Pomponazzo, the most celebrated philosopher of the early part of the century, openly held on this point with Pliny. No man was even thought in the fashion, who did not entertain some pet doctrine at variance with those of the church.

A reaction against this levity of opinion began to take place in the more decent pontificates of Hadrian, Clement, and Paul III., and took the form of a leaning towards Protestant reform. Ranke has given a list of eminent Italians who held to the doctrine of justification, and in their writings used language which is nothing else than pure Orthodox Lutheranism, and he describes the growth and spread of these opinions throughout Italy. A similar spread of reformed religious opinion, taking the form of Calvinism, had begun at a somewhat later period in France, and had become so universal, that the Venetian ambassador, in 1561, says that three fourths of the kingdom was Protestant. Another observer says that the king and the peasants were still Catholic, but that all other classes, even the ecclesiastics, had become deeply imbued with the spirit of Calvinism.

We have little hesitation in pronouncing that Rabelais made some sort of a compromise between the opinions of the learned in his youth, and the opinions held by most thoughtful men in his middle age. He was, as a very little acquaintance with his pages will show, an irreverent rather than a sceptical man. We believe Rabelais to have been a Christian, but neither a good Catholic nor a good Protestant. The license and hypocrisies of Catholic churchmen had offended him in his youth, and he reviled them with the whole strength of his copious vocabulary. Their subsequent cruel persecution of liberal opinions had aroused a stronger indignation, and even alarmed him for himself and his friends, and he assailed the church with still fouler language. His tendency towards the Reformed doctrines is to be gathered less from his printed writings — from which even such prudence as he possessed would be careful to exclude heretical passages — as from his friendship with the Reformers and their friends, and from passages which might be multiplied from their writings. A single quotation from Calvin himself will suffice to prove how nearly, if not how entirely, he had embraced their doctrines: "Rabelais had," he says, "so admirably exposed the folly of the papists (*Papistarum ineptias*) that it is a thousand pities he ever relapsed into Popery."

What was it that induced Rabelais to fall away from the Reformed Church, or if not quite that, to abuse Calvin and his followers so roundly as he has in his fifth book, wherein he calls them "*Demoniacles Caluins, imposteurs de Geneve*" — devil-possession Calvinists, impostors of Geneva?

His change of opinion, or cessation of toleration, in regard to the Reformers, whom he had previously regarded with favor, and the angry vehemence of his abuse of them, was, we have no manner of doubt, owing to Calvin's own treatment of Servetus. We have shown that Rabelais entertained a peculiar horror of the barbarous repression of heresy by the Catholics. When Calvin took a leaf out of their book, and, under circumstances of peculiar fanaticism, began the series of persecutions which eventually ended in the cruel putting to death of Servetus, it is easy to imagine the horror which would be roused in the mind of the humane and liberal-minded Rabelais. There is every reason to believe that the above-quoted passage was written after this new intolerance in the Reformers had begun. We are

afraid, however, that age, and the waning of enthusiasm which goes with it, and a self-indulgent nature, had no small part in inducing some sort of conformity to the faith in which orthodoxy was now beginning to be unrelentingly enforced.

Notwithstanding Rabelais' apparently careless and unreserved utterances, it is extremely difficult to arrive at any exact definition either of his political, religious, or philosophical opinions. A dozen passages from his book, and as many, and more, trustworthy ones from his correspondence, might be adduced to show that he was a sincere, if not a pious Christian; and yet we have marked quite as many in his printed works which throw doubt and even ridicule upon even such a fundamental doctrine as the immortality of the soul. In truth, the man wore a mask during all his life, and his true thoughts and true feelings only occasionally show beneath the disguise of the mime and the buffoon which necessity — not a disagreeable one to him — made him adopt.

It is certain that he allowed his fancy to play with the idea of a social Utopia, as many other wise men have done before and since his time, and like them, he considered the matter half seriously, half fancifully, without caring to undergo the labor of following his imagined scheme into all the remote consequences with their various ramifications, which are necessarily incident to such reformations of the established order of human society.

Rabelais' Utopia is his imaginary Convent of Theleme, already mentioned, a purely epicurean scheme for the happiness of the human race; a scheme in which most of the conditions and difficulties which have made such problems as yet insolvable are, as usual, overlooked, but which is not on the whole more absurd than the proposals of other Utopists from Plato to Fourier.

It is often asserted that Rabelais and his more intimate friends had enrolled themselves in a secret society of *Pantagruelists*, having for its rules something like those enunciated for his Utopian convent, and for its objects religious and social reforms. The present writer has found no evidence of such a fact beyond the banter of the humorist and his correspondents, and such banter must of course not be accepted in any serious sense.

The epicurean notions of Rabelais were not peculiar to himself; they were common among the more educated and refined of his contemporaries, though they might be repudiated by the austere and the earnest. It became the fashion of the day among his numerous admirers to talk of *Pantagruelism* as a real thing, and Rabelais himself has set the example, or followed the fashion, in the prologue to his fourth book: "*Je suis*," he says, "*sain et degouté, moyennant mon Pantagruelisme*" — I am hale and hearty by the help of my *Pantagruelism*, which, as you understand, is "*certaine gayeté d'esprit conficte en mespris des choses fortuites*," a certain sort of good-humor which comes from contempt of the evil chances of this world. If his philosophy went no further than this, it would be difficult to imagine a better.

Rabelais' long lifetime was occupied by many objects of importance besides literature. He had made anatomy his peculiar study, and he delivered brilliant anatomical lectures at Lyons, using — a rare circumstance in those days — the human subject in his demonstrations. Astronomy he had always studied; and one of his earliest works, a parody upon the prophesying almanac makers of the day, "*La Pantagrueline Prognostication*," in imitation of their nonsensical astrological jargon, was continued by him from year to year, and always met with a large sale. But this "*ingeniosissima ars mentiendi*," this art of telling clever lies, was not to be put down even by his ridicule of it, or by the growing light of science in the century. When he went to Rome, he found the drawing of horoscopes a fashionable superstition, and he tells a correspondent that Paul III. was particularly addicted to this folly. Moreover, Catherine of Medicis had brought with her to the French Court the Italian belief in astrology, and made it as popular as in Rome or Florence. Rabelais, whose astronomical knowledge was in high repute, fell in, not very creditably, with

the prevailing folly, and published serious astrological almanacs and ephemerides, and professed, without seeming compunction, to calculate nativities and make planetary predictions.

While Rabelais was residing at the court of Rome, Cardinal Du Bellay had, with a view to propitiate Diana of Poitiers, the still reigning favorite at court, held a kind of masque, in which a representation was given of a battle by land and water. The exhibition was on a scale of great magnificence, and delighted the Romans. It delighted the Duchess of Valentinois still more when an account of it, drawn up by Rabelais himself, reached her; for by a happy audacity in compliment, the mistress of two successive kings was represented in the masque by the chaste goddess, her namesake, and the violence done to possibility did not make the flattery less sweet.

It is supposed that the Cardinal of Guise, who at this time stood higher, by the favor of the king's mistress and by his own abilities, than any other minister of the crown, feared to recall from Rome the payer of this delicate compliment lest it should advance Du Bellay dangerously far in the good graces of the powerful favorite; but, perhaps to gratify the Duchess, perhaps in his own interests, he recalled to court the Cardinal's secretary, Rabelais, who had had his personal share in the Roman fêtes.

Guise possessed, by recent purchase, the estate of Meudon, near Paris. His brother, the Duke, lived there, and the Cardinal himself was a frequent visitor at his brother's house. The parish church of Meudon was in the gift of Rabelais' patron, the Cardinal Du Bellay, and it was perhaps with the object of having so old and tried a friend and dependant of his in the vicinity, that Du Bellay presented Rabelais to the living. After his long discordance and disconnection with the church, he again found himself its servant and its minister. He lived much in the society of the Guises, his neighbors, and perhaps acted as a spy for Du Bellay.

As curé of Meudon Rabelais lived in safety, in spite of still frequently menaced persecutions, for many years; as such he died in the seventieth year of his age: a heretic to all intents, and yet favored by Catholic kings and popes; a buffoon, and yet revered by the most learned of his contemporaries; and, what is rarer, a philosopher, and yet in fellowship and favor with the idle and the ignorant.

To arrive at all the secret springs of this man's character is a task which has never yet been accomplished, and as to which the present writer at least is ready to admit his own incapacity. As yet no complete life has been written of Rabelais, and no satisfactory commentary made upon his works.¹

It was clearly his object to let his life and its motives be enigmas to his contemporaries. In a less intolerant age than that in which he lived, such a man might have been content to live a more earnest life, and to show himself to be what he was at heart. But the lines of Rabelais' existence were cast in times when, in the clash of religious opinions, a thoughtful man and a nonconformist had need to be a hypocrite, or a fugitive, or a martyr. Rabelais was too manly to be a cheat, too indifferent to fly his country for the sake of liberty of speech, and too self-loving to care to suffer in person for his convictions. So he wore his mask of epicureanism, which was still not entirely a mask, and he dazzled the eyes of his contemporaries with the flash of his wit, and kept their ears full of his boisterous laughter, that they might be diverted from inquiring too closely into the heresies which underlay the jests with which he amused them.

The profound and lasting impression which Rabelais' genius produced has caused, as we have shown, every incident of his life to be invested with traditions which are valuable chiefly as being a measure of that impression, rather than from any flavor of authenticity belonging to them. The student of his life and character must use his knowledge of that character and life, and his own native

sagacity, to distinguish the true from the false. He will probably not reject what is reported of Rabelais' dying moments. The humor which had colored his life did not leave him at his last hour. He punned upon the Benedictine frock which he wore on his death-bed, and he jested with the priests who attended him. Then as the seriousness of death seemed to overshadow him, he grew silent. Presently he was heard to murmur, "Je vais quérir un grand peut-être" (I am going to resolve a great doubt); and when the last moment came, this great actor on the stage of our human comedy, cried out, "Draw the curtain, friends, the farce is over!"

PRINCE BISMARCK'S EARLY LIFE.

THE year that saw the final overthrow of the first Napoleon was the birth-year of the man who was destined to overturn the throne of the second, and erect the German Empire on the ruins of the French. He saw the light two months and a half before the battle of Waterloo. He was born while Europe was still one vast camp, and the nations looked apprehensively on the wonders of military genius that signalized the closing months of the great conqueror's career. There was a dramatic propriety in the fact that it was so. Prince Bismarck has been a man of war from his youth. In serving his king and country, he has had to fight the enemies of both at every step of his career. On his outset in public life he had to face the Revolution, and seek to frustrate its hostile attempts against the kingdom of Prussia. War with Denmark in the interest of Germany — the least attractive incident in the story of his life — was followed in a short time by war with Austria for the sake of Prussia; and at the crisis of the struggle Bismarck had to fight hard against opponents within, as well as open foes without the kingdom. Then came the great war with France, which has changed the face of Europe, and made the beginning of a new political epoch on the Continent. Fierce as was the struggle, and momentous the interests involved, that has been but the prelude to another conflict that may prove yet more important to the world. For the Franco-German war has brought in its train the war of the German Empire with the Church of Rome. Already the results are of world-wide moment. Switzerland and Italy — and even unhappy Spain, in its anarchic fashion — have followed suit in the Old World, while a strictly Catholic power like Brazil is doing the same in the New. Rome has challenged modern civilization to deadly conflict. Germany was the first to take up the glove flung down by the Roman authorities, and the struggle is rapidly widening, and bids fair to become co-extensive with the globe. This, we may be sure, was not in the thoughts of Bismarck when he made his appearance, in the spring of 1847, in the first United Diet. The divinity which shapes our ends has made him the instrument in a far grander struggle than he dreamed of. Gradually he has seen the circle in which his influence operates, and the effects of his policy show themselves, widening outwards. From the struggle to save the historical form of the national life of Prussia as a Royal State, onwards to the fight against the power of Imperial Austria over Germany, with which was bound up the nature of the German Empire — whether it was to be Protestant or Catholic, Absolutist or Constitutional; from that forward to the battle for ascendancy over Europe, which resulted in the constitution of the Empire and the transfer of the political centre of gravity from Paris to Berlin; and, last of all, on to the yet more enduring conflict now being waged between spiritual despotism and modern liberty, we have seen a series of struggles extending over a quarter of a century, the leader in which has been Prince Bismarck.

In this light the German Chancellor may be fairly claimed as what his countrymen call a world-historical man. Though Germany has a predominant, she has no exclusive interest in him. He belongs to the nineteenth century and to Europe. His life is of general interest,

¹ We have, to some extent, followed the *Mémoires pour Servir* of M. Jacob: the best and most trustworthy life with which we are acquainted.

and in its main outlines the story of the earlier portion of it may best be briefly told by allowing the words of the Chancellor, with a few incidents of his career interwoven, to tell their own tale.

Bismarck's introduction to public life was scarcely more favorable than that of the present leader of the English Conservative party in the House of Commons. English journalists have often dwelt on the proud prophetic words in which, at the moment of seeming discomfiture, Mr. Disraeli foreshadowed his future triumph. Bismarck's first words at the sitting of the Three Estates, in May, 1847, were certainly not less significant, though of a less personal character. The Diet was in the midst of a vague, but passionate discussion on the form of the constitution, and the right especially of the people to a larger share in the government of the country. One of the deputies, carried away by his enthusiasm, alleged that in 1813 the great object of the people, in rising to throw off the foreign yoke, had been that they might obtain a popular constitution. Were those who had saved the Fatherland with the Throne not entitled to govern themselves? At this point a deputy wearing the King's colors, in the flush of early manhood, suddenly appeared in the tribune. Of masculine stature, with hair and beard cut short, large bright piercing eyes, and with the aspect of vigorous health on his ruddy countenance, the speaker in shrill and somewhat hesitating accents ventured to ask his hearers to return from the region of romance to reality. He felt compelled to contradict the assertion made frequently there and elsewhere, with the view of showing the necessity for a constitution, that the movement of the people in 1813 was due to any other causes and motives than to the feeling of shame that the stranger should rule in the land. The interruption was resented by the Reformers of the Chamber as an insult. What could Bismarck (for it was he) know of that by-past period, since he had borne no share in the rising of 1813? Clamors, hisses, and outcries forced him to silence; but, undismayed by the tumult, he drew a paper from his pocket, and occupied himself in reading it till order was restored. "I cannot of course dispute," Bismarck then replied, "that I was not alive at that time, and it has always been to me a source of regret that I was not privileged to take part in that rising. My regret, however, is diminished by the explanation I have received regarding that movement. I always believed that the servitude against which the people then rebelled was a foreign servitude, but I am now informed that it lay at home. I am not by any means thankful for the correction." From that moment Bismarck was the object of suspicion and attack to the Liberals and Reformers of the period. He stood aloof from, and was marked as hostile to, the movement which sought national life and strength from constitutional forms. He had no sympathy with the passing popular enthusiasm, for he saw that forms were useless unless they illustrated facts,—that there must be a national life in existence before it could make itself a power through any political machinery. At the time he thus gave a faint indication of the work he was so largely to accomplish, in regenerating and transforming Germany, he was thirty-two years of age, having been born at Schönhausen on the 1st of April, 1815.

The birthplace of the future Minister-President and Chancellor was the family seat of the Bismarcks, who had lived there for a period of about three centuries. A plain, four-square, massive-looking house, simple inside and out, and overshadowed by linden-trees and chestnuts, occupies the spot where, in 1642, the old castle was burnt down in the troublous times of the Thirty Years' War. Like many another country-house, Schönhausen bore the character of being haunted, and weird tales used to be told of cold breaths causing icy horrors in the middle of the night, sounds of opening and shutting doors, footfalls in the passages, and even apparitions of white forms which beckoned to those that saw to follow them. The forefathers of Bismarck were not of the high aristocracy of Germany, and there are still disputes carried on with much display of erudition, as to whether the family was not of plebeian

origin. The inquiry is not tempting. Bismarck's biographer, Hesekei, fights hard for the patrician descent of his hero, so as to give him a place from ancestral claims among at least the genuine Junker class. There is no doubt that early in the fourteenth century the town of Stendal numbered among its most important and influential burghesses one Rule, Rulo, or Rudolph von Bismarck, who was held in much esteem by his fellow-townsmen. As a member of the Guild of Tailors, his connections seem more of civic than aristocratic character, and the records of Stendal prove him a man of energy and public spirit. He carried on long controversies with the clergy in attempting to advance the educational interests of the town. The privilege of supervising the public schools was claimed by the authorities of the Nicholas Cathedral as their peculiar prerogative. The Council of Stendal, aided by Bismarck, disputed their authority, in consequence of which Rule Bismarck was placed under the ban of the Church, and it seems probable lived and died excommunicated. He left four sons, the eldest of whom, Claus von Bismarck, was an influential member of the Council, and displayed much wisdom and prudence in bringing to an end the quarrels with the Church. He was better known as the leader of the patrician party of Stendal against the encroachments of the democratic guilds. But he did not fare well in the fight, which ended in his banishment from the town by the triumphant democrats. Afterwards, Claus von Bismarck devoted his energies to the service of the Bavarian Margrave, Ludwig, from whom in 1845 he received in fief for himself and descendants the castle of Burgstall, a strong place which guarded the southern frontier of the Alt-Mark towards Magdeburg. Therewith the Bismarck family entered the ranks of the nobility of the Alt-Mark as the owners of a castle. Afterwards Burgstall was exchanged for Schönhausen, which was granted to the family by the Kurfürst George. It is not necessary to draw further upon the old archives. The Bismarcks, thus ennobled, produced in the centuries that followed not a few who won distinction for themselves in various military and political offices. If the "blue blood" of the family be not of the purest, it is pure enough to satisfy all reasonable demands.

The father of the present Prince Bismarck, Charles William Ferdinand von Bismarck, born 13th November, 1771, married, on the 7th of July, 1806, the youngest daughter, then nineteen years of age, of Privy Councillor Anastasius Ludwig Menken, who had distinguished himself in the service of Prussia. From this union came six children, of whom three died early. The fourth was Otto Eduard Leopold, now Prince and Chancellor. His brother Bernhard, is five years his senior; and his sister Malvina about twelve years his junior. The early childhood of Otto was spent at Kniephof, an estate in Pomerania, to which the family went on removing from Schönhausen, in 1816, and which had become theirs through the death of a cousin. From the same source were derived two other estates, Jarchlin and Kurz. In 1838 the father, Captain von Bismarck, gave over these estates to his two sons, by whom they were farmed jointly. Afterwards the property was divided, and Otto received Kniephof and Jarchlin as his share. On the death, however, of the father, in 1845, Jarchlin passed to the elder brother, and the prince obtained Schönhausen. He kept Kniephof till 1868, when he purchased his favorite Varzin, where he now spends so much of his leisure time, and recruits his exhausted energies, after the storms and trials of political and official life in Berlin.

Bismarck's mother, who early set her heart on Otto becoming a diplomatist, was a woman of considerable gifts and accomplishments. Endowed with personal beauty as well, she exercised no small influence in the society in which she mingled, both in the country and in Berlin. Of a lively disposition, she was fond of company, and took a deep interest in politics, in which, following her father, her leanings were Liberal. It used to be said that "the mother was the brain, and the father the heart" of the family. The latter was an amiable, somewhat stately gentleman,

passionately fond of country life and its occupations, and devoted to hunting, of the manner of which we have a humorous presentation in a letter from the Chancellor to his sister, written in 1844: "I have been living here," he writes, "with my father, reading, smoking, walking, helping him to eat lampreys, and occasionally playing a comedy with him which he is pleased to call fox-hunting. We go out in the pouring rain, or when there are six degrees of frost, with Ihle, Bellin, and Carl; surround with the most sportsmanlike prudence, silently, and with careful observance of the wind, a pine thicket, though all of us, not even excepting father, are firmly convinced there is no living creature there, unless it be some old woman gathering wood. Ihle, Carl, and two dogs then rush through the thicket, uttering the strangest and most discordant sounds; father stands motionless and attentive, with weapon prepared, as if he really expected an animal, till Ihle shouts out straight before him, 'Hu! la, la! he, he!' in the queerest manner. Then father asks me in the simplest way if I have seen nothing; and I, with the slightest possible accent of surprise, reply, 'No, nothing at all.' Then in spite of the weather, we go on to another thicket, whose supposed productiveness in wild animals Ihle is wont to boast of with confidence. So it goes on for three or four hours, without the passion seeming to grow cold for a moment in father, Ihle, and Fingal. Besides, we inspect daily the orangery twice over, and once the sheep-pens: consult the four thermometers in the parlor every hour, mark the weather-glass, and, since the weather has been fine, have brought the clocks so exactly with the sun, that only the clock in the library is one stroke behind the rest. . . . The Elbe is frozen. The wind is S.S.E. . . . I give these particulars to show how you might write more about the details of your life in your letters, as they greatly amuse father; — who has been to see you and Curts, whom you visit, what you had for dinner, how the horses do and the servants quarrel, whether the doors rattle and the windows are tight — in short, events, facts."

When six years old, the little Otto was sent to Berlin to school, where his brother Bernhard was. He did not love the place, suffered severely from home sickness, and when out walking could not see a plough going without crying. From the boarding-school he passed to the Frederick William Gymnasium, and while the two boys were at home in the house in Berlin which their parents had engaged, their education was carried on by tutors. Dr. Bonnell, one of the masters of the Gymnasium, wrote about Otto when twelve years old in the following terms: "Bismarck attracted my attention from the first day of his entrance, on which occasion the new arrivals sat in the school-room on benches ranged one behind the other, so that the teachers had the opportunity of observing the new pupils during the ceremony of introduction. Otto von Bismarck sat among his companions with evident attention, a bright friendly boy's face and clear sparkling eyes, so that I thought to myself, 'That is a promising little fellow, I will keep an eye on him.' In Easter, 1831, he came to my house as a boarder, and conducted himself in my simple household in an amiable and modest fashion. He was very affectionate. In the evenings he rarely went out, and when I was not at home he entertained himself chatting innocently with my wife, and showed a strong liking for quiet domestic life."

An excellent memory and quickness of apprehension made the acquisition of languages easy, and at this time he was fond of studying the history of the Fatherland. From Berlin the youth passed in 1832, when about seventeen years old, to the University at Göttingen. He had longed for the freedom of student life and resolved to enjoy it. The bolder and less amiable side of his character showed itself prominently at the University, where he took his fill of the wild liberty then characteristic of the German student. During his first three terms he is said to have fought more than twenty duels. In such a life there was not much room for study, and he was seldom seen at lecture, though he managed to get good testimonials from his teachers. In the autumn of 1833, he returned to Berlin ostensibly to prepare for his legal examination, though the time spent in

work was slight. However he duly passed his examination and became Auscultator (Examiner) in the spring of 1835, living meanwhile in apartments with his brother Bernhard, who after a few years' service in the Guards became a Referendarius. Otto followed his example the next year; but the pleasures of society had more attraction for him than legal pursuits. He visited France and Belgium with some French and English friends, and found great delight in social enjoyments on the banks of the Rhine. The retrospect of this period was not satisfactory to him in after years, as we see from a letter he wrote to his wife from Frankfurt in July, 1851. In it he says, "The day before yesterday I went to Wiesbaden, and with mingled sadness and worldly wisdom contemplated the scenes of early folly. Would that it might please God to fill with his clear and strong wine this vessel in which formerly the champagne of twenty-one years' old youth foamed idly, leaving only loathing behind. How many are under the sod with whom then I flirted, drank, and dined! How have my views of things changed during the fourteen years that have seen so many alterations! How much is little to me which then seemed great, and how much honorable which I then despised! How much foliage may yet grow green in our inner man, spread out, rustle, and fade away valueless during the next fourteen years, till 1865, if we live to see it! I do not understand how a man who thinks about himself and yet knows and wishes to know nothing of God, can support his existence out of very weariness and disgust. I do not know how I bore it formerly; if I were now to live without God, without thee, without children, as then, — I would not know in very truth why I should not put away life like a soiled robe: and yet most of my acquaintances are in that state and live on." He felt differently in those young days, though in writing in mature manhood in this manner, Bismarck is under the influence of no misanthropic mood. "I am healthy and cheerful," he adds, "though the longing for home and children and the scenes of the country tinge," he confesses, his feelings, with melancholy.

We must pass rapidly over the next few years of his life. We find him serving his country, in the department of Justice and then in that of Administration, and at Aachen in connection with the Crown Court there. From thence he removed to Potsdam in 1837, and the following year he became a member of the Jäger Guard. Meantime the paternal estates in Pomerania required supervision to save them from ruin, and Captain Bismarck consequently divided them in 1839. In that year, then, Otto and his brother took up the burden of their cultivation, which they continued to share during two years till the marriage of the elder brother, when the division took place which gave Knipphof and Jarchlin to the Chancellor. The personal life of Bismarck during this year continued to be of that lively character over which he lamented so bitterly afterwards. This was the Sturm und Drang Zeit of his existence. Stories of his dissoluteness and pride, his daring feats as a rider and his achievements as a boon companion, his disregard of conventional rules, and his love of wild adventures, are numerous. The youthful owner of Knipphof was to be often seen careering wildly across the country, alone or in the company of gay friends, who were his guests; and such was the impression he produced on the quiet country population, that he came to be generally known among them as "Mad Bismarck." The death of his mother in 1839 left him still more his own master. But though the Byronic mood was strong upon him, he did not abandon himself to the mere delights of sense. Even at this period he studied much, reading deeply in Spinoza and in works in philosophy and theology, though history continued his favorite pursuit. As a relief from the dark thoughts that haunted him, he took to travelling, visited France and England, and for a time resumed his post as Referendarius at Potsdam under the Crown.

We have no record of the influence which his studies had on his thoughts and views of life; but, although regarded with apprehension as the "Mad Bismarck," he was still held in great esteem by his neighbors, who desired him to take the appointment of Landrath, which he declined.

His residence in Pomerania after his return from Potsdam, was varied by frequent journeys to Berlin and Schönhausen, as well as by longer visits paid to France and Italy. After the death of his father in 1845, six years subsequent to that of his mother, Bismarck settled at Schönhausen, surrendering Jarchlin to his brother. He resided henceforth at Schönhausen, and was successively Dyke Captain and Knight's Deputy in the Saxon Provincial Diet. It was in this latter capacity that he attended the First United Diet in 1847, when he made his appearance as an opponent of the democratic Reformers of that period in the manner already noticed. This year also saw him married, and thereby he attained the satisfaction and tranquillity which had hitherto been so conspicuous by their absence. His young bride was Johanna von Puttkammer, the only daughter of a quiet good Christian family, who resided at Reinfeld, in Pomerania. Johanna's father was alarmed at first at "Mad Bismarck" being a suitor for his daughter's hand. "It was as if I had been felled with an axe," he is said to have exclaimed when the suit was urged. But he consented at last, and he had no reason to regret the permission he then gave. To Bismarck, his marriage was a turning-point in his history. He was deeply susceptible to external influences. He learned from life and life's experiences, and his union with the daughter of a pious house, the contentment and happiness of family life, and his own greater practical activity revolutionized his being. We have seen the deep regret with which he looked back in after years on the revelries of youth. He felt that his nature had been allowed to run to seed. He had no centre, no lodestars, no prime object in life. These were now supplied to him. Domestic life, the satisfaction of home, the ties of wife and children, the sense of duty these aroused, and the feeling of responsibility they deepened, led him to alter altogether his views of life. Through the earthly ties, there is reason to believe he was led to realize the heavenly ones. The family on earth quickened the too long dormant feeling, that he was a member of another family, even a spiritual, and that his Father was in heaven. How he came to realize these feelings we cannot trace, but we know that he did realize them. Writing long afterwards, in August, 1861, to his brother-in-law, on occasion of the death of his child, Bismarck says, "Such a blow is beyond reach of human consolation, and yet we have a natural longing to be near those we love in their hour of bereavement, and to mourn in common along with them. That is all we can do. A heavier sorrow could not have overtaken you; to lose so amiable and promising a child in this way, and to bury in his grave all the hopes that were to be the joy of your old age; so long as you are in this world you will never cease to sorrow over it, and I feel that to be so with deep and painful sympathy. We lie perplexed and helpless in God's mighty hand if He himself will not come to our aid, and we can do nothing but bow in humble submission to his decrees. He can take away from us all He gave, leave us altogether lonely, and our sorrow would be all the more bitter, the more we permitted ourselves to rebel against his disposal of us. Do not mingle bitterness and repining with your just regrets. . . . How do all the little cares and annoyances of our daily life vanish away in presence of real sorrow! I feel how much cause of thankfulness we have to God amid the dangers by which we are surrounded. We ought not to set our affections on this world, or make it our home; twenty or at most thirty years, and both of us will be beyond the cares of this life, our children will occupy our places, and be struck with astonishment that life which seemed so fresh and joyous is already fast passing away. It would not be worth the coming in and going out if that were to be all. . . . The circle of those we love is narrowing, and receives no addition till we have grandchildren. At our time of life there are no more binding ties formed to take the place of those that are broken. Let us therefore love each other all the more till death separates us from one another, as it has now done thy son from us. Who knows how soon it may be?" There is reason to think these words represent the views by which Bismarck's life has been influenced. "Trust in God, my dar-

ling" (*Mein Herz*), he writes to his wife when in sorrow. At another time he closes a political discussion with a friend with these words: "Ever more and more does the feeling of gratitude to God for all his help grow strong, and fosters in me the confidence that the Lord knows how to turn even our very errors to our best good; I feel that daily with wholesome humiliation." A deep sense of religiousness; a conviction that he was the instrument in a higher hand; a feeling that his place on earth was to do the duty lying before him, were impressed on Bismarck's inmost soul. It has been under the influence of such feelings that he has done his great work. We have followed him to the borders of his entry on the fulfilment of his mission. We next see him in the discharge of it. The fight for King against the Revolution was his first public work.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE exportation of rags from Italy to Austria is for the present interdicted as a sanitary precaution.

VIEUXTEMPS, the violinist, is recovering from a stroke of paralysis which threatened to destroy the use of his left arm.

THE London Stationers Company has been in existence four hundred and seventy-three years. It is a firm old company, and a good old firm.

THE British navy has two thousand vessels at sea in different parts of the world. England is an excellent power for the United States to be at peace with just at present.

A CLAIM involving two hundred thousand dollars has just been paid by the Brazilian Government to the heirs, or rather to the son, of Earl Dundonald, an English admiral who was employed by Brazil in various naval affairs.

AN odd case of starvation occurred at Edinburgh lately. A man named James Thin (not an inappropriate name, by the way) was found lying exhausted in Princess Street. He was conveyed to the infirmary, where he died. On removing his clothes nearly £50 was found concealed about him. He was evidently determined not to break in upon his capital.

THE scarcity of coal in England, and the consequent increase in price, are likely to result to the profit of Ireland, where there are many extensive coal fields which have hitherto been worked in a very inefficient manner. Capitalists are now beginning to look to these as profitable investments, and preparations are being made to work the coal on a large scale.

THE *English Mechanic*, in referring to the new method of making rifles lately described in its columns, in which the rifling is confined to about six inches of the barrel, near the muzzle, states that this was tested lately at Wimbledon, with results which render further inquiry desirable. While the accuracy of the shooting is, if anything, improved, the recoil appears to be reduced to a minimum.

A SECOND Shakespeare club has been started by the students of the Chaucer class at the London Workingmen's College. The men meet at one another's rooms, read Shakespeare's plays in chronological order, with their wives and sisters. One member prepares a short paper on each play, with which he opens the discussion on the play after the reading of it is over. The *Athenæum* hears that the men confess that the women know more of Shakespeare, and read him more intelligently than they do. The first Shakespeare club at the college has lasted above fifteen years, and is in existence still.

A CATTLE disease, of so disagreeable a nature that it causes the animals affected by it to commit suicide, has broken out on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, and has been officially reported at Constantinople. It is characterized by frothing at the mouth, running from the eyes and nose, a total loss of appetite, great heat, and a thirst so insupportable that some of the beasts attacked by the illness cast themselves headlong into adjacent rivers and streams and are drowned. The disease has been in existence for upwards of a month in several villages on the upper Bosphorus and Scutari. It attacks bullocks and cows exclusively.

ONE of her Majesty's inspectors of schools, Rev. G. Steele, reporting this year on Lancashire, states that in regard to read-

ing it is his custom to examine the first class in the newspaper of the day. The children stand in a semi-circle and pass the newspaper round, and he requires them to read in such a manner that he and all present can both hear and understand, and he then asks questions. He does not generally enter much into politics, but contents himself with the children's understanding who such persons as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Forster, and M. Thiers are. Accidents, fires, and suicides excite the keenest interest; but he often gets very fair answers to such questions as these, "What is a telegram, a locomotive, an iron-clad, a telescope?" "What do you mean by prime minister, judge, coroner, M. P., M. D.?"

This is an excellent plan. It would be hard to find a better class-book of its kind than a well edited metropolitan journal.

THE Manchester (England) Statistical Society, in its published reports of proceedings, gives data regarding the coöperative stores of Great Britain, that are of interest. There were, at the end of 1870, 969 coöperative stores on the books of the registrar of Friendly Societies. In that year the sales of the stores amounted to \$41,000,000, and the saving of profit realized upon these sales amounted to \$3,240,000. The capital was \$11,155, so that the profit represented a little over twenty-nine per cent. on the money invested. In 1863 a wholesale coöperative store was started in Manchester, with a capital of nearly \$5000. In the first half-year of its existence the sales amounted in value to \$29,810. In the first half of the following year \$212,625 were received for goods, and in the corresponding period of 1872 the amount had risen to \$2,025,000. This store has been started to supply the retail coöperative stores with goods, and its expenses are less than three fourths of one per cent. of the money received.

PIERRE VERON in a letter in the *Mondes Illustré*, gives an account of a visit to Trianon, the palace built by Louis Quatorze, where the Bazaine trial is going on. Among other interesting items to be found in Veron's reminiscences, souvenirs and *histoietti* of the place is the following anecdote told by a very aged man, who was once under other régimes an attaché of the place. "It was in the spring of 1832," said the old man, "and Louis Philippe had run down to Trianon, accompanied by several of his children. One of them, a lad of ten years of age, tired by the close confinement of travelling, as soon as he got well on the grounds, in spite of the admonitions of his tutor, started off in a wild, harum-scarum scamper over the garden, and in his headlong gait tumbled very unroyally into an artificial lake. 'I heard,' said he, 'the boy's cries, and ran to the spot, but when I reached the lake, I found he had been pulled out by a young *sergent de service*, who had been taking a turn in the garden. The young prince, shivering with cold and dripping like a drowned rat, begged the officer and myself not to let his father and his tutor know of his mishap, and requested me to conduct him privately to his apartments.' That boy is to-day the Duc d'Aumale, who presides as judge over a military court convened at the same Trianon to try the case of Marshal Bazaine, who was then simply the Sergeant Bazaine, who saved the drowning prince."

It will perhaps be remembered by some of our readers that a most interesting collection of silver utensils was unearthed at Hildesheim in Germany, in 1868. They were noticed by the illustrated papers on both sides the ocean at that time. Soldiers were practising in the discharge of cannon, when one of the shot struck the earth, and led to the discovery. These buried silver vessels were in a more or less perfect state of preservation, and are pronounced by the best authority to be of great antiquity, running back to the time of the Emperor Augustus. This brought again to the light legends of the occupation of that territory by the Romans, and these treasures are supposed to have been a portion of the camp equipage of Varus, a Roman general of that time. Many of the pieces were apparently adapted to table service, and by far exceed in interest and value the antique silver ware known of Rome, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, or of Bernay in Normandy. Some of them are evidently the patera which were borne in their processions connected with their religious ceremonials, in their offerings to the gods.

The vessel which contained the libation, as also that which received the blood of the victim destined for sacrifice, was by the Etruscans and Romans denominated a patera. These originals are in the Royal Palace at Berlin, and have been deemed of so much interest that copies have been ordered for that rich depository of the artistic remains of the Middle Ages, the Musée Cluny at Paris, and also for the South Kensington Museum in London.

We are led to thus particularly notice these articles of vertu

because we so much enjoyed an examination of a set of exquisitely reproduced copies of them in bronze and in gold and silver recently imported by Bigelow, Kennard, & Co., and so worthy the attention of intelligent curiosity and of the connoisseur. The original owner, whoever he was, must have looked with pride and satisfaction upon his beautiful collection. A study of the detail in the decoration of some of these pieces shows that different artists and manufacturers contributed to the patient work.

FAR APART.

BENEATH the quaint old bridge you hear
The waves make music as they pass;
And, winding to the elm-tree near,
You see the pathway through the grass,
Where we were wont to walk, alas!

The river wanders as of old
Beneath the shade of willow-trees;
The sunlit waters gleam like gold,
And ripple to the gentle breeze;
But I am far from thee and these!

The sky bends over broad and blue,
And, in the soft and mellow light,
You tread the lane our footsteps knew
In former days, when days were bright:
Do these days bring such sweet delight?

And still that lane with grass is green;
With fragrant flowers the banks are fair;
In golden gloss and silver sheen
The bees still haunt the balmy air;
But you will fail to find me there.

Again, perchance, I may not see
The rustling rows of willow-trees
(Which lent a leafy canopy
When we strolled underneath at ease);
For I am far from thee and these!

Our joys forsake us. Soon does Spring
Pass by and for the Summer call;
Soon do the birds lose heart to sing,
When fading leaves in Autumn fall;
And Winter is the end of all.

OUR readers will notice by their advertisement in another column, that Messrs. Walter Baker & Co. have, in addition to the medal awarded them at the Paris Exposition of 1867, received the first and *only* medal awarded by the late Vienna Exposition to any American manufacturers of chocolate and cocoa. This is a well-merited honor to an old established Boston house, which commenced the manufacture of these table luxuries nearly a century ago.

"THE NURSERY" is a bright and genial fairy in many tens of thousands of families. Its coming is hailed monthly with the most eloquent of childish thanks. Its variety of good pictures of subjects that please the youthful eye and heart, and its stories finely adapted to the tastes and comprehension of its young readers, make it a household favorite. It is a Kindergarten, a patient and varied story-teller, a delightful new picture-book every month, a magical baby-tender, and is so skilfully and handsomely produced that it is hardly more attractive to the little ones than to their parents. This little magazine belongs in every family that has young children to be entertained, and Mr. John L. Shorey, of 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, will promptly furnish it. See advertisement in another column.

THE GETTYSBURG KATALYSINE WATER performs marvellous cures in Kidney and other kindred diseases. Read the advertisement in another column.

EVERY SATURDAY.

A JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING.

[Vol. IV.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1878.

[No. 26.]

ZELDA'S FORTUNE.

BOOK IV. PALMAM QUÆ MERUIT, FERAT.

CHAPTER III. THE KNIGHT OF THE SOW'S EAR.

MR. BRANDT'S last seizure had a singular, but not unheard of, effect upon him. At the end of a few days, during which Claudia underwent more cruel fatigues and harder toil than Zelda had ever known in all her wanderings, his torpor began to clear away, and he regained consciousness, although not the use of his limbs. His mind, too, was enfeebled, though not to the point of imbecility. Remembering all his misfortunes clearly, they ceased to trouble him actively: he seemed to take a child-like pleasure in the mere fact of existence, and from having been one of the hardest-headed and most energetic men of business, was transformed into a dependant and meek old man, resigned to his arm-chair, his want of comfort, and to his days of monotonous inactivity. He never read, and talked little, but watched Claudia as she worked, and found the occupation exciting enough to satisfy all his needs.

She never mentioned Harold Vaughan to him—it would have been useless, if not cruel. It was just as likely as not that he had forgotten the name. But it may possibly be imagined how intensely her self-restrained and silent nature suffered during the progress of the trial, when she had to amuse her father with chattering nothings to him while every thought and all her spirit were in the city prison of St. Bavons, dreading the possibility of the horrible worst in spite of her professions of hopeful and sanguine courage. She did not cease to sit before her easel, and to force a show of cheerfulness for her father's sake; but her work flagged, and her hand, divorced from her mind, lost all its skill. If she could only have been by herself, she would have thrown her work into a corner and hurried to St. Bavons, though she had to beg her fare, so that she might be where her heart was. She could do nothing, even if she had been there: but was it not herself whom Harold Vaughan's trial most concerned?

But the wind was tempered to her,

though ever so little. She was not left quite alone in her trouble. Carol called at first every day, and then twice a day, to bring her the morning and evening news, though he was, of course, ignorant of her relation to the prisoner. It was not very much support to her, it is true, for she had to hide the intense and special nature of her personal interest from him, but what would have been her state of suspense had he not been at hand? She was so grateful, and looked forward with such eagerness to his coming, that his peculiarities, even including his black pipe, became the eccentricities of a clever and kind-hearted man that claimed every indulgence. To the Bohemian himself, it was a new, or, perhaps, rather a renewed sensation to find a home, however poor, humble, sick, and sorrowful: he gradually found the air of the streets less a necessity of existence, he gave up many of his flights of language, and even made an effort to brush the grease out of his hat and to comb his hair from his eyes. He, whose whole life was a constant strain after excitement and truant guineas, found a strange charm in the society of a quiet and dull girl and of a paralyzed old man, who never offered him so much as a glass of brandy-and-water. And yet his spirits fell and flattened. He had never been himself since Harold Vaughan had been accused of Mrs. Goldrick's murder: he never even boasted that his influence was superior to the weight of evidence and of judges' charges. Sometimes he would sit silent for an hour together, and a deep frown was marking itself between his eyebrows: he was constantly absent and *distract*, and his bursts of talk often came in as though they were the result of an effort to seem less depressed than he was in reality.

Such moods, however, were not out of sympathy with Claudia's own, and she appreciated these seeming signs of deep feeling for a friend in the case of such a man. Still more she appreciated the efforts he always made to interest and entertain her father.

When he sat down by Mr. Brandt and pulled out his pipe, he became his old self again, and made extra draws upon his imagination. The matter-of-fact Claudia often stared in spite of her pre-occupation and want of interest in all outer things: but as her father listened, and by his remarks

showed that he enjoyed swallowing every word, she, too, listened without asking herself whether all these wonderful things were true or no. Whether Carol believed his own stories, or half-believed them, or did not believe them at all, must still be an open question. When his acquaintance discussed him behind his back, Harold Vaughan, who had little experience and no imagination, called him a harmless liar; Brandon, who had experience without imagination, called him a pseudomaniac; Lord Lisburn, who had imagination without experience, called him a novelist who talked his romances because he was too lazy to write them. He was not so exceptional as to count among his acquaintance any who had both experience and imagination combined, so what such would have thought of him must remain unknown.

It was more to the purpose that Claudia thought him an eccentric but warm-hearted friend, and that her father set him down as everything that he claimed to be—genius, financier, statesman: the secret spring that made the world go round. With so admirable a listener it would have been strange, indeed, if Carol had not drawn his bow to the fullest stretch, when every flight told. He revealed the secret history of commercial crises, in which Mr. Brandt himself had taken a prominent part, and proved indisputably that the form they took had been entirely due to him. In courts, camps, theatres, studios, state cabinets, nay, in royal bed-chambers and family cupboards, he was equally at home and behind the scenes. If his daily visits were welcome to Claudia, to her father they became a necessity, and he grumbled himself back again into torpor whenever Carol failed to come at his expected hour.

There was only one matter of which he never spoke, and that was his once favorite topic of Mademoiselle Leczinska and the Oberon. It is true, in answer to some fishing questions of Claudia, he told her of the actress's engagement to Lord Lisburn, with the embellishment of a few extempore flourishes; but after that he never would return to the subject, and shifted off abruptly whenever he found himself on its verge.

Claudia had now written her letter to Harold Vaughan in prison, and was trying hard to practise the hope and

courage she had preached. But, as her letter had shown, she was not one of those who are blind to the faults of those she loved, and her own bitter experience had opened her eyes to many things in her lover's character that, in the days of her happiness, she had found in him, but not realized.

"If I dared but to speak to him of higher things even than courage," she thought, as her hand forgot to move upon the canvas. "But I suppose it is the best thing one can speak of to a man. How strange it is that the cleverest, and wisest, and strongest men have to be shamed into strength that comes so easily to children and girls! Is it because they are wiser than we that they scorn to seek any other strength than their own? Is it because they are better than we that they scorn to pray? Life is so hard for them, that if I were a man I should be on my knees all day long; and it is we, who scarcely know what a great temptation means, who are surrounded by strong arms to help us, that pray for strength we scarcely ever need." She was not like Zelda; because she felt with all her heart, she could not cease to feel also with her mind. "What can any man mean by doubting when belief means strength if it is true, and, if it could be false, means strength all the same? Why, I could as soon cease to trust in a stronger and better power as I could cease to be. Who am I that there is no better or stronger power in all the universe than I? No—not even I will despair—if I have tried to be brave for myself alone, I can surely be brave for him. It shall not be said that no one trusted in God for him—not even she who gave him all her life and soul and can never twice take them away."

"Claudia!" said the thin tremulous voice of her father, breaking in upon her reverie and startling her thoughts back from the skies. "What's o'clock? Isn't Mr. Carol late to-day?"

"No, I think not; no doubt he will come."

"So you say; you are always sure of it, but I'm not at all sure. And I'd so counted upon his coming—it's too bad; punctuality is the soul of business, so they used to say when I was a boy, and it's true. As the clock struck, there was I."

She left her work, but not her thoughts, and sat down by his side.

"I wish, Claudia, you wouldn't work so hard. It isn't good for girls."

"It's good for me though; my work's my play. I was never happy, you know, away from my easel."

"I know. But it's bad for the eyes. You ought to have somebody to work for you. You ought to have a home of your own."

"So I have," she answered, forcing herself to smile. "This is my home. It always is where you are: wasn't it always so? and won't it always be?"

"That's all very well, of course,

but—Carol ought to be here. When he comes I shall give him a piece of my mind. What makes you think he'll come?"

"Oh, I don't know; because he always does, I suppose."

"You think I'm in my dotage, I suppose? You think I'm like an old man, and that I fancy he comes to listen to an old man's stories? Not I—that's how I used to court your mother; made love to the old people to make them my friends with the girl. Thank God, my mind's as clear as ever; if I could only walk without a stick, I'd take some of Carol's secrets on to the Stock Exchange."

"Father! you don't think Carol comes after me in that way? What an idea!"

"Yes, it is an idea, and what's more you mustn't say no. I want to see you married to a fellow that can put two and two together, and won't turn your father out of doors. And Carol's the man."

If Claudia could have smiled, she would have smiled then.

"I assure you nobody shall ever make you stir from my fireside," she said, kissing him on the brow.

"We'll all make our fortunes together," he went on, assuming the matter as settled. "And you shall brush him up, to make him look like a respectable man of business, and I shan't be without my bit of talk by the fire. That's the only thing I've got to look to now."

Claudia took no notice of the selfishness that ignored all she was and had been to him, for the sake of keeping Carol always at hand.

"Promise me you won't say no," he said, anxiously, as though everything depended on her will.

She kissed him. "We must wait till he wants me, mustn't we?" she said, like a mother pacifying an impatient child. "But here he comes himself," and she forgot all things in trying to read his face for good or bad news. There was no news to be seen, however. Only the furrow had deepened since yesterday, and he lounged in more absently and *distrain* than ever. As usual, he went to the old man's side, and sat down, with his legs astride across a chair, his arms resting on the back-rail, and his chin upon his arms.

"Good afternoon, Miss Brandt—and you, my dear sir. Maybe you'd like to see the *Trumpet*, Miss Claudia; it's in my pocket; you'll see there isn't any news."

Claudia opened the paper eagerly. There was an understanding between her and Carol that he should mark for her any paragraphs that touched upon the coming trial—she could not allow her father to hear the name of Harold Vaughan. This time there was the announcement that Dr. Vaughan would be certainly tried for the St. Bavons murder at the next assizes on such a day. The prisoner,

she read, was calm and collected, but had never spoken of the crime. To see the matter alluded to in such cold-blooded black and white made her own blood run cold, and yet she dared show nothing. But she felt suddenly so sick and faint that she made some excuse to leave the room.

When she returned, Carol, to her surprise, had left his seat and was filling his black pipe as the sign of his departure. On seeing her he seemed to turn nervous and ill at ease. Her father's eyes were closed, as if his visitor's talk, for once, had thrown him into a doze.

"Miss Brandt," said Carol, who now commonly called her Miss Claudia—he had not yet come to dropping the "Miss" with her—"will you let me speak to you a moment outside the door? You can be seeing me out, you know. I—I—am going to St. Bavons. No—I don't suppose I shall see our friend. 'Twouldn't do him overmuch good to be visited by a rapsallion like me. But I'm hanged if I can wait here. I must go and see it out, and if I must—well, that's destiny."

"Then," she said, with a white face and a return of her sickness, "if you are there, you will let me know?"

"On the wings of the wind—of a hurricane. Good-by."

"Well?" asked Mr. Brandt, "you did not say no?"

"No? To what?"

"To what he was saying to you outside the door."

"He was only saying business will keep him away for a few days—that's all."

"What—nothing else—what am I to do for a few days, as you call them? As if there was any such thing as a few days. Time's money—you might as well talk of a few thousand pounds."

"We must all be patient, father—both I and you."

But he fretfully shut his eyes and returned to his doze.

Is there anything under the skies more horrible to bear than the climax of all imaginable suspense into which she was now thrown, and in which she must contrive to struggle through existence for whole days to come? Her father was right to the extent that such whole days could not be few. If her agony of mind had been less, she must have broken down. It was only because the occasion called forth her whole strength, that she bore the crushing pressure a single hour. As it was, her steadfast trust in Heaven was severely tried. That she must have obtained strength beyond that of nature, whether by prayer or by faith or by hope, is certain, for it was there. Her anxiety, her passion of suspense, transcended the desperate self-control of the prisoner himself a thousand times in their almost miraculous result of presence of mind. She left no duty unfulfilled. Nor did her father, whom Carol's absence had

brought to the last degree of fretful impatience, lose an instant's attention. Nor did her heart once draw a comparison between his peevishness over the imaginary troubles of an invalid and her own real agony.

No doubt her being obliged to think of him before herself served as one great support during those days. But ere long this source of strength was to be removed. On the morning of the trial she went into his room and found that he had had a third seizure. The chance doctor for whom she sent came at once, but it was too late. Mr. Brandt had died, and she, too, was left to bear her life alone.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG BROWN.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVI. (continued.)

DR. PORTEOUS smiled in a queer sly way he had sometimes, and continued, "I fear that all nations, in all time, have been more or less governed by clerks. We both know of Herod's man Blastus, the chamberlain, and of the artful official people who worried Daniel, and of the trouble which some of them gave to Moses. They seem to have been numerous, too, at the court of the Pharaohs. Well, we must not go back too far into history, or we shall lose ourselves. It is enough for our purpose just now to remember that the King of England sits in a back room in Downing Street, and what is more, I am acquainted with him, reverend sir. Moreover, I can give you a letter of introduction to him —

"*Ἀβαντιστὸς εἰμι, φελλὰς ὡς
Ἵπὲρ ἔρκος ἁλμύς.*"

And the doctor, who had always pen and ink at hand, with bill stamps and other objects of immediate necessity to his existence, wrote a few words on a sheet of note-paper, recommending his curate as a perfectly safe and harmless person, for whom he himself would answer, and who might be frankly dealt with in affairs of state.

Few things are sadder or more inexplicable in human life than the waste of labor and energy which is seen everywhere in the world. Mr. Mowledy had been trying with heart and soul to do what had already been done without his interference. He had found his grand connection powerless to help him. He had descended to take counsel from the disreputable old cynic, Dr. Porteous. The backstairs theory of life generally in favor with gentlemen of that class, had impressed him, as what is called knowledge of the world impresses country clergymen and other simple-minded persons. He almost

fancied that he had in his hand an "Open Sesame," which would guide him safely to some dark power enthroned in the mysterious recesses of Downing Street, and do for him what neither the justice of his case, nor the appeal to legitimate authority, could secure. Mr. Mowledy had tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge: he looked at the world through the spectacles provided by Dr. Porteous. So seen, it appeared to be a hideous masquerade, in which corruption and private influence really pulled the strings, though disguised by an external show of virtue and patriotism. The tempter usually begins by destroying our belief in other men's honesty before he persuades us to give in to questionable practices ourselves. Mr. Mowledy was handling about with complacency the instrument by which the lock which would open to no fair efforts was to be secretly picked, and preparing to try the experiment. But fortunately he had not to decide whether it is justifiable to indulge in white witchcraft, that is, to employ evil agency for a good purpose; nor to test the value of Dr. Porteous's mysterious influence. Madge, as we know, had already been released.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I. THE CARLTON CLUB.

WHEN the Marquis of Kinsgear left the police court in company with Mr. Sharpe, that acute solicitor looked at his watch and observed that, as it was nearly five o'clock, the Duke of Courthope would have certainly arrived from Beaumanoir, and would then be found waiting his son's arrival at his favorite meeting-place of Conservative noblemen in Pall Mall, which was established by the Duke of Wellington, during the reform riots of 1831, as a bulwark against democracy, and numbers more dukes among its members than any similar institution yet invented.

The young man walked in a listless way down Regent Street and Waterloo Place, wondering for what object he was born and what purpose he served by his existence. He had nothing to do but attend guards and parade now and then, escort a royal carriage, put on his armor at a levee or a drawing-room, and answer when he was called my lord, as he was a hundred times a day by persons over whom he had no control and in whose fortunes he had no interest whatever. Life seemed to have no zest or prospect for him. When he had now and then felt a desire for promotion or some of those distinctions about which his brother officers seemed reasonably anxious, one or another of them had said, "Come, come, Kinsgear, what's the use of this or that to you? If you send in an

application you are sure to get it, and it makes no difference at all to you, while it will make me a man or a mouse." The road to honors was so straight and open before him that they lost all value in his eyes. Commissions, appointments, rewards, special services were very small things to the heir of two dukedoms and half a dozen of the largest estates in the kingdom. If he could have followed the bent of his own inclination he would have travelled, or possibly devoted himself entirely to scientific pursuits, making thereby an escape from the rank and splendor which oppressed and weighed him down. He was never so happy as when occupied with some work which made him forget he was a marquis, and more than once he had thought over the accounts of mysterious disappearances, and considered whether he could not slip away out of sight and mind altogether for a few years. Satiety had seized upon him though he was not twenty. He had no desires because he had only to wish and to have. He had no appetites because they were all gratified as soon as born. He was weary of amusement, and no kind of gambling or debauchery which sometimes help the idle rich to kill their days, had any attractions for him. He did not want to win any one's money by bets on a horse-race; he had enough and more than enough for his use as it was. It gave him no pleasure to see two or more poor brutes flogged and spurred till one thrusts its nose a foot before the other's nose. He had no delight in sitting upon an uncomfortable seat while four violent young horses pulled his arms almost out of their sockets by leather straps attached to bars of steel in their mouths. To gallop over rough ground for miles after an animal which was of no use when caught was not sport to him, and when put up to his neck in a Scotch hole to wait all night for deer he had been found fast asleep. What are called London pleasures were stale and flat to him. His temperament was cold, and devoid of sensuality. He had been used from childhood to the spare table of his French-bred mother, and had no taste for high-seasoned dishes. When he was asked out to dinner he waited for a plain slice of meat, and seldom got enough to eat or got it plain. His favorite drink was seltzer-water and raspberry syrup, which he never got at all; so he left grand banquets very hungry, and grudged the time they took. Once he tried to interest himself in theatricals, and he still liked to see a good play, but before his presence had been observed three times in the stalls, he was invited behind the scenes by the lessee and manager. Then all the illusions of the stage and the footlights vanished; and when the lessee assured him with a wink that he would guarantee his

lordship not only ten per cent. but many other pleasant things besides if he would take the whole theatre, actors, actresses, and all, into his own hands, Lord Kinsgear yawned and never went to sup with him again. His existence had become a mere weary round of dressing and undressing, and doing things he did not want to do.

His Grace the Duke of Courthope, however, had as keen an enjoyment of life as ever. His phaeton, which was drawn up before the Carlton Club when Lord Kinsgear arrived, was the best appointed equipage in London. Its horses were matched to a hair. They were not only a perfect pair in size, height, and color, but in the much more essential particulars of temper and action. They moved like well-regulated clock-work, and the duke had only to sit still, the model of a noble charioteer, while they picked their graceful nimble way through streets and squares. His Grace was in the morning-room waiting for his son, and surrounded by a crowd of deferential people eager to tell him the latest news, and all they knew and all they did not know. An ex-Premier, a future Premier, the Conservative whip, the owner of the Derby favorite, and the owner of the opera house, were all with him, and the judge who had tried the last divorce case. They were all laughing, some of them had been betting on the probable numbers of a division in the Commons that night, and they were all going to dine together when the House of Lords was up, to have the bets decided when the telegrams came in.

Lord Kinsgear, though not a member of the club, was well known to the porters, and passed the mahogany doors without question. He was in a manner born a member, and would certainly be elected as soon as he came of age; so the porter merely said, "His Grace is in the morning-room, my lord," and the young nobleman went straight into his father's presence.

When the Duke of Courthope saw his son enter the room he seized the ex-Premier familiarly by the arm, and swinging him round, walked to meet the marquis, talking privately and earnestly.

"My son—Lord Lurker," said the duke rather excitedly, looking from the ex-Premier to Lord Kinsgear: and then he added rapidly, "The ministry will be out in less than a week, and I have the offer of an appointment in the Household, or in Dublin for you, so you had better think which you will have, and thank Lord Lurker, who has remembered you before any one else." The duke drew himself up with a sense of personal importance, half touching, half funny.

Lord Kinsgear looked down and appeared embarrassed, but he took the

offered hand of Lord Lurker and stammered some commonplace words of acknowledgment, which the duke supplemented in a manner altogether fulsome and extravagant, as though it had been the most wonderful and honorable thing ever known that a choice of situations not unlike those of grooms or footmen should have been offered to his son.

"I shall never forget the kindness which has been shown to me by my suvvin while life lasts," said the duke, who pronounced one of the royal appellations in the old-fashioned way, and he seemed offended that his son did not evince a gratitude equally demonstrative.

Lord Lurker said he would take care that both places should be kept open for a week, and then hurried off to the House of Commons with the future Premier, Lord Comyn, who had talked himself into a position of great importance, by never giving an opinion or saying anything with a clear meaning.

"I think you should have been a little more civil," said the duke dryly to his son when they were gone. "There are plenty of people who would give their ears for such an offer." His Grace settled his handsome whiskers in his cravat with a displeased air, for he felt that the fruits of his influence and parliamentary connection were slighted by his son.

Lord Kinsgear explained that he had no intention of showing any want of politeness or good manners, but the duke's feathers had been a good deal ruffled, and his voice was almost stern when he spoke next.

"Have you seen Sharpe?" his Grace asked impatiently.

"Yes," said Lord Kinsgear, "and I have got so much money for you in my pocket that I cannot button my coat."

"Well," answered his Grace, whose face immediately broke into that frank and delightful smile of his, "fortunately there's the phaeton outside; I suppose we can lift it into the boot? Come down-stairs. If old Boldjo or Grimby were to see us handling bank-notes together they would be coming round us with some of their confounded subscriptions, and Boulbee would carry the news all over the town before he was an hour older."

The father and son descended from the upper world together down into one of those dim little boxes under ground, which are supposed to be dressing-rooms, but which are commonly used for election purposes and private interviews between the members of the club and strangers who come to see them on business. The money having there changed hands, and the Duke of Courthope being restored to high good-humor, his Grace recurred again to the kindness of the minister who had actually bound himself by a promise before the seals of office were in his hands.

"My own opinion is rather in favor of Dublin," said the duke, knitting his brows reflectively as if discussing an affair of vast importance. "The Household is all very well, but, by George, if you slip up you're done for. You may have your own way more with the Lord Lieutenant. They offered to make me Viceroy five years ago, through Colonel Spinner, the whip, whom you saw with us just now, but I would not spend the money necessary upon it. Lord Lackington is to go out now: he has plenty of money and a new title. He is sure to make up a good deal to you; but you must steer clear of his daughters," added the duke, laughing, "for he has got a son, and is sure to spend all his money on his place before it has done with him. Lord Hanaper will be Chief Secretary: he has just come of age, and has taken a double first at Oxford I hear, besides being the Premier's nephew. Lord Algernon Placard-Cardwell, your cousin, Frank Simony, and Augustus Trecombe will be your brother aids-de-camp, and you may pass a season very pleasantly between the Phoenix Park and the Kildare Club."

"My lord!" cried a loud excited voice at the door, while an impatient knock was heard for admittance.

"Come in," said the Duke of Courthope, more or less displeased that any one should presume to disturb him without express permission to do so.

"My lord," said Colonel Spinner, the Conservative whip, for it was he; and he spoke in an agitated way, "have you heard the news? There's a mutiny in India, and our vote of want of confidence must be shelved. We are bound not to harass the ministry till the trouble's over."

"By George!" thundered the duke in amazement; "that's mighty sudden. Tell me all about it." And he listened with curious emotion whilst the Conservative whip poured out to him the tidings which had just come by telegraph, after which he hurried to scatter his intelligence into other ears. Then Lord Kinsgear spoke:—

"Father," said he, with a flushed cheek and a kindling eye, addressing the duke with an affectionate earnestness not habitual to him—"Father, let me volunteer for active service in one of the regiments which will be ordered out for India."

"By all means. Most proper," answered the Duke of Courthope. "We will go together to the commander-in-chief at once. The country is in danger, and your place is in the front. Egad, I wish I was ten years younger, I would put on my sword and swing into my cavalry saddle again."

His Grace looked very gallant and knightly as he spoke. There was not a nobleman in the kingdom who would have ridden to battle with a braver or a calmer heart. Born in

other times, he would have done England as good service as Chandos or Sydney. He was merely out of his place in an age of commerce, and did not know how to deal with it; but directly the sound of the clarion was heard from afar, all the instincts of a race of soldiers awoke in him. A courtier in expectancy, a petty place-hunter but an hour ago, he was transfigured into a knight and a warrior, ready to give his only son, his very life, for England.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT SNAILS.

THE snail is a peculiar fellow. He has odd notions of things, odd ways, odd likes and dislikes; and there is much diversity in the modes in which he is regarded by human creatures — varying from decided favor to unmitigated disgust. Some of us give him so high a character for genius that we attribute to him, rather than to Sir Charles Wheatstone and Professor Morse, the invention of the electric telegraph; while others amongst us display the crowning proof of our liking for him — we eat him.

Children have their favorite way of coaxing snails to come out of their sentry-boxes. In some parts of Surrey they make use of a couplet equally marked by clearness and severity: —

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal!

And this is continued until the snail puts his head out of his shell. In Devonshire the invocation is expanded to four verses, and begins in a somewhat more poetic form: —

Snail, snail, shoot out your horns.

In Silesia the "Schnecke, schnecke" is threatened with the dire fate of being thrown to the crows to eat in the gutter unless he shows his horns. In Naples the cry, "Jesce, jesce, Corna" has precisely the same meaning — so true it is that, in this as in many other instances, nursery rhymes and children's sing-song find their way from country to country throughout the greater part of Europe.

According to an old book called the "Shepherd's Calendar," the snail appears to have been credited in past times with combative propensities. In one edition of the work there is a curious wood-cut representing a snail defying the attacks of an armed man. In another the details are more fully worked out. A walled city has upon one of the towers a snail, with head out and horns up; several men and a woman are attacking him. She threatens to drive him out with her distaff, because he has been a marauder among the corn, vines, and fruit-trees. The armed men talk boldly; menacing him with expulsion from the tower. If he does not be off soon they will catch him; and then —

We shal thee flay out of thy foule skyn,
And in a dyshe with onyons and peper
We shal thee dresse, and with stronge vyneger.
There was never yet any Lombarde
That dyd thee eat in such manar of wyse;
And breke we shal thy house stronge and hardye.

But the snail was not to be daunted. He replied: —

I am a beest of ryght great mervayle;
Upon my backe my house reysed I bere;
I am neither fleshe ne bone to avayle;
As well as a great oxe two hornes I were.
If that these armed men approche me nere,
I shal them soone vaynquyshe every one;
But they dare nat for fere of me alone.

Some folks say that the snail dies hard, not consenting to be killed quite so quickly as his adversaries desire and intend. A Kentish lady, many years ago, wishing to make a miniature tower of shell-work to adorn a cabinet, went in search of some prettily marked snails on the slopes of the neighboring chalk hills. Her tender heart scarcely liked the office of killing them; but, mustering up courage, she

put them into a large basin, and poured boiling water over them: making assurance doubly sure by a second bath of scalding water when the first was cold. She took the basin out to a summer-house in the garden. Next morning, instead of finding the snails dead, she saw them crawling about, some in the basin and some out; while a few (with exquisite irony) were eating the very paste with which they were to be stuck to the shell-work tower.

That the snail is a troublesome visitor to gardeners and farmers is well known; he insists on eating the cabbages and other good things which were intended for a very different class of customers. The district around Dorking is plentifully stocked with them. Besides the large striped, brown variety, there is a colony of white snails, said to have been introduced into that district from Italy. Some writers say that Sir Kenelm Digby introduced them; some say Single-Speech Hamilton; others affirm that they were brought to the spot to indulge the whimsical taste of an Italian lady, married to a Surrey gentleman. Similar white snails being found in some parts of Cambridgeshire, the monks of the olden time have been credited with their introduction; while, going still further back, the Romans are accused, because such snails have been met with in the remains of a Roman villa in Oxfordshire. But let him have come whence or when or how he may, the large snail seems to like his quarters, and to evince no intention to depart.

That snails are prized for medicinal purposes is well known, though perhaps less in town districts than in the country. A gentleman has narrated that he used, when a youngster, to sally forth in the morning, and collect snails from the fruit-trees for the indulgence of an invalid lady, who used to boil or stew them with milk, and take them as a medicinal food or dietetic medicine. That they are good for consumption is a firm article of faith in many quarters; and when we are told that the patients were better after than before taking them, what are we to say? Shall we dispute with those who ought to know best? There was a lady who took a dozen every morning, common garden snails, which she boiled in milk, and considered good diet for a delicate constitution. Bruises are among the small troubles which snails are credited with the power of curing. The medicine men of the Middle Ages were wont to mix pounded snails with the other materials for their plasters. We should like to know whether an old Cumberland man had warranty for his belief on this point. A tourist, while climbing Skiddaw, or one of the neighboring mountains, bruised his shin, and asked a dalesman what he had better do. "Just seek oot a big black snail, and let him crawl o'er 't; and 'gage me waird, thou'lt find nae mair harm o't."

But it is not to consumptive or delicate patients alone that snails are administered; persons in robust health are known to relish them thoroughly; and if we declaim against the dish as something foolish or objectionable, we are met with the poser, "If oysters, mussels, cockles, and periwinkles are allowed to pass muster, why not snails?" A gentleman one day saw a peasant child eating snails, and asked her a few questions how and why she obtained them. "We hooks 'em out of the wall with a stick in winter time, and we roasts 'em; and when they're done spitting, they be a-done, and we takes 'em out with a fork, and eats 'em. Sometimes we has a jug heaped up, pretty nigh my pinafore full." Another country explorer came upon a gypsy encampment in Oxfordshire, having their Sunday dinner on Shotover Hill. They were eating snails roasted on the embers of a wood fire, with roast potatoes as an accompaniment. He was assured that the snails were very nice, and was hospitably invited to participate; but somehow he could not find the inclination to say yes. George Borrow, the great authority on gypsy life, fully corroborates the liking for this gastronomic delicacy. He says in his "Zincali": "Know this, O Gentile, whether thou be from the land of Gorgios (England), or of the Basnè (Spain), that the very gypsies who consider a ragout of snails a delicious dish, will not touch an eel, because it bears a resemblance to a snake." A gentleman has been seen to pick up snails in the road, and eat them with as much relish as

epicures do native oysters. An Italian peasant girl was seen to collect three quarts of snails in two hours, in the garden of an English family residing in that country. When questioned as to the motive, she stated that she wanted them for a special supper which she was preparing for her brother and his wife, who were about to pay her a visit. The snails which she selected were of the large brown kind. In the old days when witchcraft was a redoubtable article of popular faith in Scotland, in the seventeenth century, the children of a poor woman were seen to be in good health and apparently well fed, at a time when the villagers generally were pinched with scarcity and dearth. They could not understand it, and so they logically accused her of being in league with the Evil One. She was tried, and under the influence of something like torture, told her tale — which was to the effect that she had fed the children on snails, which fattened them up; she had a great quantity of them in store, but did not wish to tell her neighbors, possibly to avoid their censure, but more probably to keep the store to herself. Fletcher, of Saltoun, her judge, had not much difficulty in acquitting the poor soul of witchcraft. There has been a little discussion concerning the salting down of snails for future use. About ten years ago a paragraph appeared concerning a poor woman, who, during a hard winter, fed her children on snails which she had salted down in a barrel; she kept her youngsters in health at a time when other food was too dear for her scanty resources. A question arose whether salt would not melt the snails away? Some persons asserted that it would not; and cited the case of the wife of an Irish gravel digger, at Blackheath, who systematically salted down snails as food for her children. Others stated that the snails cannot be salted down directly, but that they may be scalded, then drawn out of the shells like periwinkles, and salted when the shells have been thrown aside. This plan is adopted in Normandy. Even if they were to melt down, however, the pulp would still be available as a kind of soup, coddled up with milk or other accompaniments.

In Continental countries snail eating is much better understood, much more systematically managed, than in England. A newspaper correspondent, retailing the gossip of Rome, recently said: "A very extraordinary article of diet agreeable to Roman palates, has just come into season. In the morning shrill voices call through the streets 'Lumacche! belle lumacche!' and countrywomen, with large baskets of freshly gathered snails, are to be seen stalking along and surrounded every now and then by early housekeepers, who either boil the snails, shells and all, making minestra of them, or, having attained superior skill in cookery, stew the creatures, season them, and fry in oil."

The snail dealers are not content with collecting the corkscrew individuals wherever they may happen to see them; they proceed more systematically, and keep up snail gardens or snail preserves; it is really snail culture, analogous in some degree to the oyster culture of England and France. In the Voralberg, a bit of the Tyrol that juts in like a wedge between Bavaria and Switzerland, there are regular snail gardens intended to subserve the twofold purpose of ridding the farmers of a nuisance, and providing an article of food for such human beings as can relish it. In various parts of the canton or district, during two or three summer months, the gardens, hedges, coppices, woods, and damp places are thoroughly examined by boys and girls, who collect the snails, and deposit them in small plots of ground set apart for the purpose. Each of these plots forms a dry garden an acre or two in extent, free from trees and shrubs, and having a moat or running water all round it. The plot is covered with little heaps of twigs of the mountain pine, mixed lightly with moss; these heaps are placed at regular distances apart. The snails creep into them for shelter alike against the cold of night and the heat of mid-day sun. When this shelter is lessened by the decay of the small leaves on the twigs, the heaps are furnished up with a new supply. Every day the snails are fed with cabbage leaves and grass, receiving an extra allowance in damp weather. When harvest is over,

and winter shows signs of approaching, they regularly burrow themselves in the heaps, and (figuratively speaking) tuck in snugly for the winter. The water, after flowing all round the margin of the plot, escapes by one outlet only; and at this outlet the moat is guarded by a grating.

The snails often tumble into the water while crawling about their domain, or get into it somehow or other, and are carried by the stream towards the grating; this is examined every morning, and all the wanderers taken back to their garden. When the snails have sealed themselves up, they are collected for the market, packed in perforated boxes lined with straw. According to the plentifulness of the grass and cabbage crop, each plot or garden may contain from fifteen to forty thousand snails, some of which come to grief before the summer is over; but the majority are destined to the honor of appearing on the dinner-table or supper-table of the South Tyrolese inhabitants, who greatly relish them. The system is certainly a commendable one, seeing that it brings to an available market what would otherwise be a nuisance and source of loss to the husbandman.

There is another characteristic for which the snail claims attention, a claim partly due to the fact that we know very little about it. The snail, according to some of his admirers, discovered or invented the electric telegraph; nay, he is the electric telegraph, in his own proper though somewhat crooked person. About twenty or twenty-five years ago this matter was much talked about, especially in France. We in England contented ourselves with the designation *Sympathetic Snails*; but our energetic neighbors across the Channel rushed into science at once, and talked of the *Télégraphe Escargotique*. The assertion or opinion on which it was founded, was that some of the lower animals, including snails, when brought into contact, become affected by an identity of function and movement. This identity, it was alleged, would continue after the creatures were separated; inasmuch that if you touched the head of one the other would feel it though at a distance, and would show some kind of movement in the head; if you touched either one on the tail, the tail of the other would manifest more or less agitation; and so on. The practical application of this would be the construction of a code, alphabet, or vocabulary of signals, giving to each movement of the animal a definite meaning. And thus we might make a snail telegraph—the slowest of animals employed to convey the quickest of messages.

The late Doctor William Gregory, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh, noticed this matter in his letters on Animal Magnetism. He alike avoided belief and scepticism; he had not tested the subject by experiment, and therefore could not vouch for the truth of the statements; while he guarded himself on the other hand from attributing either falsehood or stupidity to the snail advocates. It appears that Messrs. Allix and Benoit, two Frenchmen, made observations separately, and then agreed to work together. They had two sets of snails, each set comprising as many as there are letters in the French alphabet, one particular snail to one particular letter. Each pair (say A) had been, as asserted, brought into contact in Paris; and each thereby acquired the instinctive or involuntary power of trembling or moving whenever the other was touched, however far off it might be. Another pair, similarly brought into contact, might be made to denote B, and so on throughout the alphabet. One complete set was carried over to America to commence a telegraph system in which cables and wires would be alike dispensed with.

According to the accounts given in French pamphlets and newspapers, referred to by Doctor Gregory, the telegraphing was thus managed. When a word was to be transmitted from Paris, the snail belonging to the first letter was brought by some kind of galvanic apparatus (not, so far as we can find, clearly described) into a state of disturbance. The partner or companion snail in America at once sympathized, or received the same kind of galvanic shock, and exhibited the same kind of disturbance. This, however, could not be ascertained without

testing. In order to apply a test, the operator in America touched all his snails in succession with a small apparatus; one of them alone was affected in a particular way; and the operator at once inferred that the companion of that one was being touched or in some way operated on in Paris. He knew the alphabetical names or equivalents of all his own snails: he noted which among them was affected, and he hence inferred what letter his colleague in Paris wished to transmit. And so on through all the successive letters and words of the message.

"Now all this," said the learned professor, "may appear at first sight absurd and ridiculous. I confess it appeared so to me when I first heard of it; but when I recollected all I had seen of sympathy in men, all that was known about sympathy in the lower animals, and when I read the account given by Monsieur Allix, a gentleman well versed in science, of the successful experiments at which he had assisted, I perceived that the only difficulty lay in admitting the fact of the extraordinary sympathy of snails; and that, this being granted, all the rest was not only possible but easy. Now I know nothing whatever about the habits of snails; and surely I am not entitled to dispute facts, thus attested, without some investigation into them. I cannot say that the alleged sympathy is impossible." He admitted that a verification of the statements would require full details of the manner in which the experiments had been carried on. He credited the inventors with ten years' attention to the subject; but it was evident that he waited for further information before he could judge concerning it. Supposing all to come out right and square, he was justified in adding, "It will certainly be very remarkable if a snail telegraph should come into action, which, in spite of the proverbial slowness of the animal concerned, should rival in rapidity the electric telegraph, and surpass it in security, inasmuch as there are no wires to be cut by an enemy; besides being infinitely less costly, since no solid tangible means of communication are required, all that is needed being the apparatus at the other end of the line, and the properly prepared snails."

Exactly so; but where is the snail telegraph? Transatlantic companies have spent millions of money on cables since Doctor Gregory wrote; and they would have been very glad to make use of our shelly friends as substitutes, if promises had been duly followed by performances. But, telegraph or not, the snail is an ingenious fellow, concerning whose doings and qualities we have much to learn.

THE OLD CHAPEL-MASTER.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I. THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN-LOFT.

I HAD just finished my work at the Academy of Music, and on my way home resolved to run into the cathedral and see my old landlord and music-master, Herr Zadaka, so that if the service was over I might walk home with him. I had been now ten months in Ratisbon, and in that time had contrived to learn a little counterpoint, a good deal of thorough-bass, and a great deal more than either of love. Perhaps my progress in the latter passion was aided by the fact that I preferred seeing my own likeness photographed small in the blue eyes of Fräulein Zadaka to the conning over the masses of Palestrina and the elaborate compositions of the older masters. It is also possible that this sudden desire of mine for a walk with the old chapel-master might have been increased by the probability of Lisa being up in the organ-loft with him.

The congregation had already dispersed; and as I met them streaming across the great square, I felt sure that Zadaka would be putting by his music and starting homewards by the time I reached the cathedral. It was sunset, and a great flood of light was streaming in through the western door and windows as I entered, irradiating tomb and pillar, and spreading across the floor of the nave a

broad band of glorious radiance like a cloth of gold laid down for some emperor's coronation. There was no one in the church except one acolyte in a white surplice, who was removing some tall silver candlesticks from a side altar. All at once the organ broke out with a great volume of rejoicing sound, and a portion of Palestrina's fine mass, "Stella quam viderant Magi," was poured forth with splendid power, and a spirit of devotion worthy of the composer himself. I was so delighted that I ran under the organ-loft and clapped my hands, just as the great deluge of music had subsided to a mere calm ripple of harmony, pure and sweet as a maiden's hymn.

An old gray head crowned by a black-velvet cap, a head worthy of Titian's painting, looked out between the crimson curtains of the organ-loft, and a voice cried, —

"Ha! my lieber Karl, it is you, then, who applaud the old Chapel-master. Come up here, and I will play you a finer bit than that from the 'Sicut cervus desiderat' (As the heart pants for the water springs). Come up, my dear son. I want you to hear this hauthoy stop."

I sprang up the old stairs with the agility of three-and-twenty, and was in a moment by Zadaka's side, studying the passage in the old music-book, with which he was so enraptured.

Again he played a glorious passage from the mass he had mentioned, till a stray gleam of sunset fell on his forehead, and transformed him into a saint singing in paradise to the glory of God. His eyes glowed with renewed youth as he pressed the deep-yellow keys, till the music pealed around him, and made the very planks under our feet, and the carved cherubim above us, vibrate again. Long processional passages, like the tramp of armies; bright carollings, as of welcoming angels; stormy fugues full of rude thunder and the conflict of warring hosts; groans of sorrow, as from expiring saints; then a radiant peaceful ending, like the subsiding of a tempest; with finally an outburst of delight, as from the golden doors of heaven thrown open to greet the great army of earth's martyrs. As the last note finished and the organ slowly subsided into rest, the old man, worn out by the vehemence of his own passion, closed the book, rested his head on his hand, and covered his eyes from the rich light that now fell upon them. He was silent for a moment or two, as I chattered about the doings of the morning — the pedantry of one master and the cleverness of another.

"And that Steiger, does he ever talk of me to you?" said Zadaka abruptly, watching me as I replied.

"Steiger!"

"Yes, Steiger. I see he has — you color. Tell me what he said."

"That you seemed like a man who had committed some crime, living so apart, and that no one knew your antecedents."

"He said that? Yes, because he tried to be organist here in this cathedral, and I beat him in open competition."

"Oh, no one cares what Steiger says: his blood is as black as ink, and he is as full of malice as a melon is of seeds. We're going to give him a cats' concert the last night before the vacation — such a one, with sixteen trombones and double tongs-and-poker chorus."

"Committed a crime!" mused the old man. "Committed a crime, and because I live apart. He did not say what crime?"

"No. Oh, don't think again of such a fellow as that. He hates every one."

"Do you not hear a footstep in the nave?" said Zadaka, as he drew back the curtains and looked down anxiously into the nave, where the broad roadway of light still lingered.

"No, I hear nothing; we are alone here. I saw the last chorister boy go out as you were playing the 'Sicut cervus.'"

"Don't you see some one entering at the west door?"

"Where?"

"There, by the monument of the Seven Merchants."

"No, I see no one."

"Not there by the pulpit?"

"No."

"You look to the left pillar—I mean there to the right. Look! it is crossing towards the light on the floor."

I looked, and there truly, across the great golden band of light, I saw a thin youthful figure dressed in black, with a face turned from us, pass slowly towards the east door.

"There, there!" said the old man, with a painful expression of apprehension. "You see it now; I am not dreaming—it is he! You see it!" and he hid his eyes and bent his head in his hands.

"It is only some chance visitor," I said; "I will run down and tell him the cathedral is closing, or he may be locked in."

I ran down in a moment, but no one was there. I called; no one answered. I ran from the east door to the west. No. I looked into the choir—there was no one. Yet it is true that there had been quite time for a stranger passing by to enter, cross towards the east door, return, and leave before I had descended the stairs; and that was the explanation I gave of what Zadaka evidently was inclined to consider as a supernatural appearance, without any more ground than his own excited and perhaps morbid imagination.

Just then I heard the sweetest little voice call, "Herr Papa, Herr Papa, where are you?" It was Lisa. I ran forward to meet her, and we ran up the organ-stairs together. Herr Zadaka had fainted!

II. THE TEMPTATION.

MORE than a year had passed since that evening in the organ-loft, and I had grown into a musician of some skill, and, what is more, I had developed what my enthusiastic fellow-students were kind enough to term "a genius for composition." My ideas were crude, no doubt, and imitative, but they came fast, and I found in myself an ability to select and marshal them. They seemed to take shape; and while men more clever than myself, certainly more scientific, were wasting their time on drawing-room music, I always kept in view the one settled purpose of my life—original composition. Opera-writing, as admitting of great play of imagination, and embracing almost every style of composition, was the path I had selected to fame; and the crown Beethoven and Mozart had striven for no one but pedants and cantankerous fools like Steiger could dare to despise. I had begun an opera on the subject of Romeo and Juliet, with a fair story interwoven; my love for Lisa had inspired me for the work. I poured into it all my love for her. That first passion, that never burns again so purely and so brightly, gave, I thought, a tenderness and truth to the love passages that I might never be able again to represent with such Italian passion and sustained vigor. For my next opera I might take the Cenci or Manfred, or some deeper or darker subject, and throw into that the ambition of riper years; but love, love I had decided should be the master-spring of this my first work. I toiled on, selecting and rejecting, throwing away much, but only to dig still deeper for the gold. I wrote first a general sketch, taking special pains to blend harmoniously together the melodies with which I interspersed it. With fatherly care, my old master, Zadaka, guided my effort and directed my callow judgment. Some of my finest things he thought too fine, and almost with tears in my eyes cut them ruthlessly out with that too ready pen of his, and with sweeping red lines that pained me almost like gashes across my flesh. Here some phrase that I had carelessly struck off grew, under his care, into a duet whose charms he insisted on. Many midnight hours we heard together the great cathedral clock hammer its nails into Time's coffin; many happy mornings we tried over songs till their last finish could be obtained, and they flowed off my violin like silk from a polished reel. With all the fire of youth about me, perseverance enough to hew down mountains, yet patience scarcely enough to level a molehill, I should have sunk under the apparently hopeless task, had not the good old Mentor aided my faltering steps and cheered me with

kindly draughts of flattery and hope. Here I was too *rococo*; there too modern; this quartette was flimsy; that chorus a mere shout, such as you hear in Tyrolean taverns among the woodmen; this part was too noisy; that too slight. O Romeo and Juliet, thy sufferings—noble pair of lovers—were as nothing to mine. That buzzing passage of the violins to express the flies at the warm edge of a summer wood, that trill of nightingales in the balcony scene, cost me more torture before it got right than ever the Egyptians suffered, or than Philomel herself ever endured. Cellini himself never took more pains to weld and fuse and rivet together the junctions of the Duke of Ferrara's engraved armor than I did to blend the love of the moonlight scene (nearly half *hautboys*), and the terror of the charnel house, where the double basses groaned and murmured. How Zadaka glowed with triumph when I finished the scene in the balcony with passages of serenade music dying off in the distance, gurgling nightingale trills, and then a far-off shout of revellers! How Lisa bent over till I could feel the soft warmth of her cheek, to sing us the notes for the dance! and how Zadaka's old friend, the Curé, struck in with the bass of the quarrelling scene that opens the opera! I made love to Lisa in Romeo's songs, and it was the evening after practising a duet of the two lovers, that I first clasped her to my heart, and heard her sob-like murmurs, which meant she loved me once and forever. If Zadaka had ever been ambitious and envious, as he used to say he had been in old days at Vienna, when he was the bosom-friend of Mozart, he had certainly grown a different man now. He was never tired of practising and hearing my opera. When I sat down and played my pet bits, he stood with his great china pipe, like the very god of music and Rhadamanthus rolled into one; and when Lisa sang Juliet's songs, he stood and listened like Orpheus in the Elysian Fields, when Eurydice sings to him of their past sorrows and their present joys.

One summer evening we were seated under the vine outside the garden window, he with his pipe, I with my violin, and Lisa singing inside at the piano which stood near the window. It was getting dusk, and the lamp was not lit. A nightingale, jealous of Lisa, was preluding on the linden in the garden.

"Oh, Karl," said Lisa, as she concluded the song with a shake that seemed to defy the nightingale, and to have stolen all its harmony, "that is so beautiful! You will be a second Mozart. Now you shall have some coffee. I'll go and get the lamp, although you haven't been polite enough to give me an encore."

"Lisa!" I said; but she ran up-stairs, laughing.

"That girl loves you," said a voice close to my ear. It was Zadaka's. "There was love in that voice and in yours—but you do not want me to tell you that—youth and love, they are one. There is a tone of voice that love only can produce, it cannot be assumed; the greatest actress cannot learn those tones. It is the heart speaking, and the heart alone can produce that perfect harmony."

"How can I deny I love her?" I stammered, blushing crimson in the dark.

"It is that love that has raised you to genius. I felt sure it was; and I love you for loving her. But mind you marry me with her; for to part would be impossible. My dark moments then would overwhelm me;" his hand pressed my arm, and I felt it tremble; "it is all I can do now sometimes not to yield to despair. I have been ambitious; very ambitious; yet here I am in old age a poor, forgotten music-master, drudging at the Philistine's wish and bearing proud fools' insults."

"But your art consoles you." I tried to cheer him.

"It is your success consoles me, my son, and the love that has sprung up like a beautiful spring flower between you and Lisa. But you must succeed before I can give her, who is the core of my heart, to you. You must some day, too, hear my story; perhaps then you will care less for Lisa."

"I love you as a father," I said fervidly. "No misfortunes of yours can lessen that love."

"If we can only get the government director to grant a

public rehearsal for your opera, it is certain of success. Look: is there not something moving down that hazel walk—something dark?"

I looked, but saw nothing but the glow-worms on a hazel bank. All beyond was now dark, and the only sound was a faint rustle of the leaves.

"You are sure you see nothing?"

"Yes."

"Ah, pardon me, I am old, and shaken in nerves, and have been overworking at my 'History of Sacred Music.' Now listen: I cannot, must not, give Lisa to you till your income is secure. Public success can alone secure it—you must succeed. Look at me: my life is the result of imperfect success, or rather of success obtained by wrong means. But I must not talk of that now. Again that piercing pain in my head! I am bound to tell you, with the voice of experience that has become prophetic, that there are still crudities in your opera."

A pang went through me. Was I to again rearrange the overture?

"There is a certain sense of immaturity in parts which you cannot see, and therefore cannot amend. This solo is delicious, that duet is charming; and yet there is no incomparable solo and no duet so irresistible as to make the whole theatre rise, as they did at Papageno's song in the 'Magic Flute.' One spice more, one grain of something, would secure to you fame, fortune, and Lisa."

I trembled at these words, and felt some strange temptation to evil creeping over me. I was sure that the spirit of evil was urging me to something that would poison all my life, and covering the temptation with prizes of love and ambition almost irresistible.

A shudder passed from my heart to every limb. I did not answer.

Zadaka went on in a low monotonous voice, that seemed like a voice in a dream. "This opportunity lost, you will lose courage, and sink into the mere mechanists with whom you study, and whose faults I have striven hard to guard you from."

I hardly knew what to say. The solid ground under me seemed to have turned into a trap-door and let me through. I murmured some broken reproaches, some half groans, half complaints that he should have encouraged me so far on the ocean, and now left me adrift, soon to be a wreck.

"Nay, my son," he said, "let not your heart sink. There is genius in your work, but you know not the public as I do—it is a beast all eyes and ears, but without brains. They will hear you are young, and perhaps give but a faint and uncertain welcome; so that your opera may not be recognized as a remarkable work till you are gray-headed. I too shall leave music behind me that will, I think, some day be recognized; but what pleasure will my old bones feel from the green wreath thrown into my grave? You may one day lead the world; but you must make this first success sure."

"But how—see how I have toiled! what delight and youth I have thrown into this work! What?"—

At this juncture, and before Zadaka could unfold the plan which I mistrusted, Lisa came dancing in with the lamp, and began to open the chessboard.

"Now, Karl; now, dear father, Karl and I are going to try the duet, 'When summer eve begins to weave.'"

"Lisa," said her father gravely, "close the verandah door for a short time. I and Karl are talking about something serious."

Lisa closed the door with the sweet unquestioning obedience of her nature, and we were alone.

"How am I, father Zadaka," I again broke out, "to insure this success? I have flown my shaft. I have done my best. I cannot wait for riper judgment. The work is the fruit of youth, and I offer it to the public as that. How—what?"—

"Youth, youth, always dead out or in full flame. I—I am the great musician that carry the spell. Hear me. Years ago I was a fellow-student and bosom friend of the great Mozart. He gave me once, as the greatest treasure

he could give, a half-written opera on the story of Francesca di Rimini. It contains some airs as exquisite as anything he ever wrote, but in a manner unusual with him, and more resembling Porpora. I value these as a very portion of my soul. I propose that we insert three of the best of these airs into your opera."

"Into—my—opera!"—Satan himself was then speaking to me in the darkness,—"Herr Zadaka?"

"Yes, yes, I say; I have no scruples in deceiving fools, who would let you be trodden to mud under their feet without pity. Insert these at the culminating parts of your opera, add one or two crudities to give them a resemblance to your work, let them rise like rockets into the higher world of genius, and so secure fortune, fame, and my treasure at one grasp. What do you say? It can never be discovered."

Lisa tapped at the window impatiently.

"You do not answer."

"How can I answer?"

"Suppose I have at this moment the government permission for you to rehearse your opera?"

"I should still make the same answer."

"What! are you mad, to throw yourself down the precipice of poverty like this? Think of what you lose, and answer."

"I answer," said I, with my hand on the door into the lighter room, "that I will never obtain even such prizes by base means. You would not have employed them at my age. If I ever wear laurels, they shall be unstained. It shall be true fame or none that I win."

And as I said this I threw open the door into the dazzling light, that confused me for an instant, and stepped as it were from Hades into Heaven. Lisa ran forward with a crown of jonquils that she had been twisting together, and laughingly crowned my head, then ran and sat down to the piano and played the first bars of a pompous march of triumph from "Judas Maccabæus." A moment after, with all her grace and strange Undine-like veerings from gayety to sadness, she leaped up and threw her arms round her father's neck.

"You look ill to-night, dear father," she said. "Does he not, Karl? He is working too hard at his book. Karl, you must help me burn all the pens."

"I have been anxious, my Lisa, about Karl and his success."

"Karl's success! why, he must succeed. Come, papa, supper is ready; and the Curé and Babelschweitz will soon be here for the quartette we are to practice."

The family group at the supper-table made a picture worthy of Meissonnier. A lettuce, so deliciously cool and green, was ready in the bowl, and it was pleasant to see the epicurean care with which the old Chapel-master blended the salad. The open piano, the sweet face of Lisa, and the fine Titian-like head of Zadaka were reflected in miniature in the round mirror on the wall. The salad was just ready, and Zadaka was tossing it round with a little cry of triumph, when a violent knock was heard at the door, and in burst the irrepressible Babelschweitz, his gooseberry eyes staring wildly, his red hair, as usual, all in a rebellious tangle. He dragged with him the gentle old Curé, his uncle, who was expostulating, half out of breath, at the rapidity of the entrance.

"Heisa, juchhei!" cried Babelschweitz. "Such news! Oh, for a trombone to give it in appropriate music! Heisa for Karl Waldstein! The permission for the opera has come. It's all right, it's all right! Oh, for ten thousand big cannon to announce the wonderful opera of Karl, the great young Karl!"

"God be thanked!" said Zadaka.

Lisa burst into tears of joy.

And I—what did I do? I was stunned. I sat down and buried my head in my hands. Oh, if I should fail! "Remember Zadaka's offer," whispered a voice. Babelschweitz danced round the room like a madman, then poured out wild cries of triumph from the suffering piano. It was a coronation day for me. "But, ah! if you fail, my son!" the ugly voice kept saying.

III. THE CAFÉ APOLLO.

THE last private rehearsal of the opera by the students of the Conservatorium was an overwhelming success. There could be little doubt of victory if the audience was not prejudiced against my youth. Babelschweitz and his friends had insisted on the Apollo Club, to which we both belonged, giving me a supper in the private room of the Café Apollo, the great resort of students; and old Zadaka was to be the chairman of the evening. I think from his manner he was glad that I had refused to do what I deemed dishonorable, and had trusted to myself alone. He seemed now to have little doubt of my success, and no trace of melancholy or disappointment lingered about him. His eyes rested with kindly humor on the noisy young students, and he appeared to relish their wild tricks, their outrageous enthusiasm, and to enjoy their uproarious songs, with absurd choruses, representing the cries of animals.

The supper was over, so were the part songs that accompanied each toast, and we were all pleasantly cheered with wine, without one glass too much having yet been taken. Babelschweitz, on the shoulders of a tall Swabian, both hidden under the same sheet, was playing the Ghost in "Hamlet," and answering through a speaking trumpet the questions of the Danish Prince, which were all in the squeakiest falsetto.

Bi lows of laughter were rolling through the room, while an impromptu charivari band played an accompaniment to this extravagant duet. The old Curé was, after great pressing, just pouring out the third glass of hock (a most Sardanapalian act of revelry in him), and we were now preparing for an impromptu incantation scene from "Der Freischütz," Babelschweitz as Zamiel, when the door opened, and Steiger and a stranger came in, and took their places, without greeting any one, near the door.

Steiger was never a pleasant sort of person, and he looked peculiarly disagreeable on this special night. He was a ferret-faced malevolent man, who always seemed as if he were going to bite you — his eyes like a rat's, his forehead low, his complexion yellow with bile, his dress sordid and careless, his walk a distorted twist, his hands like claws, his hair like dead moss; altogether a man to avoid. The person with him was a tall, wiry French Jew man, with a long face and a squint. Envy and malevolence — they might have stood for types of those passions, and their eyes seemed to cast a baleful influence as they passed round the table, provoking from every one *sotto-voce* expressions of dislike, anger, and contempt.

"Steiger, old fellow," said Babelschweitz, in a lull of the mad merriment, "you don't look well; lost your voice, quarrelled with your tailor, or what is the matter? Pass him the bottle, Klopfenheim."

"Herr Steiger," said Zadaka, rising with dignity and true courtesy, "the Apollo Club drinks to you. Gentlemen, I propose the health of Herr Steiger, the accomplished author of 'First Studies for the Harpsichord.'"

The toast was drunk with tremendous "vivas" and clashes of instruments, but Herr Steiger did not rise to reply. When the clamors for Steiger actually grew violent, he rose slowly, and with a malignant glance at Zadaka.

"Gentlemen of the Apollo Club," he said, "I am surprised to find to-night, on the festival in honor of our young genius or our young failure of the future, a non-member in the chair, and more especially such a non-member. I have been before now accused of uttering slanders against this man; of trying, it was implied, to lower the reputation of a rival. I had my own reasons for those accusations and that dislike. I have found from the friend from Vienna who sits beside me, that this man goes by an assumed name. His real name he conceals, and why? — because it has been disgraced."

Zadaka seemed going to rush at his enemy, but I and Babelschweitz restrained and consoled him.

"Yes, I say disgraced, and when I tell you his infamous name, you will know that he is the incomparable villain who was everywhere believed in Vienna to have poisoned his

friend — the divine Mozart — to conceal his thefts from him. That man, Antonio Salieri, sits there before you."

My blood turned icy with horror. I had heard of such a report as one generally believed in Vienna; but even if it was true, how could Zadaka be Salieri? I had never even heard him mention Vienna. He had always spoken of Mozart with a love that bordered on idolatry, and a regret that was almost overwhelming. I urged him to rise and deny this disgraceful calumny, and I, with my own hands, would expel and challenge this slanderer.

To my horror Zadaka stood up, but he regarded me with vacant eyes, and uttered only incoherent words. He pointed to the closed door, and said, —

"Who is that man in black, with the face turned from us, who is entering the door? He asks for me; he turns his face! it is Wolfgang! Wolfgang, do not repulse me! I am guilty. It is I — I, thy friend Franz!" —

And as he said these terrible words, the old man staggered a step forward with hands upraised, and then fell heavily on the floor, as we all thought, dead.

"See now," said Steiger, "if I calumniated the man. Karl Waldstein, you were well saved from such a father-in-law."

IV. THE REQUIEM.

It was two days after the great triumph of my opera, the news of which had been the first sounds that broke on the ear of the old man, whose consciousness after his fit at the Café Apollo had but slowly returned. I was sitting with him one bright evening, soon after his return to reason, and Lisa, dear Lisa, to whom I was soon to be married, was gone to the Curé to ask him to come and read to her father some prayers of the Church, when he awoke, and seeing me, sat up, and begged me to come nearer to him. I came and sat by the bed, holding his thin white hands.

"Ah, my son, my dear son!" he said, "you did right to rebuke my sin by refusing my request about your opera. You need not tell me you love Lisa, for you still love a poor disgraced wretch like me. Ah, you have a good heart, and Heaven will smile upon you. Although, for all you know, I may be, as perhaps all Ratisbon now thinks me, the murderer of Mozart, yet still you watch and guard me with a faithful love, and all because I am the father of Lisa."

"Not for that alone," I said.

"No, you are grateful to me for what I taught you. Alas! what can talent teach genius? But I am no murderer, so you need not shudder when I touch you. My great sin was one of ambition, and its fruit fell on me and crushed me into poverty and obscurity. My time on earth is but short; hear me tell the tale briefly. I and Mozart were fellow-students and dear friends. At one time I surpassed him on the harpsichord, and even gained a prize for which he failed. A year later he flew past me in the race, and I grew envious. Still keeping his friendship, I raised secret intrigues to drive him from Vienna, where I dreaded his rivalry. I embittered his life, I helped to shorten it. I was ambitious, and despair made me long for his death. At last his heart ceased to beat with its full activity. I saw him grow hectic, in his eyes came a strange unnatural fire. I feared, yet I rejoiced. I urged him to fresh studies, to more toil, to more passionate outbursts of his art, feeling that he was doomed to early death, and deceiving myself with the thought, inspired by Satan, that a few years more would raise me to fame. When overpowered with fatigue, I urged him to more wine; unconscious almost of my own baseness. I see now my great wickedness, and how near to murder the devil led me. At last that fiery soul outwore its fragile tenement of clay. He sank, and in almost his last hours he gave me the fatal gift of two unfinished operas, the works of his youth. Again I was tempted, and fell. I set up openly, as an imitator of my dead friend, and wove into my opera the airs which I had stolen and completed. My success at first was great. At last some Steiger of those days, jealous of me, reported that I used MSS. of Mozart. Duplicates of two airs I had used were found at Magdeburg, and my secret was discovered. Then

came that terrible rumor, and I changed my name and fled. Ah, do not despise me, lieber Karl. I have sinned deeply, but I have repented deeply. You have not suffered the temptations that I underwent. You were not a man of talent and ambition crushed by a genius whom you had once surpassed—you know not the bitterness of that. From the moment I stole those thoughts of Mozart's, if I had written the music they sing in heaven, I could never have raised myself to fame. The devil tempted me, and paid me, as he always pays his victims, in base money that will not pass. Ah, my son, how I have suffered! How can I wish to live now but for you and Lisa? Where is Lisa?"

"She is gone to the Curé's; she will soon return, dear father."

"Say that again. Yes, I have been a father to you, and have loved you as one. You will not forsake me! You will not let Steiger come here to insult a dying man?"

"If the beast comes in here, he shall go out by that window."

The old man was too feeble to speak, but he pressed my hand in gratitude.

"I see Lisa and the good old Curé coming up the street. She has given him her arm. How beautiful she looks!"

"Thank God that I shall see her again before I die! I feel a strange increasing weight at my heart. I feel through the darkness for the outstretched hand of God."

As I watched the now exhausted man, Lisa and the Curé entered. We knelt in prayer around the bed of the old Chapel-master, and as we rose he blessed and embraced us one by one.

"Lisa, my darling," he said feebly, "go into the inner room and play me the 'Requiem' of Mozart. It breathes the very soul of Christian hope, and I read in it assurances of forgiveness and of peace. Weep not for me, Lisa. I am happy now. The guilt has been lifted like the mill-stone from my heart. I am at peace now. Karl," and he joined our hands, "lead her to the inner room. I would hear some last strains of the music that I have loved so long. The Curé will pray with me here."

Lisa was still weeping; I kissed her, and sat down myself at the piano; and then arose like an emanation the glorious music that the dying composer wrote for his own interment. Strange muffled processions full of despair seemed to pace past me through a world full of suffering and sorrow. Every variety of human grief the poet-thinker had embodied in those awful strains, broken by loud wailings and passionate outbursts of grief; but by degrees the music melted into light, and there diffused itself throughout the Requiem glimpses of ineffable brightness. Through the open doors of the tomb we saw the widening glory of the heaven where tears are wiped away from every eye. I had paused for a moment in a sudden relapse of grief, when a suppressed cry and a low call from the Curé aroused both me and Lisa.

We hurried, and found the Curé striving in vain to keep the old man in bed. He seemed wandering. His eyes were anxious but joyful in expression; he was stretching out his arms towards the door.

"Do you not see him?" he said. "There is Wolfgang there. Why do you not greet him, Lisa, Karl, Feinhart? He is no longer in funeral clothes, his face is bright with the glory of heaven: and see, he smiles and holds his hand out to me. Cruel, cruel, not to let me grasp it!"

"Dear father," I said, "you only dream; there is no one there. See, I will open the door."

I opened the door, and the evening sun from the garden burst in as if a god had entered. As it deluged the room, the great flood of holy brightness fell full across the bed of the dying man.

"Yes, there he passes away into the light, smiling and beckoning to me. I am forgiven, I am free. The journey to the bright city has begun. Farewell, Lisa, core of my heart! Farewell, lieber, lieber Karl; Heaven bless and guide you as it has ever done! Farewell, dear brother! Wolfgang, dear Wolfgang, I follow!"

Then the head sank; a change passed over the face. It

was the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death. The old Chapel-master lay dead in the soft evening light, and in the full glory of the sunset we knelt round the bed and prayed for the passing soul.

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF OLD ROME.

To the average English understanding the typical archaeologist or antiquarian must be a sore puzzle, or at least he would be a sore puzzle if the average English understanding ever troubled itself to try to account for the existence of anything that is not more or less a reproduction of itself. And the average Englishman is in the habit of setting down all things that do not seem instantly profitable to himself as, on the whole, unworthy his serious attention. Everything that is old, and that does not seem to be intimately connected with nineteenth-century gains and pleasures, and what he calls progress and civilization, is passed by as practically worthless; deserving only of being stowed away in those singularly dull institutions, known as museums, which exist all over the country, but which apparently are frequented by nobody at all.

The objects of the love of these antiquarians vary, indeed, in their degrees of unattractiveness. Coins, for instance, and medals are among the dullest of the dull things that fanatical collectors gather together; but what is their dullness compared to the dullness of inscriptions? What can possibly be the reason for gathering together a host of inscriptions which nobody can read without the greatest difficulty, and which tell nothing more, when they are really made out, than that somebody did something, at some period or other, which is not of the smallest interest to any but a few scholars who care for nothing but old books? Illuminated old books—they generally go by the name of "illuminated missals"—are quite another thing, because of the beauty of their paintings; and if their contents are of the Papistical kind, that is of small importance, as one need not read "the writing," which in truth is usually very difficult to read, and so can do no harm. They are interesting, too, as showing that even in the dark ages there was some artistic feeling among the people; while their colors are lovely. "Why, you have got the new London green here!" exclaimed a young lady not long ago, when she was shown one of the manuscript treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford; an exclamation which might possibly have indicated the commencement of a complete revolution of thought in the mind of the young person who uttered it.

Architectural relics, again, possess widely different degrees of attractiveness or non-attractiveness for the non-archæological observer. There are some persons, it is true, and chiefly, we have observed, among women, whose one idea seems to be that whatever looks excessively old must be of peculiar interest and value. Such persons are to be spoken of with the sincerest regard, especially when they really are of that sex which values novelty as identical with beauty, and rarely cares for architecture in any shape whatever. There is always something to be made out of a person who loves what is old, or at least exhibits a modest uninstructed faith in that which has survived through generations long gone by. First of all, he—or it should rather be said, she—is above the vulgar love for the fashionable and the new. She cannot be one of those who think Paris the most delightful city in the world because in every fifth or sixth shop is written up the magic word "nouveautés." She must possess within herself the elements of the true historic instinct, and be able to regard humanity as a whole, and recognize in the life of those who have been dead for thousands of years, the elementary beginnings of the life of to-day. She might even be susceptible of philological speculations, and feel a positive interest in her own Sanscrit origin.

Such thinkers, as has been just observed, are usually to be found among women; for men, for the most part, instinctively begin to discriminate, and are suspicious of

being taken in. Their faith in the relics of the past is largely mingled with doubt, just as they receive the assertions of the clerical profession with little of that unquestioning assent which is yielded by women. They are prone to regard the enthusiastic antiquarian as a being of somewhat limited capacities, and as a personage whose opinions in matters of real life are of little worth. This is pure Philistinism, indeed, which cannot conceive a real devotion to literary or artistic cultivation to be consistent with that thorough consecration of the faculties to one's business or profession which alone, as they fancy, can ensure success. It is quite possible that some of the patients of a certain distinguished London surgeon would begin to doubt his professional skill, if they knew that he was one of the ablest proficient in the art of etching that England can produce. If George Grote the historian had been known by the customers of his bank to be a fiddler as well as a devoted student of Greek literature, would they not have been more than doubtful as to the soundness of his views on the nature of investments, and preferred a banker who knew nothing in the world about any coinage but that which passes current to-day? How many, too, are there who are aware that music was the special recreation of that most crabbed and profoundest of writers on jurisprudence, Jeremy Bentham himself?

Now and then, indeed, the world is right in its suspicions, when it sees an incongruous subject perpetually thrust forward at inappropriate times, and the charlatan in the domain of thought suggests the presence of the rogue in another. Some thirty or forty years ago there was a hard-headed and old-fashioned canon of Christ Church, who had the charge of the College funds, and who kept them at a well-known London banking-house, where the chief partner made excessive professions of religion. "What does the man mean?" said the old canon; "whenever I go up about the College accounts, he begins talking about theology. I am sure there is something wrong behind the scenes." And he withdrew the College money accordingly; and not long afterwards the three partners in the bank were all arraigned and convicted for felony.

So, too, there are antiquarians, who, though perfectly honest in their love for the antique, are yet so indiscriminating in their passion that they give a sort of color to the scoffs of the non-antiquarian portion of the human race. A relic may be very old, and yet very ugly, or very worthless. There are many deluded souls, though they can hardly be classed among antiquarians, who believe in the priceless value of a Queen Anne's farthing; whereas these farthings are simply scarce, and can be got any day, by any well-instructed collector, for the sum of five shillings. Then there is the ultra-Gothic race, who hold that every church, castle, house, window, moulding, or sample of wood or iron, produced between the reigns of King John and Henry the Seventh, must be admirable, and worthy of imitation. Are not the results of this illusion to be seen everywhere? Is there a town in England where some grotesque erection is not justified by its architect on the ground that all its details are taken from some mediæval example? As if the human race in the Gothic period was freed from that intermixture of men of naturally bad artistic proclivities which trouble us so grievously in these latter days.

The love of what is old is, indeed, often an indiscriminating tenderness, or it is narrow in its conceptions, or is hampered by its ignorance of the nature of true archæology, as a science of no little importance towards the elucidation of the history of mankind. It is not mere natural obtuseness, so much as a want of acquaintance with the basis on which all history rests, which makes men, not simply indifferent to antiquarian studies, but careless as to their relative degrees of importance, even when they are by no means absolutely indifferent to them. Mere antiquarianism is, in truth, nothing but a form of dilettante work, which is very harmless, and produces practically pleasant results. Such, too, is the purely artistic study of the achievements of the past, which draws and measures buildings and their details with a view to their modern application in the

buildings of the day. But this is not true archæology, whose office it is to aid in the uplifting of the veil that hides the life of our fathers from our eyes, under the feeling that they were our fathers, and that our existing life, social, political, and religious, is the lineal descendant of the life which exhibited itself in these long-buried or long-misunderstood remains, which the enlightened observer now studies with ever-increasing ardor and delight. As it happens, too, it is in those very relics of antiquity which have least charm for the lover of the picturesque that the real archæologist finds his most important treasures. We may learn nothing from the most gorgeous windows, the most daringly constructed of vaults, the most perfect of sculptures; while in the position of a few bricks, or the foundations of a hidden wall, or a long-buried pathway or well, we may light upon the key to historical problems which have hitherto baffled the acutest critics and the most learned students.

Just now, too, the scientific study of these living monuments of the past is of more than ordinary importance. Every old belief is breaking up around us. Everything is turning out to be a "myth." The very word "myth," not very long ago quite a novelty in the world of letters, has come to be so popular as to be almost of the nature of slang. Of course it is not in Johnson; but then even such a universally-used word (nowadays) as "humbug" is not in Johnson. In Johnson's days, indeed, nobody had thought out the idea of myths, as such; and it is surprising to our sharpened intelligence how people got on without myths. Perhaps they were all the happier for knowing nothing about them; and perhaps, on the whole, they were not. At any rate there can be no doubt that the notion of myths is now so fashionable, that we are in danger of having it overrun the whole field of historical knowledge, while the word itself has become so common that most people use it in the sense of a simply fictitious statement. It is therefore preëminently the present function of archæology to come in and assure us that everything that we do not know in detail is not necessarily a myth. And very grateful ought many minds to be for such a result. It is really extremely disagreeable to be *désillusionné* to the formidable extent which some people seem to delight in. Of course there are an endless number of superstitions which it is quite proper to get rid of; and for those superstitions which affect a man's religious belief, and his personal conduct towards his family and friends, not one word of excuse is to be put forward. The whole multitude of supernatural stories which are found mixed up with the earliest record of all nations must also be relegated to the mythical region, or set down as mere inventions of the poetical or the priestly mind.

But what is so unpleasant, and in reality so eminently un-historical, is that iconoclastic spirit which demolishes the legendary history of remote ages solely for the pleasure of demolishing it. These literary Pharisees, who seem ever to be saying to us, "I am wiser than thou," have no more claim to toleration than other Pharisees or iconoclasts. It is an abominable thing that they should go about hitting right and left, and smashing truths and errors together, like those theological Puritans who robbed England of innumerable treasures of art, in their horror of anything that was or might be Papistical. What if there are a great many things in Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to say nothing of Herodotus himself, that are unquestionably fictions, and others in which it is difficult to say where the fictions end and the facts begin? Why should we place ourselves abjectly at the feet of those destructives who, for instance, treat the whole history of the foundation of Rome as if it were a legend with no solid foundations of truth, and evolve a new theory as to the origin of the great Roman republic out of the depths of their own consciousness? Those who have studied the advances made by our university and school teachers, and of those formidable young ladies who are now threatening to beat their brothers in the contest of learning, are satisfied that it is quite a mistake to imagine that we know anything at all about the real origin and growth of Rome in its earliest

days. We can only make guesses at the truth, and we must always do this with a full recognition of the tendency to outrageous exaggeration which is the characteristic of legendary records. When number or size, for example, is mentioned, we must begin by dividing everything by ten, or even twenty; because, as a moderately high hill looks like a mighty mountain when looming through the mist, so it is with the tales told of one's great-grandfathers.

As to Rome, in particular, there is but one safe method; namely, that of taking its political constitution as it existed in what is politely termed the historic period, and tracing its institutions backwards to their origin in the legendary period, and then resting satisfied that no more is to be known. Happily, the most myth-loving of destroyers believe that all institutions have an origin; only they have an invincible dislike to believe that the legendary stories that have come down to us supply a substantially correct account of that origin, and that thus we do really know very nearly as much about the actual history of these early ages as we believed that we knew in the pre-mythical period when those who now are old were still boys at school. A large portion of the first book of Livy is to be set down as totally valueless. It was the work of a credulous age. All those old-world tales about Romulus and Remus, and the rape of the Sabines, and the fights with Veii and the Volscians, and Tarquinius Priscus, and Ancus Martius, and Servius Tullius, and the horrid conduct of the second Tarquinius, are not worth serious attention. Nobody knows anything about the real facts, and it is an imposition on the understanding to accept the story of Livy as giving a practically correct idea of the condition of the Roman people and government during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries before the Christian era.

Nevertheless, there are now to be seen in London and in Oxford a series of photographs which establish the substantial truth of the traditional history which was current among the educated classes of Rome during the Augustan age, and which the criticism of the later schools of modern historians has labored to demolish. The Roman correspondents of the London newspapers have occasionally spoken of the excavations which have been made in Rome during the last twenty years, at the expense of the late French Emperor and of the Prussian Government, and of an English Archæological Society, of which the most energetic member, if not the founder and chief supporter, was Mr. J. H. Parker, whose "Glossary of Architecture" and other kindred books have so materially aided in the revival of the study of Gothic architecture in Rome. But few persons are aware that while personally prosecuting his researches into the buried history of the Rome of the past, Mr. Parker has expended a very considerable sum in the execution of more than three thousand photographs of every important fragment of Roman remains which can elucidate the actual history of Rome, from its very earliest foundation down to the mediæval period, adding to this strictly historical collection photographs of all the best Græco-Roman sculpture in the collections of the Vatican and the Capitol.¹

The value of these photographs, from their literal truth, cannot be over-estimated; and they furnish the most important contribution to historical knowledge which the art of photography has yet supplied. No drawings made by hand can be depended upon for perfect accuracy in such minute details of measurement as are essential to the arguments which are to be founded upon them; and moreover, many of the photographs were made by the aid of the magnesian light, as they are transcripts of work which lies in the deepest darkness. This is the case, not only in certain portions of the earliest walls and fortifications of the ancient city, but in the catacombs generally; and it is not a little interesting and instructive to notice the contrast between the engraved copies which have been made from

the paintings in the catacombs and the photographic reproductions which now for the first time acquaint the untravelled student with the actual realities. Unhappily, the dishonesty of theological controversy has perverted the real truth concerning many of these paintings, and it is not surprising that to the extreme party in Rome Mr. Parker's perseverance in his researches was by no means welcome. He was fortunate enough, indeed, in soon securing the favor and support both of the Pope and of Cardinal Antonelli in his labors, the Cardinal personally sympathizing with him as being himself something of an archæologist and a collector of antiquities. It is notorious, too, that Antonelli is no friend to the extreme party in Rome, and that he would scorn all opposition to Mr. Parker's work on the ground of his being an Englishman and a Protestant. In fact, he actually gave him permission to have photographs taken from the treasures of the Museum of Christian Antiquities at the Lateran, no permission even to engrave them having ever been given before.

These long-standing hindrances to the study of the many treasures that Rome contains do not, indeed, exist under the present Italian Government; but unfortunately that Government itself has something else to do with its money and its energies besides extensively prosecuting researches which do not immediately tell upon politics. Governments, generally, are not much given to care for antiquities; and there is a grievous leaven of Philistinism even in the most enlightened cabinet of administrators. Unless, then, the money needed for fresh excavations is found by foreigners, as for some time a fair amount of subscriptions were supplied by the Archæological Society in Rome, little more that is very important is to be looked for in the way of fresh discoveries. In the mean time the old error about the catacombs will continue to be maintained by the dominant clerical writers and their supporters, in the face of all evidence, the control of the catacombs being still left in the hands of the priests. In the face of all true archæological inquiries, it will still be maintained that the paintings which abound through those wonderful burial-places are as old as the burials of the early Christians themselves.

That the earliest writers on the subject should have taken up this notion was natural enough, for they knew nothing of archæology, and little enough of art; and besides, the supposed early use of paintings in connection with religion was an admirable argument wherewith to silence the Protestant puritanism which has now happily vanished from the world. Still the clerical school of Roman critics refuse to admit the whole truth, of which English students of this vast series of photographs may now inform themselves. It is in vain that De Rossi, in his great work, implies, without venturing to assert it, that the frescoes as they are now existing belong to the age of the martyrdoms. A comparison of their character with paintings of which the dates are positively known, combined with a knowledge of the processes of that mischievous meddling which is called "restoration," proves that fully three fourths of the frescoes belong to the latest restorations of the eighth and ninth centuries.

There is, in truth, no more misleading illusion than the popular idea that destruction under the name of restoration is a product of these latter unartistic days, and that the process which we will name "church-wardenizing" is of English, or Protestant, or modern origin. Pope John the Third, in the seventh century, was as mischievous in his works as any committee that now ordains the restoration of a mediæval church, with additions altogether new; and the eighth and ninth centuries were at least on a level with the eighteenth and nineteenth in their passion for making all old things "as good as new." Unfortunate, at the same time, as was the Papal taste for "restorations," the frescoes actually thus "restored" have been grievously libelled by the drawings and engravings which have made them familiar to us. The drawings themselves were undoubtedly made under great disadvantages, as they must have been made by lamplight, and sometimes are much injured, to say nothing of the awkward positions in which the artist must have placed himself in making them. Now,

¹ A complete collection of the photographs is to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and at Stanford's, West Strand, close to Charing Cross. Many of them are of great beauty, solely as photographs, and they are now to be bought singly at a very low price.

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however, comes Mr. Parker, with his photographer and his magnesian light, and shows us what the frescoes really were. The contrast is wonderful, and greatly raises our conception of the skill of those darkening, if not dark ages. The figures are often most natural in their conception, and vigorous and easy in their treatment. One detail, indeed, ought not to be forgotten, as bearing on the controversial storms of to-day. The dress of the Christians engaged in prayer corresponds as nearly as possible to the Anglican surplice and stole.

Of the unrestored paintings none that are of a religious character are really older than Constantine the Great, those of the second and third centuries being purely secular in character, proving the use of the catacombs by the Pagans as well as the Christians, and suggesting the fictitious nature of that violent division of life and habits between the adherents of the old and the new religion which is believed in by ecclesiastical writers in general. As presented in these interesting photographs, the skill of the original fresco-painters, working as they did with artificial light, and often lying upon their backs, — and we assure the reader that it is by no means an easy thing to paint in fresco, that is, upon wet plaster, while lying upon one's back, — must have undoubtedly been considerable. One common subject was the agricultural occupations of the four seasons, each season being accompanied by its attendant genius, a sign either of Pagan origin, or of the tolerance of the early Christians for the prevailing taste in art.

There is another point which is forcibly brought out by these photographs. It is made clear that there is great exaggeration in the popular view concerning the introduction of burial by the Christians in opposition to the heathen practice of burning the dead. That the family of the Scipios buried, instead of burning, their dead, is admitted on all hands. But in fact, the custom of burning was going out of fashion in Roman society long before it was influenced by the Christian practice. In all probability economical reasons were at the root of the change. As the cost of wood grew excessive, through the cutting down of the old forests, the expense of the funeral pile came to be beyond the means of the poorer multitude. Burying, so far from being of purely Christian invention, was a Jewish and Oriental custom. The Christians simply continued it from their Jewish forefathers, and they carried it with them wheresoever they went. The practice by degrees became universal, just as Greek had become the universal language of communication between Rome and the various portions of the trading and literary worlds of the day.

These matters, however, are of comparatively small moment contrasted with the great historical fact which Mr. Parker's photographs reveal, and which he is the first to have recognized in its full significance. As has been already said, it has for some time been held by the dominant schools of historical teaching, that we have no means of forming any satisfactory estimate of the actual condition of the Roman people during those early ages which are popularly known as the period of the kings. The traditional stories which were put into historical shape by Livy are not, it is said, worth serious consideration. There may, and there may not, have been kings, though doubtless there were some leaders of the chieftain kind, ruling, by some means or other, the obscure and slowly-increasing shepherd population, which ultimately was developed into the Roman republic, and who carried on a series of quarrels, which legend has designated by the sounding title of wars. But we cannot trace any clear succession in these chiefs, or learn what they actually achieved, and can only assume that if ever there was such a person as the leader whom tradition called Romulus, he must have been the mere head of some band of discontented or half-outcast followers, who settled down somewhere on the site of the vast city which ultimately included the seven hills and the land immediately adjoining them.

Let us see what Mr. Parker and his photographs tell us, in contradiction to this now generally received theory. In a word, the excavations of the last twenty years have unburied the actual foundations, and more than the founda-

tions of enormous works, which show that at the period of the kings, Rome was a fortified city of very considerable importance, and that it contained an immense population governed by despotic monarchs. The fact of the construction of an *arx* or citadel of great strength in war, together with the commencement of special fortifications discontinued after some important event, is established beyond a doubt. The wells which were constructed by the chief, whom we may as well call Romulus as anything else, for the use of his garrison when driven to their last resources, are still in existence. Mr. Parker had himself let down into these wells, and found, with what astonishment and delight may be imagined, that in their construction they are totally unlike any other wells in Italy, ancient and modern, with one solitary exception. That exception is to be found in the remains of the old Etrurian city of Alba Longa, which was unquestionably a flourishing place about the time which tradition assigns as the date of the foundation of Rome. There was a report among the poor people who lived near the walls of Romulus, that some sort of old and dried up well did there exist, but of the perfect condition and structure of the existing wells no one had the slightest knowledge.

The peculiarity of construction of these wells lies in their termination at their lower extremity, where they reach the body of the water stored up in the reservoir with which they communicate; each well there expanding into a conical shape, so that it precisely resembles an inverted funnel. Such a construction is perfectly useless if designed to increase the quantity of water to be drawn up through the well, and consequently it is everywhere unknown, except, as we have said, in a well which communicates with a reservoir of water, at the ancient Etrurian city of Alba Longa, now Palazzuolo. The wells of Romulus, and the sides and bottom of the reservoir into which they open, still exhibit remains of the clay "puddling" with which they were made water-tight, the tufa in which they are cut being porous and unfit for the storing of water. The identity of the engineering ideas which prevailed both at Alba Longa and at Rome when its foundations were laid is thus clearly made out; and, so far, the tradition is made out which asserts that Romulus came of the family ruling at Alba Longa.

The *arx*, or citadel, which these wells were meant to supply with water, when its inhabitants were shut up by a beleaguering force, is the original fortified place where Romulus ruled, and which goes by the name of *Roma Quadrata*. So far the more moderate of the sceptical school will admit, though even this will be contested by those who believe that the old traditions are not worth the slightest consideration. But what is now made evident from the recent excavations as interpreted by one who possesses the trained archæological eye, and understands the true tests of age in buildings, is the great size and importance of the very earliest buildings of Rome. It is clear that Rome at once assumed the nature of a fortified city, and that its rulers were rapidly in a position to command a vast amount of enforced labor. The additions to the original buildings exhibit, moreover, marked changes in construction, and are of extent and character which precisely correspond to the traditional stories of the succession of kings which ended with the second Tarquin. In actual size the *Roma Quadrata* was about 300 yards long and nearly 200 wide.

Its foundations are now at last open to the eye, and in their masonry they correspond with that of some of the chief cities of Etruria. They are constructed of oblong blocks of tufa, four feet long and two feet high, roughly chipped, where not got out of the quarry by some simple process of splitting. The horizontal surfaces of the blocks were thus less rough, as they followed the natural stratification of the stone, than those at the ends. The walls of this date are thus distinguished by the width of the vertical joints, which are often so large as to allow a man to thrust his fist into them. No mortar was used to hold them together.

The first work of Romulus was surrounded by walls of this kind, twelve feet thick, built up against the scarped

cliff, which was cut away to make all entry impossible except by the gates. This work crowned the Palatine hill, and its construction may now be seen in Mr. Parker's photographs. It is found nowhere else in Rome. Here, in the Roma Quadrata, its remains are still to be seen on three sides of the original parallelogram, in the foundations of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, which tradition said was begun shortly after the founding of the city, and in some steps close at hand. It is not a little remarkable, also, that the size of each of the stones corresponds to the statement of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that each of them was sufficient to constitute a cart-load. Each stone, as now existing in this earliest work, is of just that size which, in the tufa of which they consist, is to this day called by the Roman masons a cart-load. Until the recent excavations, the space covered by this arx could only have been guessed at even by those who believed in its reality; but now the whole of the deep foss which was cut on the southwest side of the fort, when it was first built, has been laid open. It separated the fortified part of the Palatine from the unfortified part, where the population congregated in ordinary times.

On the opposite side of the arx, facing the hill of Saturn, which the Sabines, according to the tradition, occupied in their final conflict with the Romans, another feature now exposed to view has been pointed out by Mr. Parker, and is singularly suggestive when taken in connection with some experiments made by M. Viollet le Duc, the most distinguished of French architects, for the late Emperor Napoleon, at Pierrefonds. He had a catapult made to try how far it was possible to throw a paving-stone sufficiently large to be serviceable in war; and he found that when thrown from the Saturnian hill, it would throw just far enough to knock down a Roman standing upon the spot where the first fortification was raised. Obviously, therefore, on the occupation of the hill by the Sabines, it was necessary to heighten the wall of the fort on the side facing the Sabine camp, which involved the construction of a series of towers to serve as buttresses to hold it up. The remains of such a series are now discovered, with the proof that they were never finished, for the spaces between their sides are filled up with concrete of the time of the Republic. Why were they left thus incomplete? Clearly because there was no longer any necessity for protection against the attacks of the Saturnian hill, the treaty between the Sabines and the Romans ensuring future peace.

As soon as peace was thus ensured, it was natural that a new wall should be made, to enclose the district occupied by the Sabines, and to extend to the banks of the Tiber at its two extremities. It was necessary thus to keep open a communication with the Tiber as the highway for provisions and the like, and to include the Velian hill, to protect the principal gate. The remains of such a wall are now visible in several places, and they exhibit a form of construction in which no practical mason will hesitate for a moment in recognizing an advance in the art of building. This advance may be due only to the greater leisure which the builders had at command, or to an increased skill in the quarrying of the stones, which are here found larger in size than in the primitive *opus quadratum*, as it is called. Its outer surfaces certainly exhibit clear traces of the use of the saw. They are, in fact, identical with what is now termed ashlar work. Apparently no mortar was used for holding them together. A similar masonry is found in the lowest chamber or chambers of the Mamertine Prison, which the accepted traditions called the "Prison of the Kings," and assigned in its earlier portion to Ancus Marcius, the addition to it being the work of Servius Tullius. It should be added that this second wall, enclosing both the Saturnian and the Palatine hills, was plainly twelve feet thick and fifty feet high. This same masonry is also seen in the lowest portion of the great building called the Capitolium, commenced naturally as soon as the rapid progress of the young city was ensured. It was to contain all the offices necessary for the government of the city, including an *Ærarium* on the lowest level, for its money, and a *Tabularium* above, for its documents. The masonry is the same

in both, though part of the *Ærarium* has been faced with small square stones, probably by Theodoric, who repaired many of the public buildings of the city.

Next came the vast work with which Servius Tullius is credited, and which is called his *agger*. It includes all the seven hills of Rome, and there is no novelty in our knowledge of its site. But its immense breadth and height were until lately matters of conjecture, while the chief peculiarity of its mode of construction was altogether unknown, except that it consisted of two parallel walls, enclosing a gigantic mound of earth where it stood by itself, or of one wall facing the scarped cliff where any portion of a hill was cut away, leaving the remaining cliff to be sustained by the wall. When the railway station was made in 1871, this *agger* was cut across, and wrought-iron clamps were found, binding together the separate stones of the masonry. The discovery at once explained the meaning of various holes in old Roman masonry, which had hitherto puzzled all antiquarians—the iron having everywhere dropped out, through the action of rust, while the clamps of course had disappeared. Here, on the contrary, being within the body of the wall, they were retained in their original positions, and the action of the rust itself had been less destructive. About a dozen or so were then found, and were immediately secured by Mr. Parker and other archaeologists.

Such are some of the most important facts which have been gathered from the sites unveiled by the labors of English, French, and German excavators. It is not too much to say that they must materially modify the opinions which have come to be popular among modern historians, not only as to the origin of Rome, but as to the possibility of future discoveries in the other great historical sites of the world, which will help the future historian to establish the reality of a considerable element of real fact, where at present he discovers nothing but the cloudland of super-stition and worthless legend. Of course they prove nothing absolutely as to the date of the foundation of Rome, or as to the names and succession of its kings; but they do establish a probability that the foundation was between seven and eight centuries before Christ, and that from its earliest years Rome exhibited the handiwork of a mighty race, possessing a military and administrative genius which was to make them at length the masters of the civilized world.

A WANT OF THE AGE.

THERE is one deficiency in our day, one remarkable want, to which we do not find the public painfully alive, but from which it will surely suffer some time. We mean the want of preëminent men—men universally acknowledged as such, at whom all the world would be glad to have a stare, so as to be able to say fifty years hence, "I saw him." Who looks at a man now, thinking, "I can tell my grandchild I have seen him?" What will the octogenarians of the future have to talk about which shall constitute them links with the historical past? What men do people run after to-day in any walk of greatness or distinction? Who is notorious out of his own set or following? We are not requiring an heroic greatness; the prevailing furore need not be a wise one to answer our demand. We ask for preëminence of any kind, the elevation that puts a man at the top of his calling beyond all rivalry, and makes him as such an object of universal interest. Now what captain, orator, or preacher, what author, poet, novelist, painter, what talker, wit, actor, singer, fiddler, dancer, answers to this test, or awakens that thrill of common consent which persuades us without or against reason that what we see, hear, or read is new, unmatched, unprecedented, altogether best of its kind? Of every one of these eminences a past more or less recent furnishes examples to our point. The judgment may have been run away with, the head may have been turned by a wave of enthusiasm; but while men saw or heard, they thought themselves the better, felt themselves to be somebodies for assisting at the spectacle. It is but a little while since there were old men who had heard

Wesley preach, and the mere fact invested them with a quaint venerableness. There are men still who have seen Nelson and Bonaparte, and derive importance from this visual contact with great men. It is some persons' intellectual distinction to have heard Coleridge talk or lecture. Dr. Routh of Magdalen could remember seeing Dr. Johnson, and a light from the past was reflected on him as he told his impressions. A writer in the *Pall Mall* has lately very naturally valued himself on having breakfasted with an old lady who remembered Robespierre, informing him in a cautious whisper that he was suspected of being *réactionnaire*. Charles Lamb relates how he was accosted in London streets by an unknown artisan to point out to him Walter Scott passing on the other side. Now what parallels does our generation offer wherewith to store the memory? We do not ask what talker we have like Dr. Johnson, of whom, when he died, it was said he left no one to be called even second to Johnson; or what actor like Garrick, whose death eclipsed the gayety of nations; but who values himself on sharing conversations such as distinguished Holland House? What modern wit has the wide fame of Sydney Smith? What modern actor will it be a distinction to have seen, like Mrs. Siddons? Who provokes the social circle to laughter, who charms them to smiles and tears, like Theodore Hook extemporizing verses, or Tom Moore singing his own songs? What dilettanteism like Horace Walpole's, what eloquence like Burke's or Sheridan's, what humor like Charles Lamb's, what talking like Madame de Staël's, what beauty like the Gunnings, or Madame Récamier? We do not say that none of these have their equals with us, but we ask for celebrities. Such as we have, are most of them on the shady side of sixty; the breed seems dying out. We cannot even put forward a fop, or a rogue, or a villain to match past greatness — no Beau Nash, no Brummel, "the very glass of fashion, whom everybody from the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil, who could decide the fate of a young man just launched into the world, whose dress was the general model, who struck out new ideas, and smiled to see them gradually descend from the highest class to the lowest." To be celebrated demands, no doubt, a will to celebrate, which does not perhaps prevail in our time; but have we not got out of the way of such homage from a dearth of exactly the right material?

The answer to our sentimental regrets lies perhaps in the fact that science stands foremost now; and science, though it can do many things, cannot create popular celebrities. The scientific discoverer can only get a niche in the popular mind by allowing it to transpire that he deals in the black art, or by the good luck of persecution. Only by these means does he become an object outside his special subject and aims. It was not for finding out that the earth went round the sun, but for being persecuted for saying it, that Galileo was popularly eminent. To shut yourself up in a dissecting-room or in a laboratory is not the way to general notoriety or to the universal memory. People may distinctly remember the first gaslight, the first steam-engine, the first telegram, the first operation under chloroform, without thinking of their inventors or caring to ask their names. Science as it now stands has an ardent, but numerically small, following. Its leaders are not celebrities of the sort we mean; people don't value themselves for having seen them — don't go in crowds to see and hear them; and for the reason that science is an impersonal thing, dissociated from flesh and blood. It does not appeal to feeling and emotion, and therefore does not excite the impressionable part of our nature. People cannot think of a battle without simultaneously recalling who fought it, who won or lost it; but they may be awe-struck by a star shower, or may hear of new-found worlds, without caring to know who calculated or foretold them, when once it is conceded that the supernatural has no share in it. Geographical discoverers we may allow to have a foremost man in the popular sense — Livingstone is a rival to Cook. But the exception proves the rule, for here the personal element comes in.

It must be granted that common fame is capricious and

unjust towards merit. It often distinguishes unworthy objects, and sets up very trumpy idols. But the reason, we think, why the absence of celebrities is a real want, is that the dawning imagination of our generation seems thereby to miss a very important aliment. To impress a child's fancy there must be a central figure — a hero; and what colossal central figure does any department present just now, if we except "the Claimant," who will leave traces of himself behind him, we do not doubt, in innumerable plots of novels and romances, just as Beau Brummel formed the school of the fashionable novels of forty years ago. "Lord Wellington" was the central figure to the Brontë family, which no doubt told on their notions of manliness — though we detect no family likeness — and imparted something of that vigor which is so rare in woman's writings. The Pretender was still a hero in Scotland during Walter Scott's childhood, and perhaps determined his course of romantic thought. As we look further back still, every department of life and action shows its central figure in a way which we cannot parallel now; nor do we think that posterity reviewing our own particular period will see what we do not see. Our social life does not encourage personages of this kind; people shut themselves up much more than they did. Every tolerably educated youth could get near the celebrities of the last century. Pope at twelve years old saw Dryden, and anybody who liked might stand outside his immediate circle at Will's, hear what he had to say, and even perhaps put in his own word in reply. Addison spent eight hours a day at Button's Coffee House, where he held a sort of court. Reverence for intellect was of a more simple, implicit sort then than now; people were glad to listen and accept. Sir Joshua Reynolds when a boy at an auction had his skill in physiognomy quickened by the sight of Pope. "Mr. Pope! Mr. Pope!" was whispered through the room; all hands were held out to touch him as he passed. The boy eagerly thrust forth his hand under an elbow in the front row, and was allowed to shake the hand that had penned the "Rape of the Lock." Such encounters are suggestive. To have touched a poet, believing him to be the greatest poet of his time, is of the nature of an inspiration. A good many persons like Mr. Browning's poetry better than Pope's, but this preference does not give the prominence which attached to the genius of the eighteenth century, which not only lived more in public, but succeeded in impressing itself on the notice and respect of the commonalty; a respect (whether sour grapes or not) rather disdained by the choicer spirits of our time. Warburton travelled in stage-coaches, and gave such an impression of his cleverness that he was described by one who had heard him talk as an "old orator whom you may read about in the almanacs," the very ideal of fame. The ladies of our day, solicitous as some are of a prominent place in the world's regard, do not attain to the notoriety once willingly and graciously accorded to exceptional beauty or learning. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter stood out as the representative of all knowledge to her poor neighbors. "It will be dreadful winter," said one, "and a great scarcity of corn; the famous Miss Carter has foretold it;" they also spread it so confidently abroad that she was going to be a member of Parliament, that her sister at a distance wrote to ask her if it was true. Undoubtedly society is far less inclined to constitute celebrities than it was in those simple times, and is much more sensible of its own power to make and unmake reputations. There is a union of the aggregate intelligence against pretenders to particular renown. It treats them after the manner of that Czar who pronounced nobody to be distinguished in Russia "except the man whom I speak of, and him only so long as I speak to him." Critics and arbiters are enemies to popular celebrities.

And yet is there not something in our common human nature which craves for preëminence, a deep-seated desire to attach ourselves to something memorable, to some name and fame on which we can pin our insignificance, and so hold on to our age by some imagined connection? We do not expect to be remembered long on our own account; but it is something to live in the era, to be one of the same

generation with a great man whose name we believe the world will not let die, to go down the stream of future time in the same boat with him as his compatriot, as having pronounced his name, prophesied his fame, been familiar with his words and deeds, as having seen him, or perhaps shaken hands with him. There are degrees of oblivion; to have been one of an age of which not one name or one act is remembered, which has left no trace of itself, strikes with a more icy sense of isolation than to have lived when the Zamzummims fought with the children of Anak and lost. A word is all that remains to them, but that word connects ages together. Every one that accords fame helps to establish it. We have "assisted," as the French idiom has it, and something of the acts is reflected back upon ourselves. Reason tells us how vain is the effort and the longing, and how mistaken often our award.

Oh fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot.

So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to cinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
There goes the parson—O illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!

Time, no doubt, makes short work with many a hero of his day, but not the less is it rather a dull feature of an age, unsurpassed in wonders of its own, to have no central figures, and to miss—if nothing else—at least a sensation, a thrill of universal consent and exultant approval.

VIGNETTES IN RHYME.¹

MR. LOCKER has here found a rival, and a formidable one. It is not for the first time in this book that we have admired the grace and skill of Mr. Austin Dobson's verse. Many of these little poems,—which had appeared in various periodicals, the *St. Pauls* especially, we think,—were familiar to us before we re-read them in this pleasant volume, but most of them have gained by re-reading, and some of those which we had not read seem better than any of those we had. We were not prepared to find so many fresh, soft, delicate pictures amongst these "Vignettes," though we were quite prepared for the easy banter and social pleasantry (sometimes, we think, a little too full of allusive turns) of the so-called society-verses. Mr. Dobson gives us something more than the tone and manner of cultivated social life, with its vivid ripple of thought and eeling. He can add to this a picture so full of beauty that the mind derives something more from it than a momentary vision of that vivacity of life which mutual liking and mutual jealousy, and tenderness and dulness of heart, and selfishness and unselfishness, and caprice and waywardness, and *gaucherie* and tact, and hope and melancholy, and tranquillity and impatience, and all the rest of the qualities which make human society vibrate gently with a thousand undulations,—lend to the scene on which we live and act. With these Mr. Austin Dobson has made himself familiar, and he handles them always with sufficient, though with certainly unequal skill. What we were not prepared for was the beauty of the picture in which he sometimes frames these minute fragments of the drama of society, the liquid vistas down which he allows your eye to range before he fixes it on the little tingling human interest of the moment, the tenderness of irony, the mellow calm or the irritating sting, of the phase of society he delineates. We were quite prepared for such satirical pieces as "Une Marquise" and "The Love-letter,"—pieces we do not greatly admire, by the way,—and for very much better efforts of the same kind (such, for instance, as the clever lines called "Laissez-faire," written *à propos* of Goethe's amusing account of himself as the Weltschmerz be-

tween the dirty philanthropist Basedow and the sentimental prophet Lavater); but we were hardly prepared for the touches of genuine beauty which adorn so many of these little poems, and set the verses of "society" in a framework of softer and more imaginative loveliness than the refined give-and-take of social intellect and sentiment usually suggest. What lovely bits of poetic feeling, for instance, gleam through the beautiful little poem on "The Sick Man and the Birds!"

ÆGROTUS.

Spring,—art thou come, O Spring!
I am too sick for words;
How hast thou heart to sing,
O Spring! with all thy birds?

MERULA.

I sing for joy to see again
The merry leaves along the lane,
The little bud grown ripe;
And look, my love upon the bough
Hark, how she calleth to me now,—
"Pipe! pipe!"

ÆGROTUS.

Ah! weary is the sun:
Love is an idle thing;
But, Bird, thou restless one,
What ails thee, wandering?

HIRUNDO.

By shore and sea I come and go,
To seek I know not what; and lo!
On no man's eaves I sit
But voices bid me rise once more,
To flit again by sea and shore,—
Flit! Flit!

ÆGROTUS.

This is Earth's bitter cup:
Only to seek, not know.
But thou, that strivest up,
Why dost thou carol so?

ALAUDA.

A secret Spirit giveth me
With song, and wing that lifteth me,—
A Spirit for whose sake,
Striving amain to reach the sky,
Still to the old dark earth I cry—
"Wake! wake!"

ÆGROTUS.

My hope hath lost its wing.
Thou, that to-night dost call,
How hast thou heart to sing
Thy tears made musical?

PHILOMELA.

Alas for me! a dry desire
Is all my song,—a waste of fire
That will not fade nor fail;
To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time,
"Wail! wail!"

ÆGROTUS.

Thine is the sick man's song,—
Mournful, in sooth, and fit;
Unrest that cries "How long!"—
And the night answers it.

How fine is that verse which gives the sick man's gloomy interpretation of the nightingale's song,—a morbid and a false interpretation, no doubt, but still one dramatically fit for the imagination of shattered health and nerves upon the rack. There are few living poets who might not be proud of the lines:—

"To me, dim shapes of ancient crime
Moan through the windy ways of time."

¹ *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société* (now first collected). By Austin Dobson. London: 1873.

Or, again, take this sweet little bit of restful garden-picture, the background on which a delicate little morsel of story is brightly painted :—

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain ;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard-bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb ;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak — a worn and shattered row :
"I am a Shade : a Shadowe too arte thou :
I marke the Time : saye, Gossip, dost thou soe ?"

Here would the ringdoves linger, head to head ;
And here the snail a silver course would run,
Beating old Time ; and here the peacock spread
His gold-green glory, shutting out the sun.

Glimpses of peace like that are just enough to rest the mind from the necessary twitter and badinage of society-verses' pleasant chatter. Mr. Dobson, too, can reach the deepest pathos now and then. The verses headed "Before Sedan" close with two of very high power and beauty. The metre is somewhat hackneyed, and has become so much the conventional metre to express this sort of dumb pain, that we half rebel against. We determine not to be moved by that almost stereotyped appeal to pity at the close of the first and second stanzas, which consists in declaring that you can make no effectual appeal :—

Here in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies ;
'Tis but another dead ;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, —
Kings must have slaves ;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves :
So this man's eye is dim ; —
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side ?
Paper his hand had clutched
'Tight ere he died ; —
Message or wish, may be ; —
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled ! —
Only the tremulous
Words of a child ; —
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His — her dead father's — kiss ;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain !
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain !
If the grief died ; — but no ;
Death will not have it so.

But notwithstanding the stony-hearted state in which we are left up to the close of the third stanza, we give in completely to the beauty of the last two. In spite of the somewhat ostentatious helplessness of the rhythm to express what it secretly hopes to express, after all, by virtue of the severe simplicity (or is it *simplesse* ?) of the style, the real simplicity and beauty of the feeling itself quite take possession of us.

But while drawing attention to the gleams of higher beauty with which Mr. Dobson relieves the lighter banter

of his verses, we must not forget what is, after all, of the substance of his book. We don't know whether his lighter humor is ever quite so happy as that displayed in such poems as Mr. Locker's "To a Skull" and "To a Picture of my Grandmother," but it is very bright, and the moods of it are very softly shaded from playfulness to tenderness and from ridicule to pity. What can be brighter in its way than "An Idyl in the Conservatory" called "Tu Quoque," and with the motto, "Romprons-nous, on ne romprons-nous pas" ?

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you.

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with odious Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you !

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best, — the mildest "honey-dew," —
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review," —

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Really ! You would ? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful, —
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue ;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you !

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Go if you will. At once ! And by express, sir !
Where shall it be ? To China — or Peru ?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you !

FRANK.

No, — I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do —
Ah, you are strong, — I would not then be cruel,
If I were you !

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted, —

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue, —

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted ? —

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you !

[Waltz — *Exeunt*.

But we enjoy still more the picturesque humor of "A Garden Idyll," in which the grotesque boyish memories are so pleasantly blended with a delicious picture, —

"With birds that gossip in the tune,
And windy bough-swing in the metro."

And poems like "The Drama of the Doctor's Window" show the humor of the author at its best, touched with a tenderness which is never absent from his most effective productions. Indeed, his style has reminded us many times, — and we can hardly give higher praise, — of the exquisite levity and still more exquisite pathos of one of Mr. Tennyson's finest and easiest poems, "Will Water-proof's Lyrical Monologue." We do not like Mr. Dobson nearly so well when he puts on an antique gallantry of phrase in the Rossettiish poems which close the volume. It seems to us that he is always best and tenderest when he is most easy. "An Unfinished Song," for instance, is far more beautiful and pathetic than the verses about "Angiola." And again, we don't think Mr. Dobson succeeds in pure satire. "The Bookworm" and "Une Marquise" are both savage, without being forcible. They strain after an effect that seems to be not within Mr. Dobson's literary reach. Tenderness when it is playful and playfulness when it is tender are both perfectly given in this charming little book, which contains also an exquisite sense of natural beauty. In satiric invective we do not think that Mr. Austin Dobson excels.

WOMEN AT SCHOOL.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY used to hold that there was one characteristic distinction between men and women. When men, he said, were spoken of disparagingly as a whole, they were apt to coincide; but when any particular man was attacked, they usually stood up for him, and did their best to show that he was not such a bad sort of fellow after all. On the other hand — this was Whately's theory, and we accept no responsibility for it — women were extremely sensitive as to the general character of their sex, while quite ready to join in cutting up the sisterhood in detail. It would be interesting to know what feelings will be excited in the female mind by the Report which has just been issued by the Cambridge Syndicate for the Examination of Women. The Syndicate affect to report, on the whole, very favorably of the industry and intelligence of the majority of the candidates who appeared before them at the different centres, but they take upon themselves to make some remarks which, we fear, will be thought to be offensively characteristic of the arrogance and presumption of man.

It is stated that only a few candidates, when examined in the "Horæ Pauline," showed a knowledge of the book and a real hold on the argument, while most of them, although acquainted more or less with Paley's facts, exhibited great weakness in applying them conclusively. Most of the candidates had evidently studied the Scriptures very carefully, but "the answers to a question which asked for a careful summary of 1 Cor. xv. seemed to show that not more than two or three candidates had read the chapter so as to master its method and connection." The ladies came out strongly in arithmetic; but in English history they are sarcastically advised to "avoid mere fluency of expression;" and in English literature "the besetting error was irrelevance." Thus, when a brief summary of the "Hydriotaphia" was asked for, the result was that a great many accounts, the reverse of brief, were presented, not of the work, but of Sir Thomas Browne, the writer of it. It is remarked that it was observable that several candidates who complained of want of time had signally misspent the time allowed them. The examiner further noticed great "good will," but "a very prevalent inaccuracy." In English composition the examiner discovered a weakness for slang and a tendency to flippancy, and "too many of the writers did not sufficiently consider the meaning of the subject which they selected." One of the sub-

jects which were set was to fix the place of the novel in modern literature; but many of the candidates started off at a tangent, and expatiated on the bad effects of reading novels. The examiner endeavors to take the edge off these home-thrusts by suggesting that, after all, he has in his time read worse essays by men. The examiner may be a very learned man in his own way, but he clearly knows very little about women if he thinks to appease their natural indignation by a paltry concession of this kind.

We have very little doubt that women will see through the flimsy pretence of courtesy and conciliation under which the examiners endeavor to disguise this attack upon the general character of the sex, and especially on those very points on which women are known to be most sensitive. A woman will stand a good deal, but no woman with the least spirit ever submitted without an explosion to an insinuation that she was not a person of a logical turn of mind. Even the patient Griselda, who allowed her children to be taken from her one by one, would no doubt have startled her spouse by the sudden energy of her character if he had chanced to say, "My dear, it is really no use trying to argue with you, for women are always so illogical." All women are logical; and whether they are logical or not doesn't matter, for all the same they have a right to be considered so — this is the first great principle blazoned on the banner of the sex. Yet here we find a sneering examiner pointing out that only one candidate in logic showed a thorough grasp of the subject, and that he found it exceedingly "difficult to obtain a clear statement and ready application of important definitions and theorems."

All this is quite of a piece with the malicious and impertinent suggestions of the examiners, that women are discursive and rambling, and that when they sit down to try to write a short account of one subject, they generally write a long account of something else. The difficulty of obtaining "a clear statement" from a lady is also a very stale bit of satire. The examiner's Latin remarks that the general impression produced on his mind by the work done was "that the knowledge shown was in most cases rather due to a retentive memory than actually assimilated with the mind and thought of the candidates." This is put in a very fine way, and perhaps the examiner may have flattered himself that there was something clever in the sonorous turn of his malignant epigram; but we can fancy we hear a female chorus crying, "So women are parrots, are they?" And it must be confessed that this is really what it comes to.

The French examiner of course has his hit with the rest. He thinks it may not be amiss to warn candidates against rendering into verse passages which they are expected to render into prose. Here again is one of the old sarcasms on women, that they think the hard, plain prose of life not good enough for them, and are always wanting to soar into the region of poetry. The same spirit animates the whole of these reports. They are full of jeering allusions to all those little weaknesses reference to which is known to be peculiarly offensive to the gentler sex. It may be true that women have a relish for racy language, and there are no doubt rumors that in the highest circles this passion for color, or perhaps we should say for something else than prose, in conversation has led to the use of a very astonishing vocabulary; but only a Cambridge examiner is capable of telling a lady to her face that she is flippant and talks slang. The passage, however, in these reports which will probably be most bitterly resented is that in which proficiency in arithmetic is ascribed to women. It will be understood at once that this is only another way of saying that, if women are fit for nothing else, at least they can keep a correct account of housekeeping expenses. It revives at least one part of the old imputation that their natural mission is "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," although it is well known that no greater insult can nowadays be paid to a young lady than to suggest that she possesses, even in the most trifling degree and shadowy form, any of the qualities of a competent housewife.

Altogether this seems to us a very scandalous production.

It has been printed by the *Times* as a genuine document, and names are appended to it which are certainly the names of gentlemen who are known in Cambridge. So we suppose it must be accepted as authentic. It will no doubt be taken up by the sex against which it is directed, and we shall hear what is thought of it. The object of the authors of this academical lampoon appears to have been to throw into an official form a consensus of the traditional foibles of women, under pretence of giving the results of recent examinations. Some of them are, perhaps, married men, and they may have enjoyed a malicious but shabby satisfaction in giving vent to remarks which had occurred to them in the course of domestic conversation, but which they deemed it more prudent to suppress. "My darling, I do not dispute your facts, but you show great weakness in applying them," or "I do wish you would avoid fluency of expression," or "When you begin to say just a single word on one subject, why on earth do you start off into a thousand words upon another subject which has no possible connection with it?" "You know, dearest, how I hate flippancy and slang," or "It's really hopeless trying to get a clear statement from a lady, or expecting her to be logical,"—these and other expressions in the Reports have certainly a strong flavor of conjugal controversy, and perhaps the examiners may feel relieved in having at last found an opportunity of speaking their minds freely. But after all it is surely rather hard on the innocent victims, and it is a pity they cannot have their revenge. In the old fable the lion observed that, if the picture of one of his species lying in the toils of the hunter had been painted by a lion, the man would have been on the ground and the lion on the top of him. Now that the women have been photographed by the examiners, it would be interesting to have a sketch of the examiners, as representing the male sex generally, from the point of view of the ladies who were examined. We should probably find man described as hard, pedantic, and unimaginative; always in a fuss and hurry, and disposed to cry that time is up, although there is plenty of time to spare; and given over to a superstitious worship of mere rules and technical formalities. It would also be pointed out that man, with all his professed anxiety to make the most of time, often wasted it shamefully in asking for reasons when no reasons were necessary, and in carping at particular expressions, although all the while he knew very well what people meant; and that, with all his boasted logic, he has never mastered that elementary and most useful proposition, "It is because it is." It might further be remarked that, according to the ancient saying, *invidia* had no sooner started on a journey than she arrived at her destination, and that women had no reason to be ashamed of resembling so respectable a goddess in the rapidity of their mental flight. If women are sometimes too quick, men are dreadfully slow and plodding, and women often attain by intuition to what men, with all their laborious logic, fail to reach. This would certainly be a good subject for the next exercises in English composition which are required to be written by ladies for the Cambridge Syndicate.

BINKS'S BENEFACTION.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

LIKE most persons fortunate enough to possess property, Mr. Christopher Binks, the wealthy tallow-chandler, of Dip Street, City, thought he had a right to do what he liked with his own; and as his fat dividends could be of no further use to him when, half a century ago, he quitted this mortal life, he very good-naturedly disposed of them all by will. Christopher Binks was a bachelor, and therefore crotchety and eccentric. He quarrelled with his kith and kin, individually and collectively; and crowned an odd career by leaving every penny of his large fortune to charitable institutions of which he hardly knew the names, and still less their objects.

Now one of the queerest bequests in his will was to the effect that one hundred and fifty boys who had specially distinguished themselves in the national schools of his native parish (St. Barnaby the Major) were, on Christmas Eve, in every year, to be entitled to claim from the authorities of the school two penny buns, made plain, without currants, lest they should prove injurious to the boys (this was strictly set forth in the will), the said buns to be washed down by a quartern of hot elder-wine for each consumer. Furthermore, the buns were to be eaten in the national schoolrooms, and none was to be pocketed; if any boy were unable to eat his two buns, he was (according to the terms of the will) to leave the surplus upon his platter, and the residue, if any, of the banquet was to be given to the poor. An ample fund was placed in Government Stocks, the interest arising from which paid the expenses of this sumptuous feast; and, in order that there should be no evasion about the matter in high quarters, a couple of the testator's private friends were empowered to claim the amount of money, should Binks's gift to the deserving scholars of St. Barnaby the Major fail to be duly administered.

Binks, in his time, had made several wills, and those who loved him best (or said they did, which perhaps was much the same) would have been delighted if they could have set aside his last testament for an instrument previously executed. But their efforts were in vain. The will did not present a single flaw, and as for eccentricity, was it not equalled by that of the City magnate who left directions that on every Good Friday loaves of bread, with as many new silver sixpences as corresponded in number with the poor old women of the parish who had passed the age of sixty, should be deposited on his tombstone, and there distributed by the rector? Then again, there is the famous example of Baddeley, whose desire it was that on Twelfth-night, "in perpetuity," a large cake should be provided and shared in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre by those who happen to be employed in the establishment at the time. Again, was not that rather a strange bequest of Doggett's, relative to the coat and badge to be rowed for annually on the 1st of August? Binks was eccentric, and nothing more.

For fifty years—in succession had the whitewashed walls of the national schoolrooms rung with the cheers of the light-hearted recipients of Binks's Christmas-gift, and people had become quite used to the celebration, when Simon Crower, the beadle of the parish, began to think that the affair had gone on long enough, and now ought to be stopped. Of late years it had fallen to this functionary's lot to bestow the gift, and he had done it with a very bad grace. The trustees of the school were supposed to superintend the carrying out of the bequest; but these gentlemen had got rather above their business, and therefore left it to their subordinate.

It is true, Crower was no ordinary servant. His mind was richly stored with all the traditions of the church and its schools, and the coat and cocked-hat annually provided sat well upon him. In height he was at least six feet; he was correspondingly stout, and his features were of a mould that commanded respect even from those autocrats, the churchwardens. His complexion was florid, and upon his nasal organ there rested a purplish hue that evinced an intimate acquaintance with fat beeves and strong liquors, in which pure water was merely an accessory, for Simon was what is politely termed "a high liver;" that is to say, he consumed the best of everything whenever and wherever he had the opportunity. But take him for all in all, he was an ornament to the parish; and it was indeed an awe-inspiring sight to see him expel some unfortunate little wight, caught in the illicit consumption of full-flavored peppermint-drops in the organ-loft.

In all parish matters Crower was an authority; and such was the wholesome dread he inspired among the juvenile residents of the street in which he lived, that the sight of his cocked-hat and long gold-laced coat alone exercised an influence upon their intellects which far surpassed any terrors "bogey" or other bugbears of the

nursery could creat. In the eyes of the pew-openers, and other ladies officially connected with the church of St. Barnaby the Major, Simon had only one fault—he was a bachelor. Many were the snares that had been laid for our beadle, but his stout heart defied them all. Imposing and noble as was his outward appearance, he was sadly deficient in those Christian virtues which the rector expatiated upon twice each Sunday. Simon was vain, narrow-minded, and selfish. He was obsequious to his superiors, but domineering and tyrannical to all on whom he could vent his spleen.

Many of the boys belonging to the national schools received their education gratis; but as it would never do for the recipients of charity to be attired like other boys, a little swallow-tailed coat of dark green, with smalls of the same hue, and yellow stockings, the whole surmounted by a black cap, from the crown of which sprouted a white tassel, were provided for those who were thus advertised as charity children. The dress might have been becoming to the lads of some schools, but it certainly was not to those of St. Barnaby the Major; and when they excited derision in the street, and their British blood was roused by the opprobrious salutation of "Hallo, charity!" it was but natural they should defy the scoffer, and that a brief spell of fisticuffs (in which the St. Barnaby boy, by the way, generally got the worst of it) should ensue.

An incident of this kind was a godsend to Simon Crower. Albeit the luckless youth might already have received condign punishment, our beadle would proceed to inflict fresh blows upon the most sensitive parts of his victim's person. The badge worn by the boys was, when a game of buttons was in progress, sometimes utilized as a "nicker;" and didn't Simon upon such occasions enjoy dropping upon the ill-fated lads, and on the score of their disgracing the foundation, belabor them upon the spot; supplementing his punishment by recommending them to the special care of the schoolmaster! More than once had the words, "Crower is a beast," been found inscribed in pencil upon the whitewashed walls of the national school; and, in one sense at least, the beadle merited the epithet.

Well, Simon had made a dead set against the bun and elder-wine festival, and coveted the sum which gave the boys so much innocent enjoyment.

A bright clear atmosphere and bracing temperature characterized the day preceding the anniversary of Christmas; and having duly ordered from the pastry-cook's round the corner the proper quantity of buns and their liquid accompaniment, Crower wended his way towards the solitary second-floor front he tenanted, with the object of having a strong cup of tea prior to presiding at the evening's feast. Simon that day ought to have been one of the most jovial of mortals; but among the throng of people he passed—some gaping open-mouthed at the pyramids of luscious delicacies in the sweetmeat shops, and the more substantial decorations displayed to view in the grocers' windows; some struck with admiration at the huge sirloins, mottled ribs, and portly turkeys, decked with various colored ribbon; some attentively perusing the bill of fare provided on Boxing-day at the neighboring temple of the drama; and some hastening off to draw their prize in the goose-club, or intent upon a thousand other purposes—I say throughout the throng of persons Simon met that evening, there was none so moody as himself. And yet he had his quarter's salary in his pocket, had heard "A merry Christmas and happy New Year, Mr. Crower!" come from a hundred mouths, and furthermore had, on the strength of giving the order to the pastry-cook, partaken of two gigantic wedges of rich plum-pudding! Nothing seemed to raise his spirits. Selfishness gnawed his heart; and the lurking cause of his discontent was Binks's Benefaction.

If Simon had been anything but a beadle, one would have said that an oath escaped his lips as in the dark he stumbled over his landlady's favorite cat, whose mission in that establishment seemed to be to trip up in turns all the residents. Other people that evening, who inadvertently kicked the luckless animal, were observed to make use of the commiserative expression, "Poor Pussy;" but Crower

muttered between his teeth, "Cuss the cat!"—that is, one would have fancied him saying it had he not been the beadle of St. Barnaby the Major.

A cheerless, ghostly apartment was that constituting Simon's retreat. The furniture was old-fashioned, and apparently constructed with an intention of producing as much discomfort as possible to the users thereof. The sides of the chamber were decorated with pictures in water-colors, representing so many of Nelson's most celebrated engagements, the limner being an aspiring son of the landlady, possessing an eye for rich gaudy color, if not for proportion and perspective. The bedstead, at the extreme end of the room, was one of those heavy, creaking, funereal arrangements which fill a nervous mind with all kinds of disagreeable fancies; and the only window commanded a full view of the dead wall of the saw-mills opposite. The place, on ordinary occasions depressing, seemed this Christmas Eve to be maddening in its desolation. If it had enjoyed a reputation for being haunted, it could not have presented a more sepulchral appearance. Having but few friends among the lodgers in the house, Crower, in order to obtain a cup of the soothing beverage upon which he had set his heart, was compelled to light his fire. The flames from the wood leaped merrily through the coals, and in a short time a warm glow seemed to permeate the gloomy room. As the light rose and fell, fantastic forms appeared to issue from the dark shadows of the bedstead, and as suddenly disappear. For an instant the bright blue uniforms and brown smoke, which stood out so prominently in the ambitious works of art upon the walls, came prominently into view, and then were as quickly lost. Just below the wooden shelf which formed the mantelpiece, a former inhabitant of the room—a wild dog with a grim sense of humor he must have been—had by means of the red-hot poker burnt into the wood the representation of a human face with a hooked nose, grinning mouth, and eyes that had a wicked mischievous leer about them. The landlady had, by the application of divers coats of paint, oft tried to obliterate the traces of this demoniac head, but in vain. The sardonic face could not be obliterated, and on the present occasion, as the fitful flashes of flame gave expression to its features, it appeared to come out more conspicuously than ever.

It was five o'clock when Simon reached his abode, and as the distribution of buns and elder-wine was not to take place until six, he had ample time for refreshment. Drawing to the fire the most comfortable chair (and even that had one leg half an inch short) afforded for his accommodation, the majestic beadle applied the poker to the coals, and when he had stirred them into a steady blaze, deposited the kettle upon the glowing mass, and watched its progress towards the boiling point.

Suddenly some mysterious influence caused Crower to raise his eyes, and to his astonishment he beheld the weird face beneath the mantelpiece vehemently winking at him! Simultaneously with the presentment of this strange spectacle, our beadle's power of speech seemed to leave him, and he became passive and helpless. How the features came away from the space beneath the mantelpiece, Simon could never tell; but come away they did, until at last they were within a few inches of his (the beadle's) purple-hued nose. When the features had got so far, they stopped; and then the eyes, which had all along persistently kept winking, seemed to get tired, and stopped too. Simon's attention was now seized by a second wonderful manifestation. A voice came from the features, low and husky at first, but gradually growing clearer. "Excuse my hoarseness," said the voice; "I haven't spoken for five years; and as you don't keep the room particularly warm and comfortable, it's no wonder I get a cold, is it?"

Simon didn't know whether the spirit expected an answer, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he couldn't give one.

"I'm the ghost of this room," continued the voice. "I'm always here; I know you, but you don't know me. Let me introduce you to some friends of yours. They're old acquaintances, though perhaps you never saw them before."

As these words were uttered, Crower's chair was whisked round, and instead of facing the fire he was now looking towards the bedstead. Seated upon the edge of his nocturnal resting-place were four figures, gaunt and crabbed-featured, whose legs, too short to reach the ground, dangled in mid-air like eight skeletons depending from as many gibbets. "These," said the face, which had turned with Simon, "these gentlemen are of one family—in fact brothers—and are called Selfishness, Tyranny, Meanness, and Covetousness. They are day by day near you. They dog your footsteps. Let me introduce you to them individually. That is Selfishness," observed the voice, the eyes winking towards the figure leaning against the left-hand bedpost. "The next to it is Tyranny, the next again Meanness, and the last of the row Covetousness." Though in general appearance the four brothers were very much alike, Simon noticed certain distinctive points characterizing each. Thus Selfishness had long thin hands with sharp claw-like nails, and its face had an eager grasping look. Tyranny had a smoother countenance, but its eyes were glassy, and glared treacherously like those of a cat; it dangled its legs far slower than its companions, and in its hands clutched small chains, a book, upon the cover of which was inscribed the word "Tasks," and a light cane, very similar to that in the national school of St. Barnaby the Major, and the use of which Simon remembered he had often recommended. Meanness was, as a whole, the most meagre and shabby-looking of the four; in its hands it bore a bag stuffed full with rags and scraps of paper. Covetousness more closely resembled the first-named brother than any of the others; it had the same facial expression, and the same nervous twitching of the hands. "Selfishness," continued the voice, "is the eldest of the four, and the head of the family; from him his juniors receive many of the motives for their actions. But I must tell you they are only representative personages. They are simply disembodied spirits, who after death take the form and habit of the brother whose behests they obeyed in their mortal life. Now tell me, which do you intend to be?"

The eyes belonging to the strange face winked several times at Crower, and that unhappy man in affright observed, like many an unfortunate youth who had in the flesh come before him: "Oh, please, sir, let me off this time. I didn't go for to do it."

"But," said the voice sternly, "you did it. I have long probed the depths of your mean envious spirit. When you entered this room to-night, nothing would have pleased you better than to hear that the trustees of Binks's Benefaction had decided not to give the feast this year. It would have done your grasping selfish heart good to learn that the boys were to be disappointed; you would have rejoiced that the one pleasure of the year, to which they have been for months looking forward, was to be denied them. Tell me, is this true, or is it not?"

The eyes winked at him furiously, and the wretched beadle, finding speech came to him involuntarily, was compelled to admit that all the Spirit had uttered was perfectly correct.

"Now, Simon, do you intend to take warning, to reform, to let your heart fill with Christian charity: or will you follow your present course, and be like one of these gentlemen?"

"Oh, sir, please, sir," murmured Crower, in response to the wink which intimated that he was expected to speak, "I'll be a better man for the future. I'll try to make myself loved by the boys, I will indeed, sir."

"Well spoken. Every opportunity shall be given you for amendment. But you have to be punished for the past. We cannot set you free without showing some testimony of our power. You will be tried by your peers. Let the court be called."

A whizzing noise seemed to fill the air, and suddenly every article of furniture became instinct with elfin life. The poles of the funereal four-poster, the backs of the rickety chairs, the whole surface of the moth-eaten carpet—yes, even the curtains of the bedstead and the frames of the pictures depicting the naval engagements of Nelson—

swarmed with tiny elves, who chattered and wagged their little heads in recognition of each other, until Crower became quite bewildered with the noise and bustle. The figures upon the bedside and the features from the mantelpiece alone retained their position. When all the elves had settled into their places, Selfishness opened its mouth, and said in harsh, grating tones, "Read the indictment, Spirit."

The voice which had become familiar to Simon's ears then said, "To this man has been vouchsafed a warning; he has chosen to accept it, and promises reformation. He must, however, expiate the past. He has long tyrannized over the boys of St. Barnaby the Major, and has been guilty of nearly every petty meanness. The crime, however, for which I now arraign him is that of having grudged the boys Binks's Benefaction."

As the voice ceased a buzzing noise was again heard, the elves with one consent murmuring, "Monstrous! Oh, most monstrous!"

Then Selfishness spoke: "How do you plead, prisoner?"

The eyes in front of him winked, and Simon answered, "Oh, please, sir, guilty, but I didn't mean no harm." It was strange, but Crower found himself echoing the words of many a youthful culprit who had stood awe-stricken before him in his capacity of beadle.

"Guilty, eh? Well, my brothers with myself will consult together upon the nature of your sentence," observed Selfishness, turning to his three companions. Shortly after Selfishness said, "We have decided."

"The sentence, the sentence!" screamed the elves.

"Silence in this august court," mildly remonstrated the voice of the mantelpiece.

"Well," said Selfishness, "after looking at the matter from every point of view, we have determined that as he grudged the boys their three hundred buns"—

"Yes, yes!" screamed the elves, evidently becoming impatient.

"He shall eat them all himself!"

Up to this point Crower's courage had never quite left him, but this sentence was so awful that he would have fainted, had not the winking eyes kept him in order.

"Without or with the elder-wine?" inquired one of the elves.

"Oh, without the elder-wine certainly," emphatically responded Selfishness. "Let the sentence be carried out at once."

In a space of time that Simon afterwards denominated "a jiffy," his chair was wheeled to the table, strong cords were passed round him, a troop of elves marched in with trays of buns fresh from the oven, and while a couple of sprites stood upon each arm of his chair to hold his mouth open, three or four of the more active ones tossed the buns down his throat. "Mercy, mercy!" shrieked the unhappy beadle; "I'll never again envy the boys their Christmas treat. Oh, please, sir, don't let me have any more."

Selfishness merely shook his head. Down went the buns pell-mell into Simon's capacious stomach. The elves seemed to revel in their labor, and there were constant relays of volunteers to take the place of those who tired. By and by it seemed to Simon that the apartment was becoming smaller—the elves certainly were more crowded, and the four presiding judges on the bedstead drew closer together. The walls became nearer and nearer with every bun that passed down his throat.

Suddenly he realized that the room was not becoming smaller, but that he was growing bigger!

"Two hundred!" shrieked an elf who was keeping count.

"Oh, stop, stop, or I shall burst! I know I shall!" screamed Simon.

The hot buns had so distended his frame that he could have touched the sides of the room had not his arms been bound.

"One hundred more to come!" replied Selfishness, with his brothers and the four-poster had shrunk into diminutive proportions.

"Two hundred and fifty!"

A lapse of five minutes ensued, and then came the signal,—

"Two hundred and seventy-five!"

The apartment was now a tight fit for Simon; all the elves, save the two who held his mouth open, and the three who tossed the buns into it, had disappeared.

"Two hundred and ninety-eight: two hundred and ninety-nine; three"—

Human endurance could sustain no more. The cords which bound him to the chair snapped like so much cotton, and he fell upon his knees to the ground.

Only to find, like the celebrated Bedford tinker, that it was all a dream!

Only a dream, but what a fearful one! In the few minutes he had dozed before the fire he seemed to have passed through months of agony. At first he could not believe he was safe, and rubbing his eyes, glanced timidly to the region of the mantelpiece. There was the face which had haunted him safely back in its place, grim as ever; and on turning, he saw the bedstead presented no indication of the terrible brethren who had passed judgment upon him. As he raised himself from the hearth-rug, however, he experienced a sense of discomfort: it was not the buns, but the wedges of indigestible plum-pudding he had consumed two hours before.

And was Simon none the better for his nightmare? Yes; when he awoke and heard the cheerful hiss of the kettle upon the fire, and saw the merry sparks leaping upwards, he had commenced a new career. His conscience reproached him for the selfish meanness he had displayed during the past few months, and he thoroughly despised himself for having coveted Binks's Benefaction. One of the first proofs of his repentance displayed itself in his conduct towards the cat he had erstwhile reproached. Hearing that unfortunate animal mewling outside his door, he coaxed her into his room, and actually placed upon the floor in a saucer, and for her exclusive consumption, fully two thirds of the farthing's worth of milk he had purchased for the dilution of his tea.

Really that meal was one of the most enjoyable he had partaken of for a long time. There seemed to be a grateful odor with the tea, and a certain sweetness with his bread-and-butter, which he had not noticed before. Again, the room presented a much brighter appearance; it was wonderful how cosy it had grown under the genial warmth of the fire. But there was not much time to ponder upon these things, for the church clock chimed a quarter to six, and the festival was fixed for the hour. So Simon hastened over his meal, gave a pleasant nod to the familiar spirit of the mantelpiece which had proved his good genius, threw his robes of office over his shoulder, and emerged, whistling—yes, actually whistling—into the cold frosty air.

The mob of boys waiting admittance to the schoolroom, and to whom the minutes prior to the commencement of the feast appeared as hours, shrank back as though in fear when Simon approached; but he soon put them at their ease, and ere the last boy had entered the banqueting hall, the inspiring shouts and exuberant laughter of honest-hearted lads awoke responsive echoes. Everybody said what a change there was in Simon; and when, after the buns and elder-wine had been administered according to the wishes of the late lamented Binks, the beadle proposed a game of blind-man's buff, his juvenile companions rubbed their eyes in amazement. But there was no mistake. Simon, with the object of leading off the game, had blindfolded himself, and in a very brief space was groping about the room ready to grasp any one who might come within his reach. Then did not some of the boys repay him for many an act of persecution! They tied knots in their handkerchiefs, and belabored him with a will, thereby wiping out several old scores which had lately been accumulating; but Simon bore his punishment with a right good humor, for he knew it was deserved, and only when (after twenty minutes' apparently vain endeavor to catch a boy) he felt his legs giving way, did he stretch forth his hand and secure one of the youngsters.

After this, the boys fancied they had always entertained a wrong opinion of Simon, and the rest of the evening was spent in the jolliest manner possible, the time flying so rapidly that every one was astonished when the church clock struck ten.

Then the boys gave hearty cheers for old Binks, the school, and last, but not least, Simon, musical honors being awarded to the beadle.

"Now, boys, one cheer more for old Crower, and a good un!" cried one of the elder lads.

A mighty rush of voices rent the air, and five minutes after the schoolroom was deserted. The cheers died away into silence, but their sound reverberated in Simon Crower's heart for many a day; and aye, and brought forth good fruit. The bells, joyfully announcing the Christmas morning, also welcomed the return of another soul to the fold of Christian brotherhood.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE veils of the Parisians are now ornamented with armorial bearings.

A SON of Mr. Dickens, the novelist, has been called to the bar. He was a high wrangler at Cambridge.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum* Sir Arthur Helps has a new story in press, the scene of which is laid in Russia.

THE Parisians are going to get up a baby-show. It is feared they will not make much of a show. Babies are not fashionable in Paris.

THERE is a movement on foot in London to collect subscriptions for the purpose of supplying the poor with coal gratis or at a very low price during the winter.

A MONUMENT to the German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach has recently been set up in the old churchyard of St. John, where Dürer and many other distinguished Germans of past times lie buried.

MR. A. MACMILLAN, the head of the eminent London publishing firm is forming a most interesting gallery of portraits of distinguished writers whose works are published by Macmillan & Co., or who are contributors to *Macmillan's Magazine*.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Belgium for collecting all waste paper, and selling it for the benefit of the Pope. The society has appealed to the possessors of all "bad books, such as the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Volney, and other detestable authors," to hand them over as waste paper.

A RATHER severe sentence has just been passed upon the bookseller, Woerlan, of Nuremberg, for a joke. He has been condemned to prison for three months and a half for designating at a public meeting the Emperor and his Chancellor as "Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern and his dragoon Bismarck."

THE *Athenæum* says: Mr. John Fiske, Assistant Librarian, and formerly Lecturer on Philosophy, at Harvard University, who is now paying England a visit, has in the printer's hands a work entitled "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution." It will be published in London as well as in the United States.

"MARK TWAIN," says the *London Court Journal*, "has returned from America, and is about to recommence his lectures in London. He has consented, in the first instance, to re-deliver the one on 'Our Fellow Savages of the Sandwich Islands,' which created so great an interest and afforded such great amusement about a month ago. Mr. Clemens, who is, of course, the *alter ego* of Mark Twain, has arranged to remain a much longer period with us on this than he did on former occasions. He has received invitations from Glasgow and other places to deliver his lectures, but he does not intend to make the tour of the provinces for some time to come."

THE Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* describes the interesting collection of books and pictures illustrative of the late war which has recently been exhibited for charitable purposes in that city. The printed matter is very complete, consisting not only of the larger and graver works, but also of all the journals of Europe and America to the end of the second siege, including the tiny sheets which poured out in such numbers during the existence of the Commune. The collection of caricatures, nine tenths of them French, is said to be quite com-

plete. The pictures are chiefly photographs, but there is a large set of colored lithographs, and a few etchings. The lithographs have enjoyed a wide popularity in Germany.

AN old Parisian mendicant was recently noticed to manifest apparent caprice in selecting the objects for his importunity. He would allow a number of persons to pass unheeded, and then attach himself to others and take no denial. A bribe of half a franc from a curious spectator induced him to give his reason. "I have a code of rules, which I invariably follow," he said. "Thus I never ask alms of 'one who has dined,' as *rosbif* renders a man selfish, nor of 'stout men,' as it bores them to stop, nor of any one putting on their gloves, nor of a lady alone, but always of any one manifestly going to dinner, of people walking together, as their *amour propre* makes them generous, of officers in grand uniforms, and of people apparently seeking favor from the Government — they think that a gift will bring them luck."

THE fire brigade in Paris, including one colonel and forty-nine officers, numbers 1500 men, distributed in eleven barracks, and sixty *postes de garde*. The total annual expense for the maintenance of this force and its accessories is one and a half millions of francs, defrayed by the municipality. The privates and non-commissioned officers' pay varies per class from 550f. to 1200f. per annum; the children of the regiment receive eleven sous per day, with bread and an increase of one sou daily for every year, commencing from their eighth year. This early service renders the firemen of Paris veritable *Leotards*, as they have to practise gymnastic exercises daily; and the value of such training is evident to the visitor who has seen the small, wiry, india-rubber-muscled firemen of Paris at work. The firemen in question climb anything upright, like cats or monkeys.

A BELIEF analogous to the weird old superstition that persons might be made to pine away, and even to die, by means of magical arts practised upon wax effigies of them, would seem to have survived the scepticism of the nineteenth century, or, rather, to have reappeared in a modern dress. At least, the following advertisement appeared in a late number of the *London Times*: "Whereas, a young gentleman was robbed and supposed drugged, at or on his way to Margate, on the 8th of June last, and since which he has been kept in a state of constant excitement, by which his reason has become affected by the means of magnetism, by persons associating at a house in the immediate neighborhood of his father's residence, and also near his office, for the undoubted purpose of extortion. Fifty pounds reward will be paid by the undersigned, on conviction of the person so acting."

THE following is the only comment of the Indian vernacular press which has yet appeared on the Ashantee war: "England boasts of her peaceful nature; but cannot keep up this boast in time of need. Her present policy is to keep on friendly terms with the strong, but she exhibits a formidable appearance towards the weak. When the French and German — two very powerful nations — were engaged in war with each other, England issued a proclamation to the effect that none of her subjects should interfere in the quarrel; under her very eyes France was almost trampled to death by her foe, but England did not for a moment regard that. In the Alabama question there was a fear of coming into bodily contact with America; but England got rid of all anxiety by the gift of a large sum of money. The Russians by gradually stretching out their twelve arms and conquering different kingdoms approached the very doors of India; England does not believe that they have any ill-intention, and has therefore expressed much gladness at beholding their advance, and is exerting herself with a view to strengthen more firmly the ties of good-will with Russia. Now, this indifference of England to mixing up herself in war is very praiseworthy indeed. But, on the other hand, when we see England chastising the low, vulgar Bhootanese, decapitating the King of Abyssinia, and blockading Zanzibar, it is then that our devotedness to the English cause diminishes, since its bravery dwindles into cowardice. The custom of the ancient and independent sons of India was the contrary of this. They were at all times prepared to fight with the strong, but despised contending with the weak."

THE Liszt Jubilee at Pesh, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the artistic career of the pianist and composer, was celebrated on the 8th of November by a serenade in the evening, all the houses in the Fish-Market, where Dr. Liszt resides, being illuminated. Two military bands performed his *Stephen March*, *Goethe March*, and *Coronation March* of 1867. The Director of the Hungarian Musical Academy was cordially cheered by the people. The municipality gave a *fête* in the Grand Hôtel of Pesh later in the evening, which was attended by a number of notabilities and foreign guests, a gypsy band playing during the

banquet, and the various toasts being enthusiastically received. On the 9th, the Literary and Artistic Association, and a deputation of the town, presented addresses to the composer, the congratulations of the city being accompanied by a substantial gift of three presentations, of 200 florins each, to pupils of the National Academy of Music. A laurel wreath in gold was subsequently presented to the Abbé in the great hall of the *Rédoute*. In the evening, his oratorio, "Christus," was performed. On the third day there was a banquet, and a festive representation of one of the popular Hungarian pieces in the National Theatre. We are indebted to the Austrian Correspondent at Pesh of the *Times* for the interesting report of this Liszt Jubilee, of which we give only a bare outline. The celebration was evidently regarded as a national one. The *Times* Correspondent describes it as a "musical trance" of three days, and claims for Dr. Liszt the honor, which he certainly deserves, of being the musical regenerator of Hungary, and also of being the real founder of the new school of music, the "Music of the Future."

SPEAKING of the death of the King of Saxony, the *Academy* says: "Europe has lost one of her foremost Dante scholars — perhaps, with the exception of Karl Witte, the most distinguished of all. The work which embodies his studies on this subject is his German translation of the 'Divine Comedy,' published under the name of 'Philaethes,' the first instalment of which was brought out as long ago as 1828, and the work was concluded in 1848, a year of great political danger to King John, as well as to many other of the crowned heads of Europe. The translation is in blank verse, the choice of which, in preference to any more elaborate metrical system, was rendered almost necessary by the author's desire of reproducing with photographic accuracy the details and shades of meaning of the original; and the great merit of the execution consists in the way in which this is carried through without causing stiffness or hampering the freedom of the rendering. But the value of the commentary which accompanied the translation was still greater. Up to that time hardly any satisfactory notes, either ancient or modern, existed in elucidation of Dante's historical allusions, and but little had been done even in Italy in the way of local illustration. It was reserved for the King of Saxony to investigate thoroughly the original authorities with the view of throwing light on this subject, and the results, whether embodied in notes or excursions, are of the highest value. No less meritorious were the author's studies of the works of the schoolmen, the knowledge of which is indispensable to the understanding of Dante's philosophy and theology; these have borne fruit, especially in the notes of 'Philaethes' to the 'Paradiso.' Among English writers on Dante, Mr. Cayley in particular, in his admirable version in *terza rima*, has made especial use of this commentary."

OUR readers will notice by their advertisement in another column, that Messrs. Walter Baker & Co. have, in addition to the medal awarded them at the Paris Exposition of 1867, received the first and *only* medal awarded by the late Vienna Exposition to *any* American manufacturers of chocolate and cocoa. This is a well-merited honor to an old established Boston house, which commenced the manufacture of these table luxuries nearly a century ago.

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